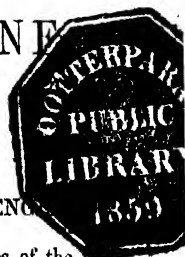


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PALGRAVE'S HISTORY OF NORMANDY AND OF ENGLAND

WE are unquestionably rich in historians in England, probably richer than any modern nation, excepting Italy. If the Italians possess their Father Pauls, their Machiavellis, their Guicciardinis, their Gianonnes, their Deminas, their Bottas, their Tiraboschis, and others, we have our Bacons, our Miltons, our Clarendons, our Bolingbrokes, our Humes, our Burkes, our Gibbons, our Robertsons, our Hallams, our Sharon Turners, our Lingards, and our Macaulays—of whom to speak of our Temples and our Burnets. Yet though Hallam, Turner, and Lingard, have all touched on Norman history, and the subject has been incidentally treated by Hume in his pleasing, flowing, but superficial manner, there is yet no modern English author who has dedicated himself more especially to the history of Normandy and of England, taken together and in connexion. The subject has been partially handled by French authors—such, for instance, as M. Thierry, Guizot, Michelet, and in a desultory manner by M. Barante—but not one of these has shown the very intimate relation that exists between the history of Normandy and of our own country. That intermixture of the histories of the countries may, indeed, be inferred from old works in our own language, such as Camden, Fortescue, Hall, Britton, Bracton, Fleta, Spelman, Soamen, from the disquisitions of Chief Baron Gilbert, the Hon. Daines Barrington, and others, and from the labours of Bede, William of Malmesbury, Geoffry of Monmouth, the older chroniclers. But these writers, in all their labours, has undertaken to

show how the histories of the two countries act and, so to speak, react on each other, or how the two nations, represented in the popular mind by the epithets Norman and Saxon, French and English, have been for a thousand years or more 'treading' on each others' 'kibes,' and running against each other a perpetual race of rivalry and emulation. It is true, that a worthy Picard lawyer, of the name of Gaillard, who abandoned the law for literature about a century ago, has written a book, called *The Rivalry between France and England*, in eleven volumes, and that this is his best work, but who in England in 1851, unless a man specially dedicated to historical studies, would read a French history on the subject of the rivalry between the two nations, written between 1771 and 1777, more especially when it extends to the enormous number of eleven volumes? Independently of this, any French history on such a subject is sure to be one-sided, is sure to be tinged over with all the prejudice, all the passion, and all the amusing, harmless, and garrulous vanity of the Gauls. It is true, that the judicious and learned Sharon Turner, in his *History of the Anglo-Saxons*, the American Wheaton, in his *History of the Northmen*, and even the penny-a-liner in history, the tenth-rate compiler, Capeligne, give us more or less insight into Norman history; but none of these authors attempt to show the general relations of mediæval history, or that absolute need of uniting Norman to English history, which it is the chief aim of Sir Francis Palgrave to demonstrate. As Deputy Keeper of her Majesty's Records, Sir Francis must have had the necessity of such a union and

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1851

History of Normandy and of England, by Sir Francis Palgrave, K.H., Deputy Keeper of her Majesty's Public Records. Volume I. London: Parker and Son, West Strand. 1851.
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juxtaposition of histories made patent to his eyes for many long years; and it is therefore no marvel that, in his capacity of author, he endeavours to perfect and accomplish views which must have long suggested themselves to him, as an antiquary, archaeologist, and one skilled in monuments, charters, and old records. Reflecting, as our author must have done, much and long on the subject of his history, it is plain, we think, he has changed his original plan. Indeed, he avows as much, for in his preface he tells us the recital of English events was composed with the intent that it should continue the *History of the Anglo-Saxons*, in six volumes. Essays upon literature, science, the influence of the church, the antagonism of the world, the fine arts, commerce, literature, the Crusades, general views of the French provinces, were, he informs us, sketched for the purpose of forming another work accompanying the history; but, in the end, none of these subsidiaries satisfied the learned Knight.

We agree with Sir Francis in thinking that Sir Walter Scott ruined his *History of Scotland* by his *Tales of a Grandfather*, and we also think that in writing historical novels, however delightful, the Great Unknown, whom everybody knows now, became unconsciously the mortal enemy of history. Language, characters, incidents, manners, thoughts, were too often out of time, out of place, and out of season in Sir Walter's pages, so that the individual who had read the historical novel, but who had not read history, received a false impression. This error, therefore, in the volume before us, the author wisely eschews. The exuberance of his materials, as well as his mode of treatment, forces him to be now and then diffuse, but considering how little has been written in English on the subject of Normandy, it is a diffuseness that may be well pardoned.

The work, of which the first volume is now presented to the public by Sir Francis, has occupied more than a full quarter of his life. It was commenced, the author tells us, not arbitrarily or unwillingly, but as a duty; and he also candidly communicates that in

every stage it has been spoken,—that is, to say, written down by dictation, and from dictation transcribed. At the outset, we freely say that we regret this method was followed, for not merely does the sound of his own voice encourage the speaker dictating to his amanuensis to express his mind more fully, but occasionally more colloquially, not to say unguardedly and diffusely too. The speaker is seduced into many liberties of speech,—indeed, we may say, into many licences, repetitions, and pleonasm, which would not have occurred to him if he had paused and balanced his phrases in the silence and solitude of his own chamber, with all his faculties directed to and upon the composition before him. It is on account of this practice of dictation to amanuenses that orators and public speakers who figure as authors, so often offend against precision—so often diverge from the matter in hand—so often repeat themselves over and over again. The effect of this dictation has had its disadvantages in Sir Francis Palgrave's case. Though occasionally the style is more familiar and conversational by reason of the practice, yet it is often loose and incompact, and words are used which might pass current very well in conversation, but which we do not expect to find in a regular history. We are not of the opinion of that class of critics who think history should be either dignified or stilted; but there is a style and a tone suitable to grave disquisition which is rarely abandoned with benefit. It is true that Carlyle in England, and Michelet occasionally in France, have adopted a manner very different from their predecessors; but Carlyle is a man *sui generis*, and therefore a most unsafe model for any one to follow. Besides, a licence might be allowed in the manner of recording and stigmatising the strange deeds and doings of the revolutionists of France, which cannot be granted to the historian of the Carlovingian era. Apart, however, from these blemishes, this volume is a welcome contribution to history, and even the theories, essays, and disquisitions of the author become, from

their fulness and conscientious spirit, and their intimate connexion with the subject, exceedingly valuable. It is not merely that historical topics are treated fully, but all the remarks incidental and collateral have a pith and meaning most especially noteworthy. Thus is the importance of the English records stated in the third chapter, and who is more fit to dwell on such a theme than a gentleman who has been officially dealing with records for more than a quarter of a century?

Our English archives are unparalleled, —none are equally ample, varied, and continuous; none have descended from remote times in equal preservation and regularity, not even the archives of the Vatican. In France, the most ancient consecutive records are the *Olim* registers, as they are called, commencing somewhat scantily under Saint Louis, whereas ours date from the Norman Conquest. The French never possessed any of greater antiquity, for the notion that the French records were captured or destroyed by the English is a mere fable. The proceedings of the *Etats Généraux* cannot, of course, begin sooner than the first convocations of this imperfectly federal assembly under the house of Valois; the earliest and rather meagre registers of royal ordinances were not compiled till the reign of *Jean-le-Bon*; and although the conventions of the provinces were held from an anterior date, yet none of their records preceding the fourteenth or fifteenth centuries exist with any degree of completeness.

The very circumstances which have protected and produced the title-deeds and evidences of the English constitution, are features of English history. The material conservation of our English records results in the first instance from the signal mercy shown to our country, so singularly exempted, if we compare ourselves with other nations, from hostile devastation, whether occasioned by foreign foes or domestic dissensions. Never since the Conquest has London heard the trumpet of a besieging army: never has an invader's standard floated upon that White Tower wherein our records are contained.

Furthermore, and in addition to this imperial unity, are we distinguished amongst nations by the recognition of the principle that the national will should be ruled by the national law. Our High Court of Parliament was from the beginning a remedial court, a permanent tribunal, and not an acci-

dental political assembly. Our constitution is not theoretically founded either upon Royal prerogative or upon popular liberty, but upon justice, reasonable submission to the authority of the past. This principle of justice necessitated a constant recurrence to precedent: *stare super vias antiquas*, the dead governing the living. What have our ancestors done? our predecessors, in the like case, or under the like emergency? In all our revolutionary conflicts, the main arguments employed by all contending parties were painfully and carefully adduced from the muniments of the realm,—king or clergy, peers or commons, ministers or parliaments, appealing to the roll, the membrane, the letter of the law, upon which all their reasonings were to be grounded.

Our having been spared the calamities which might have consumed our muniments, may in some sort account for the incorporation of the States and territories composing the Anglo-Saxon nation into one solid government, obeying the supremacy of a common legislature, at a period when France, the kingdom the nearest approaching to us in civilization, was in a state far from settled, much less obedient.

While all this is plainly and perspicuously stated by our author, it is enunciated in no particular or stately diction. We agree with him in thinking that no peculiar fashion of diction is necessary, and that the more clearly the story is told, the better it will be understood; the more amusingly, the better it will be recollected. Whatever tends to rouse observation, or to stimulate perception, either in a book, in society, or in a written or spoken discourse, adds undoubtedly to the power of instruction; but a writer, a speaker, a controversialist, or a conversationist, need not resort to *tours de force*—need not pose and posture, start and pause, or torture words, or wring out of them a latent and hidden meaning, with a view to excite attention. It is because we see Sir Francis Palgrave, with a view to being picturesque, graphic, natural, and idiomatic, and the reverse of common-place, has a tendency to run into the conversational, colloquial, and sometimes what we would call the composite style, that we would advise him not to try devices by which tribe

truths may be stamped with a new form.

There is much truth in what the learned keeper of our records says about the mediæval era. A dead set has undoubtedly been made against the middle ages, as periods immersed in darkness, ignorance, and barbarity—as being superstitious in religious, and slavish in political opinions and doctrines. But while we admit the too depreciatory tone adopted by ignorant declaimers and fanatics, whether of Exeter or any other Hall, common or uncommon, we think Sir Francis Palgrave participates—touse his own phrase, which is not English, but Greek, in another '*ethos*,' and is swayed by another '*engouement*,' to use another of his phrases, which is not English, but French—in a too favourable appreciation of the middle ages. We admit the profound learning of Claude Fleury, who was not only eminent as a lawyer, but as a theologian and ecclesiastical historian, and we are forward to do justice to Fleury's amiable and truly Christian character, so simple, so self-denying, so utterly unambitious and tolerant; but we must still require better authority than Fleury's to believe that the depreciation of the 'dark ages,' as they are called, arose from the disgust excited by the barbarism of mediæval Latinity.

This may have been one slight cause, but Fleury does not tell the whole truth, nor anything like the whole truth. Sir Francis Palgrave discloses other causes when he speaks of 'men of critical taste, dubious faith, and profligate lives, who cultivated the elegancies of literature amidst the atheism of Padua, the paganism of Carregi, and the rank debauchery of the Vatican,' and thereby gives fuller revelations, but not as full as might be given or desired. We admit, with the author before us, that there is far too much sectarian bitterness in the ecclesiastical historians of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—that their exaggerations often disclose as rooted an aversion as the Anti-Jacobin press against the French Revolution: but the exaggeration and bitterness of these writers afford no excuse in 1851 for exalting to the seventh heavens Anselm, Becket, or Innocent III.,

or mediæval priests in general or in particular. A little excuse could be afforded for the eloquent vituperation of Burke, and the Anti-Jacobin pamphleteers, for writing a panegyric on Marat, the Capucin Chabot, the Butcher Legendre, or Maximilian Joseph Robespierre, so fond of flowers, perfumes, and clean linen, and so terribly thirsty for human blood. True it is that idolatry may be rebuked in a spirit of blasphemy and superstition so derided as to blot out a belief in Omnipotence; but let us not, because of this, feel any kindliness to the idolatry, or acknowledge any bias towards the superstition. The duty of the historian is akin to the office of judge. He should be calm, and passionless, and indifferent, except to the elucidation of truth. Admitting, as we fully do, the merits of Anselm, and that his *Monologium et Proslagium* was beyond the time in which he lived, we must also state that we should have liked his antagonism to mere brute force better, if, in his opposition to kings, he had not uniformly ranged himself on the side of pontiffs. Though we profess to be no admirers of the character of Thomas à Becket, yet we must allow, that in pushing the pretensions of the church to the utmost limit and verge at the period of his struggle, he was in reality maintaining—whether he meant to do so or not is another question—the cause of the people against the tyranny of the barons.

As to Innocent III., we confess our conviction that the prevailing opinions as to that most eminent mischief-maker and firebrand are the correct ones. We admit, with Sir Francis Palgrave, that Voltaire and Mably, in France, that Hume, Robertson, or Henry, never treat the clergy or the church with fairness, nor even, indeed, with common honesty; but this injustice and want of candour on the part of these writers affords no excuse for a leaning in an opposite direction—for a partiality, a preference, or even a tenderness towards the church. We do not say that the writer before us exhibits a partiality, or accords a preference, but there is an evident, an allowable, if not always a justifiable enthusiasm for the past. Sir

Francis has evidently read the poetry of the middle ages with delight—has conned over works of mediæval philosophy with respect—has handled works of mediæval divinity with feelings akin to awe—has looked on mediæval institutions, manners, and customs with a favourable eye, and with an admiration which, though often just, his readers cannot always partake. So soon, however, as the reader perceives the bent of the writer, he will be convinced that his intentions are honest and open. There is nothing insidious or covert in his proceedings, nothing marked or veiled, as in the pages of Gibbon and Hume; nothing mocking, ribald, or sneering, as in the pages of Voltaire. We have not, it is true, the continuous, and even resplendent flow of Gibbon,—we have not the concinity and compactness of Hume, but we have more freshness and fulness, if it be occasionally a somewhat discursive fulness. Sir Francis takes a larger and wider view, more especially in his disquisitions, than any of his predecessors, and looks not merely above and below, but around him, after the manner of some of the German historians. Yet, though his scope be so very large, and albeit the disquisition on Rome may seem remote and purposeless, it is very germane to the matter in hand. It naturally leads to the conclusion, that to Rome we are indebted for all we possess, for the barbarians themselves becoming subdued by Roman customs, habits, manners, institutions, and tones of thought, propagated them in all directions, far and wide.

The valuable disquisition on the Roman language, and on the growth of the modern tongues, is a favourable specimen of the author's style and manner, but it is too long to extract in its entirety, and we would not do Sir Francis the injustice of in anywise abridging it. It will repay an attentive perusal to the student. The following remarks, however, on the arts, architecture, and civilization of Rome, being closer and more compact, may be extracted without any injustice either to the prevalent tone of thought or to the style.

Roman taste gave the fashion to the garment,—Roman skill, the models for the instruments of war. We have

been told to seek in the forests of Germany the origin of the feudal system and the conception of the Gothic aisle. We shall discover neither there. Architecture is the costume of society, and throughout European Christendom that costume was patterned from Rome. Unapt and unskilful pupils, she taught the Ostrogothic workman to plan the palace of Theodorix; the Frank, to decorate the hall of Charlemagne; the Lombard, to vault the duomo; the Norman, to design the cathedral.

Above all, Rome imparted to our European civilization her luxury, her grandeur, her richness, her splendour, her exaltation of human reason, her spirit of free inquiry, her ready mutability, her unwearied activity, her expansive and devouring energy, her hardness of heart, her intellectual pride, her fierceness, her insatiate cruelty, that unrelenting cruelty which expels all other races out of the very pale of humanity; whilst our direction of thought, our literature, our languages, concur in uniting the dominions, kingdoms, states, principalities, and powers, composing our civilized commonwealth in the Old Continent and the New, with the terrible people through whom that civilized commonwealth wields the thunderbolts of the dreadful monarchy, diverse from all others which preceded amongst mankind.

It is not till Sir Francis has thus disquisitionally treated on the bearings and general relations of the Roman empire, language, and arts, with history, that he enters on a notice of the empire and character of Charlemagne, or gives any account of the history and pedigree of that remarkable legislator and warrior.

First, he shows us that Charlemagne's history enters into the history of all European states. Every state which arose within the compass of that remarkable man's dominion was undoubtedly shaped through his influence; and though M. Guizot seems to be of a contrary opinion, and thinks Charlemagne's labours and influence as an administrator exaggerated, we think it undoubtedly true, as the writer before us contends, that the moral dominion of Charlemagne extended far beyond the geographical boundaries of his empire.

Sir Francis Palgrave proceeds to show us, first, what the ideal Charlemagne was—the kind of mythic monarch that he appears in the pages

of Turpin, as Carolus Magnus—and in Ariosto; but the worthy Knight supposes an instruction and a learning on the part of the reader equal to his own, for he does not tell the pensive public who and what Turpin was—a question which has been a moot point even among the learned. Be it known, then, there is a work called *Chronique de Turpin*, which treats of the romantic traditions of the Carolingian era; but it has never yet been settled at what precise period the compiler of this chronicle lived, or what was his real name. The better opinion seems to be, that he flourished in the latter half of the 11th century; but whether he was a canon of Barcelona, as Le Beuf and Dom Rivet conjecture, or whether he was Geoffrey, monk of Saint André at Vienne, in Dauphiny, as Ciampé and Daunou maintain, is not positively known. All that is certain is, that he led a cloistered life, and that he modified, added to, and probably exaggerated traditions that existed in his time. Be this as it may, Pulei, Boiardo, Ariosto, avail themselves largely of the romance of Turpin; and it is to this that Sir Francis Palgrave alludes. It were desirable, in any new edition of this work, as well as in the second and third volumes we are promised, that the learned writer, in making these recondite allusions, should enter somewhat into detail. It is a great mistake, and a constant source of error and misunderstanding, to suppose your public more learned than it really is. The following is our author's view of the real and the ideal Charlemagne:—

It seems Charlemagne's fate that he should always be in danger of shading into a mythic monarch—not a man of flesh and blood, but a personified theory; Turpin's Carolus Magnus, the Charlemagne of Roncesvalles; Ariosto's *Sacra Corona*, surrounded by Palatines and Doze-Piers, are scarcely more unlike the real rough, tough, shaggy, old monarch, than the conventional portraits by which his real features have been supplanted.

It is an insuperable source of fallacy in human observation as well as in human judgment, that we never can sufficiently disjoin our own individuality from our estimates of moral nature. Admiring ourselves in others, we ascribe to those whom we love or admire, the

qualities we value in ourselves. We each see the landscape through our own stripe of the rainbow. A favourite hero by long-established prescription, few historical characters have been more disguised by fond adornment than Charlemagne. Each generation or school has endeavoured to exhibit him as a normal model of excellence. Courtly Mezeray invests the son of Pepin with the faste of Louis Quatorze; the polished Abbé Velly bestows upon the Frankish emperor the abstract perfection of a dramatic hero; Boulainvilliers, the champion of the noblesse, worships the founder of hereditary feudality; Mably discovers in the capitulars the maxims of popular liberty; Montesquieu, the perfect philosophy of legislation. But, generally speaking, Charlemagne's historical aspect is derived from his patronage of literature. This notion of his literary character colours his political character, so that in the assumption of the imperial authority, we are fain to consider him as a true romanticist—such as in our own days we have seen upon the throne—seeking to appease hungry desires by playing with poetic fancies, to satisfy hard nature with pleasant words, to give substance and body to a dream.

All these prestiges will vanish if we render to Charlemagne his well deserved encomium:—he was a great warrior, a great statesman, fitted for his own age. It is a very ambiguous praise to say that a man is in advance of his age; if so, he is out of his place; he lives in a foreign country. Equally so if he lives in the past. No innovator so bold, so reckless, and so crude, as he who makes the attempt (which never succeeds) to effect a resurrection of antiquity.

The practical character of Charlemagne is thus sketched:—

We may put by the book, and study Charlemagne's achievements on the borders of the Rhine: better than in the book may the traveller see Charlemagne's genuine character pictured upon the lovely unfolding landscape: the huge domminsters, the fortresses of religion; the yellow sunny rocks studded with the vine; the mulberry and the peach, ripening in the ruddy orchards; the succulent potherbs and worts which stock the Bauer's garden,—these are the monuments and memorials of Charlemagne's mind. The first health pledged when the flask is opened at Johannisberg should be the monarch's name who gave the song-inspiring vintage. Charlemagne's superiority and ability consisted chiefly in seeking and seizing the immediate advantages, whatever they might be, which he could confer upon others

or obtain for himself. He was a man of forethought, ready contrivance, and useful talent. He would employ every expedient, grasp every opportunity, and provide for each day as it was passing by.

The educational movement, resulting from Charlemagne's genius was practical. Two main objects had he therein upon his conscience and his mind. The first, was the support of the Christian faith; his seven liberal sciences circled round theology, the centre of the intellectual system. No argument was needed as to the obligation of uniting sacred and secular learning, because the idea of disuniting them never was entertained.

His other object in patronizing learning and instruction was the benefit of the State. He sought to train good men of business; judges well qualified, ready penmen in his chancery; and this sage desire expanded into a wide instructional field. Charlemagne's exertions for promoting the study of the Greek language—his Greek professorships at Osnaburgh or Saltzburgh—have been praised, doubted, discussed, as something very paradoxical; whereas his motives were plain, and his machinery simple. Greek was, to all intents and purposes the current language of an opulent and powerful nation, required for the transaction of public affairs. A close parallel, necessitated by the same causes, exists in the capital of Charlemagne's successors. The Oriental Academy at Vienna is constituted to afford a supply of individuals qualified for the diplomatic intercourse, arising out of the vicinity and relations of the Austrian and Ottoman dominions, without any reference to the promotion of philology. We find the same at home. If the Persian language be taught at Haileybury, it is to fit the future Writer of his Indian office. He may study Ferdusi or Hafiz, if he pleases, but the cultivation of literature is not the intent with which the learning is bestowed.

This is well and justly discriminated, and though no authorities are cited, it is curious that in the allusion to the vine, the mulberry, the peach, ripening in the ruddy orchards, the succulent pot-herbs and worts, our author falls upon some of the fruits and vegetables which Charlemagne ate with relish. Le Grand d'Aussy, in his curious and amusing work, in speaking of the gardens of Charlemagne, thus expresses himself:—

Ceux de Charlemagne, malgré toute la splendeur que ce monarque célèbre

sut répandre pendant son règne sur tout ce qui l'environnait, n'étaient gueres plus brillans que celui d'Ultrigote. Les ordres que dans plusieurs endroits de ses capitulaires il donne, pour leur culture, aux intendans de ses maisons royales, nous prouvent que ce n'était que de grands vergers avec un potager, dans lequel pour dernier degré de magnificence on plantait quelques fleurs. On a vu, à l'article précédent, quelles sortes de légumes et de plantes potagères se cultivaient dans ces jardins. Les fleurs que demande l'Empereur pour les siens sont des lys, des roses, des pavots, du romarin, de l'aurone, du pouillot, de l'héliotrope, et de l'iris. Quant aux arbres à fruits il exige qu'il y ait dans tous les sorbiers, des aveliniers, cognassiers, nêfliers, amandiers, figuiers, noyers, chataigniers, pêchers, mûriers, et diverses sortes de pruniers, de poiriers, et de pommiers. Il ne nomme pas quelles sont les espèces de prunes et de poires qu'il veut qu'on y plante, mais il designe les espèces de pommes; en voici les noms latins, que je n'ose entreprendre de deviner: *gormaringa, dulcia, geroldinga, crevelella, spirauca*.

Sir Francis Palgrave truly remarks, that the races whom Charlemagne had subjugated, and the countries over which he ruled, were centres of mutual repulsion. The very essence of the empire, as he says, was the preparation for, impending disintegration. Constantly assailed from within and from without by the Northmen, there were divisions, dissensions, domestic difficulties and jealousies, unhappy marriages, diseases, &c. Yet what is this but the history of every dynasty and of every family since the world began. It is the sad lot and condition incident to our terrene existence.

We could wish that Sir Francis Palgrave had entered more into detail on the private and social life of Charlemagne, and as to the progress of the mechanical and ornamental arts. A perfect idea of the king, of the emperor, and of the conqueror is given to us, but sufficient insight is not afforded of the man and of the individual, as husband, father, &c. Personal anecdotes as to the social life of the monarch also might be profitably introduced. Eginhard, whom our author has sedulously studied, gives an abundance of them. Thus, for instance, we learn from the Secretary, that Charlemagne was

served with four dishes and a roast, and that he generally ate of the roast.

In a small volume, entitled *Historia del Emperador Carlo Magno*, published in Barcelona, so long ago as 1666, we find many particulars drawn from Eginhard, and from the work of Turpin, whom the writer calls *Santo hombre*, as to the stature and habits of the monarch. In the seventh chapter, under the title, '*De la estatura de Carlo Magno, y del modo de su vivir*,' it is stated, '*que era hombre de gran cuerpo y bien fornido, y proporcionado de miembros con mucha ligereza, feroz en el mirar, la cara tenia larga y, traia continuamente la barba larga de un palmo, los cabellos negros, la nariz roma, tenia muy honorable presencia los ojos como de Leon. Su comer era dos veces al dia, y poco pan le bastava, comia un quarto de carnero, o dos gallinas.*'

Probably Sir Francis may regard such details as these as mere garrulous gabble, and may not have given a thought to the questions on which Marquard Freher has written a book (*de Statura Car. Mag.*), namely, the height of Charlemagne, and whether he wore a beard; but even such trifles are read with avidity touching the great and mighty of the earth, and have not been disdained by Macaulay himself. Eginhard declares that Charlemagne was in height seven times the length of his own foot, and be it remembered he was the son of the long-footed Bertha.

As we have mentioned the name of Eginhard, the biographer and son-in-law of Charlemagne, and as mention has been made of the domestic dissensions and unhappiness of the monarch, we may state that no allusion is made in the volume before us to the story of Eginhard and Emma, the daughter of the emperor. According to a tradition more authentic than any found in the Chronicle of Turpin, the passion of the lady for the secretary Eginhard was strong, and her affection returned. On one particular evening that they had remained late together within the precincts of the palace, there came on a heavy fall of snow. The princess, fearing that the visit of her lover

should be discovered by the trace of his footsteps, carried him, it is alleged, on her shoulders across the court-yard, and safely deposited him beyond the palace walls. Dom Bouquet asserts that Emma was not the daughter, but the niece of the emperor; though, on the other hand, there are ancient MSS. in which he is described as the son-in-law of Carlo Magno.

On the institutions of Charlemagne Sir Francis Palgrave is more diffuse than in anything relating personally to the monarch; but we conceive our author is under an impression that the administrative system of the emperor worked much more easily than it did in reality. We confess that we ourselves are more inclined to agree with the view of M. Guizot. 'Historians write much,' says the ex-minister of Louis-Philippe, 'of the order which Charlemagne introduced into his states. That he tried to introduce order I readily believe, but he very little succeeded in doing so. Notwithstanding the activity of his mind, and the extent of his power, the disorganization around him was immense and invincible. If he repressed disorders on one point, they broke out on another, and prevailed in every locality in which his energetic will was not present.' This is not a flattering picture of the condition of the times. It may be, in some respects, too deeply shaded; for where M. Guizot does paint in gloomy colours, he lays in the sombre hues thick and threefold, as though his brush were dipped in acrid black bile. But it is a truer picture, dark though it be, than has been produced by those artists who paint everything in gayer and gaudier tints. Under the administrative system of Charlemagne, there was, no doubt, a hierarchy of administrative officers—dukes, counts, vicars, centeniers, &c.; but these officers were as disorderly and irregular as the masses they sought to rule. It is true, as Sir Francis Palgrave says, that Charlemagne was constantly traversing his immense dominions; and, to use his own grotesque phrase, 'travel and tramp are good teachers of statistics and geography.' But monarch and warrior though he was, Carlo Magno

could not be in two places at once, and weeks and months were necessary to proceed from Austrasia to Friuli or Carinthia, or from Provence and Savoy to Saxony, Westphalia, or to those countries lying between the Drave and the Saave. In the absence of the all-seeing eye of the emperor himself, how often was power misused, how often did malversation, corruption, and tyranny prevail in the land. But notwithstanding the infelicities of the time, it cannot be denied that the government of Charlemagne exhibited the most vigorous essay at monarchy which existed from the foundation of modern states to the period of Charles V. in Spain, or the time of Cardinal Richelieu in France. Charlemagne was undoubtedly the first king in modern Europe who governed his subjects with a view to their interests as well as his own—who looked to the social good and happiness of his subjects contemporaneously with the consolidation of his own power. In the midst of universal barbarism, he stands out as a monarch who considered the human family of men not merely as an instrument which might be fashioned to his will, but which might be moulded to high and useful purposes. And here it must be admitted that the influence of the clergy and of religious ideas contributed to this most desirable result. But though Charlemagne availed himself of the co-operation of the clergy, and hearkened to their counsel, he never became their blind instrument or their slave. As an instrument, and as a means of government, no monarch that ever existed more invoked the useful aid of the priesthood than the emperor, but he never allowed the order of Melchizedek to rule in his palace at Achen, or to assume an ascendancy over his mind. The Capitularies attest that Charlemagne did not allow the clergy to become an order in the state above the state itself. A great portion of the Capitularies is devoted to ecclesiastical matters, and this fact is the more interesting now, inasmuch as it proves that it was the emperor himself, without the intervention of the pope, who treated of and decided religious questions, as the rights of

the church, of bishops, abbots, &c. Another peculiar glory belonging to Charlemagne is, that in his famous Capitularies, the renown of which extended far and near, encouragement is held out to the cultivation of letters, and the establishment of schools is directed, with a view that each human being may perform with intelligence the duties and functions with which he is charged. The Capitulary of 789 directs that children shall be taught to read, that they shall be taught the Psalms, singing, arithmetic, and grammar. This is creditable to the monarch, and independently of his zeal for letters, and protection and patronage of literary men, evinces his desire that his people should be instructed. Indeed, it may be said that the Capitularies of Charlemagne tell in some sort the history of the monarch, or at least develop it more fully. They are dated from all points of his empire, and bear the impress of his victories. Thus, in 769, it is Charles, by the grace of God King and Regent of the Kingdom of the Franks, the defender of holy church, and the protector of episcopal and apostolic sees. From 774, he dates his decrees from the defeat of the Lombards and the Saxons,—*post devictos Longobardos et Saxones*. In 801, he takes the title of August, most serene, support of the Roman empire, crowned by divine grace, &c. *Karolus divino nutu coronatus, romanum gerens imperium, serenissimus Augustus*.

We trust in a future edition, or in some future chapter of this work, Sir Francis Palgrave will devote some space to these Capitularies, which are to be found in the collection of the learned and amiable Baluze. One edition of this work, *Capitularia Regum Francorum*, was published at Paris in 1677, in two volumes, folio, and the other at Venice in 1771. The whole history of the legislation and institutions of Charlemagne might be divided into a series, in which the political, local, and central institutions would be treated after the manner of M. Guizot, and in which the moral, political, religious, and domestic legislation of the monarch should be considered. The influence which remarkable men had

over Charlemagne, and, among the rest, Alcuin, ought to be considered at greater length than by our learned author, and more consecutively, too. It has been to us a matter of surprise how little Sir Francis Palgrave speaks of the disciple and pupil of the Venerable Bede,—of a man who founded the famous Abbey of St. Martin at Tours—of a man who thoroughly understood Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and left behind works on theology, grammar, rhetoric, and philosophy. The German, Eichorn, the Englishmen, Sharon Turner and Hallam, and the Frenchman, Guizot, all speak at greater length of this pupil of the school of York than Sir Francis Palgrave. Yet it was by the assistance of Alcuin and one or two Italians that Charlemagne laid in his vast dominions the foundation of learning. Charlemagne himself must have had not merely a relish, but a love for the labour of learning. He learned to speak Latin in public with as much fluency and facility as his own tongue, and he understood Greek. Of Latin he learned the first rudiments from Peter of Pisa, who also taught him general grammar. It was thus he became prepared for the lessons of Alcuin, who taught him rhetoric, dialectics, and, above all, astronomy, to which, after theology, he accorded a preference.

Our author hardly dedicates sufficient space to the influence of Charlemagne in the ages which followed his, though a sufficiently clear idea is given of the extent of his empire. Though continence did not figure among the virtues of Charlemagne, yet looking to the vices of the period, more especially in reference to the relations existing between the sexes, we think Sir Francis Palgrave is scarcely justified in calling the monarch dissolute, in reference to the time in which he lived. He had a number of wives and mistresses; among the former, Himiltrude, Hermengarda, Hildegarda, Fastrade, and Luitgarde; and among the mistresses, Madelgarde, Gersunde, Adelaide, and Regina may be numbered. But when it is considered that between 742 and 813 a general licence prevailed, and promiscuous relations between the sexes were adopted and laid aside

with shameless facility, it does not appear that the monarch greatly exceeded the licence of his subjects. When it is recorded that only one woman, Saint Amelburga, resisted the advances of the emperor, some idea may be formed of the state and condition of female virtue.

The epithet, dissoluteness, more justly applies to the household of Charlemagne than to the monarch himself. All his daughters were of light character and conduct. Rotrude, the eldest of them, had an intrigue with Count Roricone, of which the issue was a son, who was abbé of St. Denys, and chancellor of the King of France. Bertha had two children by the monk or priest, Angilbert-Nitard, known as a writer and annalist, and Harnido. The gallantries of Hiltrade, who became abbess of Farnoutier, with a seigneur named Odillon, were still more scandalous. Of the loves of Emma (whose mother's name was unknown) and Eginhard we have already spoken. Charlemagne had twenty known children, whose names are given by Gaillard, and, it may be, others, whose names are not known. 'Charlemagne may have received some private rebukes from his clergy,' says Sir Francis Palgrave, 'but never did they openly oppose his unbridled indulgence.' We very much fear it would, on minute inquiry, be found that many of the clergy were no better than the monarch, either in reference to life or to morals. The remark of Sir Francis Palgrave—that there are seasons when popular sins are condoned—when they are so recommended by pride, and so palliated by fashion, is undoubtedly true. 'Can we conceive,' says he, 'the possibility of any parochial minister gifted with the firmness, zeal, kindness, talent, and earnestness which, fifty years ago, combining in due proportions, would have enabled him to exhort against wrecking on the Cornish coast? Did any one incumbent of Newmarket, or Epsom ever reproach the crowds who to their temporal or eternal ruin so thickly congregate upon the verdant turf of the Heath or the Downs? No voice was ever heard from the pulpit of Whitehall which could trouble the lover of such charmers

as Nell Gwynne or Mdle. de Queronaille, Lady Castlenaine, Arabella Churchill, Lady Walters, and Lady Orkney.' From these examples Sir Francis Palgrave reasons that the awe inspired by Charlemagne, the respect for his active piety and zeal, the prestige of his political grandeur, &c., subdued the clergy into a practical connivance. There may undoubtedly be something in this view, but our own opinion is, that the great body of the clergy were but a degree removed in moral tone and conduct from the emperor himself.

On the romanesque history of Charlemagne, Sir Francis Palgrave touches at considerable length, but he does not state that this emperor ought properly to be considered as the source and fount of all the romances of chivalry. If we are to believe the Count de Caylus, King Arthur himself and the Chevaliers of the round table are but an imitation of Charlemagne and his twelve peers.

Though Sir Francis Palgrave draws a comparison between the empires of Charlemagne and Napoleon, which we shall extract for the benefit of the reader, yet he does not seem to have been struck with the frequent resemblance in their tactics. When Charlemagne left behind him so large a city as Treviso, fortified and garrisoned, while he struck a decisive blow at the chief of his adversaries, he adopted a system of what we should now call Napoleonic tactics. When he had disconcerted the plans of Rodgand, Charlemagne turned from Friuli, and with Napoleonic celerity marched upon Treviso, where Stablinus, the uncle of the fallen duke, had shut himself up, resolved to hold out to the last.

We have spoken of the irregularities of the female portion of Charlemagne's family. In 813 he lost his eldest daughter Rotruda, but though she had caused him frequent pain and continual anxiety, he felt his bereavement with all the poignancy of a father's grief, and forgot her weakness in her death. So that neither prosperous fortune nor reverses, neither strife, labour, victory, had been able to extinguish in the breast of the emperor those

warm affections which he had received from nature.

Here is the manner in which Sir Francis Palgrave contrasts and compares the two emperors:—

Napoleon sought the creation of an anti-christian imperial pontificate—the caliphate of positive civilization; his aspiration was the establishment of absolute dominion, corporeal and intellectual; the mastery over body and soul; faith respected only as an influential and venerable delusion; the aiding powers of religion accepted until she should be chilled out, and the unfed flame expire, and positive philosophy complete her task of emancipating the matured intellect from the remaining swathing bands which had been needful during the infancy of human society. And the theories of Charlemagne and Napoleon, though irreconcilably antagonistic, in their conception, would, were either fully developed, become identical in their result, notwithstanding their contrarieties. They start in opposite directions, but, circling round their courses, would—were it permitted that they should persevere continuously and consistently—meet at the same point of convergence, and attain the same end.

Moreover, the territorial empires of Napoleon and of Charlemagne had their organically fatal characteristic in common. Each founder attempted to accomplish political impossibilities—to conjoin communities unsusceptible of amalgamation; to harmonize the discordant elements which could only be kept together by external force, whilst their internal forces sprung them asunder—a unity without internal union. But even as the wonderful agencies revealed to modern chemistry effect, in a short hour, the progress which nature silently elaborates during a long growth of time, so in like manner did the energies of civilization effect in three years that dissolution for which, in the analogous precedent, seven generations were required.

We do not find that Sir Francis Palgrave alludes, in the volume before us, to those frequent attacks of gout with which the monarch was troubled, nor that he makes any mention of that lameness which the disease had left. It was probably the gout that induced the emperor to make such frequent use of the waters of Aix-la-Chapelle, and to construct there baths, which, by their splendour and size, exhibited the progress of growing luxury. In the use of the baths Charlemagne

exhibited no exclusive selfishness. Eginhard tells us, that not only his sons, but the great men of his court, his friends, and the soldiers of his guard, were invited to partake of the enjoyment which the monarch had provided for himself; so that sometimes as many as a hundred persons were known to be in the baths together.

The *Bain de l'Empereur*, now shown at Cologne, situated in the street called Büchel, arises from a source containing a greater quantity of sulphur than any other known in Europe. The position of the tomb in which once reposed the remains of Charlemagne, is indicated by a slab, inscribed with the words, 'Carolo Magno.' But the vault below is empty, having been opened by the Emperor Otho in 997. The body of the emperor was found seated on his throne as one alive, clothed in imperial robes, bearing in his hand the sceptre, and on his knees a copy of the Gospels. On his withered and shrunken brow the crown was placed, the sword Joyeuse was by his side, and the pouch of the pilgrim, which he had carried when living. All these relics, used in the coronation of succeeding emperors of Germany, are now deposited at Vienna. In the treasury of the church is shown the skull of Charlemagne, inclosed in a silver case, and his arm-bone, both taken, it is said, from his grave. It has, however, within the last fifteen years, been discovered that the bone is not of the arm, but of the leg.

We have said that the character of Charlemagne can only be fairly judged and appreciated by comparing it with the barbarism of the times in which he lived. But in any age the rapidity with which his expeditions were executed was only less wonderful than the precision and the persevering energy and determination with which each plan was perfected to its fullest consummation. The predecessors of Charlemagne had contented themselves with leading an army against the point they intended to assail. But Charlemagne was the first among modern monarchs to introduce into the art of war the great improvement of pouring large

bodies of men by different routes into a hostile country—of converging them on a given point—of teaching them to co-operate, though separate, and so to concentrate and combine their efforts, that their movements must be nearly irresistible. On this feature in the character of the man and the conqueror Sir Francis Palgrave seems not to have laid sufficient stress.

It should also be considered, in making a final award and estimate of the merits of Charlemagne, that nothing had been done by those who went before him. Neither the seed nor the germ of civilization had been in the least degree sown. He was surrounded by barbarian enemies, and he took possession of a kingdom profoundly ignorant, torn by factions, disorganized, and convulsed.

His conquests, his long and persevering wars, have been most advantageous to Europe. It was he who rescued Germany from barbarism. Owing to his legislation and his good broadsword, the lands that lie between the Rhine and the Elbe, between the Danube and the Ocean, received a civilizing light, which continues increasing to the present day. The ambition of Charlemagne was of the noblest kind: he was generous, magnanimous, humane, brave, liberal, and just; but, at the same time, simple, prudent, and frugal. His indefatigable energy and zeal in conducting civil and state affairs were most remarkable. Thus, while in public he possessed much of what is good and great, in private life he possessed all that was amiable. He was affectionate, gentle, and kind, endearing and attaching himself to those around him. Eginhard, who knew him well, and who had seen him lay aside the sternness of command and the pomp of empire, thus speaks of him:—*Ceterum per omne vitæ suæ tempus ita cum summo omnium amore atque favore et domi et foris conversatus est, ut nunquam ei vel minima injustæ crudelitates nota à quâquam fuisset objecta.**

In the preliminary chapters of Sir Francis Palgrave's work, treat-

ing of the scope and object of his history, there are many valuable observations which one finds in no other book of history; mediæval or modern. It is undoubtedly true, as our author remarks, that mediæval writers offer peculiar difficulties. Our New Year's-day was only New Year's-day to a small fraction of the European community. Mid-winter, or Christmas-day, was a popular era for the commencement of the New Year. A perplexing Paschal computation prevailed in France, according to which the New Year began on Easter Monday. The Feast of the Annunciation, or Lady-day, was a favourite New Year's-day, continued in England until the introduction of the new style. To increase the confusion, some chroniclers employing the Dominical year, advance upon their contemporaries by an entire year, while others are a year behind. There are also uncertainties arising from the process of computation, which the diligent inquirer in history would do well to study in these pages. There are also directions and remarks on the mode of employing and consulting these mediæval chroniclers, which may be profitably pondered on. Burke, Gibbon, Hume, Voltaire, Volney, Montesquieu are sceptical in the extreme. We think Sir Francis Palgrave runs into the opposite error in one of his general canons. 'We should approach all inquiry,' says he, 'with an obedient mind, more inclined to accept than to reject—to give faith, than to disbelieve.' Now, for obedient, read independent, unprejudiced, and unbiassed mind, and there is no great objection to the opinion. By using the word, obedient mind, one may understand a servile submission or a complaisant and courtous surrender of the right of private judgment. The following observations on mediæval chroniclers we think fair and correct:—

The mediæval chroniclers generally, but more especially those of the Merovingian and Carolingian period, are authorities of high order: men well informed, men known to the world, and knowing the world well: not a few amongst them are professed historians, entering upon their work with a full sense of its importance and of their own

responsibility: others, biographers, or autobiographers, who, commencing as historians or annalists, warm themselves, as they proceed, into memorialists of their own lives and times—statesmen—courtiers, ministers, prelates, soldiers, members of royal families—Gregory of Tours, Eginhard, Nithard, Prudentius, Hincmar, Rodolph of Fulda, Regino of Pruham, Frodoard, conspicuous in their age—due allowance being made for circumstances—as Clarendon, or Sully, Bishop Burnet, Blaise de Montluc, or Prince Eugene. Yet, in productions emanating from actors or participators in political events, the standard of veracity is lowered by an inevitable alloy. The more momentous the question, the greater the difficulty of meeting with an unbiassed and competent relator. He who best knows the truth is frequently the person most tempted to conceal or distort his knowledge. Can the soundest principles resist the malignant influence of names inseparably associated with hatred and contempt—'Puritan', or 'Papist'—or any other authorized version of *Raca* in vernacular language?

Add to these textual and moral obstacles the incurable debility of all human observation or experience. Sir Walter Raleigh was as right in estimating the impossibility of ascertaining perfect truth, as he was wrong in the conclusion he drew from his conviction. It is by our intention, and not by the result of our labours, that we are to be judged.

We have already stated our own opinion in general terms as to the advisability of interweaving together as much as possible French and English History. The reasons which have suggested themselves to the mind of the author for that course are thus forcibly given:—

Whilst I have contracted my narrative concerning the Northmen, I have expanded upon the transactions illustrating the decline of the Carolingian empire, and the development of the Capetian monarchy.

Throughout this History, I have always looked forward, endeavouring steadily to consider the relations between the doctrines and events of the period upon which I am employed, and the doctrines and events of subsequent periods; and this not merely for the purposes of English History, but also for the purposes of French History—studies equally necessary to Englishmen and Frenchmen,—each, indeed, to each, either to either; both nations counterchanged; to us and to them a common ground. This ob-

servation applies very forcibly to the history of the *Provinces*, or, as the French also call them, the *Grands Fiefs*, which, during the whole Anglo-Norman period, intimately connected England and France.

Brittany and Maine the dependencies of Normandy, the regal duchy of Armorica, the energetic *Pagus Cenomannorum*, dear to the Conqueror as his own paternal inheritance, the magnificent Marquisate of Flanders, the counties of Boulogne and Ponthieu, and the other Belgic or semi-Belgic fiefs and dominions from the Bresle, the boundary of Normandy, to the Scheldt, Blois and Chartres-Anjou, whose dynasty renewed the splendour of the Conqueror's empire, Poitou and opulent Aquitaine obeying the Plantagenet sceptre, and extending the Anglo-Norman empire even unto the Pyrenees.

All the fore-mentioned territories contributed ancestors to our aristocracy, clergy to our church, rule and discipline to our monasteries, instructors to our architects, teachers to our schools. No history of Anglo-Norman England can approach to completeness, should we exclude ourselves from these sources of historic richness and variety. I have, therefore, interwoven as much of the anecdote connected with the French provinces as will be sufficient to embody the ideas of the reader concerning personages whose names otherwise pass away, without making sufficient impression upon the mind.

The questions of *provinces* and *grands fiefs* to which Sir Francis Palgrave in these remarks makes a passing allusion, are questions opening large and most ample historico-legal inquiries, infinitely more abstruse than pleasant to the reader. The different denominations of fiefs existing in the French law before the abolition of the feudal system, are not to be explained even in a couple of pages of our double columns and small print.

There were *fiefs d'honneur*, *fiefs liges*, *fiefs des retraites*, *fiefs d'amitié*, *fiefs à vie*, *fiefs terriens*, *fiefs de reventus*, *fiefs d'office*, et *fiefs simple*. These were regulated by a number of *ordonnances*, with the learning of which few black-letter French lawyers are at all acquainted. For us to pursue the subject here would be supremely ridiculous. All that is necessary for the general reader on the subject may be learned from Dalrymple, Sullivan's *Lectures on Feudal Law*,

St. Palaye's *Dissertations on Ancient Chivalry*, and the chapter in M. Guizot's *Essays on the History of France*, under the title *Du Caractère Politique du Régime Féodal*. M. Guizot's edition of Mably, *Observations sur l'Histoire de France*, may be also profitably read. As we are on the subject of the feudal law, this is probably the place to remark on the observation of Sismondi, that the feudal system was introduced by Rollo. Sir Francis Palgrave intimates grave doubts as to this view, and from his familiarity with ancient records, deeds, muniments, grants, and charters, his opinion is entitled to great weight:—

Rollo is said to have introduced an harmonious and perfect system of feudality, methodizing the laws and usages of tenure as they prevailed elsewhere, and profiting by all the improvements which experience had suggested. His legislative talent (it is thus supposed) gave one origin to all rights of property, imparting to feudality a regularity hitherto unknown, and this province, the most modern in Gaul, became a model for all others.

Such are the observations entitled to respect on account of the authority whence they proceed; and the theory thus enounced is incorporated, so to speak, in the *textus receptus* of Norman history; but however recommended by simplicity, and conformable to our general prepossessions, the support of any evidence whatever is absolutely wanting. Not a single Norman deed or muniment, grant or charter, signed or unsigned, sealed or unsealed, can be found until the reign of Richard Sans-pour, and then very rarely, a dearth contrasting singularly with the diplomatic opulence of Anglo-Saxon England.

We confess we think there appears justice and probability in these remarks. Though Rollo was a crafty and subdolous pirate far surpassing in astuteness any of his fellows, though he obtained in 912 the absolute cession of the county he occupied, and married Gisela, the daughter of Charles the Simple, on the condition of embracing Christianity, and ultimately secured the support of the clergy, yet we nowhere find any evidence of that harmonious or perfect system of feudality,—or that he methodized these laws and usages of tenure, the product of a later age.

It may not be unimportant to re-

mark, that the great grandson of this Rollo was William the Conqueror, with whose exploits every school-boy is acquainted.

In his remarks on Rollo, Sir Francis Palgrave draws little from Danish and Scandinavian sources, and this is all the better, for, in the Sagas of Snorre, in Schening, Depping, and Suhm, there is much of the improbable, if not of the fabulous. As Wheaton, however, with American sense and shrewdness, remarks, there must have been something truly great and magnanimous in the soul of this ferocious sea rover, which elevated his views above those entertained by other adventurers of the same age and nation, and made him aspire to become the founder and legislator of a new state.

On the general history of the Northmen Sir Francis Palgrave is not so full as we could wish, but he gives a summary of their ravages between 862 and 882 with a perfect exactness. We quote the passage as one likely to dwell in the memory of the historical student; remarking, that we shall doubtless have a fuller account of the colonies of Northmen, in the second and third volumes promised by our author:—

The ravages of the Northmen had indeed been desperate. Trèves burnt, Cologne burnt, Maesdricht burnt, Tölbias burnt, Liege burnt, Longres burnt, Cambray burnt, Coblenz burnt, Bonn burnt, Juliers burnt, Cornelian Munster burnt, Malavedi burnt, Aix la Chapelle burnt. Metz was defended by her Roman fortifications and the valour of Bishop Wala; but Wala was afterwards killed in a chance skirmish, having fought bravely. The Netherlandish country suffered dreadfully. Aldenburgh, Rodenburgh, Furnes, Alost, Oudenarde, Comines, Bailleul, Harbeck, Torholt, Antwerp, Poperingues, Cassel, Nuys, and very many other opulent towns whose names are first commemorated by their calamities, were ravished and destroyed. Thus did the Danes pollute, pillage, and ruin the great Roman cities of the north—the strongest, the richest, the most honoured by tradition and piety—schools of learning, monuments of art, seats of luxury, imperial grandeur, some dating from the earliest periods, but many more which had arisen silently under the genial protection of the monastic communities, and whose healthy and prosperous existence we ascertain from their misfortunes.

VOL. XLIV. NO. CCLIX.

There are many very curious disquisitions on languages in this volume. A learned French author, Paul Pezron, born at Hennebon, in Brittany, has written a remarkable and learned work to prove the true origin of the Celts from Gomer. He attempts to demonstrate that some of the Gomerians were called Saca; that they passed into Cappadocia and into Phrygia; that they assumed the name of Titans; that there was a conformity between Spartans and Titans; and that the Cimbrians were taken by the ancients to be Celts or Gauls. M. Pezron gives in his book a table of the Greek, taken from the Gaulish language; and also a table of the Latin words, taken from the Celtic or Gaulish; and of the Teutonic or German words, taken from the same source. Though Sir Francis Palgrave does not descend so minutely to particulars, yet his general remarks are very striking.

Thus, for instance, he speaks of the remains of Danish language in Norman topography:—

But language adheres to the soil when the lips which spake are resolved in the dust. Mountains repeat, and rivers murmur, the voices of nations denationalized or extirpated in their own land. Norman topography, local or provincial, therefore becomes our only resource: the map discloses the tokens, if tokens they be, of Scandinavianism, wholly absent from the glossary. The Hologate, or Houlgat, at Hermoustier, and Granville and Cormelles, and most particularly at Caen, where the road so called passed between the excavated rock;—the Dérnethal and the Depedal, may respectively be construed into the Hochlegasse, the Hollowgate, the Dérndale and the Deepdale, without any difficulty. Places in whose denomination the syllable *del*, *dale*, or *thal* is found to enter, abound in Normandy. There are fifty or more *dells*, *dals*, or *tals*, in the Bessin.

The word so familiar as an affix, the well-known Danish 'Bye'—a dwelling, an abiding place—a word which, in other northern forms, or in Norse, is spelt *boe*, *böjgd*, or *bygd*—occurs, though variously disguised, in a large proportion of Norman names: *Elbœuf*, and *Belbœuf*, and *Marbœuf*, and *Bourgueuf*, and *Carquebuf*, and *Tourneueue*, are examples.

Names denoting the running water—the *beck*, *bek*, or *bach*—are scattered in

good number all over Normandy: Beaubec, and Briquebec, and Caldebec, and Foulbec, and Houlbec—the pleasant brook, or the birch-fringed brook, or the cool rivulet, or the mud-stained rivulet, or the streamlet in the hollow channel. Fisigard, and Auppegard, and Epegard—the fishyard, and the Applegarth, or Appleyard, hardly need a translation. Toft, somewhat varied into tot, is tolerably common: the kingdom of Yvetot—Yw's toft—is an illustrious example; and bosc, or busk—the bush, or the wood, abounds.

All this is striking, and, what is better, is true.

Any one who has paid even a superficial attention to philological or archæological discussion has heard and read of the *langue d'oc* and the *langue d'oïl*. The etymology of the former has given rise to various opinions. Nicot, in his *Trésor de la Langue Française*, says that the *langue d'oc* is derived from the Gothic; while others hold that it takes its origin from Languedoc, in which it was spoken. Be this as it may, at Marseilles and the rest of Provence, the language attested, not merely the Greek origin of the inhabitants, but the prolonged occupation of the Romans. This dialect was the *Romane-Provençale*, characterized by the frequent and monotonous return of the same sounds, and which received the designation of the '*langue d'oc*.' From this sprung an original literature, whose poets served as models to Spain, France, and Italy. The *langue d'oc* was, in a word, the language of the southern people of France, whose patois is even at this day so sonorous and expressive.

The *langue d'oïl*, on the contrary, was the name given to the Walloon, a dialect formed in the provinces situated towards the north of France, where the Latin was spoken later. In these countries, the language had a hardness not found in the south. But the *langue d'oïl* was purified in process of time, and became the basis of modern French. At the commencement of the Crusades, the difference between the *langue d'oc*, and the *langue d'oïl* was not so marked as it subsequently became. The *langue d'oïl* was spoken in Picardy, in Normandy, in Lower

Britanny, and in all the northern countries of France bordering on Germany.

Thus Sir Francis Palgrave discourses of the *langue d'oïl*:—

It was in Normandy that the *langue d'oïl* acquired its greatest polish and regularity. The earliest specimens of the French language, in the proper sense of the term, are now surrendered by the French philologists to the Normans. The phenomenon of the organs of speech yielding to social or moral influences, and losing the power of repeating certain sounds, was prominently observable amongst the Normans. No modern French gazette writer could disfigure English names more whimsically than the Domesday commissioners. To the last, the Normans never could learn to say 'Lincoln'—they never could get nearer than 'Nicol,' or 'Nicol.'

The Normans dismissed all practical recollection in their families of their original Scandinavian ancestry. Not one of their nobles ever thought of deducing his lineage from the Hersers, or Jarls, or Vikings, who occupy so conspicuous a place in Norwegian history, not even through the medium of any traditional fable.

There is no people, the roots of whose language resemble our own more than the Frisians. Thus our author speaks of their love of liberty:

Therefore it was the duty of each Frison to raise and strengthen the doughty dyke, which, in the words of their ancient doom-book, 'encircles the land like a golden ring; and the Frison was to defend his dear Fatherland against the sea, with the spade, and with the fork, and with the hod; and against the Southern Saxon and the Northman, against the tall helmet and the red shield, and the unrighteous might, with the point of the lance, and the edge of the sword, and the brown coat-of-mail; and thus shall we Frisians defend our land within and without, if they will help us, God and Saint Peter!'

Let us not, however, forget that the germs of liberty always existed in East Friedland, and that in the seven Cantons called maritime (the *Sieben Seelante*) there was a just and equal law for all.

In tracing the history of the Lotharingian line, and more especially the history of Louis le Germanique, the third son of Louis le Debonnaire, Sir Francis Palgrave is very successful. There is apparent

in every line a thorough knowledge of the subject, though the style is occasionally somewhat too familiar, and conversational. The meaning, however, is always clearly, and often graphically and picturesquely conveyed. The writer, though sometimes fanciful and peculiar in the dress with which he clothes his thought, yet is, in literary costume, almost always effective and striking, though neither the cut, the texture, nor the fabric of the garb are uniformly of the fashion we look for in history. We are pleased to see in this volume more attention paid to the Slavonic tribes than in any former history. The Slavonians are probably destined yet to play a considerable part in the world's history, for they combine, as Sir Francis says, mental aptness with European firmness.

The Slavonians are one of the few people in Europe who have preserved their primitive type. Whether we look on them as Wends, as Croatians, as Servians, as Bulgarians, as Dalmatians, as Sorbi, as Poles, or as Russians; whether we regard them as inhabiting Kioff, Novogorod, Pleskoff; as settled at Meissen, at Lusatia, or in the mark of Brandenburg, they are ever a persevering, laborious, and remarkable people, distinguished by most adaptable, flexible, and imitative powers.

All the Slavonic histories teem with the oppressions of the Slavonic race by the Germans; but as English works in reference to the Slavons have been drawn from German sources, these utterances of a primitive people have not been heard. The author before us appears now to plead in favour of the oppressed. Thus he discourses:—

No subjects were so troublesome to the Carolingians as the Slavonians, and with sorrowful reason on both sides, savage revenge being kindled by savage oppression, and the oppressors revenging the revenge. The Teutonic nations treated the Slavonians as 'we view 'natives,' or 'aborigines,' a genus somewhat inferior to man, and not so valuable as the beast—to be left alive only when they could not be exterminated—to be cleared off—to be evicted or improved from the face of the earth;

creatures not having any right to be fed at the great table of Him, by whom the fulness is bestowed; in short, a race 'doomed,' according to the stereotyped phrase, 'to be extinguished by the progress of civilization.'

The history of the transactions between the Slavonians and their cognate races and the Germans, is a hideous page in the dark book of human calamity. Join not in abetting prosperous crime by the most pernicious of descriptions—the sophistry which encourages wickedness by the cant vocabulary of praise, the pretence of faith, or the promise of renown—the spirit which adopts for heroes Cromwell in Ireland, or Cœur de Lion in Palestine. When the Grand Master of the Livonian Knights received investiture, the prelate of the order pronounced the following words:—'Das Schwerdt empfing durch meine Hand—Zum Schutze Gottes und Marien land.' The slaughter of the Lithuanians is scarcely so fearful as the moral delusion which fell upon priestly soldier, or soldier-priest, by whom the benediction was bestowed or received.

At the commencement of the Carolingian era, the Elbe separated the great Teutonic and Slavo-Wendish families. The Slavonians combined Oriental aptness with European firmness; a patriarchal nation, simple and primitive, clinging together by those strong ties of affection which peculiarly belong to that state of society. A strange tradition floated amongst them, telling how Alexander the Great, out of love for Roxalana, had granted his empire to them by charter. Subdued by the Carolingians, reduced to galling bondage in some parts of the German North, and rendered tributary in others, their spirit was unbroken, and, whenever opportunity served, they rose against their tyrants. They fought for all that can be dear to mankind—land and liberty, language and nationality.

Both parties were wild, both ferocious, both treacherous, both merciless, but the Germans the most condemnable, for they made the higher profession. The violence used towards these unhappy people is not so odious as the insolent arrogance by which the Teutons asserted their ascendancy, scarcely effaced in our own times. In the last century, no workman of Slavo-Wendish blood could be admitted into the leading guilds; Vetter Michel, the unwashed cobbler, would not bear the smell of a Wende. Even more significant is the fact that the term Slave, according to its own meaning, glory, should have been converted by the Germanic nations

into the degrading sense which the word now conveys, the perversion testifying the burning brand of contempt stamped by the Germans upon the nation to whom the name belonged.

In relating these deeds, the Germans are tranquilly complacent. Literature perpetuates all national injustices. Clio cannot tell truth; she cannot help being a false thing—it is her nature—it is the inherent deceit of history—the subtle deceit, the irremediable deceit, to be essentially subjective; and, therefore, inevitably selfish. For want of an history written by an Hælot, how little

do we know of Sparta. But this by the way.

We might make many more extracts full of pith, originality, and meaning, but here we must pause. We have given samples sufficient to prove that Sir Francis is, a conscientious and learned labourer, with a love, an admiration, and enthusiasm for the times he writes about, equally remarkable and commendable. We look for the forthcoming volumes with increasing interest.

A JUNGLE RECOLLECTION.

BY CAPTAIN HARDBARGAIN.

THE hot season of 1849 was peculiarly oppressive, and the irksome garrison duty at Cherootabad, in the south of India, had for many months been unusually severe. The colonel of my regiment, the brigadier, and the general, having successively acceded to my application for three weeks' leave, and that welcome fact having been duly notified in orders, it was not long before I found myself on the Coimbatore road, snugly packed guns, and all in a country bullock-cart, lying at full length on a mattress, with a thick layer of straw spread under it.

All my preparations had been made beforehand; relays of bullocks were posted for me at convenient intervals, and I arrived at Goodaloor, a distance of a hundred and ten miles, in rather more than forty-eight hours.

Goodaloor is a quiet little village, about eleven miles from Coimbatore;—but don't suppose I was going to spend my precious three weeks there.

After breakfasting at the traveller's bungalow, we started off again. The bungalow is on the right hand side of the road; and when we had proceeded about two hundred yards, the bullock-cart turned into the fields to the left, and got along how it could across country, towards some low rocky hills, which ran parallel, and at about three miles distance from the Coimbatore road.

After about two miles of this work,

sometimes over fallow ground, sometimes through fields of growing grain, (taking awful liberties with the loose hedges of cut brambles, which, however, we had the conscience to build up again as we passed them,) sometimes over broken stony ground, and once or twice lumbering heavily through a rocky water-course, we at last found ourselves on the grassy margin of a pretty little stream. Fifty yards beyond it, under the shade of a fine mango-tree, my little tent was already pitched; in five minutes I lay stretched on my bed, listening with ravished ears to the glorious accounts of my old Shikaree, who had just come in, hot and tired, from the jungle. He had much to tell,—how since he had been out, three days, he had tracked the tiger every morning up and down a certain nullah; how the brindled monster had been seen by different shepherds; and what was still more satisfactory, how he had but yesterday killed a cow near the spot where the hut had been built. It was now midday;—how to spend the long hours till sunset?

After making the tired man draw innumerable sketch-maps in the sand, with reiterated descriptions of the hut, &c., I allowed the poor wretch to go to his dinner; and in anticipation of a weary night's watch, I squeezed my eyes together, and tried to sleep.

The sun begins to acquire his

evening slant, and I joyfully leave my bed to prepare for my nocturnal expedition. The cook is boiling fowl and potatoes; they are ready; and now he pours his clear strong coffee into the three soda-water bottles by his side; everything is ready; in the little basket, not forgetting a bottle of good beer. Now then commences the pleasing task of carefully loading our battery.

Come, big 'Sam Nock,' king of two-ouncers, what is to be the fate of these two great plumbs that you are now to swallow? Am I to cut them out of the tiger's ribs to-morrow?—or are they idly to be fired away into the trunk of a tree, or drawn again?

All loaded, and pony saddled, let us start: the two white cows and their calves; the mattress and blanket rolled up and carried on a Cooly's head; Shikaree, horsekeeper, and a village man with the three guns, while I myself bring up the rear. Over a few ploughed fields, and past that large banian-tree, the jungle begins.

What is this black thing? and what are those people doing? That hideous black image is the jungle god, and to him the villagers look for protection for their flocks.

How they stare at the man dressed in his mud-coloured clothes, who has come so far, and sacrifices sleep and comfort, to sit and watch at night for the evil genius of their jungles. Children are held up to look at him—at the English jungle-wallah, who drinks brandy as they drink milk, and who is on his way to the deepest fastnesses of the wooded waste, to watch for the tiger alone—a man who laughs at gods and devils—a devil himself. The Shikaree, who had been earnestly engaged in conversation with the oldest looking man of the group, now ran up and informed me that the Gooroo had given him to understand that the Sahib would certainly kill the tiger this night, and that it was expected that he would subscribe fifteen rupees to the god, in the event of the prediction proving true. Come, we have no time for talking. Hurry on, cows and guns, hurry on! through the silent jungle, along the narrow path. How much farther

yet. Not more than a quarter of a mile; we are close to it. And now the people who know the whereabouts stop and look smilingly on one another, and then at the Sahib, whose practised eye has but just discovered the well-built ambush.

In a small clump of low jungle, on the sloping bank of a broad, sandy watercourse, the casual passer-by would not have perceived a snug and tolerably strong little hut,—the white ends of the small branches that were laid over it, and the mixture of foliage alone revealing the fact to the observant eye of a practised woodman. No praise could be too strong to bestow on the faithful Shikaree; had I chosen the spot myself, after a week's survey of the country, it could not have been more happily selected. The watercourse wound its way through the thickest and most *tigerish* section of the jungle, and had its origin at the very foot of the hills, where tigers were continually seen by the woodcutters and shepherds. There was little or no water within many miles, except the few gallons in a basin of rock, which I could almost reach from my little bower; and, to crown all, there were the broad, deep *puggs* of a tiger, up and down the nullah, in the dry sand, near the water's edge, of all ages, from the week, perhaps, up to the unmistakeable fresh *puggs* of last night.

Let us get off the pony, and have a look at the hut. Pulling a few dry branches on one side, the small hurdle-door at the back is exposed to view, hardly big enough to admit a large dog; down on your knees and crawl in. Five feet long, four feet wide, and four feet high in the centre, is the extent of the little palace; a platform, a foot from the ground, occupies the whole extent to within a foot of the front end facing the bed of the watercourse. On this platform the mattress is laid, and some big coats and the blankets make a very comfortable pillow. Remove that little screen of leaves, and you look through a window, ten inches square, that commands a view fifty paces up and down the sandy nullah. Sitting on the end of the bed-place, just behind the window, with your feet on the

ground, nothing can be more comfortable; and when tired, you only have to draw up your legs, and curl yourself on the mattress to enjoy a short nap, if your prudence cannot conquer sleep. Into this hut, which I have endeavoured to describe, did I now crawl; the mattress was arranged, the handsome and carefully loaded battery was next handed in, and each gun placed ready for action; the cold fowl and bottle of Bass were in the meanwhile disposed of, and the soda-water bottles of cold coffee were stowed away in cunning corners.

The sun is resting on the hill-tops, and will soon disappear behind them; the pea-fowl and jungle-cock are noisily challenging amongst themselves, and the latest party of woodcutters have just passed by, showing, by their brisk pace and loud talking, that they consider it high time for prudent men to quit the jungle.

To the deeply-rooted stump of a young tree on the opposite bank, one of the white cows has been made fast by a double cord passed twice round her horns. Nothing remains to be done; the little door is fastened behind me, the prickly acacia boughs are piled up against it on the outside, and my people are anxious to be off. The old Shikaree makes his appearance in the nullah, and wishing me success through the window, asks if 'all is right?' 'Everything; get home as fast as you can: if you should hear three shots in succession before dark, come back for me,—otherwise, bring the pony at six to-morrow morning,—and a cup of hot coffee, tell the cook.'

They are gone; I still hear them every now and then, as they shout to one another, and as the pony is scrambling through some loose stones in the bed of a ravine through which their road lies.

The poor cow, too, listens with dismay to the retreating footsteps of the party, and has already made some furious plunges to free herself and rejoin the rest of the kine, who have been driven off, nothing loth, towards home. Watch her: how intently she stares along the path by which the people have deserted her. Were it not for the occasional stamp of the fore leg, or the impa-

tient side-toss of the head, to keep off the swarming flies, she might be carved out of marble. And now a fearful and anxious gaze up the bed of the nullah, and into the thick fringe of Mimosa, one ear pricked and the other back alternately, show that *instinct* has already whispered the warning of impending danger. Another plunge to get loose, and a searching gaze up the path: see her sides heave. Now comes what we want—that deep low! it echoes again among the hills: another, and another. Poor wretch! you are hastening your doom; far or near the tiger hears you—under rock or thicket, where he has lain since morning sheltered from the scorching sun, his ears flutter as if they were tickled every time he hears that music: his huge green eyes, heretofore half-closed, are now wide open, and, alas! poor cow, gaze truly enough in thy direction; but he has not stirred yet, and nobody can say in which direction giant death will yet stalk forth.

Whichever of my readers who has never had to wait in solitude, in a strange room of a strange house, has not indulged in that idle speculative curiosity peculiar to such a situation, gazing on the pictures, and counting perhaps tables and chairs with an absurd earnestness of purpose,—will not understand how I spent the first half-hour of my solitude; how I idly counted the stakes that formed the framework of the hut, or watched with interest the artful tactics of another Shikaree, in the shape of a slippery-looking green lizard, who was cautiously 'stalking' the insects among the rafters.

The cow, tired with struggling and plunging, appears to have become tolerably resigned to her situation, and has lain down, her ears, however, in continual motion, and the jaw sometimes suddenly arrested, while in the act of chewing the cud, to listen, as some slight noise in the thicket attracts her attention. Gracious! what is that down the nullah to the left? A peacock only. How my heart beat at first! what a splendid train the fellow has. Here he comes, evidently for the water; and now his scraglio,—one, two, four, five, buff-breasted, modest-looking little quakeresses. What a contrast to

his splendid blue and gold! All to the water—dive in your bills and toss back your heads with blinking eyes as you quaff the delicious fluid; little do you dream that there is a gun within five paces, although you are quite safe. But stop! here are affics. The old boy is happy, and up goes his tail, to the admiration of his hens, and the extreme wonderment of the cow, who with open eyes is staring with all her might at the glories of the expanded fan; and now slowly goes he round and round, like a solemn Jack o' the Green, his spindle shanks looking disreputably thin in the waning light.

They quit the water side, and disappear; and I can hear their heavy wings as they one after another mount a tall tree for the night.

The moon is up—all nature still; the cow, again on her legs, is restless, and evidently frightened. Oh! reader, even if you have the soul of a Shikaree, I despair of being able to convey in words a tithe of the sensations of that solitary vigil: a night like that is to be enjoyed but seldom—a red-letter day in one's existence.

Where is the man who has never experienced the poetic influence of a moonlit scene! Fancy, then, such a one as here described; a crescent of low hills—raggy, steep, and thickly wooded—around you on three sides, and above them, again, at twenty miles distance, the clear blue outline of the Neilgherry Hills; in your front the silver-sand bed of the dry watercourse divides the thick and sombre jungle with a stream of light, till you lose it in the deep shadows at the foot of the hills,—all quiet, all still, all bathed in the light of the moon, yourself the only man for miles to come; a solitary watcher, your only companion the poor cow, who, full of fears and suspicions at every leaf-fall, reminds you that a terrible struggle is about to take place within a few feet of your bed, and that there will be noise and confusion, when you must be cool and collected. Your little kennel would not be strong enough to resist a determined charge, and you are alone, if three good guns are not true friends.

Let me, good reader, give way to the pleasures of memory,—let me

fancy myself back again, seated in my dear little hut, full of hope and expectation, now drinking the ice-cold coffee from one of the soda-water bottles, re-corking it, and placing it slowly and noiselessly in its corner. Hark to the single ring of a silver bell, and its echo among the hills!—a spotted deer—why does she call? has she seen anything? Again, and again, and answered from a long distance! 'Tis very odd, that when one should be most wakeful, there should be always an inclination to sleep. A raw nip of aqua-vitæ, and a little of the same rubbed round the eyes, nostrils, and behind the ears, make us wakeful again.

Oh! that I could express sounds on paper as music is written in notes. No, reader, you must do as I have done—you must be placed in a similar situation, to hear and enjoy the terrible roar of a hungry tiger—not from afar off and listened for, but close at hand and unexpected. It was like an electric shock;—a moment ago, I was dozing off, and the cow, long since lain down, appeared asleep; that one roar had not died away among the hills when she had scrambled on her legs, and stood with elevated head, stiffened limbs, tail raised, and breath suspended, staring full of terror in the direction of the sound. As for the biped, with less noise and even more alacrity, he had grasped his favourite 'Sam Nock,' whose polished barrels just rested on the lower ledge of the little peep-hole; perhaps his eyes were as round as saucers, and heart beating fast and strong.

Now for the struggle;—pray heaven that I am cool and calm, and do not fire in a hurry, for one shot will either lose or secure my well-earned prize.

There he is again! evidently in that rugged, stony watercourse which runs parallel, and about two hundred yards behind the hut. But what is that? Yes, lightning: two flashes in quick succession, and a cold stream of air is rustling through the half-withered leaves of my ambush. Taking a look to the rear through an accidental opening among the leaves, it was plain that a storm, or, as it would be called at

sea, a squall, was brewing. An arch of black cloud was approaching from the westward, and the rain descending, gave it the appearance of a huge black comb, the teeth reaching to the earth. The moon, half obscured, showed a white mist as far as the rain had reached. Then was heard in the puffs of air the hissing of the distant but approaching down-pour: more lightning—then some large heavy drops plashed on the roof, and it was raining cats and dogs.

How the scene was changed! Half-an-hour ago, solemn, and still, and wild, as nature rested, unpoluted, undefaced, unmarked by man—sleeping in the light of the moon, all was tranquillity; the civilized man lost his idiosyncrasy in its contemplation—forgot nation, pursuits, creed,—he felt that he was Nature's child, and adored the God of Nature.

But the beautiful was now exchanged for the sublime, when that scene appeared lit up suddenly and awfully by lightning, which now momentarily exchanged a sheet of intensely dazzling blue light, with a darkness horrible to endure—a light which showed the many streams of water, which now appeared like ribbons over the smooth slabs of rock that lay on the slope of the hills, and gave a microscopic accuracy of outline to every object,—exchanged as suddenly for a darkness which for the moment might be supposed the darkness of extinction—of utter annihilation,—while the crash of thunder overhead rolled over the echoes of the hills, 'I am the Lord thy God.'

The hut, made in a hurry, was not thatched (as it might have been), and the half-dried foliage which covered it collected drops only to pour down continuous streams from the stem of every twig.

So much for sitting up for tigers! will most of my readers exclaim, and laugh at the monomaniac who would subject himself to such misery; but the thoroughbred Shikaree is game and stanch to the backbone, and will not be stopped by a night's wetting. For myself, I can only say in extenuation, that I was born on the 12th of August.

A heavy and continuous down-pour soon showed its effects, and although I had lots of big coats, and was not altogether unprepared for such an emergency, an hour had not elapsed before I was obliged to confess myself tolerably wet through. The mattress just collected the water and made a good hip-bath, for there was no other seat. The nullah, heretofore as I have described, was now a turbid stream of red water, which falling over a slab of rock into the small basin before mentioned, kept up an unceasing din. Tired and disgusted, I rolled a doubled blanket, although saturated with water tight round me, and was soon warm and asleep. About two o'clock in the morning the clouds broke and the rain ceased; the boiling stream ran down to half its size, and a concert of thousands of frogs, bass, tenor, and treble, kept up a monotonous croaking enough to wake the dead.

The moon appeared again, and I attacked both cold coffee and brandy, and made myself as comfortable as possible under existing circumstances—to wit, wringing the water out of my jacket and cap, and putting them on again warm and comparatively dry. The cow even shook herself, and appeared glad of the change of weather, and I had no doubt that she would go back with me to the tent in the morning, to gladden the eyes of her young calf and all good Hindoos. The nullah had run dry again, and even the infernal frogs, as if despairing of more rain, had ceased their din: damp and sleepy, with arms folded and eyes sometimes open, but often shut, I kept an indifferent watch, when the cow struggling on her legs and a choking groan brought me to my senses. There they were! No dream! A huge tiger holding her just behind the ears, shaking her like a fighting dog! By the doubtful light of a watery moon did I calmly and noiselessly run out the muzzle of my single J. Lang's rifle.

I saw him, without quitting his grip of the cow's neck, leap over her back more than once—she sank to the earth, and he lifted her up again: at the first opportunity I pulled trigger—snick! The rifle was withdrawn and big Sam Nock felt grateful

to the touch. Left barrel—snick! Right barrel—snick, bang!

Whether hanging fire is an excuse or not, the tiger relinquished his hold, and in one bound was out of sight. The cow staggered for two or three seconds, fell with a heavy groan, and ceased to move. Tiger gone!—cow dead!—was it a dream? Killed the cow within five paces and gone away scathless.

For a long time I felt benumbed: I had missed many near shots, even many at tigers, and some like this at night, but never before under such favourable circumstances. Why, I almost dreaded the morning, when my Shikaree and people would come and find the cow killed, and I should have in fairness to account for the rest. The first streak of daylight did shortly appear, and every familiar sound of awaking nature succeeded each other, from the receding hooting of the huge horned owl, to the noisy crowing of the jungle cock and the call of the peafowl. The sun got up, and soon I heard, first doubtfully and then distinctly, the approach of my people. A sudden start, and stop, when they came in full view of the slaughtered cow; and then a look up and down the nullah, as if they had not seen all. The reader must spare me the recollection of a scene that vexes me even at this distance of time, as if it had occurred but yesterday. The next half-hour was spent sitting on the carcass of the cow, staring at the enormous and deeply indented prints of the tiger's feet, and looking with sorrow and vexation and some compunction at the poor little calf which had been driven back to its mother, neither to see her alive nor her death avenged.

It was quite evident that the tiger had not been hit, for there was neither hair nor blood to be seen, and one or two small branches in the jungle beyond the cow showed, either by lying cut down or barked, that the ball had passed over the mark. So on the pony and back to the tent to sleep or sulk out the next twelve hours.

Somewhat or other that pony, generally so clever and pleasant, was inclined to kick his toes against every stone, and be perverse all the way home; at any rate I fancied so, and

am ashamed to say that I gave him the spur, or jerked the curb rein on the slightest pretence. My people, like all Indians, read the case thoroughly, and trudged along without hazarding a remark on any subject. We passed under the identical banian-tree, and by the disgusting little black image described in the commencement of the story, and never did I feel more indignant against all idolatry, or more inclined to smash a Hindoo god. We also had to pass a small jungle village, and, as if on purpose, it appeared that every man, woman, and child were posted to have a good look. Several of them who knew some of my party, asked a hurried question, and I could hear, though I would not look, that the answer was given—'Had a shot, but missed.' 'Yes,' said I to myself, 'quite true—why should I be angry?' 'Here goes the man that missed an animal as big as a bullock at ten paces,—more power to his elbow!'

The tent gained, I was soon lying on my back on the bed kicking out my heels, calling for breakfast, and appearing to be very hungry, or very sleepy, or very anything but what I was—mortified and disgusted. Breakfast over, my good old Shikaree was sent for, and the whole affair gone over again. The rain, the unexpected time of night, and above all, the two first shots *snicking*, and the third hanging fire being considered, we two being judge and jury, it was decided that not the slightest blame attached to the defendant, who was too well known as a very fine shot to regard a mistake of this kind; and, moreover, that as it was certain that the tiger was not hurt, but only frightened, there was strong reason for hoping that he would return at nightfall to the carcass. Men were therefore sent out to watch that the place should not in any way be disturbed, or the dead cow touched or moved, and I resigned myself to a pleasant sleep. I awoke about three in the afternoon; the guns had, thanks to a good Shikaree, been washed, dried, and slightly oiled, and were all laid on the table, looking as if a month of rain would not make them miss fire. A bath, clean clothes, guns

loaded, pony saddled—and once more off to try my luck.

The pony was active and cheerful, and even the beastly image under the banian-tree did not look so grim. On our arrival at the ground, the half-wild fellows who had watched all day, dropped down from their trees, and reported that nothing had happened during the day, and that the place had been undisturbed. A few vultures had appeared about midday and settled on the carcass, but had been driven off: further they had nothing to say.

They were referred to the tent for payment for their day's work, and, in due course, took their departure with my people.

Once more left alone!—this time quite alone, for my poor companion of last night lay stiff and stark in the position I saw her fall, when the tiger relinquished his hold.

Alarmed by the already slightly smelling carrion, or finding water elsewhere, left by the down-pour of last night, no peaceful or other living thing paid me a visit, if I except some few crows, who with heavy wings swept passed, or perched on neighbouring trees, cawing, and winking their eyes, and peering cautiously and inquisitively at the dead cow. Only one among the crew hovered and lighted on the dead beast's head; but although he made several picks at the lips and eyes, opening and shutting his wings the while on his strong, sleek, wiry-looking body, and cawing lustily, nobody heeded him; so, appearing to be alarmed at being solus in the scene, he took his departure.

Night succeeded day, and the moon, in unclouded beauty, made the dark jungle a fairy scene. There was but one drawback: the cow lay dead, the tiger had been fired at, and experience whispered, 'the opportunity has gone by.'

By-and-by a jackal passed, like a shadow among the bushes, so small-looking, so much the colour of all around, that it remained a doubt: more of these passed to and fro, and then a bolder ventured on the plain sand, and up to the rump of the dead beast, took two or three hard tugging bites, and was gone. As the night grew later, they became

less fearful, and half-a-dozen of them together were tugging and tearing, till breaking the entrails, the gas escaped in a loud rumbling, which dispersed my friends among the bushes in a moment; but they were almost immediately back, and the confidence with which they went to work, convinced me that my hope was hopeless.

It must have been eleven o'clock when my ears caught the echo among the rocks, and then the distant roar—nearer—nearer—nearer; and—oh, joy!—answered. Tiger and tigress!—above all hope!—coming to recompense me for hundreds of night-watchings—to balance a long account of weary nights in the silent jungle, in platforms on trees, in huts of leaf and bramble, and in damp pits on the water's edge—all bootless;—coming—coming—nearer, and nearer.

Music nor words, dear reader, can stand me in any stead to convey the sound to you: the first note like the trumpet of a peacock, and the rest the deepest toned thunder. Stones and gravel rattled just behind the hut on the path by which we came and went, and a heavy step passed and descended the slope into the nullah. I heard the sand crunching under his weight before I dared look. A little peep. Oh, heavens! looming in the moonlight, there he stood, long, sleek as satin, and lashing his tail—he stood stationary, smelling the slaughtered cow. No longer the cautious, creeping tiger, I felt how awful a brute he was to offend. I remembered how he had worried a strong cow in half a minute, and that with his weight alone my poor rickety little citadel would fall to pieces. As if the excitement of the moment was insufficient, the monster, gazing down the dry watercourse, caught sight of his companion, who, advancing up the bed of the nullah, stood irresolutely about twenty yards off. A terrific growl from him, answered not loud but deeply, and I was the strange and unsuspected witness to a catawauling which defies description—a monstrous burlesque on those concerts of tigers in miniature which are occasionally got up, on a cold, clear night, in some of the

squares in London, when all the cats for half a mile round get by some queer accident into one area.

Whether it is an axiom among tigers that possession is nine points of the law, or the other monster was the weaker vessel, I know not, but I soon perceived that as my friend made more noise, the other became more subdued, and finally left the field, and retired growling among the bushes. The bully, who was evidently the male, after smelling at the head, came round the carcass, making a sort of complacent purring—'humming a kind of animal song,' and to it he went tooth and nail. As he stood with his two fore feet on the haunch, while he tugged and tore out a beef-steak, I once more grasped old 'Sam Nock,' and ran the muzzle out of the little port. The white linen band marked a line behind his shoulders, and rather low, but, from the continued motion of his body, it was some moments before eye and finger agreed to pull trigger—bang! A shower of sand rattled on the dry leaves, and a roar of rage and pain satisfied me, even before the white smoke which hung in the still air had cleared away, to show the huge monster writhing and plunging where he had fallen. Either directed by the fire, or by some slight noise made in the agitation of the moment, he saw me, and with a hideous yell, scrambled up: the roaring thunder of his voice filled the valley, and the echoes among the hills answered it, with the hootings of tribes of monkeys, who, scared out of sleep, sought the highest branches, at the sound of the well-known voice of the tyrant of the jungle. I immediately perceived, to my great joy, that his hind-quarters were paralysed and useless, and that all danger was out of the question. He sank down again on his elbows, and as he rested his now powerless limbs, I saw the blood welling out of a wound in the loins, as it shone in the moonlight, and trickled off, his sleek-painted hide like globules of quicksilver. As I looked into his countenance, I saw all the devil alive there. The will remained—the power only had gone. It was a sight never to be forgotten. With head raised to the full stretch of his

neck, he glared at me with an expression of such malignity, that it almost made one quail. I thought of the native superstition of singing off the whiskers of the newly-killed tiger to lay his spirit, and no longer wondered at it. With ears back, and mouth bleeding, he growled and roared in fitful uncertainty, as if he were trying, but unable, to measure the extent of the force that had laid him low.

Motionless myself, provocation ceased, and without further attempt to get on his legs, he continued to gaze on me; when I slowly lowered my head to the sight, and again pulled trigger. This time, true to the mark, the ball entered just above the breast-bone, and the smoke cleared off with his death groan. There he lay, foot to foot with his victim of last night, motionless—dead. My first impulse was to tear down the door behind, and get a thorough view of his proportions; but remembering that his companion the tigress had only vanished a short time ago close to the scene of action, I thought it as well to remain where I was; so, enlarging the windows with my hands, I took a long look, and then jovially attacked the coffee and brandy bottles, without reference to noise, and fell back on the mattress to sleep, or to think the night's work over. 'At last, I have got him: his skin will be pegged out to-morrow, drying before the tent door.' When my people came in the morning, they found me seated on the dead tiger. Coolies were sent for to carry the beast, and I gave the pony his reins all the way back to the tent.

After breakfast, the sound of tom-toms and barbarous music greeted our ears; for the Gooroo and half the little village had turned out, and were bringing in the tiger like an Irish funeral. I had a chair brought out, and under the shade of a fine tree superintended the skinning of the tiger; and as I had had no sleep for the last two nights, I determined to make holiday. Dined at half-past six, and had a bottle of *Frederick Giesler*, and the fumes of his glorious champagne inspired me: 'The first rainy day, I will put last night's adventure on paper, and send it home to my old friend, Regina.'

LITTLE BOOKS WITH LARGE AIMS.

'A GREAT book is a great evil.' The whole of the truth packed up in this little sentence was by no means apparent to the reading public to whom it was originally addressed. Uttered in an age when there were not a hundredth part of the number of books published that are published now, the full force of that murmur, welling up from the depths of the jaded student's heart, could not be thoroughly felt.

A great book is a great evil, and a great number of books is a greater. The evil is not only in the bulk, but in the diversity. To know what books to read upon particular subjects, is a grave difficulty in the present plethoric condition of our literature. To know which of them to depend upon, involves a still more serious perplexity. We are overwhelmed, not alone by a legion of volumes, but of doubts also.

The 'great book' is the ocean of sack, with almost invisible crumbs of bread floating over it. How much it is to be regretted that there are people to be found in the world who will persist in pouring out into print vast quantities of words carrying so little meaning. It is like bringing up a nine-pounder to blow down a thatched hovel, or erecting a huge crane to lift up a pin. The disproportion between the promise and the performance is especially tantalizing to the reader, who discovers in the end, that he has been invited to get up a lusty appetite for a banquet of froth.

Formerly, it was the custom to print books in folio and quarto, with great royal pages, and a type that looked as if it were intended to last for ever. To establish a book of such dimensions fairly on the table, and to set about reading it with a view to the equal comfort and satisfaction of mind and body, was no trifling undertaking. It was a project (especially in the country, where the faculties are apt to slumber in the lassitude of lulling sights and sounds) for which a man prepared himself with as much thoughtfulness and forecasting of circumstances, as if he were about to take a long journey into an unknown region. But

in most cases the book repaid him for his trouble. There was generally a strength of flavour in it that came off the palate with a relish. We can hardly imagine an old book of that stately shape and height to have been utterly flimsy and trivial in its contents. Quaint things there were in them, and crude things, and *concetti* after the manner of the ancients—that is to say, our ancients of the middle ages,—and fantastical gambols in the bye-roads and wildernesses of philosophy, and sometimes very distressing blunders upon matters of science and research; but they were never wanting in a few of the solid qualities that set men thinking and arguing, and exploring new fields of speculation; so that whether the reader's prejudices were flattered or ruffled, he felt that the perusal of them put his blood in motion, much in the same way as if he had been breasting a high wind up the side of a hill.

There were vigour and originality in those stalwart books, because they were written for the most part out of an impulse which could not be resisted. The writer had something to tell the world, and he sat down to tell it with an earnest sense of the responsibility he was about to undertake. This consciousness of the gravity of his mission made him, perhaps, a little too pompous. There was rather more formality or pretence than was fitting or needful. He might have made his communication with less grandeur and fewer bows. He need not have kept us quite so long in the vestibule with his clamour of trumpets and his court ceremonies. But when at last he fairly admitted us to his confidence, what a genial old fellow we found him; what sunshine of heart there was under all that stiffness and vanity; and what a wise head we discovered buried beneath the solemn foppery of that perruque.

Books were not so plenty then, and the writers of them were fairly entitled to their flourishes. The craft was tolerably select; and as folios and quartos must have been an enterprise of no trifling importance to everybody concerned, from

the author to the printer's devil, allowances should be made for a little superfluity and exuberance of spirits. If an author, so to speak, said more than he had legitimately to say, or said it in too elevated or crowing a manner, we can understand the sort of excuse he set up for himself, if, indeed, he was conscious of any excess, or thought that it stood in need of an excuse.

Look at those old quartos, those venerable folios, and compare them with the mass of the books of this nineteenth century of ours. There was stuff in those great portly tomes; their prose was a kind of brocade, very stiff and cumbrous, but marvelously rich and real, made up of fine embroidered sentences, with strong and expressive substantives shining out through heaps of imagerial words, that gave to the whole a grand air of thought, energy, and purpose. Even their poetry, meandering through a champaign of margin, had something in it to justify the print and paper. If there was no imagination, there was sure to be a touch of logic of the *petit-maitre* order. If the verses were wanting in melody or beauty, the deficiency was supplied by a little jargon of the schools turned to the account of a full-dress passion or drawing-room gallantry. In short, if the versicle maker happened not to be a poet, he was tolerably certain to be a metaphysician, in some peculiar old-fashioned sense of the term; and whether he descended into strophe and stanza, in 'silk attire' with diamonds in his shoes, or in a straw hat with streamers, the result was much the same. Corydon sighed at the feet of Phillis quite as argumentatively, and with as elaborate a machinery of fancies, as the most courtly poetaster could put together for the service of his mistress's eyebrows or a lady's girdle. Can we honestly say as much for contemporary literature in prose and verse? Out of the clouds of books that fall in showers upon us through the season, of how many can it be asserted with equal truth that there is pith and purpose in them?

But that is not exactly the point to which it is our present object to draw attention. A crying grievance it is that there should be so many

books which have no proper business to be books at all; and which had much better have remained in their original chaos, clambered in the brain-cells of their projectors. As we believe, however, that there must be books written for pure idleness, and from lower motives than that of gratifying a fantastical sensation, or seeking a little empty *éclat*; and as no practicable means can, we presume, be devised (or they would have been devised long since) of effectually stopping the publication of them, we think it well worth while to consider whether the flood which we cannot shut out, may not be restrained within narrower limits.

Authorship and publishership have become so identified in one common interest, that the trade principles which regulate the one may be said to influence to a considerable extent, if they do not altogether control, the productive industry of the other. A book is, probably, the only article made to order, or supplied on speculation, which can be expanded to any required length, or, in other words, blown, as you blow soap-bubbles, into a size out of all proportion to the solidity of the materials actually employed. You shall have a bubble of any given dimensions blown out of a mere scrap of incident or reflection—the greatest possible amount of novel at the smallest possible expenditure of thought or invention. It will be necessary to keep this flexible quality in view throughout the remarks that follow.

There is no doubt that, so far as the author is concerned, if he could get as much money, or as much notoriety, or as much anything, for one volume as he can get for three, he would gladly spare himself the additional hard work (all the harder if he have to spin it out of nothing), and in three hundred pages thankfully, and with signal advantage to his own credit, do the work of nine; or if he could obtain remuneration even in proportion to quantity,—that is to say, for one volume one-third, and for two volumes two-thirds of the amount he can obtain for them,—he would avail himself of that equitable state of the market to terminate his work within its natural limits, instead of producing

weakness and distortion by the process of stretching it to an artificial standard. But the author has very little choice in the matter. Trade laws and the commercial Economy of the Row have settled it for him. He may not construct his book according to the matter it contains, but according to the publisher's tariff.

England is the only country in the world where this curious system prevails. We suppose, like all the rest of our tribulations, it must be ascribed to taxation. What else but the pressure of very heavy burthens could exercise so mercantile a sway over the productions of the intellect?

The class of books to which we particularly refer embraces fiction chiefly, but the effect is no less perceptible in travels, biography, and other departments of literature. If a novel be of less extent than the regular three volumes, the chances are a thousand to one against finding a publisher chivalrous enough to undertake it, and, if you do, the libraries won't look at it. Nobody likes novels in two volumes. There is what is happily called a prejudice against them. In what this prejudice had its origin it would be extremely difficult to determine, unless it be the custom and the fashion which, for their own ends, the publishers have combined to establish. Even a single volume has a better prospect of circulation than two volumes, because it comes within the compass of that form of narrative which is designated a 'story,' in contradistinction to the novel and romance; but two volumes are excommunicated by common consent. Nobody will believe in a novel in two volumes. It must be three or none. All the passion, pathos, and humour in the universe would go for nothing unless they were spread out into three volumes.

This statement must appear very absurd to people who are ignorant of the secrets of the 'trade.' That is no fault of ours. We are responsible only for its accuracy. If any country correspondent, who thinks he has good grounds for disbelieving our assertion, will obligingly favour us with the title of any novel in two volumes which to his own knowledge has absolutely achieved a success,

we promise to make a suitable *amende* to its author, and still more emphatically to its heroic publisher. But this were idle bravado on our part; like one of those astonishing advertisements in the sporting newspapers in which somebody challenges the whole world to do something which neither he nor anybody else in the whole world is capable of doing.

The three-volume superstition must be traced direct to the door of the publisher. The good, honest public, who have no more interest in the number of volumes than they have in their bindings, would have been content to have gone on getting their pleasure out of books at the will and pleasure and judgment of the authors of them. They had been going on in this way for a long time, taking books, large and small, as they came, and had never found their literature or themselves the worse for it. The publisher, however, saw the matter in a different light. He discovered that the profit of three volumes was greater in a much higher ratio than that of three to one and three to two. From a single item of expenditure the nature of this profit may be rendered intelligible. A single volume, which sells for six shillings will cost as much for advertising as a novel which bears to the public the price of a guinea and a half. Of course, a skilful publisher will always endeavour to regulate his outlay in this direction according to the expenditure the book will bear; but with the utmost care and watchfulness over the progress of the sale and the daily effect of the advertisements, there will be found very little difference in the end between the expense of advertising a popular pamphlet and a popular romance. It is sufficiently obvious, therefore, from this item alone, why the publisher cultivates three volumes to the discouragement of any cheaper sizes of authorship. The acquiescence of writers of all grades and shades in the law laid down by the publishers requires no explanation. These things soon find their level. After authors have struggled a little while upon their mental independence, and endeavoured in vain to wring a subsistence from a just conception of the true

demands of their calling, they begin to find out the necessity of submitting to influences which they held in high and virtuous contempt at starting. They must write to the bookseller's standard or give up the ghost. 'Charles II. praised my verse,' says David Fallen, 'and I starved; James II. praised my prose, and I starved.' Of course David Fallen, finding that he must starve on the prose and verse he wrote out of the freshness of his own inspirations, resolved to accommodate himself to the inspiration of his patrons, who occupied in politics a position corresponding to that which the publisher occupies in literature. And thus it is that, with scarcely enough of raw material for a single volume, so many authors manufacture their stories into three.

The high price of these volumes is another element in the temptation to keep up the magic number. These flimsy books, done up in cheap cloth or pasteboard, which your regular novel reader will get through in a few hours without missing one significant word, are issued to the public at the rate of half-a-guinea a volume; whereas, if each volume contained an independent novel, and was issued separately, the publisher in most cases would not venture to put a higher price upon it than seven or eight shillings. The question with the publisher is, not whether the book is intrinsically better in one volume or in three, but in which shape is it more likely to yield the largest amount of profits? We know not how the publisher, pursuing his business on purely mercantile principles, can be expected to take any other view of the case, unless other influences are brought to bear upon it. At present, all the inducements lie on the side of three volumes and high prices, and on the other side he is beset by discouragements.

Amongst his principal customers are the keepers of the circulating libraries—a class of patrons who exercise considerable influence over the fate of authors. These powerful friends of literature derive a large portion of their returns from lending out works to be read at so much a volume. This lucrative branch of their business will at once explain

the grounds of their partiality for the standard number of volumes. In fact, the more volumes, the more profit. What argument can you find so conclusive for a circulating librarian? Curious it is that such agencies and such considerations should directly operate on the invention of an author, and make him spin out into three volumes a story which, without stuffing or wire-drawing, could scarcely fill one. The intimate secret relation between the authorship of a work and the gratuity for the reading of it is startling; and although the cause and effect are perfectly clear, it is difficult to believe that a writer will consent to put his heroes and heroines to all sorts of unnecessary difficulties for the sake of enabling the librarian to raise an additional twopence on the loan of a third volume.

Yet, in spite of all these strong reasons for high prices, the profits of the publishers are by no means proportionate to the nominal charge to the public. They would make much more money out of their books if they could reduce the tariff to the buyer. And there would be no impediment in the way of accomplishing this desirable result, if the 'trade' could be prevailed upon to be a little more reasonable in their dealings with each other. But there lies at the bottom of this book-business a mystery of commissions and a network of cross purposes which renders such an expectation hopeless. Between the maker and the buyer of a piano there does not intervene a more alarming allowance to professional interlopers than the per centages which intercept the book on its way from the publisher to the reader. It is not our intention to go into statistics; it will be quite enough for all purposes to state, that out of the sum of £1.11s.6d. which the actual purchaser of a novel in three volumes pays for it to his bookseller, no more than 19s. and a fraction reaches the hands of the publisher—about forty per cent. of the full price going into the pockets of agents and retailers. The publisher, therefore, of all the parties concerned, is the least interested in the maintenance of high prices: he gets the least by them. The bookseller, who runs no risk, obtains a larger profit on every sale

he effects than the publisher who takes upon himself the whole hazard of the speculation, and who labours at the same time under the further disadvantage of having imposed upon him, by the custom of the trade, a price which must inevitably limit the circulation of his books. We believe that the injurious operation of this fictitious system, in the correction of which the publisher, and the public are alike interested, has not escaped attention in quarters most likely to feel its effects; but the remedy is difficult. It is easier to see where a complicated piece of machinery jars in its action, than to set it to rights.

The author feels it in the bed of torture upon which it compels him to stretch his fancies; and the reader feels it in losing the advantages of having his literary enjoyments packed up in a portable compass, and in being forced to waste a great deal of precious time that might be profitably saved under a more economical régime. There is an end to the *Simple Stories*, and the *Vicars of Wakefield*, and the *Rasselas*, and the *Men of Feeling*. The writer who imagines himself qualified now-a-days to undertake a narrative fiction goes straight a-head to his three volumes, without pausing to reflect whether his subject will bear the process of expansion, or whether—which is also something to the purpose—he possesses the proper requisites for so elaborate a task. The result, in nine cases out of ten, need not be pointed out. The dreary sense of lost hours, and the consciousness that you have been trying an experiment on your judgment and common sense, so often supervene upon the perusal of the ordinary novel, as to spare us the necessity of plunging any farther into the evil we have indicated.

We have applied these remarks chiefly to the novel, because it is the most popular form of book, and engages in its interest the largest number of readers; but they apply, more or less, to all sorts of books. In short, we are very expensive in our intellectual pleasures, and by no means disposed to think that a work can be worth much, unless it be of tolerable magnitude. The fault is in ourselves, let us blame pub-

lishers and circulating libraries as we may. Our literature is overdone, and we take no trouble to repress the superabundant supply. We have got so alarming an appetite for quantity, that we run a serious risk of losing our relish for quality. The dangerous habit of devouring books, equivalent to the American custom of bolting a dinner, renders it difficult for us to sit down composedly and linger over them, so as to extract at leisure their wit and their wisdom. They manage these things better in France and Germany. There no artificial addition spoils the pure produce of the grape; whatever wine flows out in the printed sheet, comes in its original strength and flavour; and to descend from metaphor to what Mrs. Browning calls 'this drear flat of earth,' books are written, not in reference to the publisher's standard, but to the demands and exigencies of their topics. That this is the principle on which all books ought to be conceived and executed, will be admitted by everybody—except the keeper of the circulating library.

The most popular works published abroad—criticisms, philosophical treatises, novels, pictures of society, travels—are remarkable for their brevity. A large variety of instances might be cited in which they do not exceed a single volume. The economy of space by no means represents economy of ideas; the small book is usually the best. It seems with us as if we had not time to write small books,—as if we could not stop to winnow the corn from the chaff. It is not, however, that we want time to get rid of the chaff, but that we want the chaff itself to fill up our stipulated number of pages. The strain to get over the ground is palpable enough to the initiated: a skilful critic can always follow the traces of this painful effort, and show you where artificial expedients have been employed to lengthen the narrative, or where the author has dropped his original design and taken up another, to eke out his quantity. This is one of the many forms of book-making—a manufacture unknown, we believe, out of England.

Now, as these divers facts and

arguments all tend to prove that the arbitrary standard of quantity, and the high price affixed to it, have the double effect of encouraging the diluted article, and acting as a prohibition upon the essence, a question of no slight importance is thereby thrown open for the serious consideration of the many-volumed public. It is one of the signs of the criticism of our enlightened age, that small books are, in most cases, tossed aside, and the place of honour, with whole columns and pages of wise commentary or testy sarcasm, given to bulky and voluminous productions. Even the critics, who ought to know better, fall into the common bigotry; and unless expressly heralded by the celebrity of their authorship, or some special recommendation, little books and single volumes are either wholly overlooked in the routine of journalism, or set aside to bide an opportunity, when a heap of them may be massed together, and dismissed in a comprehensive sentence, the chief peculiarity of which consists in taking the insignificance of a book for granted as an inevitable corollary from the pettiness of its size.

The public ought to reform the state of opinion which gives a sort of authority to this great fallacy. They are every way interested in correcting an error which intercepts so much real intellectual pleasure, and puts them upon such long journeys in pursuit of an amusement that might be had much cheaper and better within half the distance. This is the thing to understand, and which everybody ought to shape into a practical household axiom—that we should never throw away a small book, merely because it is small. Let us ascertain whether it contains any of the salt of knowledge and observation, as the chances are that, if it does, it is sounder at the core, and more enjoyable than half the big books going. A thinking man produces a book because he has thoughts to put into it,—a book-wright, because he wants to make a book. In the one case, the book is a vehicle for thoughts; in the other, the thoughts are 'got up' as stuffing for a book. It is very obvious that

these opposite modes of proceeding must conduct to exactly opposite results; and that while by the one, diffusiveness and pequy are almost inevitable, compactness of texture and richness of material are equally the conditions of the other.

Our plea for small books must not go forth barren of illustrative proofs. It is not enough that we should endeavour to awaken attention to the heresy we denounce; it is incumbent upon us also to give reasons for the faith that is in us. Hitherto we have dealt with the question on general and abstract grounds, showing how and why it is that big books are not always valuable in proportion to their dimensions, and shadowing out the advantages that would arise to our literature if greater encouragement were given to terseness and compression. We will now proceed to call evidence to show that it is not only possible for little books to have large aims, but that there are little books, even in the present discouraging state of little-book authorship, which are entitled to more serious and honourable notice than the majority of the leviathans that, coming with a great splutter down the current, have driven the minnows out of sight.

One of these strong-hearted and clear-headed little books, and one, too, of the most remarkable books of the 'season' (a term, we hope, which is not the exclusive property of the novelists), is a volume called *Companions of my Solitude*.* Before you have read half-a-dozen pages, you perceive, from unmistakable internal evidence, that it is written by the author of *Friends in Council*—a discovery which not inconsiderably improves the relish with which you enter upon its perusal.

The 'Companions' that throng upon the author in his solitude are his thoughts; and by way of obtaining a little mastery over them, so that they shall not haunt him 'as vague faces and half-fashioned resemblances,' he resolves to make distinct pictures of them, and fix them in forms which he can do what he likes with evermore. Consistently with the desultory intent of the author in gathering up iso-

* *Companions of my Solitude*. London: William Pickering. 1851.
VOL. XLIV. NO. CCLIX. C

lated reflections, and following out separate trains of reasoning, the book, although it consists of apparently continuous chapters, has no definite plan, and rambles off, according to the discursive nature of its topics, into a variety of pastures: sometimes we have a philosophical disquisition upon one of the existing evils of society, to which the writer always brings a large capacity of heart and brain; sometimes a quaint little story with a touch of pathos in it, bearing upon a practical point in our human nature or our social system; sometimes a scrap of scenery, charmingly drawn and tinted, a bit of dialogue bringing out into collision antagonisms that could not be so clearly exhibited by description, a fallacy hunted up, or a reform discussed.

The style everywhere drops upon the subject like drapery, and shapes itself to it. Properly speaking, the author has no formulæ that can be said to constitute a style. He is thinking rather of what he is saying, than of how he is saying it; consequently, the matter has the ascendancy always over the manner, and impresses its own distinctive character upon it. Hence he is as various as his themes, and always new and peculiar. Occasionally crude and hard, the hasty reader may here and there feel himself stumbling over passages that require more dissecting than he cares to bestow upon them; but these are the penalties we must pay for originality. In compensation for them, he will frequently find the author pathetic and picturesque in a way that will take him by surprise, considering the philosophical tone and practical purpose of the book.

In other respects, the work is as charming and poetical as an Eastern allegory. What Johnson said of Goldsmith might with equal truth, but in a somewhat different sense, be said of this writer. He contrives to interest you in everything he says. Whether you differ from him, or agree with him, he equally interests and fascinates your attention. It is like listening to a person speaking with one of those melodious voices that melt into your heart. You love to hear him speak even if you dissent from every word he utters. This partly arises from the pleasure with

which the sincerity of the author inspires us, and partly from the simplicity of speech, and total absence of pedantry and affectation which distinguish a book bearing deep traces of profound thought and 'ripe scholarship.' And it is another attractive characteristic of the book, that it is suggestive rather than argumentative. The author does not argue with you. He never strikes down your prejudices, he only puts them aside and persuades you to look another way. If you feel him to be a strong liberal and reformer, you also feel how enlightening he is—how little of a destructive, and how much of an improver, strengthener, and repairer. These impressions grow upon you more and more as you advance farther and farther into the curious disquisitions to which he invites you, till you become conscious that this wise and kindly teacher has not only enlarged your views, but, with the gentlest hand, drawn out your sympathies on several subjects of high social importance.

We will not coquet with a many-sided book of this kind in our choice of extracts, but having marked it in a hundred places as we read it forwards and backwards, we will plunge at hazard into the first page we open. And here we find the author face to face with a future distant kinsman of his, whose existence he has imagined in a reverie. It seems that this remote descendant has come into the estate at a disadvantage. The fortune of the family has gone down, great changes have passed over the property, and the inheriting kinsman is reduced to that bitter extremity which is known only to white hands, when they are thus brought into a necessity for which they are unfitted. In this exigency, the author gives him some excellent practical advice. He tells him that his case requires energetic remedies.

First, you must abandon all those pursuits which depend for success upon refined appreciation. You must seek to do something which many people demand. I cannot illustrate what I mean better than by telling you what I often tell my publisher, whenever he speaks of the slackness of trade. There is a confectioner's shop next door which is thronged with people; I beg him (the

publisher) to draw a moral from this, and to set up, himself, an eating-house. That would be appealing to the million in the right way. I tell him he could hire me and others of his 'eminent hands' to cook instead of to write, and then instead of living on our wits, (slender diet, indeed!) we ourselves should be able to buy books, and should become great patrons of literature. I did not tell him—because it is not wise to run down authors in the presence of publishers—what I may mention to you, that many of us would be much more wisely and wholesomely employed in cooking than in writing. * * *

One of the great aids, or hindrances, to success in anything lies in the temperament of a man. I do not know yours, but I venture to point out to you what is the best temperament—namely, a combination of the desponding and the resolute, or, as I had better express it, of the apprehensive and the resolute. Such is the temperament of great commanders. Secretly, they rely upon nothing and upon nobody. There is such a powerful element of failure in all human affairs, that a shrewd man is always saying to himself—Which shall I do, if that which I count upon does not come out as I expect? This foresight dwarfs and crushes all but men of great resolution. * *

Get, if you can, into one or other of the main grooves of human affairs. It is all the difference of going by railway, and walking over a ploughed field, whether you adopt common courses, or set up one for yourself. You will see, if your times are anything like ours, most inferior persons highly placed in the army, in the church, in office, at the bar. They have somehow got upon the line, and have moved on well with very little original motive power of their own. Do not let this make you talk as if merit were utterly neglected in these or any profession; only that getting well into the groove will frequently do instead of any great excellence.

The good common sense of all this, with a sly humour underneath, is its paramount charm. Yet, somehow, we feel that the author is not the man of the world he makes himself out, after all. There is too much truth and gentleness and simplicity in him—observant and knowing as he is for others and the world at large. And upon this very anomaly he has something to say in a preceding page, where he supposes his distant kinsman to be twitting him with his shrewd worldly writings, and wondering that with all that cle-

verness, he did not manage to become rich and great. His answer is a complete extinguisher to a popular and vulgar error.

You must know, that the people who write shrewdly are often the most easy to impose upon, or have been so. I almost suspect, without, however, having looked into the matter, that Rochefoucault was a tender lover, a warm friend, and in general a dupe (happy for him!) to the impulses and affections which he would have us imagine he saw through, and had mastered. The simple write shrewdly; but do not describe what they do. And the hard and worldly would be too wise in their generation to write about what they practise, even if they perceived it, which they seldom do, lacking delicacy of imagination.

Rochefoucault is not a happy illustration, but he is an extreme one, and his case enables the author to push his argument as far as it will go. To write shrewdly and act shrewdly are different processes, so different as to be scarcely reconcilable with each other—the one being the exercise of a reflective generalizing faculty, and the other, of an active and vigilant knowledge and mastery of details. People who possess the fighting quality of shrewdness in their personal dealings with the world, rarely unite with it the calm power of reducing it to principles, or, indeed, of analyzing it at all for the benefit of others; while the philosopher who looks on, and collects into axioms the experiences of the multitude, has no relish, if, indeed, he be not wholly disqualified by the very habits of his mind, for putting them into practice. It would suit him better to avoid the daylight crowd, and wend his way into the shadows of the evening; and he would even suffer a little imposition with his eyes open, or forego advantages that might be purchased by some skilful exertion, rather than take the trouble to descend into the strife.

Upon the importance of encouraging amusements amongst the people, we have some admirable hints:

What are the generality of people to do, or to think of, for a considerable portion of each day, if they are not allowed to busy themselves with some form of recreation? * * * Why is it that in all ages small towns and remote villages have fostered little malignities

of all kinds? The true answer is, that people will backbite one another to any extent rather than not be amused. Nay, so strong is this desire for something to go on that may break the monotony of life, that people, not otherwise ill-natured, are pleased with the misfortune of their neighbours, solely because it gives something to think of, something to talk about. They imagine how the principal actors and sufferers concerned in the misfortune will bear it; what they will do; how they will look; and so the dull bystander forms a sort of drama for himself. He would, perhaps, be told that it is wicked for him to go to such an entertainment; he makes one out for himself, not always innocently.

This is in allusion to the puritanism which prohibits or avoids particular pleasures, and, to use the striking language of our author, 'exhausts in injurious comment and attack upon other people the leisure and force of mind it has gained by its abstinence.' But we must proceed with the argument on the amusements of the people.

You hear clergymen in country parishes denouncing the ill-nature of their parishioners. It is in vain. The better sort of men try to act up to what they are told. But really it is so dull in the parish, that a bit of scandal is welcome to the heart. These poor people have nothing to think about. Nature shows them comparatively little, as art and science have not taught them to look behind the scenes, or even at the scenes; literature they know nothing of—they cannot have gossip about the men of the past (which is the most innocent kind of gossip)—in other words, read and discuss history; they have no delicate handiwork to amuse them; in short, talk they must, and talk they will, about their neighbours, whose goings-on are a perpetual puppet-show to them.

All this, which is true with reference to the population of country places, will apply, with a slight modification, to a very different class. It has often occurred to us, that amongst the many serious defects of our educational and social systems, the manner in which our ladies are brought up is one of the most lamentable. What used to be called 'accomplishments' may be considered at best as only supplying a certain sort of brilliant way of wasting time, when they are not associated with some useful pursuits. To be merely

an accomplished lady, in the vulgar sense, is to be a person carefully trained up to a life of idleness—a state of existence full of dangers and temptations even to men, but of especial hazard to women. The great deficiency in the education of women of the middle and higher classes is, that their faculties of usefulness are not brought out—that they are not given a direct interest in any of the affairs of life, which their capacities, habits, and opportunities might enable them to cultivate with advantage. Men, however independent in fortune, have always an occupation of some sort provided for them and enforced upon them by their position—estates to manage, local duties to discharge, and a hundred other responsibilities. *But women have no occupation.* This is an evil of great magnitude. There sits that young wife all day long, pampered in luxuries, with every want supplied except that aching vacancy, first in her brain, and then, perhaps, in her heart, which grows upon her, and widens, and becomes more dreary day after day, as, pillowed in her drawing-room, she sits through the long lazy sunshine, glad of any face or voice that breaks the dullness, and helps her to something to do or to think of. Her hands are idle—her head is idle—her heart is unoccupied; but if this continue, they will all find employment by and bye! Now, here is the terrible issue to be guarded against. Give a woman an occupation proper to her sex and sphere, and the sunshine will pass over her from day to day, and bring with it, not fearful suggestions and agitating thoughts, but peace and gladness.

There is a passage in this wise little book about the employment of women, which, although it does not strictly bear upon the point we have been indicating, is closely connected with it, in reference to the general question of education. The author is speaking of the many employments that are closed upon women:—

I cannot but think that this is a mismanagement which has proceeded, like many others, from a wrong appreciation of women's powers. If they were told that they could do many more things than they do, they would do them. As at present educated, they are, for the

most part, thoroughly deficient in method. But this surely might be remedied by training. To take a very humble and simple instance. Why is it that a man-cook is always better than a woman-cook? Simply because a man is more methodical in his arrangements, and relies more upon his weights and measures. An eminent physician told me, that he thought that women were absolutely deficient in the appreciation of time. But this I hold to be merely an instance of their general want of accuracy, for which there are easy remedies—that is, easy if begun early enough.

Remedies, we apprehend, are not so easy; but prevention could not be difficult, as a matter of education, which is what the author means, we presume, by beginning early enough. It should still be remembered, however, that a due appreciation of time cannot be acquired as you acquire an accomplishment; it cannot be taught by the routine discipline of a school, or by saws and precepts; it is the work of habit and necessity. Why is it that men appreciate time better than women? Because it enters into the every-day business of their lives. Women have no business, so to speak. Employ them, give them befitting occupation for their heads and hands, and the practical knowledge of the value of time will follow.

That there are occupations enough for which they are admirably calculated, we quite agree with our author in thinking.

If we consider the nature of the intellect of women, we really can see no reason for the restrictions laid upon them in the choice of employments. They possess talents of all kinds. Government, to be sure, is a thing not fit for them, their fond prejudices coming often in the way of justice. Direction, also, they would want, not having the same power, I think, of imagination that men have, nor the same method, as I observed before. But how well women might work under direction! In how many ways, where tact and order alone are required, they might be employed; and also in how many higher ways where talent is required.

Upon the state of women in our community, partly arising out of this cause, and partly out of other causes, there are many profound, and, we had almost said, tender and pathetic things (tender and pathetic in the depth of their charities,)

scattered over the pages of this thoughtful book. In reference to that pain and sorrow of our streets, which legislation cannot reach, and which our author touchingly calls, 'the great sin of great cities,' he is especially eloquent and wise. 'How true is the following remark:—

We are apt to look at each individual case too harshly; but the whole thing is not looked at gravely enough. This often happens in considering any great social abuse; and so we frequently commence the remedy by some great injustice in a particular case.

The main cause of the 'sin,' says our author, is 'want.' We will not discuss the question here—it is too large and onerous; and, in showing why and where we differ from the author, we should also desire to show why, and where, and to a still greater extent, we agree with him. We do not hold want to be the great cause. Civilization presents fields more fertile of misery and disgrace than the howling wastes of poverty. The next cause, showing how fearfully a certain sort of Christian uncharitableness re-acts upon the errors of women, penetrates an aspect of the evil which it required some courage to approach.

The next great cause is in the over-rigid views and opinions, especially as against women, expressed in reference to chastity. Christianity has been, in some measure, to blame for this; though, if rightly applied, it would have been the surest cure. 'Publicans and sinners!' such did He prefer before the company of pharisees and hypocrites. These latter, however, have been in great credit ever since; and, for my part, I see no end to their being pronounced for ever the choice society of the world.

The whole truth is nobly and fearlessly expressed in the following passage:—

In the New Testament we have such matters treated in a truly divine manner. There is no palliation of crime. Sometimes our charity is mixed up with a mask of sentiment and sickly feeling, that we do not know where we are, and what is vice, and what is virtue. But here are the brief stern words—'Go, and sin no more.' But, at the same time, there is an infinite consideration for the criminal—not, however, as criminal, but as human being—I mean not in respect of her criminality, but of her humanity.

Now an instance of our want of obedience to these Christian precepts has often struck me in the not visiting married women whose previous lives will not bear inspection. Whose will? Not merely all Christian people, but all civilized people, ought to set their faces against this excessive retrospection.

A retrospection, it might be added, which society is quite ready to forego in other cases, where the delinquency can allege less excuse, but is able to bribe the opinion it has outraged.

But if ever there were an occasion in which men (I say men, but I mean more especially women) should be careful of scattering abroad unjust and severe sayings, it is in speaking of the frailties and delinquencies of women. For it is one of those things where an unjust judgment, or the fear of one, breaks down the bridge behind the repentant; and has often made an error into a crime, and a single crime into a life of crime.

Society unfortunately does not look to this; it only looks to itself, or, more accurately speaking, to the indirect assertion of its own purity through a cheap abhorrence of human weaknesses and failures. Society does not see that it is a higher and stronger thing to pardon and restore than to scorn and condemn; and that vengeance (for it is mere blind vengeance, not justice, that combines a whole society in a resolution to drive out a particular class of sinners indiscriminately) is neither remedial nor preventive, but, in the very nature of our being, has a hardening and disastrous effect, increasing the sin, and the despair of it, which society most desires to cast out.

The treatment of this complicated question by our author is able and ingenious. Practically, there are difficulties in the way which must create differences as to the prudence or the feasibility of proposed remedies. People examine these social problems from their own point of sight, and cannot always be persuaded to investigate them in any other direction. No man, perhaps, can get at the whole truth; but every man may discern a part. We cannot expect the world to agree exactly upon points which affect individuals variously, according to their experience, their temperaments,

and their standards of judgment; but we believe, or rather we hope, that all readers will assent to the beauty and exquisite moral sweetness of this passage, in which the author, speaking of remedies for the evil we have been deploring, appeals chiefly to the honour and gentle manliness of his own sex.

Amongst the principal remedies must be reckoned, or at least hoped for, an improvement in men as regards this sin. To hope for such an improvement will be looked upon as chimerical by some persons, and the notion of introducing great moral remedies for the evil in question as wholly romantic. It seems impossible: everything new and great does, till it is done; and then the only wonder is that it was not done long ago.

Oh that there were more love in the world, and then these things that we deplore could not be! One would think that the man who had once loved any woman, would have some tenderness for all; and love implies an infinite respect. All that was said, or done by chivalry of old, or sung by Troubadours, but shadows forth the feeling which is in the heart of any one who loves. Love, like the opening of the heavens to the Saints, shows for a moment, even to the dullest man, the possibilities of the human race. He has faith, hope, and charity for another being, perhaps but a creature of his imagination: still it is a great advance for a man to be profoundly loving, even in his imaginations. Indeed, love is a thing so deep and so beautiful, that each man feels that nothing but conceits and pretty words have been said about it by other men. And then to come down from this, and to dishonour the image of the thing so loved!

This book abounds in fine, and true, and beautiful things like this; but we must send the reader to it for his instruction and delight, promising him that he will find more matter in it to dwell upon and think about than in a mountain heap of the voluminous productions we have been speaking of.

For the sake of still further strengthening our plea in favour of small books, with a heart and intellect in them, we will open another single volume, very little larger than the last, and of an entirely different order. It is called *Chance and Choice*;* and although its

* *Chance and Choice*; or, *the Education of Circumstances*. Tale I. The Young Governess. Tale II. Claudine de Soligny. London: John W. Parker. 1850.

contents are not much greater in quantity than the contents of a single volume of a novel, it comprises two stories, with enough of action, character, and practical aim in each, to furnish a competent novel in itself, if the authors had had a mind to sacrifice to fashion and fugitive popularity the higher interest of their well-wrought tales.

As a general principle, we are not disposed to admit the soundness of that method of teaching by example which is enforced in stories written with a view to elucidate a particular truth or moral. We have no faith in a fiction shaped expressly to assert a foregone conclusion; because, as the writer has it entirely in his own power to work out any end he pleases, the result he brings before us can by no means be regarded as possessing any of the elements of a moral necessity. He might have turned it exactly the opposite way; alter one or two of the circumstances, and you must arrive at a widely different issue; in short, the illustration is arbitrary and artificial, and disentitled to that weight of authority which it has, in some instances, obtained from the skill and celebrity of the authors by whom it has been employed.

This opinion of ours, however, must be understood with limitations; we do not apply it to all truths and moral axioms. Nor must we be supposed to imply that the failure of the writer to make out his case, or our denial of the fitness of his means, discredits in the least the validity of the moral which the fiction is intended to vindicate. On the contrary, we think there are numerous small truths, and some large ones—especially of that class which belong to the actual affairs of life, or grow up out of social conventions—which may be expounded and impressed even more clearly and emphatically in the form of a judicious and carefully considered story, than in the most elaborate treatise. The story, too, has this advantage, that it is sure of a wide audience amongst those whom its lessons chiefly concern, including a vast number of readers, who, had it taken a more didactic form, would probably never have looked into its pages. There is this strong argu-

ment also in favour of tales that come freighted with wise precepts, that they insinuate truths which your tract very often renders exceedingly unpalatable, and, by a little flavouring and disguising, impose upon the reader a wholesome bitter, which he might have rejected in a less agreeable vehicle.

The two stories in the volume are designed, say the authors, 'to illustrate this fact—that through God's Providence, the education of the mind and heart (and the consequent establishment of the only two principles of action) are carried on through those very circumstances which, because they are not caused or foreseen by man, we call *chance*;' that is to say, that the events of human life, which appear to us to be purely accidental, and the singular 'coincidences,' which so often make us look wonderingly about us, are, after all, a part of the great scheme of Providence, expressly organized for our good.

In a large sense, the law of Providence, and even its operations in moulding events, and working out unexpected results in the shape of penalties and compensations, are clearly intelligible and even apparent to us; and it is only when the teachers of these great truths descend into details and attempt to track the action of the Divine power in minute circumstances and trivial particulars, that they make us regret the employment of such solemn themes in such imperfect and unsatisfactory modes.

The authors of these stories have successfully avoided the hazard we have pointed out. They take a comprehensive view of this great scheme of 'chance,' and conduct two exceedingly natural plots to issues that 'vindicate the ways of God to man,' without straining the incidents to the moral, or making any extravagant demand on the credulity or easy faith of the reader. We have ventured to assume at once, that these stories are the work of ladies. The internal evidence we think conclusive on that point—a certain tone of delicacy and refinement—an intimate knowledge of the natures, tastes, and habits of women—and an avoidance of topics which a man would have inevitably intro-

duced, and for which the subjects open tempting opportunities. On the other hand, there is an occasional decision of hand, which might justify an opposite suspicion, if the balance of the evidence were not so heavy against it.

The first story is called 'The Young Governess.' A young lady's father marries a second time, and not only concurs in the ill-treatment of his daughter at the hands of the step-mother, but heaps additional injustice on her himself. Poor Lucy is the Cinderella of the family; but, unlike her prototype, she has a spirit capable of asserting its own rights. Acting upon the advice of a close friend, she leaves her father's house, and takes the situation of a governess. The trials and adversities to which she is exposed are strange, to her and bitter, but she bears them heroically. Nor is the least of these the news that arrives in England of the perfidy of her lover, an officer in India, who had made an engagement with her before he went out, and who was now said to have married another. Lucy goes through her hard destiny with a noble resignation, and is rewarded for her sufferings and her patience in the end. Her lover has not been faithless, but returns to claim her; and, to crown the happiness which the reader feels she has so well deserved, her father tardily acknowledges the wrongs he had inflicted on her, and makes a suitable *amende* in the disposition of his property. The story loses all its colour in this naked skeleton of its chief incidents; but our object is merely to indicate the direction traversed by the moral, and the satisfactory termination at which it finally arrives.

We have not found it easy to select a passage which, without occupying too much of our space, should do justice to the writer of these stories, for the scenes are either too much interwoven with the progress of the action to bear separation, or too long for our purpose. The following part of a letter from Lucy to her friend in Paris, describing the duties she had just entered upon (lower in the drudgery scale than those of governess) in the house of a German banker's wife at Breslau, may be cited as a specimen of the truthful

spirit in which the life of the book is painted. Nothing can be more natural than the whole of this letter:

Frau Müller does not know exactly from what station I have descended, but she is aware that I was not what I am. I avoid speaking at all of my past life, for I think that when a lady is obliged to undertake a menial office, the less she talks to others of her former condition the better. My mistress treats me, in general, with kindness and consideration; she is hasty in temper, but good-natured and placable, and the familiarity which subsists between mistress and maid in this country makes me feel the situation less than I should do in England. But I must describe my busy day to you,—how will you recognise your Lucy through it all? I rise at five o'clock; as soon as I am dressed, I dust the Frau's sitting-room, and set it in order; then I prepare the coffee. This last business, you know, demands some skill, and the first morning I made a deplorable failure. I was humble enough, too, to ask the cook for instructions, but nothing can supply the want of experience, besides that I did not very well understand Hanne's German; so I was conscious, when I took the coffee-pot to my mistress, that she would be unable to drink the mixture it contained. 'Is this coffee?' she exclaimed, after tasting the first spoonful. 'I am glad you told me; I never should have guessed it. If this be the English way of preparing coffee, I don't wonder that Lieutenant Taylor found ours so good at my father's.' [There is a sly touch of character in this, which the reader must go to the book to discover and enjoy.] 'There, take it away—take away the trash, and bring me a glass of water to take away the taste from my mouth.' Of course I apologized, and ventured to suggest that Hanne should make the coffee in future. 'No, you must learn—Hanne has enough to do without that; my own maid always makes my coffee. I suppose you can learn, eh?' 'I will try, madame,' I answered; 'if you will have patience with me for a little while.' 'Patience, child! Why, I am patient enough, I think; if you had not been a stranger, I should not have been so patient, and should have scolded you well.' This is a specimen of my failures. In the rest of my duties I gave satisfaction from the first. I believe I take more pains than servants usually do, and when one does a thing *de bon cœur*, one seldom does it very badly, provided it is within the scope of ordinary genius. I assure you, without vanity, that I do not dust a room badly. The first day, at dinner, I felt terribly awkward. How much I should have

preferred a crust behind the door, to the soup which Hanne was placing upon the table! Fortunately, however, certain family meals at Ashley Hall and Paris came to my remembrance—here, at least, was peace. I got on very well with the other servants; they received me kindly at first, from a feeling of hospitality; and though I perceived a little jealousy afterwards, it has nearly passed away. My manners, though not familiar, are, I believe, conciliating—at least I try to make them so; and then my ignorance of coffee-making, in which every German as well as every French woman is an adept, must be a comfort to them; for however my superiority in needlework, or other things, may pique their natural vanity, they can always say, ‘But she knows no more how to make coffee than a cat!’ You will think I never mean to get to an end of my day. The remainder of it is chiefly spent in sewing or going errands. In the evenings I have seldom much to do till it is time to assist my mistress at her toilette. She often allows me to go to the public gardens with Madame Speck, whose society (though not the most improving in the world) is better than that of my fellow-servants; indeed, I always avoid walking with them, for Hanne is usually followed by her grandson, and Lieschen by her sweetheart.

The real excellence of this letter is likely to escape the hasty reader, who looks for something striking, and is disappointed at not finding it. The merit of the letter consists in the fact, that there is nothing striking whatever in it; but after we have read it, and laid aside the book, the little details return upon us, and we remember them almost as if they were real occurrences, and had happened just as they are described, —simply because they are described just as they might have happened.

In the second story, the scene of which lies in Switzerland, we recognise the same sort of merit. The heroine here also arrives at her good fortune through some vicissitude; but it is of a different kind, presenting upon the whole, perhaps, a more compact dramatic interest. In both tales costume is admirably preserved, and the national characteristics, essentially different in each, are depicted with a quiet and familiar hand.

Now, this book is a capital sample

of what may be done in the way of fiction in a short compass. Why should we not have more essences of novels like this? Would this book have been improved by expanding Lucy’s experiences as governess and housemaid into vulgar details, and by the help of some farcical buffoonery, getting up out of the very heart of the plot a humorous set off to its pathos, after the manner of our Adelphi drama? Nothing could have been easier than to have run up either of these stories into three volumes. They have all the requisites and opportunities; but seeing how effectively the authors have worked out their ends on their own plan, we cannot be sufficiently grateful to them for having so valiantly resisted the temptation.

Another book, still nearer to the elaboration of the novel in its analysis of society, its development of character, and its conversational vivacity—a book of singular moral beauty united with considerable artistic skill—may be added to our little catalogue. It is called *Eastbury**—and is also the production of a lady. There is a great deal of quiet but constant action in this book—not merely outward movement, but mental emotion; it is strewn over with pictures of country life and scenery painted in with remarkable minuteness and effect; the characters that pass across the scene are people we all know perfectly well, and are sure to remember when we meet them again; and with a strong tinge of sincere religious feeling all through, it displays an intimate knowledge of particular phases of the world, which it portrays without the least tendency to that sort of pious affectation which so often destroys the efficacy of the religious novel. This may be said to be a religious novel in its spirit, which is sweet, and full of goodness; in all else, it paints society as we see it around us. Perhaps the writer may be usefully warned against the habit of detail in which she indulges overmuch, tempted, possibly, by her success in that way. Her pictures in that respect are Dutch pictures: all the accessories are brought into the broad light—we see everything—

* *Eastbury*. A Tale. By Anna Harriet Drury, Authoress of *Friends and Fortune*. London: W. Pickering. 1851.

and the inventory is so complete that we enjoy the art as much as the subject. This is very well as an occasional merit, but it is ill as a practice; and we find just so much of it, or of an inclination towards it, in this clever book as to justify us in recommending the author to leave in future a little more to the imagination of her readers. A few broad touches, with the light between, are often more effective and life-like than the most elaborate and finished enamel.

One volume more, and we dismiss the problem thrown up in this hasty paper, to the patient consideration of the ingenuous reader. The book is called *Anschar*,* and it relates the mission of a Benedictine monk of that name, in the early part of the ninth century, into Sweden, at the earnest request of the Swedes themselves, who applied to the Emperor, praying that he would send them a Christian teacher. Anschar is called the Apostle of the North, and his adventures upon this mission, as they are related in the Danish records, throw an extraordinary light upon the manners, religions, and customs of the north in that remote age. Upon those adventures, supposed to be related by Rembert, the companion of his journey, this little volume is based. It is written with a wonderful air of reality. The descriptions are those of one who looked at the things described with his own eyes, and who took a personal part in the events he relates. The individuality is so well sustained, and the tone of the actual observer and contemporary historian so skillfully kept up, that it is difficult to believe that we are not reading a veritable chronicle of the time. Even the poetical exaltation of the reveries and apostrophes to the scenery here and there, which possess an almost oriental beauty, are introduced so

artfully, and the mind is so happily prepared to receive them, as to enhance the fidelity of the general effect. Nobody but one who trod those valleys, and passed through those sublime experiences, could have felt and written about them thus! It is only in the extreme refinement of the style, and in the careful conduct and distribution of the narrative, that we are able to detect the traces of the modern hand.

What a romance in three volumes the author might have constructed out of these materials! What escapes, intrigues, and marvels he might have brought in! What huge northern myths he might have mixed up with his humanities to astonish his pensive public! But he has done more wisely. He has written a book which will be read to the last line with pleasure and unbroken interest. Had he swollen it into a romance, we, at least, should not have read six pages of it.

But we have a grave fault to find with this very charming book, notwithstanding. It is—like a great many clever things in this world—fiction founded upon fact. There is nothing in it inconsistent with the age or the actual life of Anschar;—but that is not enough to constitute a reliable narrative. We do not know where fiction ends and fact begins; we have no way to enable us to distinguish the author's invention from the missionary's realities; and a scrupulous feeling of doubt and uneasiness sets in upon us consequently, which goes no little way to spoil our enjoyment of one of the most attractive books we have read for a long while. This is a pity, and something ought to be done in the next edition (which we look for, after all we have said about it!) to remedy the evil. A few notes would satisfy our consciences on this matter.

THE DESERTED MANSION.

A FEW years ago, a picture appeared in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, which peculiarly impressed my imagination; it represented an ancient ruinous dwelling,

surrounded by dilapidated gardens, set in sombre woods. The venerable trees, the moat filled with nettles and rubbish, the broken fences, green stagnant waters, the gabled, turreted,

* *Anschar. A Story of the North.* By Richard J. King. London: John W. Parker. 1850.

many-windowed, mouldering mansion, a perfect medley of chaotic architecture. The *visible silence*, the spirit of supreme desolation brooding over the precincts, filled my mind with involuntary sadness; while fancy conjured up strange, wild tales of other days, in connexion with the scene. I could not shake off the belief that reality was portrayed on the canvass; and writing an account of the various pictures to a friend who resided in the country, I dwelt on this particular one, and my singular impressions respecting it. When I next received a letter from my friend, she remarked how unaccountable my fancies were; fancies which were, however, based on the foundation of truth.

She went on to say, that reading my letter to Mrs. L——, an octogenarian in wonderful preservation, that lady informed her of the locality of my deserted mansion, and also of its history; the picture being actually painted for Mrs. L——'s son; and the tale attached to it, which my friend eventually gave me in the old lady's own words, was as follows:—

'Fifty years ago, the mansion of St. Elan's Wood was reckoned ancient, but it was a healthful, vigorous age, interesting and picturesque. Then, emerald turf lined the sides of the moat, and blooming flowers clustered within its sloping shelter; white drapery fluttered within the quaint latticed windows, and delicate climbers festooned them without; terraced walks and thick holly hedges were in trim order, fountains sparkled in the sunshine, and blushing roses bent over and kissed the clear rejoicing waters.

'Fifty years ago, joyous laughter resounded amid the greenwood glades, and buoyant footsteps pressed the greensward; for the master of St. Elan's had brought home a bride, and friends and relatives hastened thither to offer congratulations, and to share the hospitalities of the festive season.

'Lady St. Elan was a very young wife; a soft-eyed, timid creature; her mother had died during her daughter's infancy, and her father (an officer of high rank in the army) being abroad, a lady whom we shall call Sabina, by whom she had been educated, accompanied her beloved pupil, now Lady St. Elan, to this

new home. The death of Lady St. Elan's father, and the birth of a daughter, eventually mingled rejoicing and mourning together, while great anxiety was felt for the young mother, whose recovery was extremely tedious. The visits of eminent physicians, who were sent for from great distances, evinced the fears which were still entertained, even when the invalid roamed once more in the pleasant gardens and woods around. Alas! it was not for the poor lady's bodily health they feared; the hereditary mental malady of her family on the maternal side, but which had slumbered for two generations, again darkly shadowed forth its dread approaches. Slight, indeed, had been the warning as yet, subtle the demonstrations of the deadly enemy, but enough to alarm the watchful husband, who was well acquainted with the facts. But the alarm passed away, the physicians came no more, and apparent health and strength, both mental and physical, were fully restored to the patient, while the sweet babe really deserved the epithets lavished on it by the delighted mother of the 'divinest baby in the world.'

'During the temporary absence of her husband, on affairs of urgent business, Lady St. Elan requested Sabina to share her chamber at night, on the plea of timidity and loneliness; this wish was cheerfully complied with, and two or three days passed pleasantly away.

'St. Elan was expected to return home on the following morning, and when the friends retired to rest on the previous night, Sabina withdrew the window curtains, to gaze upon the glorious landscape which stretched far away, all bathed in silver radiance, and she soon fell into a tranquil slumber, communing with holy thoughts and prayerful aspirations. She was suddenly awakened by a curious kind of sound in the room, accompanied by a half-stifled jeering laugh. She knew not how long sleep had lulled her in oblivion, but when Sabina turned round to see from whence the sound proceeded, imagine her horror and dismay at beholding Lady St. Elan standing near the door, sharpening a large knife on her slipper, looking wildly round now and then, muttering and jibing.

‘Not sharp enough yet—not sharp enough yet,’ she exclaimed, intently pursuing her occupation.

‘Sabina felt instinctively, that this was no practical *joke*; she knew instinctively the dread reality—by the maniac’s eye—by the tone of voice—and she sprang from the bed, darting towards the door. It was locked. Lady St. Elan looked cunningly up, muttering,—

‘So you thought I was so silly, did you? But I double-locked it, and threw the key out of the window; and perhaps you may spy it out in the moonshine you’re so fond of admiring,’ pointing to an open casement, at an immense height from the ground—for this apartment was at the summit of a turret, commanding an extensive view, chosen for that reason, as well as for its seclusion and repose, being so far distant from the rest of the household.

‘Sabina was not afflicted with weak nerves, and as the full danger of her position flashed across her mind, she remembered to have heard that the human eye possesses extraordinary power to quell and keep in abeyance all untidy passions thus terrifically displayed. She was also aware, that in a contest where mere bodily energy was concerned, her powers must prove utterly inadequate and unavailing, when brought into competition with those of the unfortunate lady during a continuance of the paroxysm. Sabina feigned a calmness which she was far from feeling at that trying moment, and though her voice trembled, yet she said cheerfully, and with a careless air,—

‘I think your knife will soon be sharp enough, Lady St. Elan; what do you want it for?’

‘What do I want it for?’ mimicked the madwoman; ‘why what should I want it for, Sabina, but to cut your throat with it?’

‘Well, that is an odd fancy,’ exclaimed Sabina, endeavouring not to scream or to faint: ‘but you had better sit down, for the knife is not sharp enough for that job—there—there’s a chair. Now give me your attention while you sharpen and sharpen, and I’ll sit opposite to you; for I have had such an extraordinary dream, and I want you to listen to it.’

‘The lady looked maliciously sly, as much as to say, ‘You shall not cheat me, if I *do* listen.’ But she

sat down, and Sabina opposite to her, who began pouring forth a farrago of nonsense, which she pretended to have dreamt. Lady St. Elan had always been much addicted to perusing works of romantic fiction, and this taste for the marvellous was, probably, the means of saving Sabina’s life, who during that long and awful night never flagged for one moment, continuing her repetition of marvels in the *Arabian Nights* style. The maniac sat perfectly still, with the knife in one hand, the slipper in the other, and her large eyes intently fixed on the narrator. Oh, those weary, weary hours! When, at length, repeated signals and knocks were heard at the chamber-door, as the morning sun arose, Sabina had presence of mind not to notice them, as her terrible companion appeared not to do so; but she continued her sing-song, monotonous strain, until the barrier was fairly burst open, and St. Elan himself, who had just returned, alarmed at the portentous murmurs within, and accompanied by several domestics, came to the rescue.

‘Had Sabina moved, or screamed for help, or appeared to recognise the aid which was at hand, ere it could have reached her, the knife might have been sheathed in her heart. This knife was a foreign one of quaint workmanship, usually hanging up in St. Elan’s dressing-room; and the premeditation evinced in thus secreting it was a mystery not to be solved. Sabina’s hair which was black as the raven’s wing, when she retired to rest on that fearful night, had changed to the similitude of extreme age when they found her in the morning. Lady St. Elan never recovered this sudden and total overthrow of reason, but died—alas! it was rumoured, by her own hand—within two years afterwards. The infant heiress was entrusted to the guidance of her mother’s friend and governess; she became an orphan at an early age, and on completing her twenty-first year was uncontrolled mistress of the fortune and estates of her ancestors.

‘But long ere that period arrived, a serious question had arisen in Sabina’s mind respecting the duty and expediency of informing Mary St. Elan what her true position was, and gently imparting the sad knowledge of that visitation overshadowing the

destinies of her race. It was true that in her individual case the catastrophe might be warded off, while, on the other hand, there was lurking, threatening danger; but a high religious principle seemed to demand a sacrifice, or self-immolation, in order to prevent the possibility of a perpetuation of the direful malady.

'Sabina felt assured that were her noble-hearted pupil once to learn the facts, there would be no hesitation on her part in strictly adhering to the prescribed line of right; it was a bitter task for Sabina to undertake, but she did not shrink from performing it when her resolution became matured, and her scruples settled into decision, formed on the solid basis of duty to God and man. Sabina afterwards learnt that the sacrifice demanded of Mary St. Elan was far more heroic than she had contemplated; and when that sweet young creature devoted herself to a life of celibacy, Sabina did not know, that engrossed by 'first love,' of which so much has been said and sung, Mary St. Elan bade adieu to life's hope and happiness.

'With a woman's delicate perception and depth of pity, Sabina gained that knowledge; and with honour unspeakable she silently read the treasured secrets of the gentle heart thus fatally wounded—the evil from which she had sedulously striven to guard her pupil, had not been successfully averted—Mary St. Elan had already given away her guileless heart. But her sorrows were not doomed to last; for soon after that period when the law pronounced her free from control respecting her worldly affairs, the last of the St. Elans passed peacefully away to a better world, bequeathing the mansion house and estate of St. Elan's Wood to Sabina and her heirs. In Sabina's estimation, however, this munificent gift was as the 'price of blood;' as, but for *her* instrumentality, the fatal knowledge would not have been imparted; but for *her* the ancestral woods and pleasant home might have descended to children's children in the St. Elan's line,—tainted, indeed, and doomed; but now the race was extinct.

'There were many persons who laughed at Sabina's sensitive feelings on this subject, which they could not

understand; and even well-meaning, pious folk, thought that she carried her strict notions 'too far.' Yet Sabina remained immovable; nor would she ever consent that the wealth thus left should be enjoyed by her or hers.

'Thus the deserted mansion still remains unclaimed, though it will not be long ere it is appropriated to the useful and beneficent purpose specified in Mary St. Elan's will—namely, failing Sabina and her issue, to be converted into a lunatic asylum—a kind of lunatic alms-house for decayed gentlewomen, who, with the requisite qualifications, will here find refuge from the double storms of life assailing them, poor souls! both from within and without.'

'But what became of Sabina, and what interest has your son in this picture?' asked my friend of old Mrs. I——, as that venerable lady concluded her narration; 'for if none live to claim the property, why does it still remain thus?'

'Your justifiable curiosity shall be gratified, my dear,' responded the kindly dame. 'Look at my hair—it did not turn white from age: I retired to rest one night with glossy braids, black as the raven's wing, and they found me in the morning as you now behold me! Yes, it is even so; and you no longer wonder that Sabina's son desired to possess this identical painting: my pilgrimage is drawing towards its close—protracted as it has been beyond the allotted age of man—but, according to the tenor of the afore-named will, the mansion and estate of St. Elan must remain as they now stand until I am no more; while the accumulated funds will amply endow the excellent charity. Were my son less honourable or scrupulous, he might, of course, claim the property on my decease; but respect for his mother's memory, with firm adherence to her principles, will keep him, with God's blessing, from yielding to temptation. He is not a rich man, but with proud humility he may gaze on this memorial picture, and hand it down to posterity with the traditionary lore attached; and may none of our descendants ever lament the use which will be made, nor covet the possession, of this deserted mansion.'

THE RHINE OF THE FRANKS.

By THE HON. G. S. SMYTHE, M.P.

Have it—They shall not have it,
Our free-born German Rhine.—N. BECKER.

FRANCE TO GERMANY.*

HAVE it—But I will have it—
Your free-born German Rhine.
You shall give it, as you gave it,
Whene'er I claimed it—Mine.

Have it—aye though six nations
Should dare me to the war,
Slave, German, Frison, Saxon,
Lotharingian and Avar. (1)

Free-born and yours! Six races;
Go count them in your slain;

From the Seine's banks to the Theiss's,
The quelled of Carlomain.

MY KING (?)—but touched its border, *
That river you call free:
With the Oriflamme of Order (2)
And the blessing of the Key,

When straight my royal river
In each exulting wave,
Some ensign of His empire
Reflected back and gave,

* It is the privilege of song to celebrate all opinions without political responsibility. For myself, an ardent admirer of the great statesmen whose genius founded the adjustment of 1815, I desire, in common with every Englishman (who cares at all for his own country's safety), to preserve the Treaties of Vienna in *statu quo*, 'without one comma the more, or one comma the less.' But it is impossible not to perceive that the attacks upon those treaties within the last few years have proceeded, not from those who *lost*, but from those who *gained* by the arrangements—of conquerors at the expense of the conquered. It is not France, notwithstanding a revolution to impel her, which has agitated for her yet contracted frontiers, her still dismantled fortresses, her extorted indemnities, her confiscated resources. Prussia, a warlike nation, which was annihilated by the War, but which was raised, re-established, and greatly augmented by the peace, has been the foremost to menace an aggression upon those covenants which served as her modern foundation. Savoy—also a warlike nation, which disappeared during the War, but which was reconstructed and extended by favours at the Peace—Savoy, which was to become the inheritance of the House of Carignan, by *Prince Metternich's* advice, contrary to King Victor's wishes, has not been less absurd in her recent courses of suicidal perfidy. Yet it requires but little foresight to prophesy, that the first to suffer from any re-arrangement of Europe would be precisely the warlike nations (peace-created) of Prussia and Sardinia. There are few Frenchmen who do not expect to see the day when the Rhenish provinces, and, what they covet even more, the Duchy of Savoy, will complete their despoiled, dismembered, and straitened territory.

(1) These were the most remarkable of the nations subdued by Charlemagne, and incorporated by him into the Empire. After the Carlovingian dynasty, when the Imperial power became elective, the six races composing the Germanic body consisted at first of Franks, Suabians, Bavarians, Lotharingians, Saxons, Frisons.

(2) **MY KING!** The most celebrated conquests of Charlemagne were achieved by him as King of France, not as Emperor of the West. The distinction between the two dignities is worthy of a passing remark. The last he derived confessedly from Rome. When Leo placed the Crown on his head, says Gibbon, 'the air resounded with the acclamations of the people, 'Long life and victory to Charles, the most pious Augustus, crowned by God, the great and pacific Emperor of the Romans!' But the crown of France he carefully guarded from Roman pretensions; and when he associated his son Louis the Pious in the kingdom, 'the royal youth was commanded to take the crown from the altar, and *with his own hands* to place it on his head, as a gift which he felt from God, his father, and the nation.' Here was the precedent for Napoleon's coronation of himself.

(3) The Oriflamme was not yet Royal. It belonged to the great Abbaye of St. Denys, which exercised so immense an influence on French civilization. Hugh Capet was himself abbot of St. Denys, but it was not until the time of Philip I. that the Oriflamme was adopted by the Kings of France. Their war-cry of 'Montjoie et St. Denys' probably arose from the same source. For they were, so to speak, the Vidames of an abbey, which was older than the Carlovingian dynasty, and almost as powerful.

Joyeuse, the Ring, the Diadem,
The Mace of Carl Martel,
And prized beyond all gaud or gem
The Roman pilgrim's shell. (*)

Run red now my Frankish river,
With the blood of your German foes ;
For marks that my Franks leave are ever
The limits my Frenchmen propose.

Ho Burgresses, Margraves, and Counts,
Ye robbed, now defend the land ;

Ho Rhinegraves—but mean are your
swords

'Gainst the sword of Louis the Grand.

MY MONARCH (*)—He cometh in pride,
(Call Ban and arrière Ban),

Two Condés in arms at his side,
And young De Guiche in the van.

He has plunged in my Frankish stream, (*)
Oh save him and spare him yet,
Tho' death is yon lover's dream—
Death—and his Henriette. (?)

(*) The stress which Charlemagne laid by the Church, is shown not only in the relics buried with him, but in the inscription above the Arch of Triumph on his tomb, which has long disappeared. When Otho III. opened his grave, 'he found the body of Charlemagne not reclining in his coffin, as is the usual fashion of the dead, but seated on his throne as one alive, clothed in the imperial robes, bearing the sceptre in his hands (other accounts say a chalice), and on his knees a copy of the Gospels. On his fleshless brow was the Crown, the sword Joyeuse was by his side, and the pilgrim's pouch, which he had always borne while living, was still fastened to his girdle.'—*Murray's Hand-Book*. The ancient epitaph was as follows:— 'Here reposes the body of Charles grand and orthodox Emperor, who gloriously extended the kingdom of the Franks, and governed it prosperously for forty-seven years.' Sir Francis Palgrave, in his noble work on Normandy and England, gives a somewhat different account of Charlemagne's sepulture, but one as strongly commemorative of his ecclesiastical and Catholic observances.

(*) The passage of the Rhine, where so many of the bravest nobles of France swam the stream 'with harness on their back,' was one of the proudest illustrations of Louis XIV.'s reign. It has been celebrated in the prose of Madame de Sevigné and the verse of Boileau ; whose fourth epistle provoked Prior's verses on the battle of Blenheim, or (as the French reject that name) of Hochstedt.

When thy young muse invoked the tuneful nine,
To say how Louis did not pass the Rhine.

Voltaire writes, that this couplet is the only good thing in Prior's poem. But not much can be said for it, any more than for his own very free translation:—

Satirique flatteur, toi qui pris tant de peine,
Pour chanter que Louis n'a point passé le Rhin.

Boileau was, however, to have his revenge. When Prior wrote his eulogy on Marlborough, the Whigs seemed interminably in ; within less than ten years, when the Tories at last obtained office, Prior writes from Paris to Lord Bolingbroke, in terms of panegyric of the Great Monarch which out-Boileau Boileau. Probably, a Whig might suggest, 'because the great Bastard was protector of the little one.'

(*) Whether Louis crossed the Rhine or not, it is certain that the Comte de Guiche did, and to the signal discomfiture of the Germans under Wurts. 'Wurts ! Who could mention in heroics—Wurts ?'

(*) The love of the Comte de Guiche for the daughter of Charles I., the beautiful Duchess of Orleans, has been a constant subject for the drama and romance. She was already dead in 1672, at the date of the passage of the Rhine, and is supposed by some who delight to heap odium on that most calumniated of all families, the House of Orleans, to have been poisoned in a glass of chicory-water. After Mr. Wakley's vivid description the other night of the ill qualities of chicory, it seems not unlikely that she was poisoned by the glass of chicory water ; at any rate, nothing can be more circumstantial or clear than the account of her death by her own cousin, the *Grande Mademoiselle* :— 'Sur les bruits que je viens de dire l'on fit assembler tous les médecins du Roi, de feu Madame et de Monsieur, quelques-uns de Paris, celui de l'Ambassadeur d'Angleterre, avec tous les chirurgiens, qui ouvrirent le corps de Madame. Ils lui trouvèrent les parties nobles bien saines ; ce qui surprit tout le monde parce qu'elle était délicate et presque toujours malade. L'Ambassadeur d'Angleterre y était présent, auquel ils firent voir qu'elle ne pouvait être morte que d'une colique, qu'ils appelèrent Cholera Morbus.' The principal authority in favour of the pretended poisoning is that most vulgar of all prejudiced and credulous gobs, Madame of Bavaria, the second wife of the Duke of Orleans. But, independently of her hatred of the Chevalier de Lorraine, whom she accuses, while she exculpates her husband, it must not be forgotten that in 'the Fragments of her Letters' there is

Oh! bear them, and save them all,
Revel, Lesdiguieres, Vivonne (*)—
Vendôme is too young to fall,
Villaviciosa unwon. (°)

Oh, bear them up in the tide,
Oh, bear up each bannered lance;
For Lilies on water can ride,
And the Rhine's breast swells to France.

Ages are gone—and no more
The Lilies are here to day;
But the folds of the free Tri-color
Float over my Frankish array.

Ca-ir-á! ca-ir-á!—do ye hear it,
Ye thieves of the Feudal Fraud:
Ye robbed from Chaos. Now fear it—
The Retribution abroad.

For lo—like the angel of Story—
St. Just swoops avenging down,
With the faith of a saint and the glory,
Round his brow *without* a crown.

My Hero! canst match him again,
Search Germany through, whom to
bring;
Will Austria boast My Loraine,
Or Prussia *his* Chamberlain King? (10)

Now hush thee to silence, oh river,
As when at the midnight hour
You feel with a throe and a shiver,
That God is out in his power.

Working a miracle ever,
Working a miracle then,
Now hush thee in awe, oh my river,
The miracle comes of Men.

The crown of all earth's desires
Some hero's dream achieved;
Which, kindled at his fancy's fires,
His reason disbelieved.

For who could deem that this old earth
Had strength within her womb
To cast in one supernal birth
All grandeurs of the tomb?

Lo, He! with the standard in hand,
He planted on Mount Thabor,
And hurled from th' Iberian's land
To the Borysthenian shore.

Run bright in smiles, oh my river,
As on bridal morn a bride,
For thy lord—such lord has been never—
Stands now thy banks beside,

And what if Venice wed the sea,
Some dotard's ring the sign,
The sword shall France's token be,
That Franks have wed the Rhine.

And if that marriage be gainsayed
By Congresses awhile,
One blow of the old Brennus blade
Shall weigh against their wile.

And when the hostile clarions blare,
And hostile cannon roar,
Four spirits shall be seen in air,
Four spirits in the war.

And far into the German ranks
Four heroes lead us on;
Charles! Louis! still among their Franks,
St. Just—Napoleon.

nothing too absurd for her to believe. She insinuates that Madame de Maintenon got rid of Louis XIV. in the interest of the Duke de Maine; that Mademoiselle de Fontanges was poisoned by Madame de Montespan; that an ancestress of the Mortemarts was raised by the Devil from the dead; that she lived many years, but by inadvertently mentioning the Saviour's name, became at once again a corpse; that the great Cardinal de Richelieu was in the habit of neighing like a horse, and that the ghost of her predecessor haunted St. Cloud.

(*) I have followed Boileau *nominatim* in his account of this heroic feat of arms. First in the river was de Guiche, then the Marquis de Revel; next came '*le bouillant Lesdiguieres*' (afterwards to become Marshal of France), then M. de Vivonne.

(°) The great-grandson of Henry IV. and Gabrielle, who inherited the valour and the vices (which last he exaggerated) of his ancestor. It was he who prepared, after the victory of Villa Viciosa (which secured the crown to Philip the Fifth), the most glorious couch upon which Monarch ever slept—made of the flags taken from the enemy.

(10) The house of Loraine, now hereditary Emperors, is French in its origin and descent. The kings of Prussia, as Margraves of Brandenburg, have the honour of being the Emperor's Chamberlains.

THE REVELATIONS OF A COMMON-PLACE MAN.

CHAPTER I.

I ONCE imagined that when a man wrote his life, it was because he could instruct us by his strange experiences, or was a very remarkable personage, into whose secrets the public pined with curiosity to penetrate. I comprehended that he was content to reveal himself truthfully, rather than leave his character to the sharp steel-pen of Malice, the clumsy pencil of Fiction, or, worst of all, the oily goose-quill of flattering Friendship, pointing out his defects as virtues, and extolling as triumphs of wisdom and eccentricities of genius, absurdities or errors which he would not have dared to defend.

But an earnest perusal of many recent confessions and reminiscences has led me to doubt the correctness of my ideas on the subject. I have waded through the autobiographies of eminent men, with a growing hope that they might prove eventually to have been rather indifferent fictions than faithful pictures of those I formerly considered the heroes of our age. Bitter indeed is the cure of the hero-worshipper,

As charm by charm unwinds,
Which robbed our idols, and we see, too
sure,
Nor worth nor beauty dwells from out
the mind's
Ideal shape of such,—

when the distorted limbs, the base material, the clay feet, are displayed, and a statesman figures as a pining boy,—or philosophers, philanthropists, and patriots hang, Narcissus-like, over the mirrored reflex of self, mere egotists.

Perhaps you will urge that a long life of fame and flattery cannot fail to inflate the mind with a false estimate of its own powers. I do not believe it; but if so, then far less offensive would be the revelations of a person, who, unknown to fame, has been preserved from its destructive influence; who is *not* vain, even for the poor reason that he has nothing of which to *be* vain!

'Then, my dear John,' wrote back my beloved correspondent, 'why don't you write *your* life, for you are

of all men the most-fitted for it, by your own showing! I have often heard that the genuine memoir of the least interesting people on earth would not be destitute of instruction, and so I should, of all things, enjoy reading yours.'

Save me from my friends! And yet this friend, this soft-spoken correspondent, is the dearest I have in the world. Who can wonder that with such a gratifying request I comply immediately!

I believe long endurance has blunted me to such assaults. My being commonplace has been rung in my ears any day these thirty years, not only by my foes, but by my nearest of kin. And truth has echoed the fact in the recesses of my heart. Fate has confirmed it by weaving my life out of her most colourless yarn; it has been the mere idle, trifling task by which she has mechanically kept her loom in exercise, whilst she planned elaborate patterns or dyed her brighter webs for more favoured mortals. What then? Without such tame adjuncts, such walking gentlemen, the tableau of life would be incomplete, a mass of harsh and startling contrasts. As my great grandfather sang,—

The brightest hues upon the canvass
spread,
Form not the pictures which would seem
to breathe,
E'en your own portraits would be flat
and dead
Without the sober colouring underneath.

My great grandfather, you see, was a poet,—so I did not spring from a commonplace race.

I wish I had. I should not have been such a blot upon the escutcheon of the wonderful De Vainys. Of course the world knows that name. Is it not interwoven with the thrilling records of history?

The foundress of our family aided Queen Matilda in her famous tapestry, and bequeathed to the learned court of Beaucerk a son, who would have surpassed that monarch himself in his attainments, had it not been a breach of loyalty.

There is rather a hiatus in the family legends during the Crusades

and wars of the Roses, for learning was more our forte than fighting.

Cesserunt arma togæ.

But several abbots of our name were celebrated at that era for the illuminated missals and fair copied manuscripts with which they enriched their monastic libraries. We were brilliant again in Elizabeth's time, when we went over, with some éclat, to the Protestant cause. A De Vaincy, it is said, first pronounced 'Will Shakespeare to be a fellow of some parts.' Of course we were ruined by Oliver Cromwell, who had no taste for our kind of talent, and whose grammar we unmercifully criticised. Nevertheless, Charles the Second shamefully neglected us, and is reported to have declared that we had 'more tongue than brains, and were rightly named, being vainer than peacocks.' The saying is so destitute of the point he generally gave to his verdicts on men and manners, that it appeared to us unworthy of credit,—but certain it is, that we ceased from that time to be courtiers, and the title became extinct, the representation of the family descending once more in the female line. But Mistress Euphrosyne de Vaincy, ere she bestowed her hand and estates on a handsome soldier, who had fleshed his sword under the command of the great Marlborough, insisted upon his assumption of her name; which he did, nothing loth, his own being as insignificant as his means were small. Auspicious alliance! from which sprang the great originals of the stiff portraits hanging round me at this moment. That grim, gaunt prelate, resting his lean hand on a thick volume of his sermons, is Bishop Hildebrand de Vaincy. His sermons are very long and learned, and puzzling to read, especially in our old edition; but they are marvellously emphatic, with capital letters marshalled all through the yellow pages, and through the dry bones of the genuine De Vaincy diction there shine a warm, kindly, humane spirit and earnest faith, not uncheering. He must have derived these qualities from his nameless father, they are so unlike De Vaincy intellect. Octavius de Vaincy, his brother, and my great grandfather, was, as I told you, a poet, and

the friend of everybody who was anybody in those days. He bequeathed to us those autographs of which uncle Julian is so insufferably proud; but all the documents to which his erudite acquaintance appended their signature seem to me inane and unimportant beyond conception. There were other sons and daughters, all remarkable, but I shall only point out that stout damsel in blue, whose tea-making Doctor Johnson praised highly, and her niece, one of the poetesses of the *bas-bleu* set, the ally of the De Vesci and Montague. I must hurry over my family history to my mother, for only on her side do I claim this pure extraction. She was celebrated for her beauty and her skill in embroidery, (traced to her descent from the tapestry-worker of the times of the Conquest.) Who shall therefore depict the dismay of her illustrious relatives, when she confessed her attachment to a country squire of such quiet respectability and—and—*such* a name as my father's. Mediocre, indeed, was he, with a moderate fortune, a substantial manor-house, a good temper, good health, some sense, and an equanimity which nothing ever disturbed, unless it might be unusual talents in another. Hitherto he had been little proved in this particular; for to do our neighbours justice, whatever they might think of themselves, there were amongst them few surpassing minds.

To a family, laying claim to hereditary talent and elegance, who never in a single act had departed from the strict rules of propriety, it may be imagined how great a shock was the announcement that the fairest of their circle was about to marry a common-place squire of the name of Black.

Yonder is my mother's faded portrait! Cannot you fancy her standing before them—the sunshine streaming on her pale golden curls, and on her delicate features; the finely-cut nostrils of her little aquiline nose just vibrate with suppressed scorn; her De Vaincy blue eyes are full of tears, through which they, nevertheless, flash indignantly as she dares them to throw a slur upon my father's excellence and standing in country society?

What a contemptuous elevation of all the pencilled eyebrows in the De Vaincy circle, as they groan forth simultaneously, 'So commonplace a man!' Great was the opposition to her choice, doubtful the result, until Cousin Reginald, in a happy hour, recollected and quoted a passage from a sermon of the revered Bishop, which strongly censured undue coercion in matrimonial affairs, and as his authority was law, the sacrifice took place. Some malicious persons afterwards doubted the authenticity of that paragraph, or at least its application to the affections, instead of liberty of conscience in religious matters. On this I offer no opinion, although a certain lady, (hereafter to be described) inclined to side with the sceptics, and never failed to remind my father of the fraud when he pursued a course contrary to her wishes.

Strange to say, my mother was undeniably happy in her married life, and when, six months after my birth, she caught cold in attending a scientific lecture with a literary connexion, and died, my father had the consolation of knowing that her short sojourn in this world had not been embittered by any neglect on his part.

'That was no merit of his,' said the De Vaincys; 'he was too commonplace to be a *bad* husband!'

Once more the illustrious family assembled in the ancestral halls, as they missed from their number the fair young creature, who three years before had borne their reproofs so firmly, their hearts may, perhaps, have whispered that the flower of their race was laid low, and yet, when the first irresistible emotion subsided, they began seriously to consider the propriety of relinquishing all intercourse with the unworthy interloper her love had brought amongst them.

Many a voice was audible in support of this dignified resolution, and in all human probability this narrative would never have been penned, had not the newly-married wife of Cousin Reginald interfered. That cousin had lately risen into importance, as the wealth of my grandfather, the head of the house, wasted away. Lord Bacon wrote that 'Nobility of birth commonly abateth

industry.' What then could be expected from the De Vaincys? So many intellectual beings, too polished to be contented without luxury—too high-bred to work for it themselves, could not long feast upon the paternal resources without obviously diminishing them, and gradually the De Vaincy establishment had assumed a dreary aspect of more pomp than comfort; nay, it was even now dawning upon the perception of some, that Vainton Hall itself must ere long be the property of strangers, if the pride of Cousin Reginald did not induce him to become its purchaser.

He represented a younger branch, now much the richest, owing to sundry accidents of marriage which had very likely been originally condemned by the main stem, but which were in time graciously overlooked in consideration of the aristocratic dictum, *Il faut quelquefois engraisser ses terres*,—the truth of which was proved by the far greener foliage they had nurtured.

When Reginald further obliged the De Vaincys by choosing as his wife a pretty orphan of their name, with whose support they would otherwise have been unpleasantly burdened, he unconsciously added another claim to those he already possessed upon their respect. He had saved the rest a considerable yearly sum; he had shown a proper estimation of the superior qualities of the family, by thus more firmly cementing his union with it; in short, he was decidedly popular, and when his bride pleaded in behalf of the poor widower and his two helpless children, she was heard with proper sympathy.

Reginald himself, remembering that he had promoted the marriage, spoke up about the infants in whose veins flowed the blood of which they all boasted. Electrical was the effect of his little speech! Shame to those who would abandon such to a commonplace father and ordinary nurses.

'The more especially,' observed a venerable grand-aunt in a letter I found lately amongst that very Cousin Reginald's papers, 'as we, unlike most families, have ever been principally distinguished in the female line. Look at our honoured foundress; look at the talent always

evinced by the women! When, indeed, does genius *not* descend from the mother? And why, if properly educated, should not poor Matilda's son show himself a true scion of the De Vaincys? My grandmother was a lady of ready wit; notorious for her skill in managing her neighbours' affairs, and whilst this discussion took place—even whilst behind her cambric handkerchief she bewailed the loss of one daughter, she conceived a brilliant project for the disposal of another, at that period travelling abroad. It was suspected that the tempers of the mother and daughter did not altogether accord, which might in part account for the unselfishness with which the former now proposed to deprive herself of the latter's filial attentions, that the orphans of her lost Matilda might be cherished as they ought to be. The hint was eagerly seconded. My father, prepared for utter neglect, was thunderstruck by the sudden arrival of his wife's most important relatives,—was soothed, argued, and cajoled into a bewildered acquiescence in their plans, and in less than a month, Miss De Vaincy arrived to assume the reins of authority at Ripplestone—reins which she firmly grasped for years, and by which no one was more sternly driven than her luckless brother-in-law. My aunt!—ah, mystic appellation, which was a spell of terror to my infancy! As here I write it for the first time in my autobiography, let me pause and repeat it solemnly to myself. My aunt! Dread name, never gently softened to be more fitting for our childish lisp—what a key-note it proved to my history! How many joys it blighted!—how many griefs inflicted! Had I never spoken it, what a different being I might have become!

This is a terrible result to the many years of care which Miss De Vaincy bestowed upon us; for she was no pendant to the wicked uncle of the babes in the wood—no coveter was she of our little fortune—no sentiment of revenge did she cherish in her bosom,—and yet, would we had never seen her!

If there were in this world no evil but such as is intentional, I believe

it would be allowed to be a much more respectable and happy place than it now is. Few do wrong deliberately. We love to cheat ourselves into the persuasion that we mean well. We do not often look into our own hearts and read unfalteringly there that we are fraudulent, cruel, or vindictive. No! the shrinking victim may deem us harsh, may deprecate with tears, almost of blood, our cutting words, and the iron hand that thrusts him forth relentlessly, but we know that we are actuated neither by temper nor parsimony. The pure love of justice, the glorious strength of our will, the sensitive delicacy of our honour, triumph over all weak compassion. He is poor, he is erring, he is dependent upon our aid,—begone! what have we to do with guilt and ruin? Does a man say we played him false? The accusation shows his evil imagination. We saw too plainly that he meant to wrong us—we thought him shuffling—we distrusted him, and so we saved ourselves. We could not be expected not to indemnify ourselves somewhat for our natural disappointment in his character. He complains that we have beggared him! What a disreputable creature he must be to have been so near beggary! And does any one know what we have lost?

Yes, generally we mean well. But some evil destiny instantly mars the issue of our acts. My aunt meant me to be under her guidance, a hero, a statesman, a poet, a philosopher, but I became only a subject fit for my own pen—a common-place man!

CHAPTER II.

At the period of my poor mother's death, Aunt Maddalena was more than thirty years of age—how much more was never ascertained by the junior members of the family. One part of the De Vaincy archives was wrapped in mystery—viz., all that related to the birth of the ladies. Perhaps some condition of secrecy on this subject was connected with the tenure of the estate. Such religious observance of silence makes the supposition plausible. I have heard that my aunt was a handsome

girl, but her object of ambition then was fame for talent and learning. As her charms waned, womanly vanity began to assert its right, and now with her pride of knowledge was blended a little anxiety to be admired as beautiful. One after another, sisters, cousins, and friends married, but Maddalena was too clever to be chosen, or too fastidious to choose any helpmate from amongst those who were considered worthy of her acquaintance, and having waited many years, in expectation of some star turning up on the brilliant wheel of fortune, she averred her decided opinion, that no superior woman would ever dream of marrying, and lent a favourable degree of attention to the scheme which her mother set before her in glowing terms, when she announced my father's bereaved position. To devote her energy to the education of youth, to become the tutelary saint of a young genius, such as poor Matilda's infant would assuredly prove, appeared a graceful mode of exit from the gay world. Perhaps a vision of our comfortable house, our sleek carriage horses, our regularly paid bills, and thoroughly respectable position, may have been far from unpleasing to the needy daughter of proud but pinched Vainton Hall. I have often heard her tell how, during her journey to England, she drew many a picture of her youthful charge, of his clear blue eyes, his golden locks, and the fair broad forehead, beneath which slumbered the organs her wand of power was to awaken into energy. When a remarkably uninteresting baby was presented to the wondering lady, when the blue eyes proved to be dark, and the golden ringlets faded into a scanty sprinkling of dull brown hairs, her enthusiasm was severely checked. But she remembered how often the dawn is cold and grey, which brightens into a glorious noon, and wilfully pretending not to perceive my plainness, she invoked a blessing on this promising descendant of the De Vainceys, and contented herself by remarking that her care would remedy all defects—an observation neither forgotten nor forgiven by my nurse. Thus much of her conduct upon her arrival, tradition has preserved, and the same authority states

that Aunt Maddalena presided with due dignity and success over the whole course of my childish disorders; for though my sight was endangered by a new medical theory, when I had the measles, and my life put in jeopardy by her prescriptions for the hooping-cough, yet these storms were weathered, and despite the peculiar diet which she patronized, I grew apace, and had I been left to nature, would have cherished no wish in my heart, no thought in my head, beyond what related to eating, sleeping, and playing. Mine were, however, cheerless games. I recollect them joylessly even now; each toy being but the emblem of some grave science. My ball was a correct representation of the globe, and an explanation of its form and divisions invariably preceded its use, until my little hand almost trembled to toss about so carelessly the mighty sphere on which we dwelt, and on which a certain speck of ink denoted to my private vision the domains of Ripplestone. My hoop was another awful figure of the like nature. It was the equator; it also served to illustrate a long hard word, which it gave me infinite trouble to read and pronounce, when it was tossed to me in the dislocated form of ivory letters—*c-i-r-c-u-m-f-e-r-e-n-c-e*. I knew I was a biped before I clearly understood that ordinary people called me a little boy; and I stood in awe of the dogs and cats, because I learned that they belonged to a terrific-sounding genus, the quadruped. I caused my aunt disappointment by my tardy attempts to speak, but she was more successful in teaching me to read early. It is my favourite theory that she thus injured my memory. I have noticed since how wonderfully well children recollect the stories we repeat to them; and I think, that in the childhood of man; as in that of nations, nature points out oral teaching as the best. To a certain extent, reading and writing replace memory. We do not care to remember accurately what we can at once recal by casting our eyes upon the book. I firmly believe, that if I had not been taught my letters until I was seven or eight, all my powers, mental and physical, would have gained in strength. Knowledge pursued me everywhere. I was not clever—there-

fore acquired it with difficulty; docile—therefore rebelled not; affectionate—therefore suffered acutely, when my dull apprehension drew upon me punishment, not corporal, but what was worse, rebukes, appeals to my conscience and my better feelings,—reminders of my duty as a human being, accountable to Heaven for my use of its gifts, until my poor brain ached with the effort of understanding the delicate shades of my delinquency, and I shudderingly suspected that my neglected spelling-lesson would call down upon me the wrath of that great power, which the word Heaven indicated.

My nurse had sometimes pointed to the blue sky; and I loved the harmless fancy that He to whom I prayed at her knee had His throne aloft in that clear expanse,—that He smiled upon me in the warm sunshine, and that the fragrant breeze fanning my cheek was wafted from the snowy wings of His angels.

I could fold my hands gladly, and pray to our Father. I had no dread of one who reigned in realms so beautiful,—nay, I almost wished the time were come when, if I were good, He would welcome me into that azure dome. My faith might not be orthodox, but it was one of love, not fear. 'Perfect love casteth out fear.' It comforted me when I went to my bed weeping over my stupidity. It was a gentle dream which I warded from me the terrors of dark night. But my aunt soon dispelled the illusion.

Into my astonished ears she poured truer information as to what I called Heaven. She told me that the stars were worlds, full, perhaps, of sin and sorrow like our own,—that the moon, the mild luminary which I loved to see shining through the nursery windows when I awoke, was probably but a barren waste, rife with exhausted volcanoes; sublime truths, which I now behold in their real glory, but which were then too great for my comprehension. What had my childish intellect to do with the 'plurality of worlds?' Besides, to me the earth itself had been revealed chiefly by its symbol, the terrestrial globe, and I hated to have my stars, which I deemed jewels paving the courts of

heaven, turned into mere blotches on another arid ball, scrawled over with heathen names, and daubed with feeble colours.

My aunt grew seriously annoyed by my pertinacious adherence to my old belief. She called me out when a storm was raging, and asked me how I liked to watch my realms of glory when the sullen clouds were marshalled there in massive hosts, and the terrible voice of thunder reverberated from the blackened dome, which only the lurid gleam of forked lightning at intervals illuminated.

I saw and trembled. The light was extinguished in my soul; the Divinity, in whose loving sunshine I basked, was removed from me; the splendour of His smiles was obscured, and His dwelling-place became thick darkness.

Knowledge was dearly purchased at such a price. Nor was my disposition less painfully bandaged into Miss De Vainey's form of perfection. Whatever I showed a desire to do or to possess, was forbidden; whatever I disliked, was made an imperative duty. She carried her supervision into most frivolous details. If a tempting orange appeared at dessert, it was not given me to eat quietly, as a thing of no importance. No, it must be peeled slowly, carefully dissected into a hundred minute portions (thus often being the medium of impressing upon me a complex arithmetical problem), then sugared to a nicety, whilst I, screwed up on my high chair, watched the laborious process with eager eyes and desiring palate, continually exhorted to patience. Nor was the classical doom of Tantalus unknown to me either by precept or practice; for if I enjoyed the first long-expected morsel too well, a swift hand bore away plate, orange, and all, and a stern voice reproved my gluttony. Was I not taken abroad at the advanced age of eight, that I might acquire the correct French and German accent, that my mind might be further developed by the study of new scenes and new people? Yet that was not altogether an injudicious step. It rendered unavoidable some intermission of regular lessons, and change of air counteracted the bad effect of this

forcing system upon my health. My jaded spirits rose, my weary body was invigorated, and my father's ejaculation on our return was a very fervent 'Thank God!' as he embraced me.

This journey to the continent introduces a new era in my history and a new actress on the scene. Hitherto I have spoken chiefly of myself, because, in truth, little else was thought of at Ripplestone. My sister Ella, Miss De Vaincy found neither time nor inclination to notice, and I, poor, wretched slave, had scarcely leisure to attend to anything or person besides my miserable self. Yet I loved Ella, and she deserved all the importance unwisely concentrated upon her commonplace brother. Had my aunt desecrated in her any resemblance to my mother, possibly her heart might have been drawn towards the child; but Ella was pale, and rather sallow; her dark hair and eyes made her, at the first glance, like her father. That was no recommendation to my aunt. Moreover, having resolved that I should be the pride of the family, the latter had not room in her affections for two. I wonder whether women have an innate jealousy of their own sex. Perhaps in those early days, although reconciled to the prospect of a clever nephew, Miss De Vaincy might not relish the idea of having constantly beside her a niece, uniting the freshness of youth to the advantages of a superior education, and showing that she herself might be surpassed. Yet my sister was not excluded from the system of high-pressure education under which I groaned. She was taught, and what was more, was present at my lessons. But she was a year older. She had enjoyed a blessed period of liberty ere Miss De Vaincy arrived; indeed, the fact of her being able to walk and talk without any aid from that lady, gave a prejudice against her. She was punished less on the appeal-to-conscience system. She was allowed to take shelter with her father, and prattle to him as she pleased, secure that he would not comment on her frivolity and the necessity of keeping the mind rivetted upon improving topics.

I loved Ella, but it was from a

distance. I had no time for much intercourse with her, and she was not considered a worthy associate for me. Indeed, no young Grand Llama was ever more religiously hoarded up from too-close communication with the uninitiated. My sister was a sceptic with regard to my pretensions, and the involuntary curl of her expressive lip, or sarcastic gleam of her eyes, at once repulsed my tenderness, and inspired my aunt with considerable distrust of her niece. During our absence, however, she directed that Ella should be rigidly kept to her studies. My important self removed, more attention was paid to her. Probably she felt my aunt's removal a relief—possibly she was piqued into exertion by the hope of distancing me. Be that as it may, when we returned, the first news which greeted us was of the talents she began to display. Aunt Mad (as we children had long persisted in trying to call her,—in her opinion, a heinous butchery of her cherished name,) listened to these praises with contemptuous incredulity. Her faith in my perfections was being daily shaken, and she was often ready to fling down her baton of office, and give up the fruitless effort to enlighten the children of such a non-entity as my father. How, then, could she credit the assertion that the little girl, long voted his image, the inheritor of his mediocrity, was not only superior to me, but to most children of her age?

My aunt watched, examined, doubted, marvelled! My bewilderment and incapacity continually increased; Ella, on the contrary, grew brighter and brighter, until one fatal morning, at the close of a perfect torture of instruction, I was solemnly waved back by the thin, white hand of my supreme authority, and Ella, a flush of triumph kindling her sallow cheek, heard the emphatic words, 'Come to my arms, my own true daughter of the De Vaincys, and the dignified pressure of Aunt Maddalena's lips sealed the bond upon her broad forehead.

CHAPTER III.

I FEEL that though I have been garrulous to excess about my aunt

and my childish tribulations, I have forgotten to describe the scenes where they occurred—the nestling-place of the eaglet,—as Miss De Vaincy used to say with regard to me. But Ripplestone has few distinctive features which I can hope to picture here. The house is neither new nor very old, and utterly without architectural peculiarity. The unimaginative Blacks who preceded us, when they required more accommodation, never hesitated to send for the village builder, and order him to erect a comfortable room wherever he could best plan an entrance to it. No thought had they of Gothic or of Grecian. If the new wing looked bare, they planted ivy round it, and stuck roses here and there along the front; the ivy spread, the roses flourished, chance slips of jessamine thrust their graceful sprays between. When there was no room elsewhere for a climber, it was popped into the ground near a window, and forced its way up with wonderful pertinacity.

Though, like every line of life in this Lusy England, the walls of our house were perfectly overstocked, yet seedlings and suckers arose, year after year, to crowd them still more. True, some relentless hand, like Death's, would often weed away a number of the aspirants; some would cower and wither before the biting winds of winter, but still enough survived to complicate considerably the already tangled mass of leaves and blossoms.

Those blushing rose-capitals were prettier in my eyes than stone acanthus leaves—that pure jessamine, than the rarest ‘ball-flower’ or ‘tooth ornament’ of the early English style. And oh! the delicious perfume which filled the garden, and stole through every window, seeking us even on our pillows, and wafting to us dreams of summer.

Many alterations had my aunt proposed when she first came to us; but though she was allowed to fit up her own rooms according to her capricious fancy, my father not only demurred to any change elsewhere, but dropped a hint that no funds would be forthcoming for such, well knowing that Miss De Vaincy's

finances would not allow her to obviate the difficulty. The hint was sufficient. To improvements in the garden he opposed a decided negative. Would he had tried equal firmness as to his children; but when Lord Bacon said, ‘In fame of learning the flight will be slow without some feathers of ostentation,’ he assuredly had in view some De Vaincy of his day; and by dint of perpetually flapping their plumage before him, the family had succeeded in impressing my father with a certain respect for their intellectual acquirements. They firmly believed in their own powers, which is a great step towards compelling the belief of others.

Our house was separated from the village by a pretty stretch of pasture-ground, belted by plantations, and dotted by clumps of fine trees. It deserved the name of *park* far better than many I have seen; but my aunt alone called it by that imposing title. When we were making our memorable tour, a Mr. and Mrs. Clifford became our nearest neighbours. Although much smaller, the cottage they purchased was far more romantic than our house, and there was a private walk to it through our shrubbery. They had been long abroad on account of the lady's health, apparently in vain, for she was still generally confined to her sofa. Aunt Mad, after one visit, called them thoroughly insipid, to the regret of her satellites, who only awaited her verdict to pronounce them an acquisition to Ripplestone. Mr. Clifford was tall, rather gaunt, with a countenance grave almost to sternness; Mrs. Clifford particularly small and fragile, with a complexion of waxen fairness, except where the hectic of her cheeks relieved it by its fatal light. My aunt vowed that he was grim and ungainly, and his wife affected and sickly. ‘In the sugar-candy sense,’ she added, ‘not as regards health—for, between ourselves, such invalids often require only the exertion of a strong will to restore them to the exercise of their duties. If the intellect were properly aroused, the ailments of the body would soon be unheeded.’ It might be so; but on one or two blissful occasions I had escaped my

bonds, had haunted the precincts of the cottage, and been startled into a different opinion.

The first time was when Aunt Mad had been called away to attend her mother's death-bed, and my tutor seized the opportunity of having a succession of severe headaches, which first confined him to his own room, writing letters home, and next day induced him to follow my father's good-natured prescription of a few hours shooting with him in the woods.

I had no desire to use my freedom in a long ramble, far less in mischief; the want of restraint, from its rarity, was alarming. Half afraid of being alone, I could not help expecting to meet my aunt's visage at every turn. Uncertain and joyless, I wandered along through the plantations until I reached the rivulet which divided them from the garden of the cottage. The lawn sloped down to it, and close to the edge was a newly-erected summer-house, a mere rustic shed, but commanding a pretty view and a sunny aspect.

As I stood wondering if any one ever sat there, down the winding shrubby walk came Mr. Clifford, bearing some one in his arms. I fancied at first that it was a child, but as he drew near, the slight form proved to be that of his wife. Carefully he carried her to the summer-house, laid her gently on some pillows, and wrapped her shawls closely round her. As her head rested on his shoulder, I saw distinctly her closed eyes, her brow contracted by pain, her lips compressed firmly, to restrain any complaint. Could these be ideal sufferings?

I saw his face also—that grim, imperturbable countenance—and it was bent over her tenderly, as a mother's over her sleeping child. There was no harshness in the eyes that watched so anxiously for the unclosing of hers. I held my breath, and stood still; and when at last her forehead grew smooth, and she looked up at him, his answering smile made him positively handsome.

'And yet you never weary of me?' she faltered, in a sad, but not sorrowful tone.

I had not meant to be an eaves-

dropper, and ere he could reply, I involuntarily exclaimed aloud, 'Oh! I beg your pardon,' and was rushing away, when he called me back.

'Come here, my dear boy; you are welcome. We have long wished to know you; there is no better time than the present.'

He never again forgot me, and though our intercourse was rare, yet he won me to him by never speaking of what I could not understand; yet I often fancied I learned more by ten minutes of careless dialogue with him than by hours of plodding with my erudite masters. As for Mrs. Clifford, I soon adored her. I had seen her in her hour of trial; I could appreciate, young as I was, the effort by which she 'conquered agony,' and compelled her features to be so placid, her voice so calm. It was to me no marvel that Mr. Clifford never wearied of her, because I thought her an angel. Since then I have seen many an angel neglected and ill-used, and can better estimate his value—as she did.

By and bye, in spite of my aunt's contempt for her neighbours, she suddenly found that nothing could be easier than to traverse the shrubby walk to the cottage. She heard that the great Mr. De Lorme was on a visit there.

Of course you know the name, if you can boast the slightest acquaintance with the science or literature of the nineteenth century. To me the list of his works, which my aunt made me learn the morning after his arrival, conveyed anything but a pleasing impression of him. It was long, it was full of hard words; it got mixed up surprisingly with the names of the Roman consuls and emperors; and the result was, that I was assigned an extra Greek exercise as a punishment; whilst Ella, who repeated it perfectly, and comprehended the nature of his subjects, was lauded to the skies.

Though fast declining in my aunt's good graces, my sun had not yet set; and accordingly, when she recollected that she ought to call on Mrs. Clifford, she chose me, their pet, as her companion; perhaps not unwilling thus to secure a favourable reception. We found Mr.

De Lorme seated, newspaper in hand; and although Aunt Mad declared he held it as a shield from Mrs. Clifford's inane conversation, I felt convinced he was deep in the mysteries of the Court Circular.

'And now, child, let me hear your youthful impression of this great man,' said Miss De Vaincy, as we walked home.

'If you please, aunt, I think him a very nice gentleman,' faltered I.

'Pshaw!' she rejoined impatiently. 'When will you throw aside the jargon of the nursery? He is a sublime man—the realization of a thousand idealisms of intellectual supremacy. Did you not observe his forehead?'

'Yes, aunt.'

'And what did you discover?'

'He—he—is growing rather bald, aunt.'

'Oh! the look of contempt!'

'Still gazing with the eyes of the body, not the mind. Could you not remark the magnificent development of his noble brow?—the glory of his glance? Oh, child! in more spiritual days, mortals worshipped such men, and made of them kings and gods! What did he say to you?'

'He asked me if I liked riding, and whether papa let me have a gun.'

My aunt's countenance fell, and she made no further inquiries. When I saw Ella, I told her of my visit and my aunt's speeches, not omitting the fact, that in former spiritual days, mankind would have adored Richard De Lorme.

'Is it, then, more spiritual to worship men than God?' asked Ella, with a sarcastic curve of her lip. She was already beyond Aunt Mad's system of reasoning.

The Cliffords did not admire Miss De Vaincy, but in spite of that, she carried her point of becoming intimate with them. Mrs. Clifford was always at home, and it was easy, as a pretext for calling, to take her green-house flowers or books. My aunt was too vain ever to construe rightly tones or looks of coldness. My father was really popular at the Cottage, and thus the acquaintance ripened into constant intercourse.

Mr. De Lorme stayed long with his friends, and never was man more flattered and caressed than he was. His picture adorned our walls, his

works our library, his autograph our albums, his name our discourse, and his image the heart of the elegant spinster. Here was at length the hero of her life,—the one mortal to whom her intellect could stoop without degradation. Alas! that what is so clear to one party in such cases is often unseen by the other! Miss De Vaincy acknowledged the hand of Fate in the matter, but Mr. De Lorme remained utterly, obstinately blind to his chance of felicity.

One morning, I had been allowed to take a difficult lesson into the garden, that I might learn it as I walked up and down. I may here observe, that this plan was considered a beneficial style of exercise for a growing boy! As I gravely paced behind a screen of shrubs, I heard the firm, measured tread of my aunt descending some steps into the rosery. I peeped out and saw her, with her majestic parasol, approaching my father, who was giving orders to the gardener.

'May I request your attention for a short period, Mr. Black?' she began.

My unhappy parent seeing no means of escape, neckly turned to follow her.

'Upon my word,' she observed, ere she moved on, 'I cannot laud your skill in botany. Your arrangement of plants is, to use the mildest term, singularly commonplace, and the plants themselves execrable!'

Now, as I paced up and down on one side of the screen of shrubs, my aunt and father did the same on the other, and thus I became a not unwilling auditor of their dialogue. Only a short time before, in the case of the Cliffords, I had been fully alive to the impropriety of such eaves-dropping; but I was growing desperate, worn out by reproofs and tyranny, and anxious to amuse myself even by doing wrong. I listened.

'I wish to speak to you,' said Aunt Mad, 'on a subject of vital importance to me—the welfare of my nephew.'

She invariably referred to me as if I were *her* property, and my father without any claim upon me.

'His education is not progressing; he is lamentably neglected.'

'Neglected!—overworked, you

mean. Does he not learn Greek, Latin, French, Italian, German, mathematics, history, botany, geography, astronomy—

'Hush, hush, Mr. Black!—don't talk of what you do not understand. All these he ought to be learning, but both Nature and Fate combine to baffle me. Nature has been less bounteous than I fondly anticipated; and Fate—ah! Fate has been, from his birth, peculiarly unkind to him.'

'Spare me, Maddalena,' interposed my father's agitated voice,— 'don't open again a sorrow too slightly—his dear mother's removal—'

'If you would have attended to me,' replied my aunt, rather bitterly, 'you would have heard that I meant nothing of the sort. My beloved sister was, of course, a sweet creature, but less qualified for the guidance of youth than I may justly assert myself.'

My father sighed deeply. He thought, no doubt, of his gentle, beautiful wife, and forgot the superior sister at his side.

'No!' she continued; 'I speak not of his being *mutterlos*—motherless, I mean; but of his being so afflicted by the name you bestowed upon him. As if Black were not already calamity enough, you have called him *John*.—nay, only yesterday I heard you term him *Jack*! Consider, sir—consider euphony! Jack Black! it sounds like a chimney-sweeper, or *le vieux gentilhomme*. Nor had you the excuse of bad examples in our family. It was, indeed, expected that you would have shown your sense of our ancestor's merit, by calling him after the revered bishop; or, look at my brother's sons—Almeric, Julius, Theophilus—'

'For heaven's sake, Maddalena, do not run on with their heathenish names! A pretty muster-roll for an English gentleman, and a pretty set they are, after all! I would not give my Jack for the whole lot, if his cheeks had more colour; and you would but let me have him in the covers for a few days, or let him learn cricket, or anything sensible.'

'Truly, you have a clear idea of desirable acquirements,' she rejoined. 'Under your care, he would grow up a muscular, heavy, florid

yeoman, with a slight knowledge of arithmetic and land-surveying, field-sports and horses; content to sleep all evening in his arm-chair, with a doll of a country wife knitting opposite to him; and, doubtless, you wish nothing better?'

'Nothing, I confess,' he answered, calmly. 'To see him a dutiful son, a respectable man, and a sincere Christian is the fondest hope I can have in this world.'

At this moment, my aunt's attention was diverted by the approach of Mr. Clifford and Mr. De Lorme.

'Welcome, thrice welcome!' she exclaimed, overflowing with delight. 'Now I shall have advisers upon whom I may with safety rely. Mr. De Lorme, counsel me; tell me where I may look for a tutor for my dear charge!'

'Are you, then, dissatisfied with Mr. Stukely?'

'Quite so!—the most indolent of mortals; even worse than that obtuse Mr. Smith, who, though painstaking, was utterly without genius.'

'I am glad to hear it; genius deserves a better task than drilling boys into their *Delectus*,' was Mr. De Lorme's cool reply.

'Do you not see, Miss De Vaincy,' interposed Mr. Clifford, 'that a man learned in all you wish your nephew to acquire,—excellent in principle, elegant in manner, painstaking, and gifted also with genius, would be more appropriately placed in the senate, or on the pinnacle of fame, than as John's tutor?'

'I find little cause for repining; your nephew is a nice, gentle boy,' mildly added Mr. De Lorme.

Miss De Vaincy bridled up with pleasure.

'But I wish him to be more—I wish him to be beyond the common race of young men; and if his education were—'

'Pardon me, Miss De Vaincy; education can only aid, not create. No tutor can bestow genius: no want of a tutor utterly control the manifestation of genius. Your nephew is a nice boy—a very nice boy; but he is not a genius. If I may advise you, by all means send him to school.'

'To school!' shrieked my aunt, wheeling suddenly round and confronting him with an aspect of mor-

tified surprise, which nearly made me laugh. I had given up all idea of learning my lesson; and with my eye at a convenient peep-hole, was intently viewing the scene.

'Certainly!' echoed Mr. Clifford.

'Decidedly!' said my father, firmly, emboldened by such unexpected assistance.

'Impossible!' ejaculated my aunt, proudly.

'My dear madam,' pleaded Mr. De Lorme, taking her hand rather tenderly, 'I sympathize with you. It is, indeed, difficult to tear oneself from those we love.' (Miss De Vaincy blushed and looked down. He had been talking for a fortnight of departing, yet lingered on.) 'But reflection will strengthen you. I rely on the well-known powers of your mind—the resolution you can on all occasions exert to overcome your scruples.'

'Never!' she said, drawing away her hand, with melancholy, martyr-like firmness.

I went to school after the Christmas vacation.

Mr. De Lorme pitied the victim of her ambition. The ice once broken, he perpetually renewed the subject with the eloquence he had really at command; and perhaps my aunt may have fancied this step a mere preparation for his entreating a further change in her mode of life. With these false hopes, she yielded a reluctant consent; received from him, on the eve of his departure, warm thanks, but *nothing more*. Still he might return, and her promise must be kept.

It was—and I was saved!

CHAPTER IV.

I MUST be allowed to pass over, as very uninteresting to all but myself, my school days, and my subsequent life at Eton. Indeed, I do not intend this to be an exact journal of my proceedings, nor yet a full account of all my acquaintance. At school I shirked tasks, wasted my money on tarts and other garbage, and, in due course, even went triumphantly through various fights, much as other boys do; but I need not note that here. Nor, in my after career, shall I be particular in saying how often I dined with

Tom or Dick, or misused valuable time, as other youths and men do. I left undone much I should have done. I did much, of which I have repented since, not peculiarly instructive to the world at large. To return to my school days, I shall only observe, that I grew happy by degrees. The companionship of boys of my own age was at first alarming. They laughed at me—they bullied me; I was to them a perfect marvel of ignorance and pedantry; my very docility and innocence were wonders to them. They nicknamed me profusely—they led me a life of torture only inferior to that of my aunt's tenderness, until I was roused to the defensive. By-and-bye my martyrdom subsided, and I grew strong and cheerful, although I brought home no honours; nay, to my aunt's disgust, not even marks of censure. I believe she would have preferred wickedness to insignificance.

'Why should I toil?' I asked myself. 'All the praise of my success would go to Aunt Mad, and serve only to feed her ridiculous vanity. From Eton I was in due time transferred to Oxford, where my progress was neither more nor less respectable than that of other commonplace men. My father was contented—my aunt, sullenly indignant—my sister, coldly scornful. For whilst I remained unknown to fame, she had gradually won a reputation for talent and precocity.'

In her my aunt found all which I lacked, and the rich soil was certainly not left untillied. Ella's studies were incessant. She rarely found leisure to write to me; when she did, the beauty of her periods could not reconcile me to the slighting tone of her expressions, the evident disposition to despise me as a mere boy.

But I soon cared less for this. A change came over me. I grew, not a genius myself, but an intense admirer of talent in another. I found a friend—such, a friend as falls to the lot of few. I first met Gerald Clair at the rooms of a mutual acquaintance. He was out of spirits and said little; but one word of his expressed more than other men's discourses. Not only did his lips speak, but his eyes—

every feature of his handsome face added emphasis to his speech.

Lookinground upon the assembled group—the vacant laugh of one, the receding forehead of a second, the coarse mouth of a third,—and then turning to him, he showed, as Hyperion to so many satyrs. Tired of our empty loquacity, he soon went away. I did not see him again for weeks. From a chance inquiry made before me one day, I learned that he was ill. Intense application had brought on fever, and he was laid up just at the moment which was to decide a struggle for high honours, especially coveted by him. He was not only ill, but alone. Of all his college friends, not one cared to devote himself to his amusement in sickness, and nearer ties he had none.

The last representative of an old but impoverished family, there was no one to be interested in him except a negligent guardian, who grudged the scanty attentions required for the direction of a very small patrimony. Now, I was of a decidedly shy nature, and the slighting opinion entertained of my abilities wherever I went, served to increase this painful peculiarity. Nevertheless, it was impossible to control the desire to be of use to Clair.

‘Of course I’m a bore. I know I am. Still, if I were to call, I could hold my tongue as much as he pleased—only, the most commonplace man in the world may be sometimes welcome. Suppose I just—’

Exciting myself by such soliloquies, I sallied forth and intruded myself upon him.

He was stretched on a sofa, wan and exhausted; but those wonderful eyes blazed up when I walked in. He was actually glad to see me: more than glad—grateful to me.

‘Why do you read so hard?’ I asked, involuntarily, as I scanned his altered countenance.

‘Read!’ he echoed, with a groan. ‘Would it were in my power! But for the present I am laid upon the shelf, idly brooding over wasted labours—and the prize lost when it was just within my grasp. But this repining is useless—unmanly! What of the boat-race, old fellow?’

‘Do you care for such follies?’ I asked, colouring up; for I remembered how much it had lately engrossed me.

‘I care for every trifle now,’ he replied, smiling. ‘I have been so long exiled from the living world, that its follies have grown rarities, and, consequently, welcome to me—just as happens when one goes home in vacation. I have no home; but you have. Has it not suddenly become interesting to you to know whether the bay mare broke her knees down Punch Bowl Hill or in Crack Crown Hollow? Whether—oh, the most absurd thing must be delightful connected with home!’

The tips of my ears tingled, for had not a letter from Aunt Maddalena reposed in my waistcoat pocket for forty-eight hours, with only the first sentence read—‘We are in the enjoyment of health, best of blessings.’

I now exerted myself to amuse the invalid, and was amazed at my eloquence under the inspiration of his pleased smile. He begged me to return as often as I could.

‘I’m too proud to say this to any of our set,’ he added. ‘Their gay good humour shrinks from a sick room. We had never much in common. We have now less than ever. But you—I think I can read your character in your countenance.’

‘It never was deep!’ I exclaimed.

‘Never mind, it is warm and true—that is all I ask. You have shown yourself kind. I like you. Nay, I am vain enough to know you like me. So, without further apology, I say, come again, in charity to me, and save me from thinking ill of all mankind!’

Could it be that he, the clever, the learned Gerald Clair liked me? That, commonplace as I was, he took pleasure in my society? Yes; from that hour we were inseparable. ‘Clair and his shadow’ became a proverb; but I cared not. With equal indifference I heard the men who passed us say, ‘There go Clair and his satellite,’ as we bounded up Headington Hill, or wended our way to Bagley Wood. No one ever called us ‘Damon and Pythias;’ still less, ‘par nobile fratrum.’ All knew there was nothing noble about me, and perhaps some guessed that

Clair, like the Turk, would 'bear no brother near the throne.'

His was the master-mind, and I followed him, the happiest of slaves. If faults he had, I saw them not; nor did I dream that this friendship could be injurious to me, by confirming me more and more in my sense of inferiority.

I have just found a letter of Aunt Mad's, referring to this new intimacy:

'I have been favoured with a perusal of your last epistle to your father. I might, perhaps, here fitly remark, that you appear less negligent in your correspondence with him than with others, probably possessing equal claims upon your gratitude and respect. But we of the weaker sex are possibly less able to enter into what occupies the superior intellect of the pseudo nobler gender, now nurtured at the learned fount of Oxford University. I confess much of your letter soared above my humble comprehension. The elaborate details of the aquatic evolutions strained my inferior intellect. Alas! have all my high hopes—all my ambitious yearnings—all the watching and labour of years, no better fruition than this? Pardon this last cry of a disappointed heart. I ought not, I believe, to reproach you with what is the unkindness of nature. I cannot suppose you would be so lost to good feeling, to proper pride, as not to wish to be distinguished, especially as I find now that you can appreciate talent in others. You say you have a friend, and you extol him; you dwell upon his attainments and perfections. If I am to rely upon you as a judge of this, he is all I once flattered myself you would prove after what was done for you from infancy. The thought is somewhat bitter. You now follow, where I wished you to lead. Still, this is a degree better than actual supineness. I do not, therefore, forbid this intimacy. Indeed, if the young man continues an irreproachable person and a desirable associate, I should not object to your inviting him to Ripplestone. If he is really superior, it would be a privilege to enjoy occasionally the conversation of one so gifted as my beloved Ella. In her

you have a model of high aspiration and lofty attainments, &c. The only thing I have to dread with her is, that from the impossibility of finding any mind fit to cope with her own, she may be induced to form misanthropical habits. I desire for her, therefore, a friend; and despairing as I do of one equal to her, I direct my wishes to the discovery of a being of a pure, gentle, lovable nature—too endearing to be despised. Such a being I have found in Colonel Thornton's daughter, now just returned from school. Your friends the Cliffords are more hum-drum than ever.'

What a blessing to receive such tender letters from a relation!

My aunt's gracious permission to me to invite 'the young man' to Ripplestone proved useless during the first long vacation. Clair was bent upon a pedestrian tour in Wales, and no persuasion of mine could induce him to give it up. I had confided to him my afflictions, and perhaps he did not care to face my learned sister and aunt. I went home alone, and my feelings of affection were gratified, of course, by finding that Ella had started two days before for Paris, with uncle Julian and his family. I shall only remark here, that uncle Julian was scarcely less disagreeable to me than his erudite sister, and I greatly rejoiced in the knowledge that the smallness of his fortune obliged him to live constantly abroad. It was most wonderful that Miss De Vaincy allowed Ella to leave home without her. Nothing but her desire to let her visit foreign countries would have induced her to consent,—nothing but her conviction that my father and I would be too happy without her would have prevented her endeavouring to accompany her.

My first act the morning after my return was to visit the Cliffords. In them I could perceive no change; perhaps Mrs. Clifford suffered less pain than formerly, but she was still unequal to exertion. I gave them a full and particular account of all my proceedings, including my friendship for Clair.

'I cannot tell you how delighted I am to see you so improved, my dear John,' said Mr. Clifford.

I shook my head.

'Yes, you are improved,' coincided his wife. 'You look *happy*; you have shaken off that depressed manner which touched us so much when we came here. You look almost energetic enough to contradict Miss De Vaincy.'

I laughed.

'Am I not a well-treated brother?' I inquired. 'I can scarcely express how much disappointed I am at Ella's absence.'

Mrs. Clifford's face grew grave.

'Your sister, John, is a very extraordinary person. Fame does her scarcely justice, highly as it extols her. But I question if fame makes her happy. Do not cherish any anger against her. She needs your affection; and rely upon it, the time will come when she will cling to it as her best blessing. Miss De Vaincy is anxious to encourage a friendship between her and Kate Thornton, but as yet I suspect Kate is a greater pet with your aunt and with us than with Ella. Kate is a very pretty, sweet girl.'

'What!' said I, with the sneer of superior manhood on my lip, 'that little insignificant, whimpering girl, with her frock perpetually slipping off her shoulders, who used to cry and run away from poor old Don always! Pardon me, I can't believe that she has grown into a beauty.'

'Incredulity,' cried Mr. Clifford, with a smile. 'To be sure, we are homely people, and perhaps ill-fitted to criticise. But I am glad you are so great an infidel in the matter. Do you know I was afraid of your heart?'

A more ridiculous idea could not be;—almost insulting to me! I half laughed, half drew myself up with injured dignity. 'When am I to undergo so dangerous an ordeal?' I asked, sarcastically.

'Oh, rejoice in present safety. She, too, is travelling—where, I know not—with some friends, and will not be home for ten days.'

Those ten days passed pleasantly, on the whole. My father and I walked and rode about perpetually; and out of Aunt Mad's reach, we were as happy as possible. Nay, he confided to me his secret joy, that her hopes were baffled, and I was as commonplace as himself.

'How hateful it would have been,'

he cried, as we drew rein after a smart gallop, 'to have been obliged to study all my sentences when I spoke to my own son,—to have my brain always on the stretch to understand what he said,—to have been, perhaps, despised by him. You will never despise me, I hope, my boy?'

'God forbid! Sir,' I exclaimed.

'I wish I were as sure of others, Jack,' he said, sinking his voice, and pushing his horse close alongside of mine. 'I am not very exacting, I do think, but I *should* like to see Ella show more affection for me. Once, I remember, when she used to come crouching down by my side, only too happy if I put out my hand to stroke her curls; now she passes me without a word, or at the best, offers me her cheek with a sort of cold endurance. Her learning has taught her to scorn me; but mind, Jack, I would not give a hint of this to any one but you, and don't let it influence you against her. Poor child, she is not to blame; your aunt has thought so much of her head, she has forgotten her heart. I can't help being sorry. I am sure it cannot lead to happiness.'

I listened with intense disappointment to these words. In spite of Ella's coldness to me, I loved her dearly; and every fresh intimation I received of her alienation from her kind wounded me deeply. On the other hand, it was impossible to inspect without admiration and pride the various proofs of her talent which my aunt delighted in displaying—her paintings, her translations, her writings.

No ordinary mind had dictated them. I could only regret that they were too often exhibited to strangers. They contained the rough ore of future excellence, from which much that was precious might have been extracted, had the worker been permitted to refine it unmolested. But it seemed to me as if my aunt spent her days in pouncing upon every scrap which fell from Ella's prolific pen, ere she had leisure fully to embody, far less revise, her ideas.

When I expostulated, my aunt stared with astonishment, and begged me not to dictate upon a subject of which I was no competent judge. I wearied more and more of her

praises of Kate Thornton, and resolved to detest her thoroughly.

It was at this time that I revenged myself for having been kept closely at home in my childhood, by a sudden passion for fishing. I certainly was not skilful at first, and had less pleasure in catching fish than in the wild country scenes through which my angling led me; the dreamy calm I enjoyed as I followed the windings of a beautiful stream, and the sense of freedom I experienced, when, after begging my aunt not to wait dinner for me, I set out on a soft, hazy morning, for a day of solitary roaming. One evening I came back to Ripplestone at dusk, very hungry and somewhat footsore. Afraid that my protracted absence had caused some anxiety, I walked straight into the drawing-room, as soon as I had divested myself of a pair of vast, dripping fishing-boots, and stuck my feet into my father's slippers. Those vile boots had not prevented my getting wet, for I had waded beyond their depth more than once.

I marched straight up to the fireplace, delighted to see a fire blazing therein. What was my horror when my aunt's voice from one side addressed some person sitting snugly in the recess on the other.

'I regret, my dear Kate, that you must be introduced to my nephew when he is habited so unfitly for a lady's presence.'

A low, silvery laugh, and the tip of a very small foot peeping from under the folds of a silk dress;—nothing more could I perceive. But alas! I was painfully conscious that all the light in the room—viz., the lurid beams of the fire, were shed full upon me—upon a figure ill set off by a shooting-jacket of my father's, a 'world too wide' for my slender frame,—upon long, tangled hair, glistening with rain-drops, and a face crimsoned by heat and shame. I wished the earth would open and swallow me up. I felt convinced that a pair of keen eyes were watching me from that recess, and I inwardly cursed my aunt's love of twilight and meditation. I would have rushed out precipitately but for her taunting speech, which made

me defy her, and stand still to bear the torture, if possible, in a manly manner.

'I apologise,' I said, in rather husky tones, 'to Miss Thornton for appearing before her in this dress, but I was not aware any one was in this room except yourself, aunt.'

'I hope you have had good sport,' observed a voice so unlike what I expected from Miss De Vaincy's friend, that I almost forgot my attire in surprise and pleasure.

But I heard little more. Colonel Thornton had been closeted with my father, and now came into the passage to summon his daughter. They had merely walked over to see my aunt for a few minutes. Miss Thornton hurried into the hall, and I should have been doomed to protracted curiosity, but for the sudden entrance of a servant with a candle, just as, in crossing the threshold, she turned her face round to nod her adieu to my aunt. Then I saw, for an instant, a countenance which—there *are* some things one never can forget.

Time changes us, anger and sorrow intervene, but our memory clings faithfully still to that fair temple left deserted upon the receding shores of youth.

There our first vows were offered up, our first incense ascended from its altar. The withered garlands of our hopes hang dim upon its walls. Our knees will never bend again before that shrine; but in dreams we rebuild the ruined fane, in dreams we bow again within its sacred precincts, believing, reverent neophytes once more.

Though Ella was still abroad, I returned to Oxford—oh, how reluctantly! Never had Ripplestone been so delightful. I thought of it no longer as my aunt's realm, but as the spot often visited by Kate Thornton.

And did Kate bear with one so commonplace as myself? Yes, kindly and gently. She laughed, talked, and sang to me; above all, she listened and sympathised when I dilated upon the genius and virtue of my friend Clair. She said, I felt for him as she did for my sister Ella.

A QUEEN'S VISIT.

FROM vale to vale, from shore to shore,
 The Lady Gloriana passed
 To view her realms. The south-wind bore
 Her shallop to Belleisle at last:

A quiet mead, where willows bend
 Above the curving wave, which rolls
 On slowly crumbling banks, to send
 Its hard-won spoils to lazy shoals:

Beneath an oak weird eddies play,
 Where fate was writ for Saxon seer;
 And yonder park is white with May
 Where shadowy hunters chased the deer.

In rows, half up the chestnut, perch
 Stiff silvery fairies: busy rooks
 Caw from the elm; and rung to church
 Mute anglers drop their caddis'd hooks:

They troop between the dark-red walls,
 Whilst the twin towers give fourfold chimes;
 And lo! the breaking groups, where falls
 The chequer'd shade of quivering limes;

They came from field and wharf and street,
 With dewy hair and veined throat—
 (One floor to tread with reverent feet—
 One hour of rest for ball and boat.)

Like swallows gathering for their flight
 When autumn whispers, 'play no more!'—
 They check'd the laugh, with fancies bright
 Still hovering round the sacred door.

Here, childhood swelling into seed,
 There, manhood bursting from the bud—
 Two growths—unlike—yet all agreed
 To trust the movements of the blood;

They toil at games, and play with books;
 They love the winner of the race,
 If only, he that prospers, looks
 At prizes with a simple grace;

The many leave the few to choose;
 They hate not him that turns aside
 To woo alone a milder muse,
 If shielded by a tranquil pride:

When thought is claim'd, when pain is borne,
 Whate'er is done in this sweet isle,
 There's none that may not lift his horn,
 If only lifted with a smile.

So here dwells Freedom. Nor could She,
 Who rules in every clime on earth,
 Find any spring more fit to be
 The fountain of her fætal mirth.

Elsewhere she sought for lore and art,
 But hither came for vernal joy;
 Nor was this all. She smote the heart,
 And woke the hero in the boy.

Eton College, June 6, 1851.

A SCRAMBLE AMONG THE PYRENEES IN THE AUTUMN OF 1850.

By COLONEL CORNELIUS O'DONOGHUE, F.N.S.

Vic de Sos—The Vendemoir—Iron Mines of Raincié—Port de Vénasque—
Maladetta—Port de Picade—Spanish Custom House Officers.

I PARTED company with my readers after my scramble through the caverns in the neighbourhood of Ussat les Bains, on the road between Foix and Ax, in the department of the Arriège. My next expedition was to the iron mines of Raincié, or, as they are more frequently, but less accurately called, Vic de Sos. None of the table-d'hôte party had ventured so far. As they were doing duty as invalids at the baths, they did not conceive quitting the high road running past the door of the Etablissement between Ussat and Tarrascon to be according to medical art, or agreeable to nature, and knew nothing of the mines. I therefore had recourse to my host, M. Pélissier, who promised me a conveyance that should be charming, and a horse with which I should be entirely content. As the expedition would occupy a whole day, I was to be ready betimes in the morning, and start immediately after an early breakfast.

Accordingly I was true to tryst, and emerging from the hotel, I looked about for the charming conveyance, and the satisfactory horse. I saw nothing that could pass for either, but I encountered my host, Monsieur Pélissier, who was so smartened up, I at first failed to recognise him. His shirt was quite white—not always the case with Frenchmen;—the small portion of his chin intended to be unbearded was cleanly shaved; he wore polished boots; his paletot was new and well brushed, and on his black head was rakishly set an undeniably proper beaver of that shape Spanish braves wear on the stage; all of which he well became, as he was rather a good-looking man, of some five-and-forty years of age, with a high forehead, intelligent eyes, thin expressive features, and a tolerable figure.

He inquired if I were ready, as he had prepared himself to accompany Monsieur.

'Ho! bring Mouton from the stable; put him into the shafts

without losing a moment. There's a pretty little horse!'

The pretty little horse was a cat-hamned, lean, black nag, hardly above fourteen hands high, with a switch tail, long teeth telling of time, an ugly protuberance on his off knee, and an eye that betokened mischief. The harness was none of the best, though still serviceable—but the gig, whose shafts were to be occupied by Mouton, was quite respectable. Having bid adieu to every one belonging to the Etablissement within hearing, mine host took his place beside me, and the pretty little horse was gently induced to walk from the door and over the bridge. Soon afterwards he was persuaded into a very slow trot, as far as a rising ground, where his walk was resumed. We pursued the road along the left bank of the Arriège, under very precipitous cliffs, about the base of which the morning mists were still hanging, though the mountain tops were illuminated by the horizontal beams of the early sun, until we came to within a short distance of the town of Tarrascon, when, turning short to the left, we entered the gorge of the valley leading to our destination.

The road, which ran along the right bank of the river, was excellent. It had only been brought to its present state a few years before; its good condition being due to the increasing traffic in the iron ore from the mines of the Raincié. It was well macadamized with limestone, drained with care, and when carried close to the precipitous banks of the river, protected by substantial retaining walls of rubble masonry. Generally along the lower parts of the valley, the scenery continued of a gentle character. Irrigated meadows, either closely shorn, of the richest green, and velvety, like an English lawn, or still bearing a heavy swath of high luxuriant grass; fields of buck-wheat in full bloom, alternated by plantations of alder; farm-houses shaded by walnut-trees,

and surrounded with orchards and gardens heavy with apples, pears, and peaches, ripe and ruddy; small forges, or smelting houses, of the simplest description,—very different, indeed, from those of England, with their hot blasts, and tall chimneys,—combined to give the low ground a cheerful, smiling appearance, indicative of comfort, security, and happiness. A wilder aspect, however, was assumed by the hills. Occasionally they met so close, as to leave only just space enough between them for the river and the road; and bare limestone rocks showing their naked slabs close above our heads, threatened to glide from their beds and sweep away the very road on which we travelled. Many of the cliffs were dotted over, or crowned by beech and ash trees, which, fixing their roots wherever the interstices of the rock permitted entrance, were seen shooting up along the face of the cliff, with green and graceful boughs, and straight white stems in the most elegant and beautiful forms. Sometimes the ravine gradually opened out; at others, it ended abruptly in a wider space, where one or more gulleys joined the principal artery, shaping the valley into an oval form, bounded by slopes of a gentler configuration. But what to a stranger's eye the most wonderful portion of the scenery, were villages, hamlets, and church spires, high up among the mountains, where they would be least sought for, far away above the rough, and often savagely grand precipices overhanging the road and the streams; while beyond these unexpectedly seen haunts of men, I could make out, with the help of my telescope, fields and cattle grazing actually above the clouds, like children's toys on a painted hill, realizing the story of Jack and the Bean-stalk.

Though the beauty of the valley is much enhanced by the numerous comfortable-looking houses of the different proprietors and overseers of the various forges, it also owes much to the picturesque remains of several feudal castles perched on bold summits of the minor ranges, or planted in the gorges of the lateral ravines. Indeed, the whole department of the *Arriège* is more

thickly studded with these incontrovertible evidences of feudal power than any other district of France that I have seen. About five miles from *Tarrascon*, we passed beneath the crumbling walls of one, which, dominant over the main valley at a point where a minor valley stretched up among the hills at the east of the road, formed a surpassingly grand object. The rock upon which it stood, came sheer down from the building to the base some hundred feet, in almost a plumb line, but, on the reverse side, the ascent was gradual enough to be accessible for horses and carriages. There the remains of the fortified outworks were extensive, and in tolerably good preservation. On the precipice side, nature made the place impregnable, and the engineer's aid had not been required. It was the chateau of *Vendemoix*.

My driver gave me a somewhat curious account of the castle's downfall, and that of the proud and ancient race, to whom for many centuries it had belonged. A literal translation of the exact words used by him, I cannot give, and this I rather regret, as they were well chosen, graphic, and delivered with considerable animation, while Mouton jogged leisurely up a rising ground out of the pretty hamlet of *Niaux*.

The seigneurs of that chateau, which now looks so forlorn and solitary, like a giant standing in a shroud, reigned, I may say, over this part of the country. None who wished to prosper disputed their will: those who offended them were sure to regret having done so before the year was out. Not that they exactly deserved the reputation of being tyrannical masters, or of perpetrating what was positively unjust, but that they were one and all proud, scornful, unbending, and unforgiving. They seldom did anyone such a positive injury as could be taken hold of by the laws of the land; yet somehow, those whom they disliked came to ruin; and this happened so often, and through so many generations, that the peasants firmly believed the house of *Vendemoix* was leagued with invisible powers for wicked purposes. They said it was in vain to contend with a *Vendemoix*. The only thing to be done by any one whom they had rea-

son to dislike, was at once to flee the country; and for a peasant of these valleys to leave his home was in former times deemed to be only one degree less fearful than to live in daily apprehension of ruin, imprisonment, disease, or death. This very terror rendered the family all powerful, and such power as they had, they never did anything to diminish. They were clever; they were rich; their possessions were great; they were handsome; they were strong. Among them, an idiot or a fool had never been known. They were venturesome and hardy, brave and fearless. Sickiness was scarcely ever known in the chateau; nevertheless, they were short-lived. Some were early killed in the wars; many fell in duels; more than one came to a sudden end, while following the izards of the upper mountains; fearful accidents of one kind or other carried them off. The females of the race were not more fortunate. They, too, were eminently handsome, but their beauty had no sweetness. They were proud as their fathers and their brothers. They were majestic as the eagle in the sky, and their glance was as bright as his. They were stately as queens, but the domestics of the castle, and the peasants, who used to watch them when they walked forth, said they never smiled. They were without fear, and, one would think, without love. At any rate, none loved them—but they never suffered an order to be disobeyed, or a wish of theirs to be ungratified. They had strong wills, and they seemed at all times to combine in their determination. They never were known to quarrel with one another, though miserable was the wretch who provoked their displeasure. When they chose to go abroad, neither storm nor torrent stopped them. They would ascend the mountain in spite of the avalanche; they would push their horses through this river rather than go a league round for a bridge, though the early spring floods came boiling over the rocks in their strength and fury. A story was well remembered when I was a boy, of one of the daughters perishing with her brother, while endeavouring to cross a high glacier of Saint Barthélemy,

and of another, who was swept away and drowned in the Arriège. These accidents happened many, many years ago, and assuredly confirmed the belief in those days, that the Vendemoix were only successful while the Tempter wanted their services, but that he took them to himself the moment his work was done.

When the first Revolution broke out, the Vendemoix neither proclaimed themselves royalists, nor did they side with the republicans; and it was remarked that their exactions were less openly claimed; but, such was the fear they inspired, what they demanded was never refused. The Revolution, however, swept but lightly over these valleys, in comparison with other parts of France. Our communications with Paris and the interior were by no means frequent. For months together we knew not what was passing, and Napoleon might have been crowned emperor before our peasants were aware that Louis XVI. was guillotined.

This family retained their vast possessions under the different political changes, when so many others lost theirs, for, let who would be master of France, worldly prosperity seemed never to fail them, and in the beginning of the century they were as flourishing as ever. At that time, as you know, Monsieur, we were plunged in wars, and about to conquer all Europe,—yes, and would have done so, but for the navy of England and the treachery we met with. Well, who more calculated to gain honour in the bloodiest fights than the young, proud, and daring sons of the house of Vendemoix? They all joined the armies of the Empire as soon as, one after another, they became old enough to serve; and their rise was prodigious. But, one after another, just as each had gained a rank and a reputation, marking him out as likely to fulfil a high destiny, they seemed to fall in the midst of their several careers. Austerlitz saw the death of the eldest son, under the eye of Napoleon himself. Two others perished in the snows of Russia. Where the two next fell, I do not now remember; all but one, however, the youngest, were killed in battle, or died on the field.

'In the meantime, the father had passed his life at the chateau, seeing few persons, avoiding his neighbours, and making himself as little sociable as possible. Whether the untimely end of his sons affected him or not, none could exactly say, though it was reported he shed not one single tear when he heard they died. People looked at him as something contrary to nature. Not long before the close of the war, he died also. Then the peasants, finding no eagle-eyed and strong-handed Vendemoix to control them, began to retaliate. At first they were afraid almost to enter the precincts, lest the ghosts of the departed should rise up and repel them. But this dread soon wore off. They stole the wood which they had formerly been in the habit of bringing to the chateau; they pillaged the orchards; they broke the fences; they killed the game; and at last talked among themselves of actually becoming the possessors of the fields and houses which belonged to the Vendemoix. They imagined, because no one came to claim the chateau, no one was left to claim it, and took for granted that the sixth son would be shot, if he were not shot already. The war ceased. The emperor was driven to Elba, and yet the Vendemoix did not come to the Vic de Sos. Napoleon regained the throne; still nobody heard of the heir. The battle of Waterloo was fought; France was again under the Bourbons. No one could tell whether the Vendemoix was alive, but it was impossible to prove that he was dead; and the peasants, growing bolder, had a merry time of it in his woods. At length, a whisper spread that he had not shared the fate of his brethren; and so it was. He had been severely wounded, taken prisoner, and when the peace permitted his return, he was too ill to take advantage of it. But at length, back he came, and proved himself a real Vendemoix,—proud, vindictive, and unforgiving, beyond even what his fathers had been; his fierce spirit probably rendered worse by the irritation he experienced from the wounds he had received. Even the very curé was afraid to come into his presence, for, though he seldom spoke, it was said his eye would

glare like a spark of charbon in the furnace whenever any one thwarted his wishes; and when the recent liberties taken by the peasants were alluded to, he became livid with rage. Yet it was not so much the substantial damage done to his property that kindled his anger, as the apparent presumption in such *canaille* venturing to intrude where, in the days of his childhood, they would have trembled to appear.

'But having once tasted the pleasure of warming themselves by the fires fed from his forests, the marauders were not easily checked; besides, the peasants had begun to think they had a legal right to certain loppings and cuttings, which idea they were unwilling to banish from their minds. Hence a petty warfare was always carried on. The peasants were repeatedly caught in the act of taking the wood, and imprisoned as thieves; but during the period of their imprisonment, their families made war on timber, and fine trees were often destroyed, evidently for the sole purpose of vexing the seigneur. Thus matters went on for years; the Vendemoix growing more morose and savage, the peasantry more exasperated and irrepressible; till at last the latter were goaded into a state of desperate hatred against the former, which threatened to end in their murdering him if an opportunity offered.

'While things were in this critical state, the revolution of 1830 broke out. The Vendemoix was supposed to be an adherent of the old dynasty, therefore his enemies placed themselves on the side of the new;—not that they cared whether Charles X. remained on the throne of France, or whether his cousin, Louis Philippe, juggled him out of it,—they only wanted some pretext to be avenged upon their oppressor. The three glorious days of July fixed the fate of the ancient house of Vendemoix. The peasants met from all the high valleys, armed, determined, unforgiving. They were urged on by their wives more than by their own feelings. Some smugglers, whose trade had been materially crippled by M. de Vendemoix, were supposed to have been mainly instrumental in organizing and leading the band. Down they rushed from the moun-

tain villages, and broke into the chateau by the southern entrance yonder, hoping to find the seigneur. If they had, they would have torn him limb from limb, and thrown his dissevered members over the battlements. But he was too old a soldier not to be prepared for a retreat when he could no longer fight: and he managed to escape. They vented their fury on all things they found in the castle, smashing the mirrors, tearing the splendid hangings into shreds, breaking to pieces every article of furniture, pillaging all that could be conveniently carried off, flinging the rest over the precipice on this side, and ending by setting fire to the buildings. As it was left then, so it is now. Its owner saved himself that day, but never to return. His shattered frame could no longer bear up against the miseries he had endured, and, last of his noble family, he sunk into the grave without a friend or a follower, a few weeks after the destruction of his ancestral halls. The property was purchased by the commune, and so terminated the race of Vendemoix.

About two miles short of the town of Vic de Sos we stopped at a nameless lamlet, where the appearance of several mules in their travelling gear, with their attendants, boys and girls, all of nearly the same brown dusty hue as the ore they carried, indicated the immediate vicinity of the mines. Pélissier and Mouton went on to Vic de Sos, while I ascended the mountain. The road, though steep, was excellent. It was from twelve to sixteen feet wide, paved, and carried by short zig-zags at a rise of one in ten through a beech wood, whose roots seemed to hold to the rocks and the soil with a tight grasp, necessary to prevent them sliding down the precipitous declivity where they grew. On my way I met many strings of mules descending with loaded panniers from the mines, and I was overtaken by others proceeding upwards for a fresh freight. To every six or eight mules was attached an old woman, a girl, or a lad; and where many of the mules were brought together in long strings, the drivers followed, chattering, laughing, or scolding, with such noise and discord as to warn me of their approach long be-

fore I could see them. The sun had now come out, and the day waxed hot. I took off my jacket, and cast it over my arm, and transferred my hat from my head to the end of my walking-stick. Thus appareled, I afforded great amusement to the womenkind who passed me. Many were their jokes, great their fun, and occasionally intense was their curiosity; but their patois—a queer mixture of words approaching to French and Spanish, yet not absolutely either—was almost beyond me, and I was left to gather from the intelligent countenances of the younger women, illuminated with brilliant, dark, sparkling eyes, their merry laugh, and significant gestures, what they thought and what they meant. These lasses were generally pretty, but the old women were hideous, careworn, thin, palpably over-worked, and apparently brutalized. There were very few females between the ages of eighteen and forty. I scarcely saw a man with the mules above the former age; and I presumed—which I afterwards found to be the case—that the males after that time of life obtained more profit by working in the mines. The mules were small; several were galled and rubbed raw, poor animals, by the ropes used in fastening the panniers, and many were fired in the houghs for spavins; yet I did not see any that were lame, and, upon the whole, few were really out of condition. About six hundred mules are thus employed, making, on an average, five journeys daily from the mines to the road in the valley, where their loads are discharged. The women and boys who accompany them earn from ten to thirty sous a-day, according to their strength and ability.

An hour's walking took me through the wood, and I emerged from it into a village that looked like a collection of children's toy-houses of Brobdingnagian size thrust away out of sight into a nick in the side of the mountain, so strangely were they crammed together, of different shapes, though of the same general character, all on different levels, and no three of them in line. The village, however, boasted a fountain, where the mules stopped to drink. Picking my steps as cleanly as I could

through the very narrow, very short, very tortuous, and very dirty street, I was met full tilt by a couple of these brutes racing neck and neck, to get first to the water. Jammed in between the houses, there was not room for the three of us; and, as I was in the middle, I rather expected to get the worst in the inevitable encounter. However, I gave one of the mules a sharp whack on the nose with my stick. It was the saving of me. He stopped dead short, while his companion galloped on; and then, laying back his ears, with a squeel, he lashed out both hind feet with a vicious intent and no bad aim. He missed me, nevertheless, though by only a span's length, and then trotted off to the fountain.

Above the village the landscape instantly changed. The ground was no longer precipitous, though the slopes were still considerable: there were scarcely any trees; the land was laid out in fields, partly arable, partly pasture, tolerably well cultivated; altogether presenting an appearance very similar to that which, in coaching days, travellers saw in the hilly portions of Lancashire. The road ceased to be paved, and instead of the short zigzags with incessant turnings below the village, longer stretches were taken in ascending the mountain side. Two hours more brought me to the lowest entrance into the mine, and here the scene was animated and curious.

In front yawned the cavernous jaws of the excavations, with a broad, muddy path descending into the darkness, from whence emerged, at every few seconds, the figure of a miner bending under the load of ore which he bore in a hosiery basket strapped to his shoulders, and carrying in his hand an iron lamp, with a handle above a foot long, somewhat resembling a misshapen ladle, the bowl of which held the oil and the wicks. On each side of the road were ranged little huts made of turf sods, and wattles to hold the ore when discharged from the miners' baskets; and in the foreground were assembled above one hundred mules with their drivers, waiting for their turns to load and return into the valley. Of course, the idle time was passed by the drivers in gossip, and

the advent of a stranger, especially when he was known to be an Englishman, was a fresh subject to whet their chatter upon.

The muddy path wound among the rubbish of the mine, occasionally along the ledges left by the side walls of the gallery, and sometimes across planks supported by iron bars driven horizontally into the rock, till it reached the places from whence the ore was quarried. I found the change from the external atmosphere on the hill's sunny side to the chill damp cold of the interior painfully severe. The paths, through mud and slipperiness, were in many places not only difficult, but dangerous. I therefore did not penetrate far, and was very glad to come again into daylight, and to feel the sun. There are two mines, or rather two entrances into the same mine, higher up; but, as they were not likely to present any feature essentially different from that which I had seen, I did not take the trouble to ascend so far. The miners' dinner-hour arrived as I was quitting the place, and there streamed by me a remarkably fine body of men towards the village below. They all wore coarse woollen trousers, and jackets descending well over the loins, with thick flannel shirts and worsted caps, the whole a deep brown, in accordance with the hue of their skins, but whether of that colour originally, or only indebted for it to the ore among which they wrought, I do not pretend to say.

The miners number about four hundred, and are employed under the direction of four overseers, or *juréts*, paid by the government, to whom the mines belong. The *jurét* not only directs the ordinary operations, but takes care that the load each man carries to the surface does not exceed a certain weight; lest, being overburthened, he should fall and hurt himself.—An injury not only to the individual, but to the whole body, who, when any serious accident happens, one and all stop work and go to prayers. No more can they be persuaded to do that day. They are extremely superstitious; the day is regarded as unlucky, and they will not tempt Providence by remaining in the mine. So, when prayers are over,

they begin to swear at the hard fortune that deprives them of the means whereby they would have earned a full day's pay, amounting on the average to forty-five sous, or about one shilling and ninepence.

At the foot of the hill I found M. Pélissier and Mouton. On our way back to Ussat les Bains, we stopped at one of the forges, and saw the process of smelting the ore.

Nothing can be more simple or unscientific. What machinery there is, is set in motion by the ordinary over-shot water-wheel. The ore is pounded by a heavy timber lever, raised and dropped by means of a clumsy wooden concentric with an escape notch, into which works a stout pin, projecting from the lever. The concentric is put in motion by the water-wheel, which also serves to produce the blast for the furnaces. Of the hot blast they know nothing, and the cold blast is rendered yet colder, and consequently more inefficient, by the spray from the water-wheel falling on the stream of air close to where it enters the fire. The chimneys are so short and ill-conceived as to afford but a very imperfect draught. Fuel is very expensive; and though of late years alder, ash, and hazel have been planted in the neighbourhood, expressly for the purpose of supplying charcoal, there is by no means enough; consequently it has to be transported for immense distances, either on the backs of mules, or in carts drawn by oxen, at a considerable cost. Hence, though the ore—hydrate and carbonate of iron—is so rich as to be capable of yielding sixty per cent. of metal, the material produced scarcely pays the cost of production.

As we left the forge, a gentleman, to whom M. Pélissier bowed low, passed us in a not badly fitted cabriolet, drawn by a remarkably fine bay horse; that would not have discredited Hyde-park in the height of the season. This was the viceroy of the extraordinary, though but little known, republic of Andorre, the frontiers of which lay a short distance over the mountains to the south-east.

The viceroy of a republic seems to be a contradiction in terms, especially when the viceroy happens to be, as he was in this instance, the servant

also of another republic. Andorre is an independent state, though its population does not exceed fifteen thousand inhabitants, governed by a council who are elected, a syndic chosen by the council, and two magistrates, one of whom was always appointed by the king of France, and hence his designation of viceroy, which, amidst all the late endeavours to obliterate every attribute of royalty throughout the country, still remains with the respectable magistrate who was driving the handsome horse towards Vie de Sos.

In answer to my inquiry, Pélissier told me that he had more than once crossed the Andorrien frontier, but whether for profit or pleasure, in search of game (for he was a sportsman), or merely to amuse himself among the Andorriennes, he did not clearly intimate. He described the men as plain in their features, surpassingly dirty, brutal, totally ignorant, very despicable. But the women—'such women! beautiful beyond belief. What large, languishing, beaming eyes, straight noses, and small mouths, with full pouting lips, and white teeth like pearls,—what graceful forms! shoulders swelling out, white rounded arms full of dimples, pretty wrists and hands fit to be painted—small waists, and legs and ankles the finest that could be imagined—the last shown to the best advantage by a short scarlet petticoat just reaching below the calf of the leg,—and feet that, when set off with their neatly-made shoes and burnished buckles, were the most beautiful in the world.' All this seemed wonderfully like romance on the part of my driver. Nevertheless, he was perfectly in earnest, and believed what he described. When he spoke of their bright eyes, his own twinkled with excessive gusto. He pulled down the end of his own nose as he made mention of theirs. He pursed up his mouth into a little round hole, then smacked his thin lips in absolute delight when he set forth the marvellous charms of these particular features in the fair Andorriennes. He stretched himself out, and drew himself up, in a sort of illustration of their magnificent persons. It therefore occurred to me, that he was only thinking of one when he

was portraying the whole; and I still remained, and do remain, sceptical as to the extraordinary loveliness of the female portion of this singular community, particularly as I afterwards ascertained that Mademoiselle Péliassier was not a native of the Andorrian republic.

On our return down the valley, we saw the peasant women at their doors engaged in knitting, while at the same time they superintended the various household duties performed by the younger members of their families. There were apparently no poor. The working-people's garments were whole and comfortable. The interiors of the houses presented no absence of furniture. There was neither squalor nor wretchedness. Of *cretinism*, I saw none; and I think there was less appearance of the abominable *goitre* than I perceived in other parts of the Pyrenees. Most of these families have their own small portions of land, which they cultivate themselves, raising crops of *blé noir*, wheat, rye, oats, and Indian corn. They send their flocks to the high pastures during the summer, where, for a very small sum to the commune, the sheep and cattle are fed and tended by persons specially engaged for the purpose, and paid out of the communal revenues. During winter, the cattle are housed, and their keep is then more expensive. But the sheep still find their food on the hill-side, except in excessive storms or in deep snow. Many are lost, swept away into ravines and deep gullies, from whence they cannot be extricated alive; yet on the whole it is wonderful how few, comparatively, are destroyed. Farm labourers are seldom hired, but when they are, they receive one franc a day, which, considering the moderate cost of the mere necessary of life in this part of the world, must be regarded as good payment.

As most English tourists in the Pyrenees have been satisfied with visiting the principal watering-places in the departments of Basses Pyrénées, Hautes Pyrénées, and Haute Garonne, and exploring the valleys, and climbing the mountains in their immediate neighbourhoods, they scarcely ever acquire a greater knowledge of the barrier range than

can be thus gleaned; and therefore, though the general features of one district bear a family resemblance to the whole, the particular aspects being essentially different—the language spoken by the inhabitants, their manners and customs likewise, varying exceedingly—they cannot possibly form an accurate estimation of the entire chain. The departments of the Arriège and the Pyrénées Orientales are seldom entered except by stragglers; their wilds remain untrodden by our countrymen, their beauties unseen by our countrywomen. To the majority the 'Pyrenees' mean a view of the Pic du Midi, from the terrace at Pau, a drive to the Eaux Chaudes, or the Eaux Bonnes, a dinner or two at the *table-d'hôte* at Bagnères de Bigorre, a visit to Bagnères de Luchon, and the road to Toulouse.

I met a remarkably fat British legislator at —, travelling in a carriage which he had hired at Bordeaux, with his wife and his brother. Not one of the three could put six words together in French at all to be comprehended. They did me the honour to ask my advice with respect to *doing* the mountains in a week. They had *done* the Rigi, and they had *done* Berlin. As I invariably assent to every proposition in which I am not directly concerned, I entirely agreed in the wisdom of their intention, and the practicability of their carrying it into effect, without deeming it my bounden duty to recal to the legislative mind the fact that the mountains he was going to *do*—this, too, in the first week in October, when the Cirque of Gavarnie was half full of snow—were a trifle of some two hundred and seventy miles in length, and from forty to sixty miles in breadth.

Next to the inhabitants of the Swiss Cantons, I believe no contiguous districts of limited extent present so much variety in their costumes, in general appearance, and in their social conditions, as those of the Pyrenean chain, which is accounted for by their peculiar configuration. From the main ridge, running almost east and west, numerous smaller branches are thrown out at nearly right angles,

forming, as it were, buttresses to the principal barrier-wall, and effectually dividing from each other the valleys they enclose. Though the sides of most of the lateral ranges are broken into unequal slopes and terraces susceptible of culture, and the hardy mountaineer, assisted by the climate, forces from the rugged soil a subsistence more or less scanty, the topmost ridge is always bare, and edged with frightful precipices, seldom crossed but by the smuggler, or the izard hunter. The peasant has no temptation to quit his valley except by the route at its lower end, when he goes periodically to the nearest market with his cattle, his grain, his timber, or his hemp; and thus, from year to year, from century to century, he has hitherto thought and acted, dressed and fed, wedded and died, precisely as his ancestors had done in their days, when they looked on the same cloud-capped peaks, watched the same brawling gaves rushing by, without knowing or caring about the manners, morals, social conditions, customs, or costumes of their neighbours only a few furlongs off in the adjacent valleys. To know one of these recesses is not to know them all. The eastern half of the mountain range has not been sufficiently explored by English tourists, but when the tide of British travellers surges onwards towards the Mediterranean end, Ussat les Bains is certain to become a favourite resort, especially for those who now find at Pau, Bagnères, and Luchon, a frothy society, gradually growing to a head, somewhat analogous to the scum one sees at Boulogne, Baden Baden, and Brussels.

The following day I left Ussat les Bains. To those persons who can go so far, it will present many attractions; and I strongly recommend M. Pélassier's establishment to the notice of the public.

Bagnères de Luchon was my next point, and I found tolerably good quarters in the Hotel de Londres, which is rather famous for its table-d'hôte.

My first scramble was to the Port de Vénasque. Mounted on a stout active pony, and accompanied by a guide, Jean Barreau by name,

on another, I trotted out of Luchon at seven o'clock one morning, when the air was cool and refreshing, the dew drops hanging to every twig and sparkling in the early rays of the sun, and took the road along the left bank of the Pique. About a mile from the town, I passed an extensive lead foundry, said to have been one of Louis Philippe's numerous speculations, and which ceased working at his downfall in 1848. A short way further on, the road took me close to the tower of Castel Vielh, perched on a projecting hillock commanding the gorge up which we were going, the entrance into the Val de Lys on the right, and that of the Bourbe on the left. It presents a very pretty object in the view; but I doubt if it could ever have been designed to defend the Val de Luchon from border incursions. For such a purpose it is too insignificant, and was probably only intended as a simple watch-tower, to signalize the approach of incursive enemies over the frontier. The views on each side became grander as we advanced deeper into the recesses of the high ranges, while as yet we lost none of the park-like scenery bordering the banks of the Pique. But the latter scenery was evidently soon to terminate, as, forming a direct and apparently impassable barrier in front, rose the serrated edges and snowy glaciers of the Cabrioules, more than 10,500 feet above the level of the sea. The most prominent point was the Pic des Pics, a bare gigantic pyramid of mica schist, upon the side of which the early sun was glistening, giving it the appearance of polished tin.

Crossing to the right bank of the Pique, our road lay between fields of luxuriant grass extensively irrigated, forming a curious contrast with the wild flow of the river brawling amidst huge granite bolderstones of several tons weight. We soon left the river side, and entered an extensive wood, chiefly of beech, yet mixed with ash, hazel, and dwarf oak, growing on a declivity of about forty-five degrees with the horizon. The road was good for horses, but in many places scarcely wide enough for carriages, though passable for the common clumsy

carts of the country. The beeches presented many noble specimens of that beautiful tree. Several were above forty feet high, with straight and even stems, canopied with the richest foliage. In the season this wood abounds in capercalzie, and three or four are frequently killed in a day.

Two hours' easy riding brought us to the hospice, a mere *cabaret* for the guides. After giving the horses a feed and an hour's rest, we mounted again. Before us was a basin, or *cirque*, as it is there termed, like the interior of a cyclopean amphitheatre, cut by nature's hand out of the mountains, whose bare precipices—sometimes rugged, sometimes of a glassy smoothness, occasionally presenting shelves, where grew a little grass amongst the *débris* of stone and gravel—gave no indication that the foot of man could gain their summits. The upper edges of the colossal wall were deeply serrated, but nothing resembling a port, not even a port-hole, could be descried, through which it was intended we should pass into the neighbouring kingdom. So long as grass covered the ground, a light-coloured waving line through it marked out the track in front, but where vegetation ceased, among loose stones, shale, and splintered rock, it was no longer traceable; yet when the path was reached, though never more than a few inches wide, it was found perfectly practicable. Indeed, the lessee of the hospice is bound to keep it in repair under the terms of his agreement, and his interest is too deeply concerned—the Port de Vénasque may be called his sign-post—to permit it to become otherwise. Having passed on the left hand an extensive hillock of snow, from out whose recesses rushed a considerable stream, we began fairly to climb; and it was curious to see how sagaciously and firmly our little horses progressed upwards, steadily pursuing their unerring course along the zig-zags, never making a false step, till after a time I could not but believe myself safer in the saddle than on my feet, where a stumble was likely to hurl me down into some abyss, or roll me over a precipice, from the bottom of which I could never be carried away but in

fragments. In about two hours we came close to three lakes, the largest of which might cover six acres, bedded in the very face of the mountain, and at least partially frozen over during the entire year. Their colour, varying according to the light cast upon them from dark blue to deep copper green, was singular and beautiful, but, when added to the ruggedness and sterility that surrounded them, gave to my contemplation a scene of unparalleled dreariness.

By computation we should now have almost completed our ascent, and yet, when looking for the Port we could perceive no aperture in the mountain wall of Penna Blanca, as this part of the frontier barrier is called. The turns in the path became sharper, the zig-zags more rapid, the inclination of the slope more steep, and consequently more care had been necessarily expended on the formation of the way, which was now gradually assuming the character of a flight of steps, and seemed to lead into a *cul-de-sac*. A large round piece of limestone lying temptingly in the road, I could not resist toppling it over. Away it went—leaping from one point to another—accelerating its speed as it rushed downwards, and leaving a trail of dust behind wherever it touched and dashed on; till at last, after tearing through an intervening patch of snow resting on the bosom of a projecting ledge, it made one grand bound from the cliff into the nearest lake, and was buried for ever beneath its icy waters. The guide administered a sharp and well-deserved rebuke for what I had done, pointing out clearly enough that when once a stone is set rolling in these regions it is difficult to say where it may go. A minute afterwards we rounded a corner, and suddenly the Port de Vénasque was in sight just above our heads—a cleft or crevice, or rather a widened crack in the edged ridge of stone cresting the narrow but well-defined line of demarcation between France and Spain. Fifty steps more brought us into the pass, scarcely eight feet wide, and here a wonderful sight presented itself. In all its dreary naked majesty, unclouded sunlight glistening on the breadth of snow

reposing on its broad bosom, the mighty Maladetta, the monarch of the Pyrenees, was before us.

This mountain is unlike every other that I have seen. It is totally different from any of the Alpine ranges of Switzerland. It most resembles a gigantic picture of snow, set in a rugged frame of continuous precipices. Between us and the Maladetta was a dark, deep ravine, through which gushed the Essera, out of sight from where we stood, its opposite bank bearing scattered pine trees, some of which had been lately felled. Above the bank was a gradually ascending stony slope, broken frequently by pointed rocks and gullies. Then, darkened by moraines, came the lower glaciers and crevasses, rising into an enormous field of unsullied snow, through which burst here and there pinnacled crags and ridges of limestone. Surmounting the whole, and bending down on each side, was the picture's frame-work of jagged peaks and cliffs, toothed and serrated against a sky of the clearest, deepest blue. No human habitation could be seen. It was an absolute desert. To the right, between the Maladetta and the Penna Banca, stretched far away, hill above hill, peak beyond peak, in alternate bright sunshine and deep shade, the wild sierras of Arragon. High on the left, in advance of the mountains of Catalonia and 11,500 feet above the level of the sea, appeared the bristling summit of the Pic de Nethou, where, until a few years back, the foot of man had never trod.*

We sat down for a few moments on a broad slab of carboniferous limestone under the lee of the side wall of the Port de Venasque, close to a little iron cross, which, though not a foot high, marks the boundary between the kingdoms. While gazing in silent awe upon these wonderful works of Nature, a rushing sound attracted attention, and looking up, I descried a splendid eagle sweep round an elevated

point of rock, and poise himself in mid air in front of us. For an instant he was stationary a couple of thousand feet above the valley below us; then inclining to the east, he glided majestically away, apparently without movement of his wings, and in a few seconds vanished in the distance.

We now rapidly descended the Spanish side of the Penna Banca, amongst fragments of limestone and ironstone, to the Trou de Taureau, a huge hole into which drain the melting snows of the Maladetta. Although it is scarcely credible, yet there is little doubt that the water here collected finds its way by means of caverns in the limestone formation under the ridge we had been traversing, and bursting forth in France, becomes the Garonne. From thence we again began to ascend the Penna Banca towards the Port de Picade, to the east of the Port de Venasque, which at this distance appeared to us like a chip in the sloping wall of mountain rock. Arrived at the Port de Picade, and turning our back on the Maladetta, we looked down upon the chaotic hills of Catalonia, rearing their serrated edges one behind another, in every shape and outline, like huge billows tossed up and suddenly arrested and petrified in their fury and turmoil.

Along a path but slightly marked out on the mountain side, among debris of limestone and patches of snow, we again descended, when, suddenly turning to the left, my guide dismounted, and commenced the ascent of a stone stair, followed by his pony. Where could we be going now? Into the sky somewhere. The stair led to a ledge of rock rising like the sharp edge of a wedge of ironstone, splintered and shivered, with a frightful precipice on either side, the one bounding the Val d'Aran, which, though on the north side of the Pyrenees, belongs to Spain, the other forming the head of the valley leading down to the Hospice and

* In 1849, a Parisian gentleman and his wife ascended the Pic de Nethou. They had very favourable weather, and accomplished the feat in two days, passing the intervening night under a cliff. Previously it had a bad name among the guides, in consequence of the death of one of them—Barreau, father to my guide, Jean Barreau—who, in 1824, perished by falling into a crevasse, when, in company with two Englishmen, he was attempting to reach the summit.

Luchon, in which direction we again saw the Pic des Pics, the very pyramid I had so admired in the morning, as it appeared to rise far into the heavens; but now we actually looked down upon it, to such a height had we ascended among these extraordinary mountains. The track we were at this time pursuing is called '*Le mauvais pas d'Esconousados*,' and a bad step it, while inclined to hold my breath, and move steadily and cautiously along it, the guide, half flinging himself over the precipice to the right—so closely he approached it—shouted loudly, and was answered by a cry from its foot. Following with my eye the direction in which he pointed, I could just discern a mounted party of five persons coming up the Val d'Aran, but so far below us, that the horses looked no larger than mites, yet the clearness of the air rendered their motions perfectly visible. My guide had a telescopic sight, and without hesitation pronounced them to be two ladies and two gentlemen, who, having slept the previous night at Viella, were making their way to the Port de Pommercau under the guidance of his son. He even went so far as to observe that one of the ladies rode *en cavalier*, with a wide and flowing petticoat covering the saddle and the horse's back and tail. As this was a sight not often met with nearer than Turkey, I determined to wait a little, and, with the assistance of my spy-glass, see if it really were so.

The road by which the party ascended was particularly rough, sometimes twining among large stones, sometimes skirting large patches of snow. I could perceive that one invariably took the lead, keeping a good way in advance of the rest, not always following the apparent path, but rather striking from point to point, and occasionally preferring the ridge of snow to the ground beside it. The individual was evidently a bold and spirited rider,—in short, the lady in the stirrups. I had long held as a theory that side-saddles were a cunning invention of an enemy to the fair sex, and I confidently believed that the time would arrive when common sense and breeches would prevail over a

dangerous practice and an encumbering prejudice. Having satisfied myself of the fact, and a parting wild halloo having been interchanged between the father and the son, we descended by an improved path over the grassy slopes, abounding with flocks of sheep and horned cattle, towards the Hospice.

We were now in France, but not out of reach of the Spanish custom-house officers. Two of these gentry met and stopped us, and a more cut-throat looking pair of ruffians could not easily be encountered anywhere. They were lean and wiry; not an ounce of useless flesh was on their bones. They were dark as Indians, with high cheek-bones, and fierce but cunning hollow eyes, with a very wolfish expression. They wore a dark-green uniform, and on their feet they had mountain sandals, one with, the other without, stockings. They carried long muskets, black leather belts, and pouches.

A long palaver took place between them and my guide, not a word of which did I understand; but on inquiring what it meant, I was told that they demanded toll for the horses. Upon principle every Englishman refuses to pay money unless he knows there is ground for the claim, especially when it is required as an impost. I did so, of course. The rogues began to bully, and Jean Barreau looked serious. However, it occurred to me that their firelocks were not loaded; and therefore, as we were equal in numbers, if the worst happened, we could only have a fair tussle for the mastery. I thought I could manage one of them with my walking-stick, without much to boast of in way of prowess, while the other might try his luck with the guide, who would doubtless charge it all to me in his bill. I pushed my pony's nose among the three speakers, and exclaimed, '*Bah!—allons, en route!*' The Spaniards retired a pace, and Jean Barreau was re-assured. One of the fellows then spying a parcel at the pommel of my saddle, demanded to see it, as it might contain something contraband. This was reasonable; and, unrolling my cloak, I produced my sketch-book. A new aspect was immediately given to the affair; they turned over the leaves with

the air of peaceful connoisseurs, and, with good taste, admired a slight drawing I had made of the Maladetta. 'Tell him,' said I to my guide, pointing to the smaller of the two—'tell him I will draw his face.' My proposal was irresistible. I got out my pencil, and in a few minutes I made an extraordinary ugly likeness of the douanier, contriving by great good fortune to hit off a cast in his right eye, and a hole in the collar of his coat, to the infinite delight of his companion, who watched my doings over my shoulder. The smaller man was by no means so pleased when he saw the sketch, but he was more irritated against his fellow than against me. 'Tell him,' said I to Barreau, 'that my business is to write books, and I will mention him.' 'I have said so already,' answered Jean. 'Tell him, then, that I will make his face the frontispiece.' 'I have told him quite enough,' replied my guide. 'But—vive Dieu!—here come a couple of travellers over the 'Mauvais pas,' and now we are safe from these brigands.'

This accession to our little congress consisted of a French gentleman and his guide, a friend of Barreau. The tall Spaniard no longer thought of squeezing a contribution out of us, and the small one's feelings were whipped into wrathful indignation against his comrade, whose laughter, loud and long, we heard as our party descended the mountain to the hospice.

I afterwards learned that, though there is scarcely an instance on record of a respectable traveller being really ill-used, these self-styled custom-house officers are leagued with smugglers, and quite capable of committing any atrocity. They are never without the *cuchillo*, and their muskets are *always* loaded. It was quite as well I had no 'turn up' on the hill side with the ugly douanier, whom I should have found an easier subject to sketch than to handle.

We had a delightful ride back to Luchon, and there terminated another of my scrambles in the Pyrenees.

THE HOMERIC LIFE.

TROY fell before the Greeks; and in its turn the war of Troy itself is now falling before the critics. That ten years' death-struggle, in which the immortals did not disdain to mingle—those massive warriors, with all their might and chivalry, have, 'like an unsubstantial pageant, faded' before the wand of these modern enchanters; and the Iliad and the Odyssey, and the other early legends, are discovered to be no more than the transparent mythos of an old cosmogony, or the arabesques and frescoes with which the imagination of the Ionian poets set off and ornamented the palace of the heavens, the struggle of the earth with the seasons, and the labours of the sun through his twelve signs.

Nay, with Homer himself it was likely at one time to have fared no better. His works, indeed, were indestructible, yet if they could not be destroyed, they might be disorganized; and with their instinctive

hatred of facts, the critics fastened on the historical existence of the poet. The origin of the poem was distributed among a number of strange cloudy sources; and instead of a single inspired Homer for their author, we were required to believe in some extraordinary spontaneous generation, or in some collective genius of an age which ignorance had personified.

But the person of a poet has been found more difficult of elimination than a mere fact of history. Facts, it was once said, were stubborn things; but in our days we have changed all that; a fact, under the knife of a critic, splits in pieces, and is dissected out of belief with incredible readiness. The poor helpless thing lies under him like a foolish witness in a law court, when browbeaten by an unscrupulous advocate, and is turned about and twisted this way and that way, till in its distraction it contradicts itself, and bears witness against itself;

and to escape from torture, at last flies utterly away, itself half doubting its own existence.

But it requires more cunning weapons to destroy a Homer; like his own immortals, he may be wounded, but he cannot have the life carved out of him by the prosaic strokes of common men. His poems have but to be disintegrated to unite again irresistibly, so strong are they in the individuality of their genius. The singleness of their structure—the unity of design—the distinctness of drawing in the characters—the inimitable peculiarities of manner in each of them, place beyond serious question, after the worst onslaught of the Wolfian critics, that both *Iliad* and *Odyssey* whether or not the work of the same mind, are at least each of them singly the work of one.

Let them leave us Homer, however, and on the rank and file of facts they may do their worst; and we can be indifferent to, or even thankful for, what slaughter they may make. In the legends of the *Theogonia*, in that of Zeus and Cronus, for instance, there is evidently a metaphysical allegory; in those of Persephone, or of the Dioscuri, a physical one; in that of Athens a profoundly philosophical one; and fused as the entire system was in the intensely poetical conception of the early thinkers, it would be impossible, even if it were desirable, at this time of day, to disentangle the fibres of all these various elements. Fact and theory, natural and supernatural, the legendary and the philosophical, shade off so imperceptibly one into the other, in the stories of the Olympians, or of their first offspring, that we can never assure ourselves that we are on historic ground, or that, antecedent to the really historic age, there is any such ground to be found anywhere. The old notion, that the heroes were deified men is no longer tenable; with but few exceptions, we can trace all their names as the names of the old gods of the various Hellenic or Pelasgian races; and if they appeared later in human forms, they descended from Olympus to assume them. Diomed was the

Ætolian sun-god; Achilles was worshipped in Thessaly long before he became the hero of the tale of Troy. The tragedy of the house of Atreus, and the bloody bath of Agamemnon, as we are now told with appearance of certainty,* are humanized stories of the physical struggle of the opposing principles of life and death, light and darkness, night and day, winter and summer.

And let them be so; we need not be sorry to believe that there is no substantial basis for these tales of crime. The history of mankind is not so pure but that we can afford to lose a few dark pages out of the record. Let it be granted that of the times which Homer sung historically we know nothing at all—not any names of any kings, of any ministers, wars, intrigues, revolutions, crimes. They are all gone, dead, passed away; their vacant chronicles are silent as the tombs in which their bones are buried. Of all such stuff as that with which historians fill their pages there is no trace; it is a blank, vacant as the annals of the Hottentot or of the Red Indian. Yet when all is said, there remains still to us in Homer's verse, materials richer, perhaps, than exist for any period of the ancient world, richer than even for the brilliant days of Pericles, or of the Cæsars, to construct a history of another kind—a history, a picture not of the times of which he sang, but of the men among whom he lived. How they acted; how they thought, talked, and felt; what they made of this earth, and of their place in it; their private life and their public life; men and women; masters and servants; rich and poor—we have it all delineated in the marvellous verse of a poet, that, whoever he was, in this respect at least was the greatest which the earth has ever seen. In extent, the information is little enough, but in the same sense as it has been said that an hour at an Athenian supper-party would teach us more than all Aristophanes, Homer's pictures of life and manners are so living, so distinct, so palpable, that a whole prose encyclopædia of disconnected facts could give us nothing like

them. It is the marvellous property of verse—one, if we rightly consider it, which would excuse any superstition on the origin of language—that the metrical and rhythmic arrangement of syllable and sound is able to catch and express back to us, not the stories of actions, but the actions themselves, with all the feelings which inspire them—human actions, and not them only, but all other outward things on which human feelings rest—to produce them, or to reproduce them, with a distinctness which shall call out all the same emotions which they would call out when really existing, placing us at once in their very presence, by an exercise of creative power as genuine as that of Nature herself; and which, perhaps, is but the same power manifesting itself at one time in words, at another in outward phenomena. Whatever be the cause, the fact is so. Poetry has this power, and prose has it not; and thus the poet is the truest historian. Whatever is properly valuable in history he gives us—not events and names, but emotion, but action, but life. He is the heart of his age, and his verse expresses his age; and what matter is it by what name he describes his places or his persons? What matter is it what his own name was, while we have himself, and while we have the originals from which he drew? The work and the life are all for which we need care, are all which can really interest us; the names are nothing. Though Phœacia was a dream-land, or a symbol of the Elysian fields (as the Germans say it was), yet Homer drew his material, his island, his palaces, his harbour, his gardens of perennial beauty, from those fair cities which lay along the shores of his own Ionia; and like his own blind Demodocus, doubtless himself sung those very hymns which now delight us so, in the halls of many a princely Alcinous.

The prose historian may give us facts and names; he may catalogue the successions, and tell us long stories of battles, and of factions, and of political intrigues; he may draw characters for us, of the sort which figure commonly in such features of human affairs, men of the unheroic, unpoetic kind—the Cleons,

the Sejanuses, the Tiberiuses, a Louis Quatorze, or a great Frederick, in whom the noble element died out into selfishness and vulgarity. But great men—and all MEN properly so called (whatever is genuine and natural in them)—lie beyond prose, and can only be really represented by the poet. This is the reason why such men as Alexander, or as Cæsar, or as Cromwell, so perplex us in the histories, because they and their actions are beyond the scope of the art through which we have looked at them. We compare the man as it represents him, with the track of his path through the world. The work is the work of a giant; the man, stripped of the vulgar appendages with which the stunted imagination of his biographer has set him off, is full of meannesses and littlenesses, and is scarcely greater than one of ourselves. Prose, that is, has attempted something to which it is not equal. It describes a figure which it calls Cæsar; but it is not Cæsar, it is a monster. For the same reason, prose fictions, novels, and the like, are worthless for more than a momentary purpose. The life which they are able to represent is not worth representing, except to itself. There is no person so poor in his own eyes as not to like a looking-glass; and the prose age may value its own image in the novel; but the value must be contented to be ephemeral. Thus it is with the poet's art as with the sculptor's—sandstone will not carve like marble, its texture is too loose to retain a sharply moulded outline. And so it is with men, and with the doings of men, which are the poet's materials—if they are true, noble, and genuine, they are strong enough to bear the form and bear the polish of verse; if loose or feeble, they crumble away into the softer undulations of prose.

What the life was whose texture bore shaping into Homer's verse, we intend to spend these pages in examining; it is, of course, properly to be sought for in the poems themselves. But we shall here be concerned mainly with features of it, which in the originals are rather secondary than any part of their obvious purport, and which have to be col-

lected out of fragments, here a line, and there a line, out of little hints let fall by Homer as it were by accident, of things too familiar to his own hearers to require dwelling on, but which to us, as our object is to make out just those very things which were familiar, are of the very utmost value. It is not an inquiry which will much profit us, if we come to it with any grand notions of the 'progress of the species,' for in many ways it will seriously discourage such notions. Unhappily, with our philosophising we have got into ways of talking of the childhood and infancy of the race, as if no beards had grown on any face before the modern Reformation; and even people who know what old Athens was under Pericles, look commonly on earlier Greece as scarcely struggling out of its cradle. It would have fared so with all early history except for the Bible. The Old Testament has operated partially to keep us in our modest senses, and we can see something grand about the patriarchs; but it is owing to exceptive causes, which do not apply to other literature; and in spite of an admiration of Homer's poetry, his age, and the contemporary periods in the other people of the earth, we regard, most of us, as a kind of childhood little better than barbarism; or, at any rate, too far removed in every essential of spirit or of form from our own, to enable us to feel in it any strong interest or sympathy. More or less we have, every one of us, felt something of this kind. Homer's men are, at first sight, most unlike any men that we have ever seen; and it is not without a shock of surprise that, for the first time, we fall, in reading him, across some little trait of humanity, which in form as well as spirit is really identical with our own experience. Then, for the moment at least, all is changed with us—gleams of light flash out from it, in which the drapery becomes transparent; and we see the human form behind it, and that entire old world in the warm glow of flesh and blood. Such is the effect of those few child scenes of his, which throw us back into our old familiar childhood. With all these years between us,

there is no difference between their children and ours, and child would meet child without sense of strangeness in common games and common pleasures.

The little Ulysses climbing on the knees of his father's guest, coaxing for a taste of the red wine, and spilling it as he starts at the unusual taste; or that other most beautiful picture of him running at Laertes's side in the garden at Ithaca, the father teaching him the names of the fruit-trees, and making presents to him of this tree and of that tree for his very own, to help him to remember what they were called; the partition wall of three thousand years melts away as we look through it at scenes like these; that broad, world-experienced man was once, then, such a little creature as we remember ourselves, and Laertes a calm, kind father of the nineteenth century. Then, as now, the children loved to sport upon the shore, and watch the inrolling waves;—then, as now, the boy-architect would pile the moist sand into mimic town or castle, and when the work was finished, sweep it away again in wanton humour with foot and hand;—then, as now, the little tired maiden would cling to her mother's skirt, and trotting painfully along beside her, look up wistfully and plead with moist eyes to be carried in her arms. Nay, and among the grown ones, where time has not changed the occupation, and the forms of culture have little room to vary, we meet again with very familiar faces. There is Melanthe, the not over-modest tittering waiting-maid—saucy to her mistress and the old house-keeper, and always running after the handsome young princes. Unhappy Melanthe, true child of universal nature, grievous work we should make with most households, if all who resemble thee were treated to as rough a destiny. And there are other old friends whom it is pleasant enough to recognise at so long a distance. 'Certain smooth-haired, sleek-faced fellows—insolent where their lords would let them be; inquisitive and pert, living but to eat and drink, and pilfering the good things, to convey them stealthily to their friends outside the castle wall.' The thing that hath been, that shall be

again. When Homer wrote, the type had settled into its long enduring form. 'Such are they,' he adds, in his good-natured irony, 'as the valet race ever love to be.'

With such evidence of identity among us all, it is worth while to look closer at those old Greeks, to try and find in Homer something beyond fine poetry, or exciting adventures, or battle-scenes, or material for scholarship: for awhile to set all that aside, and look in him for the story of real living men—set to pilgrimise in the old way on the same old earth,—men such as we are, children of one family, with the same work to do, to live the best life they could, and to save their souls,—with the same trials, the same passions, the same difficulties, if with weaker means of meeting them. And first for their religion. •

Let those who like it, lend their labour to the unravelling the secrets of the mythologies. Theogonies and Theologies are not religion; they are but its historic dress and outward or formal expression, which, like a language, may be intelligible to those who see the inward meaning in the sign as a thing of course, and without difficulty, but no more than confused sound to us who live in another atmosphere, and have no means of transferring ourselves into theirs. It is not in these forms of a day or of an age that we should look for the real belief—the real feelings of the heart; but in the natural expressions which burst out spontaneously on providence, on the relation of man to God, on the eternal laws by which this world is governed; and perhaps we misuse the word in speaking of religion; we ought rather to speak of piety; for piety is always simple; the emotion is too vast, too overpowering, whenever it is genuine, to be nice or fantastic in its form; and leaving philosophies and cosmogonies to shape themselves in myth and legend, speaks itself out with a calm and humble clearness. We may trifle with our own discoveries, and hand them over to the fancy or the imagination for elaborate decoration. We may shroud over supposed mysteries under an enigmatic veil, and adapt the degrees of initiation to the capacities of our pupils; but before the vast facts of God and Providence,

the difference between man and man dwarfs into nothing. They are no discoveries of our own with which we can meddle, but revelations of the Infinite, which, like the sunlight, shed themselves on all alike, wise and unwise, good and evil, and they claim and they permit no other acknowledgment from us than the simple obedience of our lives, and the plainest confession of our lips.

Such confessions, except in David's Psalms, we shall not anywhere find more natural or unaffected than in Homer. Most definite, yet never elaborate, as far as may be from any complimenting of Providence, yet expressing the most unquestioning conviction, we shall not often remember them when we set about religion as a business; but when the occasions of life stir the feelings in us on which religion itself rests, if we were as familiar with the *Iliad* as with the Psalms, the words of the old Ionian singer would leap as naturally to our lips as those of the Israelite king.

Zeus is not always the questionable son of Cronus, nor the gods always the mythologic Olympians. Generally, it is true, they appear as a larger order of subject beings—beings like men, and subject to a higher control—in a position closely resembling that of Milton's angels, and liable like them to passion and to error. But at times, the father of gods and men is the Infinite and Eternal Ruler—the living Providence of the world, and the lesser gods are the immortal administrators of his divine will throughout the lower creation. But however Homer conceives them, the same power remains supreme; for when Zeus appears with a distinct and positive personality, he is himself subordinate to an authority which elsewhere is one with himself. Wherever either he or the other gods are made susceptible of emotion, the Invisible is beyond and above them; as, indeed, in our language we, too, dare to affirm, when we say of God, that He cannot lie—that He cannot be unjust,—His own infinite nature being a law to Himself. When Zeus is the personal father of Sarpedon, and his private love conflicts with the law of the eternal order, though he can break the

law, he dares not break it; but in the midst of his immortality, and on his own awful throne, he weeps tears of blood in ineffectual sorrow for his dying child. And again, there is a power supreme both over Zeus and over Poseidon, of which Iris reminds the latter, when she is sent to rebuke him for his disobedience to his brother. It is a law, she says, that the younger shall obey the elder, and the Erinnys will revenge its breach even on a god.

But descending from the more difficult Pautheon among mankind, the divine law of justice is conceived as clearly as we in this day can conceive it. The supreme power is the same immortal lover of justice and hater of iniquity; and justice means what we mean by it, and iniquity what we mean by iniquity. There is no diffidence, no scepticism about it; the moral law is as sure as day and night, summer and winter. Thus in the sixteenth Iliad—

‘When in the market-place men deal unjustly, and the rulers decree crooked judgment, not regarding the fear of God.’ God sends the storm, and the earthquake, and the tempest, as the executors of his vengeance.

Again, Ulysses says—

‘God looks upon the children of men, and punishes the wrong-doer.’

And Eumæus—

‘The gods love not violence and wrong, but the man whose ways are righteous, him they honour.’

Even when as mere Olympians they put off their celestial nature, and mix in earthly strife, and are thus laid open to earthly suffering, a mystery still hangs about them; Diomed, even while he crosses the path of Ares, feels all the while ‘that they are short-lived who contend with the Immortals.’ Ajax boasts that he will save himself in spite of Heaven, and immediately the wave dashes him upon the rocks. One light word escaped Ulysses in the excitement of his escape from the Cyclops, which nine years of suffering hardly expiated.

The same spirit which teaches Christians that those who have no earthly friend have specially a friend above to care for and to avenge them, taught the Ionians a proverb

which appears again and again in Homer thus: that the stranger and the poor man are the patrimony of God; and taught them, too, that sometimes men entertained the Immortals unawares. It was a faith, too, which was more than words with them, for we hear of no vagrant acts or alien acts, and it was sacrilege to turn away from the gate whoever asked its hospitality. Times are changed. The world was not so crowded as it is now, and perhaps rogues were less abundant. but at any rate they did what they said. We say what they said, while in the same breath we say, too, that it is impossible to do it.

In every way, the dependence of man on a special heavenly Providence was a matter of sure and certain conviction with them. Telemachus appeals to it in the council at Ithaca. He questions it at Pylos, and is at once rebuked by Athene. Both in Iliad and Odyssey to live justly is the steady service which the gods require, and their favour as surely follows when it is paid as a Nemesis sooner or later follows surely, too, on the evil-doers.

But without multiplying evidence, as we easily might, from every part of both Iliad and Odyssey, here is one of another kind, where particular modes of thinking and feeling on this very subject are made points of dramatic contrast, to show off the opposition of two separate characters. And this is clear proof that such thoughts and feelings must have been familiar to Homer’s hearers. If it were not so, his characters would have been without interest to his age,—they would have been individual, and not universal; and no expenditure of intellect, or passion, would have made men care to listen to him. The two persons who throughout the Iliad stand out in relief in contrast to each other, are, of course, Hector and Achilles; and faith in God (as distinct from a mere recognition of Him) is as directly the characteristic of Hector as in Achilles it is entirely absent. Both are heroic, but the heroism in them springs from opposite sources. Both are heroic, because both are strong; but the strength of one is in him-

self, and the strength of the other is in his faith. Hector is a patriot; Achilles does not know what patriotism means;—Hector is full of tenderness and human affection; Achilles is self-enveloped. Even his love for Patroclus is not pure, for Patroclus is as the moon to the sun of Achilles, and Achilles sees his own glory reflected on him. . . . They have both a forecast of their fate; but Hector, in his great brave way, scoffs at omens; he knows that there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow, and defies augury. To do his duty is the only omen for which he cares, and if death must be, he can welcome it like a gallant man, if it find him fighting for his country. Achilles is moody, speculative, and subjective; he is too proud to attempt an ineffectual resistance to what he knows to be inevitable, but he alternately murmurs at it and scorns it. Till his passion is stirred by his friend's death, he seems equally to disdain the greatness of life and the littleness of it; the glories of a hero are not worth dying for; like Solomon, and almost in Solomon's words, he complains that there is one event to all—

Εν δὲ ἰγ τιμῇ ἢ μὲν κάκος ἢ καὶ ἔσθλος.

To gratify his own spleen, he will accept an inglorious age in Thessaly, in exchange for a hero's immortality, as again in the end it is but to gratify his own wounded feeling that he goes out to brave a fate which he scorns while he knows that it will subdue him. Thus, Achilles is the hero of the stern human, self-sufficing spirit, which does not deny or question destiny, but seeing nothing in it except a cold, iron law, meets force with force, and holds up against it an unbroken, unbending will. Human nature is at its best but a miserable business to him; death and sorrow are its inevitable lot. As a brave man, he will not fear such things, but he will not pretend to regard them as anything but detestable; and he comforts the old, weeping king of Troy, whose age he was himself bringing down to the grave in sorrow, with philosophic meditations on the vanity of all things, and a picture of Zeus mixing the elements

of life out of the two urns of good and evil.

Turn to Hector, and we turn from shadow into sunlight. Achilles is all self, Hector all self-forgetfulness; Achilles all pride, Hector all modesty. The confidence of Achilles is in himself and in his own arm; Hector knows (and the strongest expressions of the kind in all the Iliad are placed pointedly in Hector's mouth) that there is no strength except from above. 'God's will,' he says, 'is over all; he makes the strong man to fear, and gives the victory to the weak, if it shall please him.' And at last, when he meets Achilles, he answers his bitter words, not with a defiance, but calmly saying, 'I know that thou art mighty, and that my strength is far less than thine; but these things lie in the will of the gods, and I, though weaker far than thou, may yet take thy life from thee, if they choose to have it so.'

So far, then, on the general fact of Divine Providence, the feeling of Homer, and therefore of his countrymen, is distinct. Both the great poems bearing his name speak in the same language. But beyond the general fact, many questions rise in the application of it, and on one of these (it is one of several remarkable differences which seem to mark the Odyssey as of a later age) there is a very singular discrepancy. In the Iliad, the life of man on this side the grave is enough for the completion of his destiny—for his reward, if he lives nobly; for his punishment, if he be base or wicked. Without repinings or scepticisms at the apparent successes of bad men, the poet is contented with what he finds, accepting cheerfully the facts of life as they are; it never seems to occur to him as seriously possible that a bad man could succeed or a good one fail; and as the ways of Providence, therefore, require no vindicating, neither his imagination nor his curiosity makes attempts at penetrating into the future. The house of Hades is the long home to which men go when dismissed out of their bodies; but it is a dim, shadowy place, of which we see nothing, and concerning which no conjectures are ventured. Achilles, in his passion

over Patroclus, cries out, that although the dead forget the dead in the halls of the departed, yet that he will remember his friend; and through the Iliad there is nothing clearer than this, to show with what hopes or fears the poet looked forward to death. 'So far, therefore, his faith may seem imperfect; yet, perhaps, not the less noble because imperfect; religion in general being chiefly contented with the promise of a future life, as of a scene where the seeming shortcomings of the divine administration, which would otherwise be too hard for good men to bear, will be made up to them. But whether imperfect or not, or whatever be the account of the omission, in the Odyssey all is different; the future is still, indeed, indistinct, but it is no longer uncertain. There is the dreadful prison-house, and the judge upon his throne,—the darker criminals overtaken by the vengeance which was delayed in life. The thin phantoms of the great ones of the past flit to and fro, mourning wearily for their lost mortality, and feeding on its memory. And more than this, as if it were beginning to be felt that something more was wanted after all to satisfy us with the completeness of the divine rule, we have a glimpse—it is but one, but it is like a ray of sunshine falling in upon the darkness of the grave—of the far-off Elysian fields where dwells Rhadamanthus with the golden hair, where life is ever sweet, and sorrow is not, nor winter, nor any rain or storm, and the never-dying zephyrs blow soft and cool from off the ocean.'

However vague the filling up of such a picture, the outline is correct to the best which has been revealed even in Christianity, and it speaks nobly for the people among whom, even in germ, such ideas could root themselves. But think what we will of their notions of the future, for this present world, the old Greek faith, considered as a practical and not a theological system, is truly admirable; clear, rational, and moral, if it does not profess to deal with the mysteries of evil in the heart, it is prompt and stern with them in their darker outward manifestations, and, as far as it goes, as

a guide in the common daily business of life, it scarcely leaves anything unsaid.

How far it went we shall see in the details of the life itself, the most important of which in the eyes of a modern will be the social organization; and when he looks for it, he will be at once at a loss, for he will find the fact of government yet without organized form;—law, but without a public sword to enforce it; and a 'social machine' moving without friction under the easy control of opinion. There are no wars of classes, no politics, no opposition of interests, a sacred feeling of the will of the gods keeping every one in his proper subordination. It was a sacred duty that the younger should obey the elder, that the servant should obey his master, that property should be respected; in war, that the leader should be obeyed without questioning; in peace, that public questions should be brought before the assembly of the people, and settled quietly as they determined. In this assembly the prince presided, and beyond this presidency his authority at home does not seem to have extended. Of course, as there was no millennium in Ionia, and men's passions were pretty much what they are now; without any organized means of repressing crime when it did appear, the people, in such a state of things, were exposed to, and often suffered under, extreme forms of violence,—violence such as that of the suitors at Ithaca, or of Ægisthus at Argos. On the other hand, what a state of cultivation it implies, what peace and comfort in all classes, when society could hold together for a day under it. And, moreover, there are disadvantages in elaborate police systems. Self-reliance is one of the highest virtues in which this world is intended to discipline us, and to depend upon ourselves even for our own personal defence, is a large element in the training towards it.

But not to dwell on this, and to pass to the way in which the men of those days employed themselves.

Our first boy's feeling with the Iliad is, that Homer is pre-eminently a poet of war; that battles were his own passion, and tales of battles the

His heroes appear like a great fighting aristocracy, such as the after Spartans were, himself like another Tyrtæus, and the poorer occupations of life too menial for their notice or for his. They seem to live for glory—the one glory worth caring for, only to be won upon the battle-field; and their exploits the one worthy theme of the poet's song. This is our boyish impression, and, like other such, it is the very opposite of the truth. If war had been a passion with the Ionians, as it was with the Teutons and the Norsemen, Ares would have been the supreme god, as Thor and Odin were; and Zeus would scarcely have called him the most hateful spirit in Olympus—most hateful, *because* of his delight in war and carnage. Mr. Carlyle looks forward to a chivalry of labour. He rather wishes than expects that a time may come when the campaign of industry against anarchic nature may gather into it those feelings of gallantry and nobleness which have found their vent hitherto in fighting only. The modern man's work, he says, is no longer to splinter lances or break down walls, but to break soil, to build barns and factories, and to find a high employment for himself in what hitherto has been despised as degrading. How to elevate it—how to make it beautiful—how to enlist the *spirit* in it (for in no other way can it be made humanly profitable), that is the problem which he looks wistfully to the future to solve for us. He may look to the past as well as to the future; in the old Ionia he will find all for which he wishes. The wise Ulysses built his own house, and carved his own bed; princes killed and cooked their own food. It was a holy work with them—their way of saying grace for it; for they offered the animal in his death to the gods, and they were not butchers, but sacrificing priests. Even a keeper of swine is called noble, and fights like a hero; and the young princess of Phœacia—the loveliest and gracefullest of Homer's women—drove the clothes-cart and washed linen with her own beautiful hands. Not only was labour free—for so it was among the early Romans; or honourable, so it was among the Israelites,—but it was beautiful—

beautiful in the artist's sense, as perhaps elsewhere it has never been. In later Greece—in what we call the glorious period—it had gathered about it its modern crust of supposed baseness,—it was left to slaves; and wise men, in their philosophic lecture-rooms, spoke of it as unworthy of the higher specimens of humanity.

But Homer finds, in its most homely forms, fit illustrations for the most glorious achievements of his heroes; and in every page we find, in simile or metaphor, some common scene of daily life worked out with elaborate beauty. What the popular poet chooses for his illustrations are as good a measure as we can have of the popular feeling, and the images which he suggests are, of course, what he knows it will delight his hearers to dwell upon. There is much to be said about this, and we shall return to it presently; in the meantime, we must not build on indirect evidence. The designs on the shield of Achilles are, together, a complete picture of Homer's microcosm; and he surely never thought inglorious or ignoble what the immortal art of Hephaistos condescended to imitate.

The first groups of figures point a contrast which is obviously intentional; and the significance becomes almost sadly earnest when we remember who it was that was to bear this shield. The moral is a very modern one, and the picture might be called by the modern name of Peace and War. There are two cities, embodying in their condition the two ideas. In one, a happy wedding is going forward; the pomp of the hymeneal procession is passing along the streets; the air is full of music, and the women standing at their doors to gaze. The other is in all the terrors of a siege; the hostile armies glittering under the walls, the women and children pressed into the defence, and crowding to the battlements. In the first city, a quarrel rises, and wrong is made right, not by violence and fresh wrong, but by the majesty of law and order. The heads of the families are sitting gravely in the marketplace, the cause is heard, the compensation set, the claim awarded. Under the walls of the other city

an ambush lies, like a wild beast on the watch for its prey. The unsuspecting herdsmen pass on with their flocks to the waterside; the spoilers spring from their hiding-place, and all is strife, and death, and horror, and confusion. If there were other war-scenes on the shield, it might be doubted whether Homer intended so strong a contrast as he executed; but fighting for its own sake was held in slight respect with him. The forms of life which were really beautiful to him follow in a series of exquisite Rubens-like pictures: harvest scenes and village festivals; the ploughing and the vintage, or the lion-hunt on the reedy margin of the river; and he describes them with a serene, sunny enjoyment, which no other old world art or poetry gives us anything in the least resembling. Even we ourselves, in our own pastorals, are struggling with but half success, after what Homer entirely possessed. What a majesty he has thrown into his harvest scene! The yellow corn falling, the boys following to gather up the large armsful as they drop behind the reapers; in the distance, a banquet preparing under the trees; in the centre, in the midst of his workmen, the king sitting in mellow silence, sceptre in hand, looking on with gladdened heart;—or those ploughmen, rather unlike what are to be seen in our corn-grounds, turning their teams at the end of the furrow, and attendants standing ready with the wine-cup, to hand them as they passed. Homer had seen these things, or he would not have sung of them; and princes and nobles might have shared such labour without shame; with kings among them, and gods to design them, and a divine Achilles to carry their images among his insignia into the field.

Analogous to this, and as part of the same feeling, is that intense enjoyment of natural scenery, so keen in Homer, and of which the Athenian poets show not a trace; as, for instance, in that night landscape by the sea, finished off in a few lines only, but so exquisitely perfect! The broad moon, gleaming through the mist as it parts suddenly from off the sky; and the crags and headlands, soft wooded slopes, shining out in the silver light. . . . Lines

like these show what the Ionians were, for they show what they took interest in.

But we spoke of Homer's similes as illustrative of the Ionic feelings towards war. War, of course, was glorious to him—but war in a glorious cause. Wars there were—in plenty, as there have been since, and as it is like there will be for some time to come; and a just war, of all human employments, is the one which most calls out whatever nobleness there is in man. It was the thing itself, the actual fighting and killing, as apart from the heroism for which it makes opportunities, above which, we said, he was raised so far, and that his manner showed it. His spirit stirs in him as he goes out with his hero to the battle; but there is no drunken delight in blood; we never hear of warriors as in that grim Hall of the Nibelungen, quenching their thirst in it; never anything of that fierce exultation in carnage with which the war poetry of so many nations, late and old, is crimsoned. Everything, on the contrary, is contrived so as to soften the merely horrible, and fix our interest only on what is grand or beautiful. We are never left to dwell long together on scenes of death, and when the battle is at its fiercest, our minds are called off by the rapid introduction (either by simile or some softer turn of human feeling) of other associations, not contrived, as an inferior artist would contrive, to deepen our emotions, but to soften and relieve them; thus, two warriors meet, exchange their high words of defiance; we hear the grinding of the spear-head, as it pierces shield and breast-plate, and the crash of the armour, as this or that hero falls. But at once, instead of being left at his side to see him bleed, we are summoned away to the soft water meadow, the lazy river, the tall poplar, now waving its branches against the sky, now tying its length along in the grass beside the water, and the wood-cutter with peaceful industry labouring and lopping at it.

In the thick of the universal *mêlée*, when the stones and arrows are raining on the combatants, and some furious hailstorm is the slightest illustration with which we should

expect him to heighten the effect of the human tempest, so sure Homer is that he has painted the thing itself in its own intense reality, that his simile is the stillest phenomenon in all nature—a stillness of activity, infinitely expressive of the density of the shower of missiles, yet falling like oil on water on the ruffled picture of the battle; the snow descending in the *still* air, covering, first hills, then plains and fields and farmsteads; covering the rocks down to the very water's edge, and clogging the waves as they roll in. Again, in that fearful death-wrestle at the Grecian wall, when gates and battlements are sprinkled over with blood, and neither Greek nor Trojan can force their way against the other, we have, first, as an image of the fight itself, two men in the field, with measuring rods, disputing over a land boundary; and for the equipoise of the two armies, the softest of all home scenes, a poor working woman weighing out her wool before weaving it, to earn a scanty subsistence for herself and for her children. Of course the similes are not all of this kind; it would be monotonous if they were; but they occur often enough to mark their meaning. In the direct narrative, too, we see the same tendency. Sarpedon struck through the thigh is borne off the field, the long spear trailing from the wound, and there is too much haste to draw it out. Hector flies past him and has no time to speak; all is dust, hurry, and confusion. Even Homer can only pause with him for a moment, but in three lines he lays him under a tree, he brings a dear friend to his side, and we refresh ourselves in a beautiful scene, when the lance is taken out, and Sarpedon faints, and comes slowly back to life, with the cool air fanning him. We may look in vain through the Nibelungen Lied for anything like this. The Swabian poet can be tender before the battle, but in the battle his barbaric nature is too strong for him, and he scents nothing but blood. In the Iliad, on the contrary, the very battles of the gods, grand and awful as they are, do not add to the human horror, but relieve it. In the magnificent scene, where Achilles, weary with slaughter,

pauses on the bank of the Scamander, and the angry river god, whose course is checked by the bodies of the dead, swells up to revenge them and destroy him, the natural and the supernatural are so strangely blended, that when Poseidon lights the forest, and god meets god, and element meets element, the convulsion is too tremendous to enhance the fierceness of Achilles; it concentrates the interest on itself, and Achilles and Hector, flying Trojan and pursuing Greek, for the time melt out and are forgotten.

We do not forget that there is nothing of this kind, no relief, no softening in the great scene at the conclusion of the Odyssey. All is stern enough and terrible enough there; more terrible, if possible, because more distinct, than its modern counterpart in Criciuldas Hall. But there is an obvious reason for this, and it does not make against what we have been saying. It is not delight in slaughter, but it is the stern justice of revenge which we have here; not as in the Iliad, hero meeting hero, but the long crime receiving at last its divine punishment; the breaking of the one storm, which from the beginning has been slowly and awfully gathering.

With Homer's treatment of a battle-field, and as illustrating the conclusion which we argue from it, we are tempted to draw parallels from two modern artists—one a German poet, the other an English painter, each of whom have attempted the same subject, and whose treatment in each case embodies, in a similar manner, modern ways of thinking about it.

The first is from the *Albigenses* of young Lenau. Poor Lenau, who has since died lunatic, we have heard, as he was not unlikely to have died, with such thoughts in him. It is the eve of one of those terrible struggles at Toulouse, and the poet's imagination is hanging at moon-rise over the scene. 'The low broad field scattered over thick with corpses, all silent, dead,—the last sob spent,—the priest's thanksgiving for the Catholic victory having died into an echo, and 'only the vultures crying their *Te Deum laudamus*.'

Hat Gott der Herr den Korperstoff
erschaffen,
Hat ihn hervorgebracht ein boser Geist,
Daruber stritten sie mit allen Waffen,
Und werden von den Vogeln nun
gespeist,
Die ohne ihren Ursprung nach zu fragen,
Die Korper da sich lassen wohl behagen.

‘Was it God the Lord who formed
the substance of their bodies? or
did some evil spirit bring it forth?
It was for this with all their might
they fought, and now they are de-
voured there by the wild birds, who
sit gorging merrily over their carrion,
without asking from whence it came.’

In Homer, as we saw, the true hero
is master over death—death has no
terror for him. He meets it, if it is
to be, calmly and proudly, and then
it is over; whatever offensive may
follow after it, is concealed, or at
least passed lightly over. Here, on
the contrary, everything most offen-
sive is dwelt upon with an agonizing
intensity, and the triumph of death
is made to extend not over the body
only, but over the soul, whose heroism
it turns to mockery. The cause in
which a man dies, is what can make
his death beautiful, but here nature
herself, in her stern, awful way, is
reading her sentence over the cause
itself as a wild and frantic dream.
We ought to be revolted—doubly re-
volted, one would think, and yet we
are not so; instead of being revolted,
we are affected with a sense of vast,
sad magnificence. Why is this?
Because we lose sight of the scene,
or lose the sense of its horror, in the
tragedy of the spirit. It is the true
modern tragedy; the note which
sounds through Shakespeare’s
Sonnets, through *Hamlet*, through
Faust; all the deeper trials of the
modern heart might be gathered
out of those few lines; the sense
of wasted nobleness—nobleness
spending its energies upon what
time seems to be pronouncing no
better than a dream—at any rate,
misgivings, sceptic and distracting;
yet the heart the while, in spite of the
uncertainty of the issue, remaining
true at least to itself. If the spirit of
the Albigenese warriors had really
broken down, or if the poet had
pointed his lesson so as to say,
truth is a lie, faith is folly, eat, drink,
and die, then his picture would have

been revolting; but the noble spirit
remains, though it is borne down
and trifled with by destiny, and
therefore it is not revolting, but
tragic.

We do not seem to have explained
our meaning; we can do it better
with our second illustration, for
which we might have taken Lord
Byron’s disgusting scene under the
walls of Corinth, in ‘the Siege,’ but
that it will serve better to choose
from another art. A short time
since, at a print-shop in Regent-
street, our eye was caught by a
picture bearing the name of E. Land-
seer. It was a small circular draw-
ing—a sun-set on a hill-side. The
broad disk resting on the edge of
the horizon, and occupying two-thirds
of it, cut in two by the features of
a dead soldier. The features wore
the settled beautiful sweetness of
expression which belongs to the first
few hours after death, and the artist
appeared to have thrown into them
as much as he could conceive of
human nobleness. In effect, it was
rather theatric than genuine; but
the intention was obvious. Close
by the body, upon a rock, in
the full glow of the evening light,
sate a vulture, waiting in a sort of
sleepy greediness to begin his meal.
The setting sun, the face of the dead
man, and the vulture, were the only
objects on which the eye rested.
Now this picture is an instance of
what we will call the worst treat-
ment of a battle-field. There is
nothing to relieve; no struggle, no
cause, no room for hope, for sym-
pathy, for admiration; it is a coarse
victory of death in its most hideous
form. It is as if it would say, (or
rather, affect to say, for its very
faithlessness is not genuine,) You
dream that you are something, that
you have a soul, and that it will live;
you talk of heaven, of heart, of
nobleness, of devotion; you talk of
those things, but you are—this—
carrion.

Making all allowances for a pain-
ter’s difficulty in relieving a death-
scene, the range of his images being
limited so far more strictly than the
poet’s, there is no excuse for this.
We do not want an art of Atheism;
and if he could make nothing better,
he should have let the subject alone.

It is unpoetic in the worst sense ; but it expresses exactly the modern English confusion of the vulgarly horrible with the tragic.

To go back to Homer.

We must omit for the present any notice of the domestic pictures, of which there are so many, in the palaces of Ulysses, of Nestor, or of Alcinous ; of the games, so manly, yet, in point of refinement, so superior even to those of our own middle ages ; of the supreme good of life as they conceived it, and of the arts by which they endeavoured to realize it. It is useless to notice such things briefly, and the detail would expand into a volume. But the impression which we gather from them all is the same which we have gathered all along, that if the proper aim of all human culture be to combine in the highest measure in which they are compatible, the two elements of refinement and of manliness, then Homer's age was cultivated to a degree, the like of which the earth has not witnessed since. There was more refinement under Pericles, as there is more in modern London and Paris ; but there was, and there is, infinitely more vice. There was more fierceness (greater manliness there never was) in the times of feudalism. But take it for all in all, and in a mere human sense, apart from any other aspect of the world which is involved in Christianity, it is difficult to point to a time when life in general was happier, and the character of man set in a more noble form. If we have drawn the picture with too little shadow, let it be allowed for. It was there, doubtless, though we see it only in a few dark spots. The Margites would have supplied the interval, but the Margites, unhappily for us, is lost. Even heroes have their littlenesses, and Comedy is truer to the details of littleness than Tragedy or Epic ; for the grand is always more or less ideal, and the elevation of a moment is sublimed into the spirit of a life. Comedy, therefore, is essential for the representing of men ; and there were times, doubtless, when the complexion of Agamemnon's greatness was discoloured, like Prince Henry's, by remembering, when he

was weary, that poor creature — small beer—i. e., if the Greeks had got any.

A more serious discolouring, however, we are obliged to say that we find in Homer himself, in the soil or taint which even he is obliged to cast over the position of women. In the *Iliad*, where there is no sign of male slavery, women had already fallen under it, and though there does not seem to have been any practice of polygamy, the female prisoners fell, as a matter of course, into a more degraded position. It is painful, too, that their own feelings often followed the practice of the times, and they composed themselves to bear without reluctance what their destiny forced upon them. When Priam ventured into the Grecian camp for Hector's body, and stood under the roof of Achilles, he endured to do what, as he says, no mortal father had ever yet endured, — to give his hand to his son's destroyer. Briseis, whose bed was made desolate by the hand of the same Achilles, finds it her one greatest consolation, that the conqueror stoops to choose her to share his own. And when Hector in his last sad parting scene anticipates a like fate for his own Andromache, it is not with the revolted agony of horror with which such a possible future would be regarded by a modern husband. Nor does Andromache, however bitterly she feels it, protest as a modern wife would do, that there is no fear for her—that death by sorrow's hand, or by her own, would preserve her to rejoin him.

Nor, again, was unfaithfulness, of however long duration, conclusively fatal against a wife ; for we meet Helen, after a twenty years' elopement, again the quiet, hospitable mistress in the Spartan palace, entertaining her husband's guests with an easy matronly dignity, and not afraid even in his presence to allude to the past—in strong terms of self-reproach, indeed, but with nothing like despairing prostration. Making the worst of this, however, yet even in this respect the Homeric Greeks were better than their contemporaries ; and on the whole there was, perhaps, no time anterior to Christianity when women held

a higher place, or the relation between wife and husband was of a more free and honourable kind. For we have given but one side of the picture. When a woman can be the theme of a poet, her nature cannot be held in slight esteem; and there is no doubt that Penelope is Homer's heroine in the *Odyssey*. One design, at least, which Homer had before him was to vindicate the character of the virtuous matron against the stain which Clytemnestra had inflicted on it. Clytemnestra has every advantage, Penelope every difficulty: the trial of the former lasted only half as long as that of the latter. Agamemnon in leaving her gave herself and his house in charge to a divine *ἄνθρωπος*, a heaven-inspired prophet, who should stand between her and temptation, and whom she had to murder before her passion could have its way. Penelope had to bear up alone for twenty weary years, without a friend, without a counsellor, and with even a child whose constancy was wavering. It is obvious that Homer meant this contrast. The story of the *Argos* tragedy is told over and over again. The shade of Agamemnon himself forbodes a fate like his own to Ulysses. It is Ulysses's first thought when he wakes from his sleep to find himself in his own land; and the scene in Hades, in the last book, seems only introduced that the husband of Clytemnestra may meet the shades of the Ithaca suitors, and learn in their own tale of the sad issue of their wooing, how far otherwise it had fared with Ulysses than with himself. Women, therefore, according to Homer, were as capable of heroic virtue as men were, and the ideal of this heroism is one to which we have scarcely added.

For the rest, there is no trace of any oriental seraglio system. The sexes lived together in easy unaffected intercourse. The ladies appeared in society naturally and gracefully, and their chief occupations were household matters, care of clothes and linen, and other domestic arrangements. When a guest came, they prepared his dressing-room, settled the bath, and arranged the convenience of his toilet-table. In their leisure hours,

they were to be found, as now, in the hall or the saloon, and their work-table contained pretty much the same materials. Helen was winding worsted as she entertained Telemachus, and Andromache worked roses in very modern cross stitch. A literalist like Mr. Mackay, who finds out that the Israelites were cannibals, from such expressions as 'drinking the blood of the slain,' might discover, perhaps, a similar unpleasant propensity in an excited wish of Hecuba, that she might eat the heart of Achilles; but in the absence of other evidence, it is unwise in either case to press a metaphor; and the food of ladies, wherever Homer lets us see it, is very innocent—cake and wine, with such fruits as were in season. To judge by Nausicaa, their breeding must have been exquisite. Nausicaa standing still, when the uncouth figure of Ulysses emerged from under the wood, all sea slime and nakedness, and only covered with a girdle of leaves, standing still to meet him when the other girls ran away tittering and terrified, is the real conception of true female modesty; and in the whole scene between them, Homer shows the most finished understanding of the delicate and tremulous relations which occur occasionally in the accidents of intercourse between highly cultivated men and women, and which he could only have learnt by living in a society where men and women met and felt in the way which he has described.

Who, then, was Homer? What was he? When did he live? His story has absolutely nothing to answer. His poems were not written; for the art of writing (at any rate for a poet's purpose) was unknown to him. There is a vague tradition that the *Iliad*, and the *Odyssey*, and a comic poem called the *Margites*, were composed by an Ionian whose name was Homer, about four hundred years before Herodotus, or in the ninth century B.C.; and we know certainly that they were preserved by the Rhapsodists, or popular reciters, who repeated them at the private parties or the festivals, until writing came into use, and they were fixed in a less preca-

rious form. A later story was current, that we owe the collection to Pisistratus; but an exclusive claim for him was probably only Athenian conceit. It is incredible that men of real genius in Homer's own land—Alcæus for instance—should have left such a work to be done by a foreigner. But this is really all which is known; and the creation of the poems lies in impenetrable mystery. Nothing remains to guide us, therefore, except internal evidence (strangely enough it is the same with Shakespeare), and it has led to wild conclusions; yet the wildest is not without its use; it has commonly something to rest upon; and internal evidence is only really valuable when it has sifted and balanced everything. The present opinion seems to be, that each poem is unquestionably the work of one man; but whether both poems are the work of the same is yet *sub judice*. The Greeks believed they were; and that is much. There are remarkable points of resemblance in style, yet not greater than in the *Two Noble Kinsmen* and in the *Yorkshire Tragedy* to *Macbeth* and *Hamlet*; and there are more remarkable points of non-resemblance, which deepen upon us the more we read. On the other hand, tradition is absolute. If the style of the *Odyssey* is sometimes unlike the *Iliad*, so is one part of the *Iliad* sometimes unlike another. It is hard to conceive a genius equal to the creation of either *Iliad* or *Odyssey* to have existed without leaving at least a legend of his name; and the difficulty of criticising style accurately in an old language will be appreciated by those who have tried their hand in their own language with the disputed plays of Shakespeare. There are heavy difficulties every way; and we shall best conclude our own subject by noting down briefly the most striking points of difference of which as yet no explanation has been attempted. We have already noticed several: the non-appearance of male slavery in the *Iliad*, which is common in the *Odyssey*; the notion of a future state; and perhaps a fuller cultivation in the female character. Andromache is as delicate as Nausicaa, but she is not as grand as Penelope. And in marked

contrast to the feeling expressed by Briseis, is the passage where the grief of Ulysses over the song of Demodocus is compared to the grief of a young wife flinging herself on the yet warm body of her husband, and looking forward to her impending slavery with very different feelings. But these are among the slightest points in which the two poems are dissimilar. Not only are there slaves in the *Odyssey*, but there are *θητες*, or serfs, an order with which we are familiar in later times, but which again are not in the *Iliad*. In the *Odyssey* the Trojans are called *ἐπιβητορες ἵππων*, which must mean *riders*. In the *Iliad*, horses are never ridden; they are always in harness.

Wherever in the *Odyssey* the Trojan war is alluded to (and it is very often), in no one case is the allusion to anything which is mentioned in the *Iliad*. Thus we hear of the wooden horse, the taking of Troy, the death of Achilles, the contention of Ulysses with Ajax for his arms. It might be said that the poet wished to supply afterwards indirectly what he had left in the *Iliad* untold; but again, this is impossible, for a very curious reason. The *Iliad* opens with the wrath of Achilles, which caused such bitter woe to the Achæians. In the *Odyssey* it is still the wrath of Achilles; but singularly, *not with Agamemnon, but with Ulysses*. Ulysses to the author of the *Odyssey* was a far grander person at Troy than he appears in the *Iliad*. In the latter poem he is great, but far from one of the greatest; in the other, he is evidently the next to Achilles; and it seems almost certain that whoever wrote the *Odyssey* was working from some other legend of the war. There were a thousand legends of it. It was set to every lyre in Greece, and the relative position of the heroes was doubtless changed according to the sympathies or the patriotism of the singer. The character of Ulysses is much stronger in the *Odyssey*; and even when the same qualities are attributed to him—his soft-flowing tongue, his cunning, and his eloquence—they are held in very different estimation. The Homer of the *Iliad* has little liking for a

talker. Thersites is his pattern specimen of such; and it is the current scoff at unready warriors to praise their father's courage, and then to add—

ἀλλὰ τὸν νῖον
γαίνατο εἰς χεῖρα μαχῇ ἀγόρηδε τ' ἀμείνω.

But the Phœacian prince who ventured to reflect, in the Iliad style, on the supposed unreadiness of Ulysses, is taught a different notion of human excellence. Ulysses tells him that he is a fool. 'The gods,' he says, 'do not give all good things to all men, and often a man is made unfair to look upon, but over his ill favour they fling, like a garland, a power of lovely speech, and the people delight to look on him. He speaks with modest dignity, and he shines among the multitude. As he walks through the city, they gaze on him as on a god.' Differences like these, however, are far from decisive. The very slightest external evidence would weigh them all down together. Perhaps the following may be of more importance:—

In both poems there are 'questionings of destiny,' as the modern phrase goes. The thing which we call human life is looked in the face—this little chequered island of lights and shadows, in the middle of an ocean of darkness; and in each we see the sort of answer which the poet finds for himself, and which might be summed up briefly in the last words of Ecclesiastes, 'Fear God and keep his commandments, for that is the whole duty of man;' but the world bears a different aspect, and the answer looks different in its application. In the Iliad, in spite of the gloom of Achilles, and his complaint of the double urn, the sense of life, on the whole, is sunny and cheerful. There is no yearning for anything beyond—nothing vague, nothing mystical. The earth, the men, the gods, have all a palpable reality about them. From first to last, we know where we are, and what we are about. In the Odyssey we are breathing another atmosphere. The speculations on the moral mysteries of our being hang like a mist over us from the beginning to the end, which from time to time descends on the actors,

and envelops them with a sort of preternatural halo. The poet evidently dislikes the expression of 'suffering being the lot of mortals,' as if it had been abused already for ungodly purposes. In the opening of the first book, Zeus reproves man's folly for casting the blame upon the gods, when they themselves, in spite of all the gods can do to save them, persist in their own perverseness; and we never know as we go on, so fast we pass from one to the other, when we are among mere human beings, and when in the spiritual or the mystical. Those sea-nymphs, those cannibals, those enchantresses, if intended to be real, are neither mortal nor divine—at any rate, like nothing divine which we had seen in Olympus, or on the plains of Ilium. And at times there is a strangeness even in the hero himself. Sometimes it is Ulysses painfully toiling his way home across the unknown ocean; sometimes it is we that are Ulysses, and that unknown ocean is the life across which we are wandering, with too many Circes, and Sirens, and 'Isles of Error' in our path. In the same spirit death is no longer the end; and on every side long vistas seem to stretch away into the infinite, peopled with shadowy forms.

But, as if this palpable initiation into the unseen were still insufficient or unconvincing, the common ground on which we are treading is set sometimes shaking under us, and we feel as Humboldt describes himself to have felt at the first shock of an earthquake. Strange pieces of mysterious wildness are let fall in our way, coming suddenly on us like spectres, and vanishing without explanation or hint of their purpose. What are those Phœnician ships meant for, which required neither sail nor oar, but of their own selves read the hearts of those they carried, and bore them wherever they would go?—or the wild end of the ship which took Ulysses home?—or that terrible piece of second sight in the Hall at Ithaca, for which the seer was brought from Pylos?—or those islands, one of which is for ever wasting while another is born into being to complete the number?—or those mystical sheep and oxen,

which knew neither age nor death, nor ever had offspring born to them, and whose flesh upon the spits began to crawl and bellow?—or Helen singing round the horse inside the Trojan walls, when every Grecian chief's heart fainted in him as he thought he heard the voice of his own dear wife far away beyond the sea?—although in this, perhaps, we need not suppose Homer meant anything out of nature.

In the far gates of the Læstry-gones 'when such a narrow rim of night divided day from day, that a sleepless man might earn a double hire, and the cry of the shepherd at evening driving home his flock is heard by the shepherd going out in the morning to pasture,' we have, perhaps, some tale of a Phœnician mariner, who had wandered into the North Seas, and seen 'the Norway sun set into sunrise.' But what shall we say to that Syrian isle, 'where disease is not, nor hunger, nor thirst, and where, when men grow old, Apollo comes with Artemis, and slays them with his silver bow.' There is nothing in the Iliad like any of these wild stories, except, indeed, one—the story of Bellerophon, 'who, when he was hated by the gods, wandered alone to and fro upon the Aëlian plains devouring his own soul.' And this is let fall, as it were, just in the same strange way as the Odyssey

stories are—like them, without a hint of its meaning. But, as it stands, it is so unnatural, so out of keeping with anything before or after, that, although we do not know that there is any historical evidence against its genuineness, we cannot help suspecting it; reducing ourselves, as it would seem, to some such position as this—'The author of the Odyssey cannot be the author of the Iliad, because there are a number of stories in it, which in the Iliad have nothing analogous to them. . . . Where, therefore, in the Iliad we do find stories of this kind, they cannot be genuine.' *Valeat quantum.* It matters little who wrote the poems so we have them. Each poem is so magnificent, that to have written both could scarcely have increased the greatness of the man who had written one. And if there were two Homers, the earth is richer by one more divine-gifted man than we had known. After all, it is perhaps more easy to believe that the differences which we seem to see arise from Homer's own choice of the material which best suited two works so different, than that nature was so largely prodigal as to have created in one age and in one people two such men; for whether one or two, the authors of the Iliad and the Odyssey stand alone with Shakespeare far away above mankind.

POULAILLET, THE ROBBER.

CARTOUCHE had been arrested, tried, condemned, and executed, some seven or eight years, and no longer occupied the attention of the good people of Paris, to whom his almost melodramatic life and death had afforded a most interesting and enduring topic. They were languishing, like the Athenians of old, for something new, when there arose a rumour that another robber, more dexterous, more audacious, more extraordinary, ay, and more cruel than Cartouche, was roaming about the streets of their city. What was his name?—whence did he come?—were questions in the mouth of every one, as each of his numerous daring

acts was made public,—questions which no one could answer.

In vain was every arm of the police put in requisition,—crime after crime was committed with impunity, and terror reigned supreme.

At last the criminal himself disdained concealment, and all Paris—nay, a considerable portion of Europe—trembled at the name of POULAILLET.

He appeared about the year 1730, and astonished the world by deeds some of them so shocking, and at the same time so wonderful, that they gave some colour to the belief of many, that he was aided by supernatural agency.

This belief was supported by a history of the circumstances attending his birth.

There lived in a village on the coast of Brittany a man, poor but of good repute, and well-beloved by his neighbours,—an intrepid mariner, but poor as Job himself when his friends came to comfort him. A robust and well-knit frame combined with a fine frank countenance, well-bronzed by the sea-breezes, was looked on favourably by all, and by none more than by the young lasses whose furtive glances rested with pleasure on the manly form and gallant bearing of Jacques Poulailleur.

His strength was prodigious, and his temerity upon the ocean incredible.

Such qualities are appreciated in every country; and among the beauties of the village, one remarkable for her superiority in wealth, as well as natural gifts, was attracted by them, and Jacques Poulailleur had the good fortune to find favour in the eyes of her who was known in her little world as *La belle Isabeau Colomblet*.

At no great distance from this maritime village, on the crest of a rock lashed by the waves, which at high tides was perfectly insulated, dwelt a personage of whose origin every one was ignorant. The building where he had established himself had long been of evil fame throughout the country, and was only known as *La Tour Maudite*. The fire-sides resounded with tales of terror enacted in this lonely and ominous theatre. Fiends, in the olden time, had made it their abode, as was currently reported, and believed. From that time, it was asserted that no human being could dwell there without having previously entered into a compact with the evil one. The isolation of the place, the continued agitation of the waves at its base, the howlings of the wind around its frowning battlements, the traces of the thunder-bolts which from time to time had blackened and almost charred its walls, the absence of bush or tree, or anything in the shape of blossom or verdure—for neither wall-flower, nor even moss, would grow there—had produced their effect on the supersti-

tious spirit of the neighbours, and the accursed place had remained untenanted by anything earthly for forty or fifty years.

One gloomy day, however, a man was seen prowling about its vicinity: he came and went over the sands; and, just as a storm was rising, he threw himself into a boat, gained the offing, and disappeared.

Every one believed that he was lost; but next morning there he was. Surprised at this, the neighbours began to inquire who he could be; and, at last, learned that he had bought the tower of the proprietor, and had come to dwell there. This was all the information that their restless curiosity could obtain. Whence did he come?—what had he done? In vain were these questions asked. All were querists, and none found a respondent. Two or three years elapsed before his name transpired. At last it was discovered, nobody knew how, that his name was Roussart.

He appeared to be a man above six feet in height, strongly built, and apparently about thirty years of age. His countenance was all but handsome, and very expressive. His conduct was orderly and without reproach, and, proving himself to be an experienced fisherman, he became of importance in that country.

No one was more weatherwise than Roussart, and no one turned his foreknowledge to such good account. He had been seen frequently to keep the sea in such fearful tempests, that all agreed that he must have been food for fishes if he had not entered into some agreement with Satan. When the stoutest hearts quailed, and ordinary men considered it suicidal to venture out, Roussart was to be seen braving the tumult of winds and waves, and always returned to the harbour safe and sound.

People began to talk about this, and shook their heads ominously. Little cared Roussart for their words or gestures; but he was the only one in the commune who never went to church. The curé at last gave out that he was excommunicated; and from that time his neighbours broke off all communication with him.

Things had arrived at this point,

when it was rumoured in the village that the gallant fisherman, Jacques Poulailier, had touched the heart of *La belle Isabeau*. Soon their approaching marriage became the topic of the village; and, finally, one Sunday, after mass, the bans were first published by the vicar.

The lads of the village, congregated on the shore, were congratulating Poulailier on the auspicious event, when Roussart suddenly appeared among them.

His presence was a surprise: he had always avoided the village meetings as much as others had sought them; and this sudden change in his habits gave a new impulse to curiosity.

The stranger appeared to seek some one with his eyes, and presently walked straight up to the happy Jacques, who, intoxicated with joy, was giving and receiving innumerable shakes of the hand.

'Master Poulailier,' said Roussart, 'you are going to be married, then?'

'That seems sure,' replied Poulailier.

'Not more sure than that your first-born will belong to the evil one. I, Roussart, tell you so.'

With that he turned on his heel, and regained his isolated dwelling, leaving his auditors amazed at his abrupt and extraordinary announcement, and poor Jacques more affected by it than any one else.

From that moment Roussart showed himself no more in the neighbourhood, and soon disappeared altogether, without leaving a trace to indicate what had become of him.

Most country people are superstitious,—the Bretons eminently so, and Jacques Poulailier never forgot the sinister prophecy of Roussart. His comrades were not more oblivious; and when, a year after his marriage, his first-born came into the world, a universal cry saluted the infant boy as devoted to Satan. *Donné au diable* were the words added to the child's name whenever it was mentioned. It is not recorded whether or no he was born with teeth, but the gossips remarked that during the ceremony of baptism the new-born babe gave vent to the most fearful howlings. He writhed,

he kicked, his little face exhibited the most horrible contortions; but as soon as they carried him out of the church, he burst out into laughter as unearthly as it was unnatural.

After these evil omens, everybody expected that the little Pierre Poulailier would be ugly and ill-formed. Not a bit of it: on the contrary, he was comely, active, and bold. His fine fresh complexion, and well furnished mouth, were set off by his brilliant black eyes and hair, which curled naturally all over his head. But he was a sad rogue, and something more. If an oyster-bed, a warren, or an orchard was robbed, Pierre Poulailier was sure to be the boy accused. In vain did his father do all that parent could to reform him: he was incorrigible.

Monsieur le curé had some difficulty to bring him to his first communion. The master of the village exhausted his catalogue of corrections—and the catalogue was not very short—without succeeding in inculcating the first notions of the Christian faith and the doctrine of the cross. 'What is the good of it?' would the urchin say. 'Am not I devoted to the devil, and will not that be sufficient to make my way?'

At ten years of age, Pierre was put on board a merchant-ship, as cabin-boy. At twelve, he robbed his captain, and escaped to England with the spoil. In London he contrived to pass for the natural son of a French duke; but his numerous frauds forced him again to seek his native land, where, in his sixteenth year, he enlisted as a drummer in the regiment of Champagne, commanded by the Count de Varicères. Before he had completed his eighteenth year he deserted, joined a troop of fortune-telling gipsies, whom he left to try his fortune with a regular pilferer, and finally, engaged himself to a ropedancer. He played comedy, sold orvietan with the success of Doctor Dulcamara himself; and in a word, passed through all the degrees which lead to downright robbery.

Once his good angel seemed to prevail. He left his disreputable companions and entered the army honourably. For a short time there were hopes of him; it was thought

that he would amend his life, and his superiors were satisfied with his conduct. But the choicest weapon in the armoury of him to whom he had been devoted was directed against him. A *vivandière*—the prettiest and most piquante of her tribe—raised a flame in his heart that burnt away all other considerations; but he might still have continued in a comparatively respectable course, if the sergeant-major had not stood forward as his rival. The coquette had in her heart a preference for Pierre; and the sergeant, taking advantage of his rank, insulted his subordinate so grossly, that he was repaid by a blow. The sergeant's blood was up, and as he rushed to attack Pierre, the soldier, drawing his sabre, dangerously wounded his superior officer, who, after lingering a few days, went the way of all flesh. Pierre would have tasted the tender mercies of the provost-marshal; but fortunately, the regiment was lying near the frontier, which our hero contrived to cross, and then declared war against society at large.

The varied knowledge and acquirements of the youth—his courage, true as steel, and always equal to the occasion—the prudence and foresight with which he meditated a *coup de main*—the inconceivable rapidity of his execution—his delicate and disinterested conduct towards his comrades—all contributed to render him famous, in the *famosus* sense, if you will, and to raise him to the first place.

Germany was the scene of his first exploits. The world had condemned him to death, and he condemned the world to subscribe to his living.

At this period, he had posted himself in ambush on the crest of a hill, whence his eye could command a great extent of country; and certainly the elegance of his mien, his graceful bearing, and the splendour of his arms, might well excuse those who did not take him for what he really was. He was on the hill-side when two beautiful young women appeared in sight. He lost no time in joining them; and, as youth is communicative, soon learnt, in answer to his questions, that, tired

of remaining in the carriage, they had determined to ascend the hill on foot.

'You are before the carriage, then, mademoiselle?'

'Yes, sir; cannot you hear the whip of the postillions?'

The conversation soon became animated, and every moment made a deeper inroad into the heart of our handsome brigand: but every moment also made the situation more critical. On the other side of the hill was the whole band, ranged in order of battle, and ready to pounce upon the travellers. Having ascertained the place of abode of his fair companions, and promised to avail himself of the first opportunity to pay his compliments to them there, he bade them politely adieu, and having gained a path cut through the living rock, known but to few, descended with the agility of a chamois to his party, whom he implored not to attack the carriage which was approaching.

But, if Poulailler had his reasons for this chivalrous conduct, his hand were actuated by no such motives, and they demurred to his prayer. He at once conquered their hesitation by bidding them name the value that they put on their expected booty, purchased the safety of the travellers by the sum named, and the two fair daughters of the Baron von Kirbergen went on their way full of the praises of the handsome stranger whose acquaintance they had made, and in blissful ignorance of the peril they had passed.

That very day, Poulailler left his lieutenant in the temporary command of the band, mounted his most beautiful horse, followed his beloved to the castle of her father, and introduced himself as the Count Petrucci of Sienna, whom he had lately robbed, and whose papers he had taken care to retain with an eye to future business.

His assumed name, backed by his credentials, secured for him a favourable reception, and he well knew how to improve the occasion. An accomplished rider, and bold in the chase, he won the good opinion of the Baron; while his musical and conversational talent made him the

pet of the drawing-room. The young and charming Wilhelmina surrendered her heart to the gay and amiable cavalier; and all went merrily, till one fine morning Fortune, whose wheel is never stationary, sent the true Count to the castle. It was no case of the two Sosias, for no two persons could well be more unlike; and as soon as the real personage saw his representative, he recognised him as the robber who had stolen his purse as well as his name.

Here was a pretty business. Most adventurers would have thrown up the game as desperate; but our hero, with a front worthy of Fathom himself, boldly proclaimed the last visitor to be an impostor, and argued the case so ably, and with such well-simulated indignation at the audacity of the new-comer, that the Baron was staggered, and despatched messengers to the partners of a mercantile house at Florence, to whom the true Petrucci was well known.

To wait for the result of the inquiry would have been a folly of which Poulailler was not likely to be guilty; so he made a moonlight flitting of it that very night—but not alone. Poor Wilhelmina had cast in her lot with her lover for good or for evil, and fled with him.

The confusion that reigned in the best of all possible castles, the next morning, may be conceived; but we must leave the Baron blaspheming, and the Baroness in hysterics, to follow the fugitives, who gained France in safety, and were soon lost in the labyrinths of Paris.

There he was soon joined by his band, to the great loss and terror of the honest people of the good city. Every day, M. Hérault, the lieutenant of police, was saluted by new cases of robbery and violence, which his ablest officers could neither prevent nor punish. The organization of the band was so complete, and the head so ably directed the hands, that neither life nor property was considered safe from one moment to another. Nor were accounts of the generosity of the chief occasionally wanting to add to his fame.

One night, as Poulailler was traversing the roofs with the agility of a cat, for the purpose of entering a

house whose usual inmates were gone into the country, he passed the window of a garret whence issued a melancholy concert of sobs and moans. He stopped, and approached the apartment of a helpless family, without resources, without bread, and suffering the pangs of hunger. Touched by their distress, and remembering his own similar sufferings before Fortune favoured him, he was about to throw his purse among them, when the door of the chamber opened violently, and a man, apparently beside himself, rushed in with a handful of gold, which he cast upon the floor.

'There,' cried he, in a voice broken by emotion—'there, take—buy—eat; but it will cost you dear. I pay for it with my honour and peace of mind. Baffled in all my attempts to procure food for you honestly, I was on my despairing return, when I beheld, at a short distance from me, a tall, but slight-made man, who walked hurriedly, but yet with an air as if he expected some one. Ah! thought I, this is some lover; and yielding to the temptation of the fiend, I seized him by the collar. The poor creature was terrified, and, begging for mercy, put into my hands this watch, two gold snuff-boxes, and those Louis, and fled. There they are; they will cost me my life. I shall never survive this infamy.'

The starving wife re-echoed these sentiments; and even the hungry children joined in the lamentations of the miserable father.

All this touched Pierre to the quick. To the great terror of the family, he entered the room, and stood in the midst.

'Be comforted,' said he to the astonished husband; 'you have robbed a robber. The infamous coward who gave up to you this plunder is one of Poulailler's sentinels. Keep it; it is yours.'

'But who are you?' cried the husband and wife;—'who are you, and by what right is it that you thus dispose of the goods of another?'

'By the right of a chief over his subalterns. I am Poulailler.'

The poor family fell on their knees, and asked what they could do for him.

'Give me a light,' said Pierre, 'that I may get down into the street without breaking my neck.'

This reminds one of the answer which Rousseau gave to the Duc de Praslin, whose Danish dog, as it was running before the carriage, had upset the peripatetic philosopher.

'What can I do for you?' said the Duke to the fallen author of *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, whose person he did not know.

'You can tie up your dog,' replied Jean-Jacques, gathering himself up, and walking away.

Poulailier having done his best to render a worthy family happy, went his way, to inflict condign punishment on the poltroon who had so readily given up the purse and the watches.

The adventures of this accomplished robber were so numerous and marvellous, that it is rather difficult to make a selection. One evening, at the *bal de l'Opéra*, he made the acquaintance of a charming woman, who, at first, all indignation, was at length induced to listen to his proposal, that he should see her home; and promised to admit him, 'if Monseigneur should not be there.'

'But who is this Monseigneur?' inquired Pierre.

'Don't ask,' replied the fair lady.

'Who is he, fairest?'

'Well, how curious you are; you make me tell all my secrets. If you must know, he is a prince of the church, out of whose revenues he supports me; and I cannot but show my gratitude to him.'

'Certainly not; he seems to have claims which ought to be attended to.'

By this time they had arrived at an elegantly furnished house, which they entered, the lady having ascertained that the coast was clear; and Poulailier had just installed himself, when up drove a carriage—Monseigneur in person.

The beauty, in a state of distraction, threw herself at the feet of her spark, and implored him to pass into a back cabinet. Poulailier obeyed, and had hardly reached his hiding-place, when he beheld, through the glazed door, Monseigneur, who had gone to his Semele in all his apostolical magnificence. A large and

splendid cross of diamonds, perfect in water, shot dazzling rays from his breast, where it was suspended by a chain of cat's-eyes, of great price, set in gold; the button and loop of his hat blazed with other precious stones; and his fingers sparkled with rings, whose brilliants were even greater and more beautiful than those that formed the constellation of his cross.

It is very seldom that the human heart, however capacious, has room for two grand passions in activity at the same time. In this instance, Poulailier no sooner beheld the rich and tempting sight, than he found that the god of Love was shaking his wings and flying from his bosom, and that the demon of Cupidity was taking the place of the more disinterested deity. He rushed from his hiding-place, and presented himself to the astonished prelate with a poniard in one hand and a pistol in the other, both of which he held to the sacred breast in the presence of the distracted lady. The bishop had not learnt to be careless of life, and had sufficient self-possession in his terror not to move, lest he should compromise his safety, while Poulailier proceeded to strip him with a dexterity that practice had rendered perfect. Diamonds, precious stones, gold, coined and ornamental, rings, watch, snuff-box, and purse, were transferred from the priest to the robber with marvellous celerity; then turning to the lady, he made her open the casket which contained the price of her favours, and left the house with the plunder and such a laugh as those only revel in who win.

The lieutenant of police began to take the tremendous success of our hero to heart, and in his despair at the increasing audacity of the robber, caused it to be spread amongst his spies, archers, and sergeants, that he who should bring Poulailier before him should be rewarded with one hundred pistols, in addition to a place of two thousand livres a year.

M. Hérault was seated comfortably at his breakfast, when the Count de Villeneuve was announced. This name was—perhaps is—principally borne by two celebrated families of Provence and Languedoc.

M. Hérault instantly rose and passed into his cabinet, where he beheld a personage of good mien, dressed to perfection, with as much luxury as taste, who in the best manner requested a private interview. Orders were immediately issued that no one should venture to approach till the bell was rung; and a valet was placed as sentinel in an adjoining gallery to prevent the possibility of interruption.

'Well, Monsieur le Comte, what is your business with me?'

'Oh, a trifle;—merely a thousand pistoles, which I am about to take myself from your strong box, in lieu of the hundred pistoles and the snug place which you have promised to him who would gratify you by Poulailler's presence. I am Poulailler, who will despatch you to the police of the other world with this poisoned dagger, if you raise your voice or attempt to defend yourself. Nay, stir not,—a scratch is mortal.'

Having delivered himself of this address, the audacious personage drew from his pockets some fine but strong whipcord, well hackled and twisted, and proceeded to bind the lieutenant of police hand and foot, finishing by making him fast to the lock of the door. Then the robber proceeded to open the lieutenant's secrétaire, the drawers of which he well rummaged, and having filled his pockets with the gold which he found there, turned to the discomfited lieutenant with a profound bow, and after a request that he would not take the trouble to show him out, quietly took his departure.

There are some situations so confounding, that they paralyse the faculties for a time; and the magistrate was so overcome by his misfortune, that, instead of calling for aid, as he might have done when the robber left him, he set to work with his teeth, in vain endeavours to disengage himself from the bonds which held him fast. An hour elapsed before anyone ventured to disturb M. Hérault, who was found in a rage to be imagined, but not described, at this daring act. The loss was the least part of the annoyance. A cloud of epigrams flew about, and the streets resounded with the songs celebrating Poulailler's triumph and the defeat of

the unfortunate magistrate, who dared not for some time to go into society, where he was sure to find a laugh at his expense.

But ready as the good people of Paris were with their ridicule, they were by no means at their ease. The depredations of Poulailler increased with his audacity, and people were afraid to venture into the streets after nightfall. As soon as the last rays of the setting sun fell on the Boulevards, the busy crowds began to depart; and when that day-star sank below the horizon, they were deserted. Nobody felt safe.

The Hôtel de Brienne was guarded like a fortress, but difficulty seemed to give additional zest to Poulailler. Into this hôtel he was determined to penetrate, and into it he got. While the carriage of the Princess of Lorraine was waiting at the Opera, he contrived to fix leathern bands, with screws, under the outside of the bottom of the body, while his associates were treating the coachman and footman at a *cabaret*, slipped under the carriage in the confusion of the surrounding crowd when it drew up to the door of the theatre, and, depending on the strength of his powerful wrists, held on underneath, and was carried into the hôtel under the very nose of the Swiss Cerberus.

When the stable-servants were all safe in their beds, Poulailler quitted his painful hiding-place, where the power of his muscles and sinews had been so severely tested, and mounted into the hay-loft, where he remained concealed three nights and four days, sustaining himself on cakes of chocolate. No one loved good cheer better than he, or indulged more in the pleasures of the table; but he made himself a slave to nothing, save the inordinate desire of other men's goods, and patiently contented himself with what would keep body and soul together till he was enabled to make his grand coup.

At last, Madame de Brienne went in all her glory to the Princess de Marsan's ball, and nearly all the domestics took advantage of the absence of their mistress to leave the hôtel in pursuit of their own pleasures. Poulailler then descended from the hay-loft, made his way to the noble dame's cabinet, forced her

secrétaire, and possessed himself of two thousand Louis d'or and a portfolio, which he doubtless wished to examine at his ease; for, two days afterwards, he sent it back, (finding it furnished with such securities only as he could not negotiate with safety,) and a polite note signed with his name, in which he begged the princess graciously to receive the restitution, and to accept the excuses of one who, had he not been sorely pressed for the moderate sum which he had ventured to take, would never have thought of depriving the illustrious lady of it; adding, that when he was in cash, he should be delighted to lend her double the amount, should her occasions require it.

This impudent missive was lauded as a marvel of good taste at Versailles, where, for a whole week, every one talked of the consummate cleverness, and exquisite gallantry of the *Chevalier de Poulailler*.

This title of honour stuck, and his fame seemed to inspire him with additional ardour and address. His affairs having led him to Cambray, he happened to have for a travelling companion, the Dean of a well-known noble Belgian chapter. The conversation rolled on the notorieties of the day, and Poulailler was a more interesting theme than the weather. But our chevalier was destined to listen to observations that did not much flatter his self-esteem, for the Dean, so far from allowing him any merit whatever as a brigand, characterized him as an infamous and miserable cut-purse, adding, that at his first and approaching visit to Paris, he would make it his business to see the lieutenant of police, and reproach him with the small pains he took to lay so vile a scoundrel by the heels.

The journey passed off without the occurrence of anything remarkable; but, about a month after this colloquy, M. Hérault received a letter, informing him, that on the previous evening, M. de Potter, *chanoine-doyen* of the noble chapter of Brussels, had been robbed and murdered by Poulailler, who, clad in the habits of his victim, and furnished with his papers, would enter the barrier St. Martin. This letter purported to be written by one of

his accomplices, who had come to the determination of denouncing him, in the hope of obtaining pardon.

The horror of M. Hérault at the death of this dignified ecclesiastic, who was personally unknown to him, was, if the truth must be told, merged in the delight which that magistrate felt in the near prospect of avenging society and himself on this daring criminal. A cloud of police officers hovered in ambush at each of the barriers, and especially at that which bore the name of the saint who divided his cloak with the poor pilgrim, with directions to seize and bring into the presence of M. Hérault a man habited as an ecclesiastic, and with the papers of the Dean of the Brussels chapter. Towards evening the Lille coach arrived, was surrounded, and escorted to the *hôtel des Messageries*; and, at the moment when the passengers descended, the officers pounced upon the personage whose appearance and vestments corresponded with their instructions.

The resistance made by this personage only sharpened the zeal of the officers who seized him, and, in spite of his remonstrances and cries, carried him to the *hôtel* of the police, where M. Hérault was prepared with the proofs of Poulailler's crimes. Two worthy citizens of Brussels were there, anxious to see the murderer of their friend, the worthy ecclesiastic, whose loss they so much deplored: but what was their joy, and, it must be added, the disappointment of M. Hérault, when the supposed criminal turned out to be no other than the good Dean de Potter himself, safe and sound, but not a little indignant at the outrage which he had sustained. Though a man of peace, his ire so far ruffled a generally calm temper, that he could not help asking M. Hérault whether Poulailler (from whom a second letter now arrived, laughing at the beards) or he, M. Hérault, was the chief director of the police?

William of Deloraine, good at need—

By wily turns, by desperate bounds,
Had baffled Percy's best bloodhounds.
Five times outlawed had he been,
By England's king and Scotland's queen.

But he was never taken, and had no occasion for his

— neck-verse at Hairibee, even if he could have read it. Poulailler was arrested no less than five times, and five times did he break his bonds. Like Jack Sheppard and Claude Du Vall, he owed his escape in most instances to the frail fair ones, who would have dared anything in favour of their favourite, and who, in Jack's case, joined on one occasion without jealousy in a successful effort to save him.

Poulailler was quite as much the pet of the petticoats as either of these hempen heroes. With a fine person and accomplished address, he came, saw, and overcame, in more instances than that of the fair daughter of the Baron von Kirbergen; but, unlike John Sheppard or Claude Du Vall, Poulailler was cruel. Villains as they were, John and Claude behaved well, after their fashion, to those whom they robbed, and to the unhappy women with whom they associated. In their case, the 'ladies' did their utmost to save them, and men were not wanting who endeavoured to obtain a remission of their sentence. But Poulailler owed his fall to a woman whom he had ruined, ill-treated, and scorned. The ruin and ill-treatment she bore, as the women, poor things, will bear such atrocities; but the scorn roused all the fury which the poets, Latin and English, have written of; and his cruelties were so flagrant, that he could find no man to say, 'God bless him.'

Wilhelmina von Kirbergen had twice narrowly escaped from a violent death. Poulailler, in his capricious wrath, once stabbed her with such murderous will, that she lay a long time on the verge of the grave, and then recovered to have the strength of her constitution tried by the strength of a poison which he had administered to her in insufficient quantities. Henry the Eighth tortured his wives, when he was tired of them, to the other world, by form of what was, in his time, English law; but when Poulailler 'felt the fulness of satiety,' he got rid of his mistresses by a much more summary process. But it was not till this accomplished scoundrel openly left Wilhelmina for a younger and more beautiful woman, that she, who had

given up station, family, and friends, to link herself with his degrading life, abandoned herself to revenge.

She wrote to him whom she had loved so long and truly, to implore that they might once more meet before they parted in peace for ever. Poulailler, too happy to be freed on such terms, accepted her invitation, and was received so warmly, that he half repented his villainous conduct, and felt a return of his youthful affection. A splendid supper gave zest to their animated conversation; but towards the end of it, Poulailler observed a sudden change in his companion, who manifested evident symptoms of suffering. Poulailler anxiously inquired the cause.

'Not much,' said she; 'a mere trifle. I have poisoned myself, that I may not survive you.'

'Quoi! coquinc, m'aurais-tu fait aussi avaler le boucou?' cried the terrified robber.

'That would not have sufficiently avenged me. Your death would have been too easy. No, my friend, you will leave this place safe and well; but it will be to finish the night at the Conciergerie: and, tomorrow, as they will only have to prove your identity, you will finish your career on the wheel in the Place de Grève.'

So saying, she clapped her hands, and, in an instant, before he had time to move, the Philistines were upon him. Archers and other officers swarmed from the hangings, door, and windows. For a few moments, surrounded as he was, his indomitable courage seemed to render the issue doubtful; but what could one man do against a host armed to the teeth? He was overpowered, notwithstanding his brave and vigorous resistance.

His death, however, was not so speedy as his wretched mistress prophesied that it would be. The love of life prevailed, and in the hope of gaining time which he might turn to account in effecting his escape, he promised to make revelations of consequence to the state. The authorities soon found out that he was trifling with them, and the *procureur-général*, after having caused him to be submitted to the most excruciating torture, left him to be broken on the wheel alive. He was executed with all the accursed re-

finement of barbarity which disgraced the times; and his tormentors, at last, put the finishing stroke to his prolonged agonies, by throwing him alive into the fire that blazed at his feet.

Nothing can justify such penal atrocities. If anything could, Poulailier, it must be admitted, had wrought hard to bring down upon himself the whole sharpness of the law of retaliation. Upwards of one hundred and fifty persons had been murdered by him and his band. Resistance seemed to rouse in him and them the fury of devils. Nor was it only on such occasions that his murderous propensities were glutted.

At the village of St. Martin, he caused the father, the mother, two brothers, a newly-married sister, her husband, and four relations, or friends, to be butchered in cold blood.

One of his band was detected in an attempt to betray him. Poulailier had him led to a cellar. The traitor was placed upright in an angle of the wall, gagged, and there they built him in alive. Poulailier, with his own hand, wrote the sentence and epitaph of the wretch on the soft plaster; and there it was found some years afterwards, when the cellar in which this diabolical act of vengeance was perpetrated passed into the hands of a new proprietor.

It was current in the country where Poulailier first saw the light, and where his father, mother, brethren, and sisters, still lived an honourable life, embittered only by the horrible celebrity of their relation, that, on the night which followed the day of Pierre's execution, the isolated tower, which had been uninhabited since its last occupier so mysteriously disappeared, seemed all on fire, every window remaining illuminated by the glowing element till morning dawned. During this fearful nocturnal spectacle, it was affirmed, that infernal howlings and harrowing cries proceeded from the apparently burning mass, and some peasants declared that they heard Pierre Poulailier's name shouted from the midst of the flames in a voice of thunder.

The dawn showed the lonely tower unscathed by fire; but a fearful tempest arose, and raged with ceaseless fury for thrice twenty-four hours. The violence of the hurricane was such, that it was impossible during that time for any vessel to keep the sea; and when at length the storm subsided, the coast was covered with pieces of wreck, while the waves continued for many days to give up their dead at the base of the rock, from whose crest frowned *La Tour Maudite*.

WORDSWORTH.*

PART I.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH is generally allowed to have exercised a deeper and more permanent influence upon the literature and modes of thinking of our age, than any of the great poets who lived and wrote during the first quarter of the present century. In proportion as his fame was of slower growth, and his poems were longer in making their way to the understanding and affections of his countrymen, so their roots seem to have struck deeper down, and the crown of glory that encircles his memory is of gold, that has been purified and brightened by the fiery ordeal

through which it has passed. Tenyson says of the laureate, wreath which he so deservedly wears, that it is

Greener from the brows
Of him who uttered nothing base.

And this, which seems at first sight negative praise, is, in reality, a proof of exquisite discernment; for it is just that which constitutes the marked distinction between Wordsworth and the other really original poets who are likely to share with him the honour of representing poetically to posterity the early part of the nineteenth century. In their crowns there is alloy, both moral and intel-

* *Memoirs of William Wordsworth, Post Laureate, D.C.L.* By Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., Canon of Westminster. Two volumes. London: E. Moxon. 1851.

lectual. His may not be of so imperial a fashion; the gems that stud it may be less dazzling, but the gold is of ethereal temper, and there is no taint upon his robe. Weakness, incompleteness, imperfection, he had, for he was a mortal man of limited faculties, but spotless purity is not to be denied him—he uttered nothing base. Our readers will anticipate us in ranking with him, as the representative poets of their age, Byron, Scott, and Shelley. Of each of these we would say a few words, especially in this representative character.

Lord Byron's poems are the actual life-experience of a man whose birth and fortune enabled him to mix with the highest society, and whose character led him to select for his choice that portion of it which pursued pleasure as the main, if not the sole object of existence. Under a thin disguise of name, country, and outward incident, they present us with the desires which actuated, the passions which agitated, and the characters which were the ideals of the fashionable men and women of the earlier part of this century. Limited and monotonous as they are in their essential nature, ringing perpetual changes upon one passion and one phase of passion, the brilliance of their diction, the voluptuous melody of their verse, the picturesque beauty of their scenery, well enough represent that life of the richer classes, which chases with outstretched arms all the Protean forms of pleasure, only to find the subtle essence escape as soon as grasped, leaving behind in its place weariness, disappointment, and joyless stagnation. The loftiest joys they paint are the thrillings of the sense, the raptures of a fine nervous organization; their pathos is the regret, and their wisdom the languor and the satiety of the jaded voluptuary. These form the staple, the woof of Lord Byron's poetry, and with it is enwoven all that which gives outward variety and incessant stimulating novelty to the pursuits of an Englishman of fashion. These pursuits are as numerous, as absorbing, and demand as much activity of a kind as those of the student or the man of business. Among them will be found those upon which the student and the

man of business are employed, though in a different spirit, and with a different aim. Thus we frequently see among the votaries of pleasure men who are fond of literature, of art, of politics, of foreign travel, of all manly and active enterprise, but all these will be pursued, not as duties to be done, in an earnest, hopeful, self-sacrificing spirit, 'that scorns delights and lives laborious days,' but for amusement, for immediate pleasure to be reaped, as a resource against ennui and vacuity, to which none but the weakest and most effeminate nature will succumb. This difference of object and of motive necessitates a difference in the value of the results. The soil, which is ploughed superficially, and for a quick return, will bear but frail and fading flowers; the planter of oaks must toil in faith and patience, and sublime confidence in the future. And so, into whatever field the wide and restless energies of men like Lord Byron carry them, they bring home no treasures that will endure—no marble of which world-lasting statue or palace may be hewn or built—no iron, of which world-subduing machines may be wrought. Poems, pictures, history, science, the magnificence and loveliness of Nature, cities of old renown, adventures of desperate excitement, new manners, languages, and characters, supply them with an ever fresh flow of sensation and emotion, keep the senses and the faculties cognate with sense in a pleasant activity, but no well-based generalization is gained for the understanding; facts are not even carefully observed and honestly studied; pleasant sensation was the object, and that once obtained, there is no more worth in that which produced it, though in it may lie a law of God's manifestation, one of those spiritual facts to know and obey which would seem the chief purpose of man's existence, to discover and make them known, the noblest glory and highest function of genius. It is in this spirit that Lord Byron has questioned Life: 'Oh! where can pleasure be found?' and Life, echo-like, would only answer, 'Where!' It is because he put that question more earnestly, lived up to its spirit more fearlessly, and more faithfully and experi-

mentally reported the answer, that he is so eminently a representative poet—representative of what a large and important class in every country actually is, of what a far larger class aspires to be. It is in his fearless attempt at solving the problem of life in his own way, his complete discomfiture, and his unshrinking exhibition of that discomfiture, that the absolute and permanent value of his social teaching consists. For he was endowed with such gifts of nature and of fortune, so highly placed, so made to attract and fascinate, adorned with such beauty and grace, with such splendour of talents, with such quick susceptibility to impressions, with such healthy activity of mind, with such rich flow of speech, with such vast capacity of enjoyment, that no one is likely to make the experiment he made from a higher vantage ground, with more chances of success. And the result of his experience he has given to the world, and has thrown over the whole the charm of a clear, vigorous, animated style, at once masculine, and easy, and polished, sparkling with beauty, instinct with life, movement, and variety; by turns calm, voluptuous, impassioned, enthusiastic, terse, and witty, and always most prominent that unstudied grace, that Rubens-like facility of touch, which irresistibly impresses the reader with a sense of power, of strength not put fully forth, of resources carelessly flowing out with exhaustless prodigality, not husbanded with timid anxiety, and exhibited with pompous ostentation. It is the combination of these qualities of the artist, with his peculiar fearlessness and honesty of avowal—his plain, unvarnished expression of what he found pleasant, and chose for his good, that will ever give him a high, if not almost the highest place among the poets of the nineteenth century, even with those readers who perceive and lament the worthlessness of his matter, the superficiality and scantiness of his knowledge, the want of purity and elevation in his life and character. Those will best appreciate his wonderful talents who are acquainted with the works of his countless imitators, who have admirably succeeded in re-producing his

bad morality, his superficial thoughts, and his characterless portraits, without the fervour of his feeling, the keenness of his sensations, the ease and vigour of his language, the flash of his wit, or the knowledge of the world, and the manly common-sense which redeemed and gave value to what else had been entirely worthless.

If the name of Lord Byron naturally links itself with the fashionable life of great cities; with circles where men and women live mutually to attract and please each other; where the passions are cherished as stimulants and resources against ennui, are fostered by luxurious idleness, and heightened by all the aids that an old and elaborate material civilization can add to the charms of beauty, and the excitements of brilliant assemblies; where art and literature are degraded into handmaids and bondslaves of sensuality; where the vanity of social distinction fires the tongue of the cloquent speaker, wakens the harp of the poet, colours the canvass of the painter, moulds the manners and sways the actions, directs even the loves and the hatreds of all; no less naturally does the name of Sir Walter Scott stand as the symbol and representative of the life and tastes of the country aristocracy, who bear the titles and hold the lauds of the feudal barons, and of the country gentlemen whose habits and manners are in such perfect contrast to those of the Squire Westerns to whose places they have succeeded. Possessing in a high degree the active and athletic frame, the robust health, the hardy training, the vigorous nerve, the bold spirit, the frank bearing, and the genial kindness of the gentlemen of the olden time, he could heartily appreciate and unhesitatingly approve all that time and revolution had spared of feudal dominion and territorial grandeur. The ancient loyalty, so happily tempering the firmness of a principle with the fervour of a feeling, never beat higher in the heart of a cavalier of the seventeenth than in that of the Scottish Advocate of the nineteenth century. Every one will remember that he refused to write a life of Mary Queen of Scots, because in reference to her conduct, his

feelings were at variance with his judgment. And in painting those old times in which his imagination delighted to revel, all that would most have revolted our modern mildness of manners, and shocked our modern sense of justice, was softened down or dropped out of sight, and the nobler features of those ages, their courage, their devotion, their strength and clearness of purpose, their marked individuality of character, their impulses of heroism and delicacy, their manly enterprise, their picturesque costumes and manners of life, were all brought into bold relief, and placed before the reader with such fulness of detail, in such grandeur of outline, in such bright and vivid colouring, as gave even to the unimaginative a more distinct conception of, and a more lively sympathy with, the past than they could gain for themselves of the present, as it was whirling and roaring round them, confusing them with its shifting of hues and forms, and stunning them with its hurricane of noises. And apart from the fascination which History, so presented, must have for the descendants of men and classes of historical renown, for the hereditary rulers and the privileged families of a great country, and though probably the creator of the splendid pageantry was definitely conscious of no such purpose, yet there must have mingled with this fascination, and have infused into it a deeper and more personal feeling, the regretful sense that the state of society so glowingly depicted had passed away,—a foreboding that even its last vestiges were fast disappearing before the wave of democratic equality, and the uprising of a new aristocracy of wealth and intellect. If at the time those famous verse and prose romances came upon the world in a marvellously rapid succession, all that the public were conscious of was a blind pleasure and, unreflecting delight, it is no less true that in an age of revolution they raised up before it in a transformed and glorified life the characters, the institutions, the sentiments and manners of an age of absolute government by the strong arm or by divine right—of an age of implicit belief, inspiring heroic

action, sanctioning romantic tenderness, harmonizing and actuating all the virtues that adorn and elevate fallen humanity; and that since then there has arisen in our country a thoughtful reverence and love for the past—a sense of the livingness and value of our history—a desire and a determination to appreciate and comprehend, and so not forfeit, the inheritance of wisdom, forethought, brave action, and noble self-denial, which our ancestors have bequeathed to us. How many false and puerile forms this feeling has taken it does not fall within our present scope to notice. In spite of white waistcoat politics and Pugin pedantries, the feeling is a wise and a noble one—one which is the surety and the safeguard of progress; and that much of it is owing to the interest excited so widely and so deeply by Sir Walter Scott's writings, those will be least disposed to deny who have thought most on the causes which mould a nation's character, and the influences which work out a nation's destiny.

It is in no fanciful or arbitrary spirit of system that, while we assign to Byron the empire over the world of fashion and of pleasure, and seek the mainspring of Scott's popularity in the sway of old historical traditions over a landed aristocracy, and the longing regret with which they look back to a state of society passed or rapidly passing away, we should regard Shelley as the poetical representative of those whose hopes and aspirations and affections rush forward to embrace the great Hereafter, and dwell in rapturous anticipation on the coming of the golden year, the reign of universal freedom, and the establishment of universal brotherhood. By nature and by circumstance he was marvellously fitted for his task,—gentle, sensitive, and fervid, he shrank from the least touch of wrong, and hated injustice with the zeal and passion of a martyr; while, as if to point him unmistakably to his mission, and consecrate him by the divine ordination of facts, he was subjected at his first entrance into life to treatment, both from constituted authority and family connexion, so unnecessarily harsh, so stupidly cruel, as would have driven a worse man into reckless

dissipation, a weaker man into silent despair. 'Most men,' he says himself, 'Are cradled into poetry by wrong; They learn in suffering what they teach in song.'

Whether this be the best or most usual training for the poet may well be doubted, but it is quite indubitable that such discipline will soonest open a man's eyes to the evils of existing institutions, and the vices of old societies; and will lend to his invectives that passion which raises them above satire—to his schemes, that enthusiasm which redeems them from being crotchets; will turn his abstract abhorrence of oppression into hatred against the oppressors—his loathing of corruption into a withering scorn and contempt for tyrants and their tools, the knaves and hypocrites who use holy names and noble offices to promote their selfish ends, and to fetter and enslave their brother men. And so it happened with Shelley. The feelings of poignant anguish and bitter indignation, which had been roused in him by cruelty and injustice towards himself, coloured all his views of society, and at once sharpened his hostility to the civil and religious institutions of his country, and lent more glowing colours to the rainbow of promise that beamed upon him from the distance, through the storm of bloodshed and revolution. Add to this, that his mind was ill-trained, and not well furnished with facts; that he revelled with the delight of an eagle on the wing in the most audacious speculations, and was drawn on by the force of mental gravitation towards the boldest and most startling conclusions; that he was at once pure and impassioned—sensuous and spiritual; that he could draw from form, colour, and sound, a voluptuous enjoyment, keener and more intense than the grosser animal sensations of ordinary men; that his intellect hungered and thirsted after absolute truth, after central being, after a living personal unity of all things.* Thus he united in himself many of the mightiest tendencies of our time—its democratic, its sceptical, its pantheistic, its socialistic spirit; and thus he has become the darling and the watchword of those who aim at reconstructing society, in its forms,

in its principles, and in its beliefs,—who regard the past as an unmitigated failure, as an entire mistake,—who would welcome the deluge for the sake of the new world that would rise after the subsidence of the waters. Nor has their affectionate admiration been ill bestowed. With one exception, a more glorious poet has not been given to the English nation; and if we make one exception, it is because Shakespeare was a man of profounder insight, of calmer temperament, of wider experience, of more extensive knowledge; a greater philosopher, in fact, and a wiser man; not because he possessed more vital heat, more fusing, shaping power of imagination, or a more genuine poetic impulse and inspiration. After the passions and the theories, which supplied Shelley with the subject-matter of his poems have died away and become mere matters of history, there will still remain a song, such as mortal man never sung before, of inarticulate rapture and of freezing pain,—of a blinding light of truth and a dazzling weight of glory, translated into English speech, as coloured as a painted window, as suggestive, as penetrating, as intense as music.

We have assigned to three great poets of our age the function of representing three classes, distinct in character, position, and taste. But as these classes intermingle and become confused in life, so that individuals may partake of the elements of all three, and, in fact, no one individual can be exactly defined by his class type, so the poets that represent them have, of course an influence and a popularity that extend far beyond the classes to whose peculiar characteristics and predominant tastes we have assumed them to have given form and expression. Men read for amusement, to enlarge the range of their ideas and sympathies, to stimulate the emotions that are sluggish or wearied out; and thus the poet is not only the interpreter of men and of classes to themselves, but represents to men characters, modes of life, and social phenomena with which they are before unacquainted, excites interest, and arouses sympathy, and becomes the reconciler, by causing misunderstandings to vanish, as each man

and each class comprehends more fully the common humanity that lies under the special manifestation, the same elemental passions and affections, the same wants, the same desires, the same hopes, the same beliefs, the same duties. It is thus especially that poets are teachers, that they aid in strengthening and civilizing nations, in drawing closer the bonds of brotherhood.

He of whom it is our especial purpose in this article to speak, has said of himself, 'The poet is a teacher. I wish to be considered as a teacher, or as nothing.' If we are asked wherein lay the value of his teaching, we reply, that it lay mainly in the power that was given him of unfolding the glory and the beauty of the material world, and in bringing consciously before the minds of men the high moral function that belonged in the human economy to the imagination, and in thereby redeeming the faculties of sense from the comparatively low and servile office of ministering merely to the animal pleasures, or what Mr. Carlyle has called 'the beaver inventions.' That beside, and in connexion with this, he has shown the possibility of combining a state of vivid enjoyment, even of intense passion, with the activity of thought, and the repose of contemplation. He has, moreover, done more than any poet of his age to break down and obliterate the conventional barriers that, in our disordered social state, divide rich and poor into two hostile nations; and he has done this, not by bitter and passionate declamations on the injustice and vices of the rich, and on the wrongs and virtues of the poor, but by fixing his imagination on the elemental feelings, which are the same in all classes, and drawing out the beauty that lies in all that is truly natural in human life. Dirt, squalor, disease, vice, and hard-heartedness, are not natural to any grade of life; where they are found, they are man's work, not God's; and the poet's business is not with the misery of man's making, but with the escape from that misery revealed to those that have eyes to see, and ears to hear,—we mean, that no true poet will be merely a painter of that which is low, deformed, essentially inhuman, as his ultimate and highest aim, though, as means,

he may, as the greatest poets have done, use them to move and rouse the sleeping soul. This, we say, in answer to those that asserted that Wordsworth was not a true painter of manner and characters from humble life: we say he was, for that he painted, as minutely as served his aim, that which was essential to its occupations and its general outward condition—that which it must be, if Christian men are to look upon the inequalities of wealth and station as a permanent element in society. And all this which he taught in his writings, he taught equally by his life. And furthermore, he manifested a deep sense of the sacredness of the gift of genius, and refused to barter its free exercise for aught that the world could hold out to him, either to terrify or to seduce; and he lived to prove, not only that the free exercise of poetic genius is its own exceeding great reward, bringing a rich harvest of joy and peace, and the sweet consciousness of duty well discharged, and God's work done; but, what was quite as much needed in our time, he showed that for the support and nourishment of poetic inspiration, no stimulants of social vanity, vicious sensuality, or extravagant excitement, were requisite, and that it could flourish in the highest vigour on the simple influence of external nature, and the active exercise of the family affections.

William Wordsworth was born at Cockermouth, in Cumberland, on April 7th, 1770, the second son of John Wordsworth, attorney and law agent to Sir James Lowther, created Earl of Lonsdale. His mother was a Miss Cookson, of Penrith, and both parents belonged to families of high antiquity and great respectability—a fact which may not have been without its influence on the poet's feelings and opinions. Mrs. Wordsworth died when her son was nearly eight years old, but not too early to have discerned in him qualities which made her anxious about his future life, and to impress her with the presentiment that he would be remarkable for good or evil. He himself attributes this feeling of hers to his 'stiff, moody, and violent temper,' and tells two anecdotes of his childhood, which, but for the lack of all

that, is characteristic or lively in these two octavos of *Canon Christopher* we should hardly think worth quoting.

I remember going once into the attics of my grandfather's house at Penrith, upon some indignity having been put upon me, with an intention of destroying myself with one of the foils which I knew was kept there. I took the file in hand, but my heart failed. Upon another occasion, while I was at my grandfather's house at Penrith, along with my eldest brother, Richard, we were whipping tops together in the large drawing-room, on which the carpet was only laid down upon particular occasions. The walls were hung round with family pictures, and I said to my brother, 'Dare you strike your whip through that old lady's petticoat?' He replied, 'No, I won't.' 'Then,' said I, 'here goes;' and I struck my lash through her hooped petticoat, for which, no doubt, though I have forgotten it, I was properly punished. But possibly, from some want of judgment in punishments inflicted, I had become perverse and obstinate in defying chastisement, and rather proud of it than otherwise.

If it be true that the child is father to the man, Mrs. Wordsworth had probably better reason for anticipating a remarkable career for her son than was given by any excess of mere boyish obstinacy and self-will. In the fifth book of the *Prelude* he describes her mode of education as based upon a

Virtual faith that He
Who fills the mother's breast with innocent
milk,
Doth also for our nobler part provide,
Under His great correction and control,
As innocent instincts and as innocent food.
* * * * *
This was her creed, and therefore she was
pure
From anxious fear of error or mishap,
And evil, overweeningly so called,
Was not puffed up by false unnatural hopes,
Nor selfish with unnecessary care;
Nor with impatience from the season asked
More than its timely produce; rather loved
The hours for what they are, than from regard
Glanced on their promises in restless pride.
Such was she—not from faculties more strong
Than others have, but from the times,
perhaps,
And spot in which she lived, and through a
grace
Of modest meekness, simple-mindedness,
A heart that found benignity and hope,
Being itself benign.

And so the first peril of childhood was escaped, and that a peril of no small moment, when the child is a genius, and the mother knows it, and ponders it in her heart; the

peril of overstimulation of faculties already precociously developed, bringing with it, as its sure result, prodigious vanity and premature exhaustion. Nor were other influences besides those of a wise mother's loving care wanting to train the future poet. The picturesque Derwent, blending with his nurse's song, flowed murmuring along his infant dreams, and composed to more than infant softness his earliest thoughts and sensations. A few years later, the same river was his 'tempting playmate.' He would, when five years old, 'make one long bathing of a summer's day,' 'bask in the sun, and plunge, and bask again, alternate.' Happy child! the seed-time of whose soul can thus be entrusted to God and Nature. Wise mother! who knows how to aid, without superseding natural influences and instinctive tendencies—to let the child grow at its natural pace, and in its natural direction—not to raise it upon stilts, or straiten it in stays. How much wiser would the manhood of many of us be, if our childhood had been more joyous and less trammelled, less made to bend to the whim-whams, systems, or caprices of the elderly pedants about us. We of course know that children are not diminutive angels, and need both instruction and correction; but we believe every sensible mother in the three kingdoms will go with us in an avowal of a decided preference for troublesome, ill-behaved children, over the good little boys and girls, who know the elements of all the ologies, and can define many of the isms—who never dirty their pinafores, and decline eating their dinners till grace has been said. To return to William Wordsworth. Another influence, that was to endure, and colour his whole life, had already begun to act upon him. His sister Dorothy was two years younger than himself; the part she played in the formation of his character he exquisitely describes in his poem to the 'Sparrow's Nest:—

The blessing of my later years
Was with me when a boy.
She gave me eyes, she gave me ears,
And humble cares, and delicate fears;
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears;
And love, and thought, and joy.

But one blow carried off the mother and separated brother and

sister—the latter went to reside with her maternal relations; the former was sent to school at Hawkshead, near the lake of Esthwaite. He had already been instructed in the rudiments of learning at Cocker-mouth by the Rev. Mr. Gilbanks; and his father, who is said to have been a person of considerable mental vigour and eloquence, had contributed to his education, by setting him very early to learn passages from the best English poets by heart, so that he could repeat large portions of Shakespeare, Milton, and Spenser. It was probably no great misfortune for Wordsworth that the north country schools did not pay that attention to classical composition which enables Eton, Rugby, Shrewsbury, and our other great public schools, to send up men to the Universities who can write Greek with the purity of Xenophon, and Latin with the elegance of Cicero. At any rate, such was the case; and the only learning he seems to have acquired at Hawkshead was a fair knowledge of Latin, and an acquaintance with the elements of mathematics. But he tells us that his school days were very happy, chiefly because then, and in the vacations, he was left at liberty to read whatever books he liked. He instances Fielding, Cervantes, Le Sage, and Swift; and particularizes *Gulliver's Travels* and the *Tale of a Tub* as being much to his taste. The readers of the *Prelude* need not be told that his real education at school lay neither in the study of Latin, nor in the perusal of the works of the humorists, which exercised little apparent influence upon the formation of his tastes, or the character of his subsequent writings. Already that strong individuality had displayed itself, which was to issue in the conquest of new fields for the creative energy of the poet, of a new poetical philosophy for the analysis of the critic. Already in the pursuit of his boyish amusements—in springing woodcocks in autumn, in taking nests in spring, in skating on the frozen lake of Esthwaite, or rowing on bright half-holidays with his companions along 'the plain of Windermere,' he had begun to feel the presence of Nature in the sky and on the earth; already

had he become a worshipper in that shrine, of which he afterwards was the acknowledged high-priest.

It would be as sacrilegious, as it is unnecessary, to translate into bald prose those high-coloured and nobly musical passages of the *Prelude*, in which he traces the influence of the grand and beautiful scenery amid which his school-days were fortunately passed, in awakening his sensibility, in associating his animal sensations with outward objects, that were magnificent and lovely, and so ministering to genial and happy moods of mind, by the constant supply of pure and ennobling pleasures. As pleasurable excitement is almost the necessary condition of poetical activity, too much importance can hardly be attributed to the circumstances which secured to Wordsworth, in his most plastic time of life, an unfailing flow of joyous spirits from purely elevating sources, and preserved him, while reason was yet undeveloped, and self-command had not yet become a habit, from those temptations to coarse pleasures, and even gross vices, which form so weighty a counterpoise to the scholarship and manly training of our great public schools. Nor was this awakening passion for nature less efficacious or important in thus early laying the foundation of those habits of observation and reflection which not only supplied him through life with his matter for poetical composition, but freed him from that necessity for companionship and conversation which weakens the character, and fritters away the strength of so many men of genius. Wordsworth, even as a boy, was self-sufficing and independent; solitude to him was blithe society, though no one took more interest in boyish sports, or speaks with more affectionate remembrance of boyish friendships. What helped to this was the unusual degree in which a genuine poetic activity was conjoined with, and awakened by, his receptive sensibility. 'A plastic power,' he tells us,

Abode with me; a forming hand, at times
Rebellious, acting in a devious mood;
A local spirit of his own, at war
With general tendency; but, for the most,
Subservient strictly to external things,
With which it communed. An auxiliar light

Came from my mind, which on the setting sun
 Bestowed new splendour; the melodious birds,
 The fluttering breezes, fountains that run on
 Murmuring so sweetly in themselves, obeyed
 A like dominion; and the midnight storm
 Grew darker in the presence of my eye.

The prominence which is given in Wordsworth's poetry to this reciprocal action of external nature and the mind of man, is that which mainly distinguishes him from, and raises him above, merely descriptive or merely didactic poets. Nature to him was not a canvas variously coloured, from which he was to select what soothed or excited the sense, and paint in words what was given to him from without; nor was man an incarnate intellect whose senses were merely channels of communication between his animal wants and the material objects which supplied them, or, at best, purveyors for the fancy in her airy dreams and unreal analogies; but the one was related to the other by a vital and organic union, which admitted of no severance, but to the detriment, if not the destruction of moral and spiritual life. Nature was to him a mystic book, written by the finger of God, whose characters were indeed discernible by the senses, but whose meaning was only to be deciphered by the imagination—

By observation of affinities

In objects where no brotherhood exists

To passive minds.

The book of Nature and the world of imagination are phrases, indeed, that have long been favourites with men of sensibility and men of science; but the truths that have been read in the one have usually been generalizations of the analytic understanding, or the facts upon which such generalizations are founded, while the other has been soothed upon as peopled only by chimeras, and given up to the visionary and the dreamer. Mr. Wordsworth's originality in this matter consists in his assertion of a science of appearances, speaking through the senses to the heart and soul, acting on and acted upon by the imagination, in accordance with laws, which it is the poet's business to discover and obey; and not simply in this assertion of a philosophy of æsthetic, which would justify such expressions as the 'sensuous false and true,' in opposi-

tion to the pure idealist theory of the falseness of all sensuous perception; but furthermore and mainly in the importance he attaches to a right understanding of this science for the production of genuine poetry, and a practical obedience to it for the building up of the moral being of the individual man. Whether his conclusions on this point are the result of what he possessed in common with all men, or of the exceptional predominance of the imaginative activity in him, may perhaps admit of discussion. Certain it is, that more than almost any poet, he was from childhood 'of imagination all compact,' and equally certain is it that, unless social arrangements can be totally altered, it is hard to see how the bulk of our population can be placed in circumstances at all admitting, not to say favourable to, the cultivation of the imaginative power; while to suppose them for this reason debarred from attaining moral and religious excellence, would indeed sadden our prospects for the future, change all our boasted civilization to a diabolic delusion, and justify any schemes, however extravagant, that promised to relieve our upper classes from so heinous a crime, and our lower classes of towns and cities, and in spite of Mr. Wordsworth, the majority of our peasants, from so dire a destruction. This theory of the function of imagination in the human economy, and of the function of external nature in awakening and evoking its power, is so prominent in all Mr. Wordsworth's higher poetry—is so much the key-note to what his earlier critics called his mysticism and affected raptures, that we have felt it necessary to allude to it somewhat at length, though to handle it at all adequately would require a philosophical treatise, which has never yet been written, though often talked about. As originating in his own boyish experiences, it properly belonged to this part of our subject, and may further be taken as an instance of the limitation which is necessary in applying any of Mr. Wordsworth's theories of society. They are all personal experiences thrown into the form of general truths, with that strength of phrase and colour of

passion which belong to an essentially subjective view. As a pendant to this whole subject, and as further illustrative of the peculiar intensity of imagination which marked Wordsworth's earlier years, we subjoin a most interesting commentary of his own on a difficult passage in the 'Ode on the Intimations of Immortality, from recollections of Early Childhood':—

This was composed during my residence at Town-End, Grasmere. Two years at least passed between the writing of the first four stanzas and the remaining part. To the attentive and competent reader the whole sufficiently explains itself, but there may be no harm in adverting here to particular feelings or experiences of my own mind on which the structure of the poem partly rests. Nothing was more difficult for me in childhood than to admit the notion of death as a state applicable to my own being. I have said elsewhere,

A simple child
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

But it was not so much from the source of animal vivacity that my difficulty came, as from a sense of the indomitableness of the spirit within me. I used to brood over the stories of Enoch and Elijah, and almost to persuade myself that, whatever might become of others, I should be translated in something of the same way to heaven. With a feeling congenial to this, I was often unable to think of external things as having external existence, and I communed with all that I saw as something not apart from, but inherent in, my own immaterial nature. Many times while going to school, have I grasped at a wall or tree to recall myself from this abyss of idealism to the reality. At that time I was afraid of such processes. In later periods of life I have deplored, as we have all reason to do, a subjugation of an opposite character, and have rejoiced over the remembrances, as is expressed in the lines—

The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction; not, indeed, *

For that which is most worthy to be blest;
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast.

Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise,
But for those obscure questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Falling from us, gushing;
Blank misgivings of a creature

*Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts, before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised.*
Etc. etc.

To that dreamlike vividness and splendour which invest objects of sight in childhood, every one, I believe, if he would look back, could bear testimony, and I need not dwell upon it here; but having in the poem regarded it as presumptive evidence of a prior state of existence, I think it right to protest against a conclusion which has given pain to some good and pious persons, that I meant to inculcate such a belief. It is far too shadowy a notion to be recommended to faith as more than an element in our instincts of immortality. But let us bear in mind that, though the idea is not advanced in revelation, there is nothing there to contradict it, and the fall of man presents an analogy in its favour. Accordingly, a pre-existent state has entered into the popular creeds of many nations, and among all persons acquainted with classic literature is known as an ingredient in Platonic philosophy. Archimedes said that he could move the world if he had a point whereon to rest his machine. Who has not felt the same aspirations as regards the world of his own mind? Having to wield some of its elements when I was impelled to write this poem on the 'Immortality of the Soul,' I took hold of the notion of pre-existence as having sufficient foundation in humanity for authorizing me to make for my purpose the best use of it I could as a Poet.

We may conclude these records of Wordsworth's schoolboy experience by mentioning that he was already a poet actual as well as potential, and that a copy of verses in heroic metre, written by him in his fourteenth or fifteenth year (it is rather doubtful which), on the second centenary from the foundation of the school by Archbishop Sandys, is preserved; of which, though the poet himself speaks slightly, as a tame imitation of Pope's versification, and a little in his style, it is not too much to say that very few boys of that age could have possibly written them. For the curious in juvenile composition, we quote one passage (as the poem is not included in the works), in which Education personified, speaking of Hawkshead school, says,—

There have I loved to show the tender age
The golden precepts of the classic page;
To lead the mind to those Elysian plains
Where, throned in gold, immortal Science
reigns;

Fair to the view is sacred Truth display'd,
In all the majesty of light array'd,
To teach, on rapid wings, the curious soul
To roam from heaven to heaven, from pole
to pole,

From thence to search the mystic cause of
things,

And follow Nature to her secret springs;
Nor less to guide the fluctuating youth
Firm in the sacred paths of moral truth,
To regulate the mind's disorder'd frame,
And quench the passions kindling into flame;
The glimmering fires of Virtue to enlarge,
And purge from Vice's dross my tender charge.
Oft have I said, the paths of fame pursue,
And all that Virtue dictates, dare to do;
Go to the world, peruse the book of man,
And learn from thence thy own defects to
scan;

Severely honest, break no plighted trust,
But coldly rest not here—be more than just!
Join to the rigors of the sires of Rome
The gentler manners of the private dome;
When virtue weeps in agony of woe,
Teach from the heart the tender tear to flow;
If Pleasure's soothing song thy soul entice,
Or all the gaudy pomp of splendid Vice,
Arise superior to the Siren's power,
The wretch, the short-lived vision of an hour;
Soon fades her cheek, her blushing beauties fly,
As fades the chequer'd bow that paints the sky.

His father had died while William was yet a schoolboy, in the year 1783. Lord Lonsdale, whose agent he was, refused to settle his accounts, and the sum of which the children, four sons and one daughter, were thus deprived, was the bulk of their fortune. It was afterwards paid in 1802, with interest, by the second Earl of Lonsdale; but meanwhile, the family of the Wordsworths were dependent upon their relations, and William was sent by his uncles, Richard Wordsworth and Christopher Crackenthorpe, in the year 1787, to St. John's College, Cambridge.

From what has been stated of William Wordsworth's studies, attainments, character, and tastes, while he was at Hawkshead, no reasonable surprise can be entertained that the pursuits, the honours, and the emoluments of Cambridge failed to excite his industry or stimulate his ambition. The excellence to which the University at that time confined her rewards and distinctions was limited within the range of mathematics, pure and applied, and that highly valuable, but by no means comprehensive scholarship, which is expressed by the phrase, a knowledge of Latin and Greek; what is excluded being simply the literature, the philosophy

and the history of the two great model nations, and what is included being the power of translating correctly at sight, and of composing in prose and verse. We say at that time, because, though very little extension has actually taken place, yet a new and enlarged system has just come into operation, from which the most beneficial results on national education are to be expected. Moreover, Wordsworth went to a college which is now, and was, we believe, then peculiarly devoted to the study of mathematics, and which has at no time resembled its more celebrated neighbour in its high tone of general cultivation, and in tempering more austere learning by the humane influence of polite literature. It is more than possible that those men in whom taste and imagination are predominant are, as the learned Master of Trinity would maintain, the very men who would profit most by the rigid processes and absolute results of mathematics; poets have themselves been famous for saying and writing fine things about the beauty of mathematical demonstrations, and the winning charms of pure truth; Wordsworth has made Euclid's Elements the subject of an exquisite episode in his autobiographical poem; but equally certain it is that either in cautious self-denial, fearing to be hooked for life by the too seducing bait of the Lady of lines and angles, or that the brightness of her heavenly glory should dazzle them into blindness, or scorch them into annihilation; or from some other cause equally powerful, poets generally content themselves with singing the praises of the sublime and starry science, and leave to others the profit and the praise of worshipping in her temple, and assuming the robes and crown of her hierophants. Wordsworth was no exception, — no trace of his mathematical studies appears in the records of his college life, no result beyond that of an ordinary B.A. degree appears to have attended them. The only positive result of his Cambridge reading seems to be the acquisition of Italian. We are not aware that he ever regretted his neglect of

university studies, though his nephew implies as much, founding his belief on an exhortation addressed, we presume, to himself, by his uncle, on the importance of mastering the classical writers before coming to the modern; and in a letter addressed to the son of a friend, regretting that he had given up reading for honours. We would suggest to Dr. Christopher Wordsworth that his uncle might see good reason for advising him to confine his attention to that which constituted his path to distinction, without at all regretting the deliberate choice of his own life, or implying the general advisability of the course he recommended to one young man of singularly academic mind and character. But this is only a specimen of the way in which the nephew has reflected his own likeness upon the canvas prepared for his uncle. The volumes are strikingly illustrative of the truth that 'the eye can see only that which it brings with it the power of seeing.' But to return to the poet. Cambridge seems to have done nothing for him; not only were the studies of the place, or the mode of pursuing them there—which we suspect to be the truth—distasteful to him, but the country was eminently disqualified for exciting, or even sustaining, the poetic susceptibility of one who had been, up to that time, a free wanderer among the hills and vales and lakes of lovely, romantic Westmoreland. Even Wordsworth, with his creative gift, failed to gain an insight into what there is in that flat, fenny district capable of conversion into exquisite poetry. That conquest has been achieved by a younger poet; and now and henceforth, 'Mariana in the moated Grange' and the 'Dying Swan,' stand to give the lie to any one who dares to call Cambridge and Lincoln utterly barren of nourishment for minds which crave external beauty, or languish and sicken from starvation. We may add, from personal acquaintance, that these flat counties are famous for their glorious sunsets. But Wordsworth's heart was all the time among his mountains and his waterfalls; the Cam to him was specifically the

silent Cam; and but for his vacations, the poetic spirit would have been imperilled. By these, his love and intense enjoyment of nature were sustained, enhanced by months of absence and longing and regret; and with them began now to appear another range of faculties, called into exercise by the varieties of character his Cambridge life presented to him, and the contrast it afforded to the life he had left behind him. He began now to take that interest in observing the passions, characters, and actions of the men and women around him, which, supplying him with the incidents, the feelings, and, to some extent, with the very language of his most original minor poems, finally enabled him to rear the noblest edifice of modern song, where, uniting in himself the philosophical breadth of Coleridge with the minute touches and more than the homely pathos of Crabbe, he forms into one organic whole the profoundest speculations on society with the simplest annals of the poor. It is only a proof of the exceeding purity and elevation of his character, that he finds ground for mild self-reproach in the innocent enjoyment of rustic balls and innocent flirtations—'love-likings,' as he prettily calls them—with rustic belles, which seem to have partially occupied his first long vacation. Truth to say, we wish he had taken a more lively interest in such matters. The absence of this side of human nature from Wordsworth's poetry imparts to it a heaviness, a monotony, which repels the young and the worldly, to whose minds his lofty wisdom and his noble seriousness might perchance find admission and welcome. But great men are not to be fashioned after our will, but according to the ordering of Him who sends them to do his work in the world; and special work demands a special training. It is only this consideration that prevents us from seriously regretting that Wordsworth did not, as a young man, join more heartily in what are commonly called the pleasures of the world. There can be no doubt that, had he done so, he would have exerted an earlier and a wider influence on society; he would have

understood better the pursuits and the pleasures of the men and women of cities; he would have sympathized more with the life of the burgher classes. On the other hand, it must not be forgotten that, in that case, he would scarcely have so fascinated and controlled the 'fit audience, though few,' whom no one ever asked for more sincerely or more successfully; his poetical creed would scarcely, in that case, have had its apostles, its martyrs, its confessors; it would not have been so fiercely combated, and would not therefore have exhibited such a marked triumph of truth, have been rooted so deeply in the conviction of its votaries. Had his genius, again, played more upon the surface of society, dealt more with the passions and the vanities of men congregated together, it might have lost something of that depth, of that permanent and elemental character that now renders his reflections and speculations so valuable and interesting to minds at all kindred to his own. Nor is it easy to conceive the simplicity and calm of Wordsworth's life and character failing to unfit him for fairly estimating English middle-class life and people, with their multifiform bustle, their eager pursuit of wealth, their love and need of outward excitement. With all his greatness, he was neither Shakespeare nor Goethe; and probably had he striven for many-sidedness, he would have been less than he was. And so, recalling our half-formed expression of regret, we may accept the fact, in all thankfulness and humility, that he soon gave up the chase of trivial pleasures, and returned to where his deeper passion lay; though, as we have hinted above, these trivial pleasures of his Cambridge and vacation life were, in all probability, the appointed means of evoking that meditative observation of men and character, which makes his poetry no less rich in wisdom than in beauty and feeling. One special occasion he notes, when, after being all night at a country ball, his whole being was stirred within him, as—

Magnificent

The morning rose in memorable pomp;
and there came upon him one of

those crises, so marked in the history of great minds, which colour the whole after-course of existence. 'To the brim,' he says,

My heart was full; I made no vows, but vows
Were then made for me; bond unknown to
me

Was given, that I should be, else sinning
greatly,

A dedicated Spirit. On I walked
In thankful blessedness, which yet survives.

And to this consecration, the silent influences of the morning, poured upon his head by the invisible hand, he remained faithful as few priests have ever been to their calling. What the world has gained by his loyalty is to be seen in his works; what he might otherwise have become, may be gathered from those parts of the *Prelude* in which he records his Cambridge and London experience, especially from that magnificent passage where, describing his general impression of university life, he clothes the stern denunciation of a Juvenal in language as strong as Dryden's, as rich, sensuous, and full of meaning as Shakespeare's:—

All degrees

And shapes of spurious fame and short-lived
praise

Here sate in state, and fed with daily alms
Retainers won away from solid good;
And here was Labour, his own bond-slave;

Hope,

That never set the pain against the prize;
Idleness, halting with his weary clog,
And poor misguided Shame, and witless Fear,
And simple Pleasure, foraging for Death;
Honour misplaced, and Dignity astray;
Feuds, factions, flatteries, enmity, and guile,
Murmuring submission, and bald govern-
ment

(The idol weak as the idolator),

And Decency and Custom starving Truth,
And blind Authority beating with his staff
The child that might have led him; Empti-
ness

Followed as of good omen, and meek Worth,
Left to herself, unheard of and unknown.

In connexion with this noble passage, showing what Wordsworth could have done had he chosen to cultivate the higher form of satire, it is interesting to find him afterwards declining to allow the publication of some imitations of Juvenal, executed as a young man, though solicited by his friend Archdeacon Wrangham, and basing his refusal on moral objections to the lowering influence of this species of composition.

Wordsworth's last long vacation

was spent in travelling abroad with his friend Mr. Jones. The tourists landed at Calais on July 13th, 1790, the eve of the day when Louis XVI. took the oath of fidelity to the new constitution; proceeded principally on foot through France, Savoy, Piedmont, North Italy, Switzerland, and up the Rhine, returning in time for the Cambridge October term. The poem, entitled 'Descriptive Sketches,' is the record of this continental tour. A more important result of it was the warmer sympathy it excited in young Wordsworth with the then fair promise and exulting hopes of the French revolution. In a letter to his sister Dorothy, from the Lake of Constance, he speaks in enthusiastic terms of the French as compared with the Swiss, adding, 'But I must remind you that we crossed at the time when the whole nation was mad with joy, in consequence of the revolution. It was a most interesting period to be in France; and we had many delightful scenes where the interest of the picture was owing solely to this cause.' It is more than ever superfluous for us, who have since that time been witness to two French revolutions, and the enthusiastic hope they excited, with the miserable disappointment that has in each case ensued, to go far in search of reasons to justify or explain the sympathy which Wordsworth, in common with all the generous-hearted young men of his day, felt and expressed with the first and greatest of the democratic convulsions which have since been constantly working to upheave and alter the surface of European society. The man who at that time had not so sympathized must have been duller than an owl, or wiser than an angel. It is sufficient here to observe, that when the French revolution departed from its first love and its first faith, and developed into that hybrid monster of cruelty, tyranny, and licentiousness, which made the despotism of the Empire a welcome refuge, Wordsworth was not misled by the vanity of consistency, or dazzled by the splendour of military achievement, to tolerate its excesses and palliate its crimes. Meanwhile, till that period arrived, he welcomed the

advent of the people's triumphs with enthusiastic faith and joy.

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven!

He took his degree in January, 1791, and in November of the same year we find him returning to France, which he did not again quit till the close of the following year. A considerable portion of this period he spent at Orleans and Blois. His most intimate friend was General Beaupuis, whose character as philosopher, patriot, and soldier, was eminently calculated to attract the admiration of a young and ardent poetic mind. How deep was the impression made upon him during these eventful months, and how keenly he sympathized with each new phase of the popular movement, is stamped alike upon his earlier and later poems; and manifests itself equally in the glowing passion of his hopes, and in the indignant bitterness of his disappointment. A purer passion never warmed the heart of patriot or poet.

It was probably fortunate for him that circumstances—we presume the want of money—compelled him to return to England at the close of the year, as he was intimately connected with the Brissotins, and might have shared their destruction, had he stayed till the following May. 'William,' says his sister, in a letter of the 22nd December, 1792, 'is in London; he writes to me regularly, and is a most affectionate brother.'

The extent to which his political opinions were at this time identified with the principles of the French revolution, may be gathered from an unpublished pamphlet, entitled, 'A Letter to the Bishop of Llandaff on the political principles contained in an appendix to one of his lordship's recent sermons,' and from a letter to a friend named Matthews. He disapproves of hereditary monarchy, hereditary distinctions and privileged orders of every species, as necessarily counteracting the progress of human improvement; and holds that even social privileges and distinctions should be conferred by the elective voice of the people. He emphatically declares himself not an admirer of the British constitution. 'Yet,' he adds—

In my ardour to attain the goal, I do not forget the nature of the ground where the race is to be run. The destruction of those institutions which I condemn, appears to me to be hastening on too rapidly. *I recoil from the very idea of a revolution.* I am a determined enemy to every species of violence. I see no connexion, but what the obstinacy of pride and ignorance renders necessary, between justice and the sword,—between reason and bonds. I deplore the miserable condition of the French, and think that *we* can only be guarded from the same scourge by the undaunted efforts of good men. . . . I severely condemn all inflammatory addresses to the passions of men. I know that the multitude walk in darkness. I would put into each man's hands a lantern, to guide him; and not have him to set out upon his journey depending for illumination on abortive flashes of lightning, or the coruscations of transitory meteors.

With principles so decidedly republican, and sentiments so opposed to violence, physical force, or even inflammatory agitation; with such a clear consciousness of the necessity of knowledge and virtue, as the only basis and safeguard of popular liberties, a clear-sighted observer might even thus early have anticipated the course of Wordsworth's opinions on the French revolution, and on politics, practical and speculative, in general. The immediate effect of his disappointment was to cloud his hopes and weaken his faith in human nature; and his painful feelings were still farther embittered, and clashing sympathies jarred the more harshly within him, when, in consequence of the execution of Louis XVI., this country declared war against France. During the year 1793, he published the poems entitled, 'The Evening Walk,' and 'Descriptive Sketches,' the latter of which he had composed principally in his walks along the banks of the Loire the preceding summer. Interesting as these poems are in themselves, as the first-fruits of an original genius, they are more important as having in the following year attracted the attention of Coleridge, then an undergraduate at Cambridge, and having thus laid the foundations of an intimacy which exercised a powerful influence upon these two great men, and contributed to enrich and expand their minds,

no less than it ministered to the enjoyments of both. 'Seldom, if ever,' says Coleridge in the *Biographia Literaria*, 'was the emergence of an original poetic genius above the literary horizon more evidently announced.' But poetry can never be counted on as a means of support; and hitherto Wordsworth had been almost wholly dependent on his relations, the debt to his father's estate from Lord Lonsdale not having been yet recovered. He was therefore urged to make choice of a profession; or rather, the Church was pointed out as the only one open to him. In spite, however, of remonstrating relatives and an empty purse, he resolved not to take orders. The consequence naturally was, that relatives from remonstrance turned to indignation and coldness, and the purse was not likely to fill itself. As a means of accomplishing this desirable object, he proposed to his friend Matthews, then engaged on a London newspaper, to join him in a monthly periodical, to be called the *Philanthropist*, the principles of which were to be republican, but not revolutionary. He was himself to contribute to it criticisms on poetry, painting, gardening, &c., besides essays on morals and politics. The scheme, however, came to nothing, and his next attempt was to secure employment on a London paper, only conditioning that it should be an opposition paper; 'for,' says he, 'I cannot abet, in the smallest degree, the measures pursued by the present ministry;' adding, at the same time, 'I know that many good men are persuaded of the expediency of the present war.' He was at this time engaged in attendance on the sick bed of a young friend, Raisley Calvert, who was dying of consumption. Before the newspaper engagement was actually concluded, this young man (who was wise enough to discern Wordsworth's genius, and was impressed with the persuasion that, if not impeded by the necessity of other occupations, he would benefit mankind by his writings) died, and left to his friend the sum of nine hundred pounds. Thus relieved from all immediate care, he gave himself entirely to his poetic impulse, and devoted himself

with swerving aim and untiring to what he felt to be his arduous task. This bold step was justified, not only by the clearness of purpose and consciousness of power which prompted it, but by the abstemious habits and simple tastes which are so often wanting in poets. Writing some time afterwards to Sir George Beaumont, he says, 'Upon the interest of the 900*l.*, 400*l.* being laid out in annuity, with 200*l.* deducted from the principal, and 100*l.* a legacy to my sister, and a 100*l.* more which the *Lyrical Ballads* have brought me, my sister and I contrived to live seven years—nearly eight.' People who can so live may follow the promptings of genius without the imputation of folly, rashness, or vain self-confidence. The legacy came to Wordsworth in the early part of 1795, and in the autumn of that year, he and his sister, who thenceforth was his constant companion, were settled at Racedown Lodge, near Crewkerne, in Dorsetshire. It was here that he composed the imitations of Juvenal, alluded to before, and the tragedy of the *Borderers*, which, after being offered to Mr. Harris, the manager of Covent Garden, and by him declined, remained in MS. till the year 1842. Wordsworth assigns it to his sister's benign influence upon him during this period, that he was saved from lasting despondency, consequent upon the failure of his political hopes. Depressed in heart, bewildered in intellect, in danger even of letting slip the great saving truths of reason, and taking refuge in abstract science from the scoffing spirit by which a man revenges himself on his own delusions, he thanks

The bounteous Giver of all good,
That the beloved sister in whose sight
Those days were passed * * * * *
Maintained for me a saving intercourse
With my true self * * * * *

She, in the midst of all, preserved me still
A poet, made me seek beneath that name,
And that alone, my office upon earth.

How complete was the recovery of the poet under the humanizing and tranquillizing influence of this loving and beloved sister, is seen from an interesting passage in the *Biographia Literaria*. Speaking of his residence

at Stowey, Coleridge says, 'I was so fortunate as to acquire, shortly after my settlement there, an invaluable blessing in the society and neighbourhood of one, to whom I could look up with equal reverence, whether I regarded him as a poet, a philosopher, or a man. His conversation extended to almost all subjects, except physics and politics; *with the latter he never troubled himself*.' A short time previous to the removal of Wordsworth and his sister to Alfoxden, in the neighbourhood of Stowey, mentioned in the above passage, Coleridge had paid them a visit at Racedown; and in a letter from that place to Cottle, he says of Wordsworth,—'I speak with heartfelt sincerity, and I think unblinded judgment, when I tell you that I feel a little man by his side.' Miss Wordsworth he describes to the same friend in terms of warm and eloquent admiration.

She is a woman indeed, in mind I mean, and in heart; for her person is such that if you expected to see a pretty woman, you would think her ordinary; if you expected to see an ordinary woman you would think her pretty, but her manners are simple, ardent, impressive. In every motion her innocent soul outbeams so brightly, that who saw her would say 'Guilt was a thing impossible with her.' Her information various; her eye watchful in minutest observation of Nature; and her taste a perfect electrometer.

On the side of the Wordsworths the impression made by Coleridge was equally favourable, and their removal to Alfoxden was mainly induced by their desire to enjoy his society. The residence at Alfoxden commenced in July, 1797, and the twelvemonth that he passed there he describes as 'a very pleasant and productive time of his life.' Indeed, in that year, with the exception of the 'Female Vagrant,' all the poems contained in the first edition of the *Lyrical Ballads* were composed. To the same period 'Peter Bell' is due, though it was not published till 1819. How the *Lyrical Ballads* were a joint projection of Wordsworth and Coleridge—the aim with which they were written—the principles which dictated their choice of subjects and style of diction—and how Coleridge was not so industrious as his coadjutor

tor—and that the book was finally published by Cottle of Bristol, in the summer of 1798, in a duodecimo volume—moreover, that the reviews were terribly severe, and that of five hundred copies the greater number were sold as remainder at a loss, are all stale topics to the readers of the *Biographia Literaria* and Cottle's *Reminiscences*. Wordsworth received thirty guineas for his share of the copyright, which was, with Mr. Cottle's other literary property, subsequently transferred to Messrs. Longman, who estimating this particular article at *nil*, returned it, at Mr. Cottle's request, and it was by him presented to the authors. This, it must be confessed, was a singular reception for a volume which, however the public taste was repelled by some of its contents, yet gave to the light Coleridge's 'Ancient Mariner' and 'Nightingale,' with Wordsworth's 'Lines left upon a Yew-tree seat' and, 'Tintern Abbey,' four poems, of which it is not too much to say, that since Milton's voice had ceased, such noble strains had not been uttered in English speech. The famous Preface, to which Coleridge justly, we think, attributes much of the acrimony with which the Lake-school of poetry, as it came afterwards to be called, was assailed, was not published till the *Lyrical Ballads* reached a second edition, and were augmented by an additional volume; so that the public neglect and the severity of the critics must be explained by the poems themselves, and not by revolutionary views of poetic composition, systematically and, it must be owned, somewhat dogmatically announced. These views, and the productions which were the result of them, have been the subject of controversy and discussion from that time to this; the ablest critics and the greatest poets have borne part in it. The issue may, we think, be fairly stated to be, that the theory, considered as polemic in reference to the style of poetry of which Pope's translation of Homer is the type and highest example, is perfectly successful and generally received; that the agitation to which it gave rise has had great influence in winning men back to perceive the

material that lies ready for the poet's use in our actual daily life, and, as a necessary consequence, to bring poetic language nearer to the actual phraseology of human beings in a state of passion or vivid emotion; but that, on the other hand, the theory was wanting both in comprehensiveness of knowledge, in subtlety of analysis, and catholicity of taste—that, in a word, it was little more than polemic; while the poems composed expressly to support, or at least under the definite and conscious influence of the theory, are just those in which Wordsworth falls farthest below himself, and which, even now that his name is honoured by the wise and good, and his seat is among the immortals, are regarded by all but a very few, and those for the most part persons who were in some way connected with him, as experiments which, though they in no wise detract from his fame, have added no laurel to his wreath. In fact, the best refutation of Mr. Wordsworth's theory, considered as anything more than a corrective of an excess in the opposite direction, is furnished by those poems of his own, in which he follows the natural bent of his genius, unwarping by system—that is, in at least nine-tenths of his published works. And there, whether it be the play of the fancy, the overflow of affection, the visionary power of imagination, or the reason's rapture of intuition, that colours his mental activity and stirs his heart and tongue, the matter is the life-stuff of a great original genius, and the language and versification such as speak the faculty and the education of an artist. Mr. Coleridge puts the matter in its simplest form, when he says of 'Alice Fell' and other kindred poems,—'Notwithstanding the beauties which are to be found in each of them where the poet interposes the music of his own thoughts, they would have been more delightful to me in prose, told and managed as by Mr. Wordsworth they would have been, in a moral essay or pedestrian tour.' These last words were penned doubtless in the vivid recollection of many pedestrian tours, in which the two poets were accompanied by the beloved sister, who was almost equally dear

to them both; and who, in addition to her charms of mind and heart, was

Fleet and strong;
And down the rocks could leap along,
Like rivulets in May.

No one can doubt that the exquisite poem from which these lines are taken, and which the doctor-lawyer-coroner-editor Pangloss, who does not represent Finsbury, secured himself from wholesome oblivion by ridiculing in the House of Commons, is a portrait of Dorothy Wordsworth. The brother's description may help us to feel what a pedestrian tour with such a companion must have been.

And she hath smiles to earth unknown;
Smiles, that with motion of their own
Do spread, and sink, and rise;
That come and go with endless play,
And ever as they pass away
Are hidden in her eyes.

Well, the *Lyrical Ballads* were published in July, 1798; and a superfluity of cash being thus obtained, the trio started in September following for Germany, but separated at Hamburg, Coleridge proceeding in one direction by himself, and the brother and sister taking up their residence at Goslar. The only person of eminence whom the Wordsworths seem to have been introduced to was Klopstock, that 'very German Milton' who is recorded as talking like an *Erz-Philister*; the substance of the conversation is published in that portion of the *Biographia Literaria* called 'Satyrane's Letters.' They spent some months at Goslar, but from one cause or other, partly Wordsworth's dislike of smoke, partly that the presence of his sister would, according to the notions of the place, have bound him to entertain company if he accepted invitations, which his finances prevented him from doing—from these or other causes, they failed to see much of German society, and spent their time in learning the language by reading and casual conversation. Upon the whole, we can point to no specific fruits of this residence abroad in Wordsworth's writings; while, on the other hand, Coleridge derived from it a knowledge of German philosophy and literature which coloured the whole of his after life, and mainly, though not entirely, in consequence of which he is looked on by many as the angel who has come down

and troubled the waters of English speculative science, so that they who bathe therein derive from them healing and strength. But even while he was in Germany, Wordsworth's heart was in England; and it was to English scenes and home recollections that his poems of this period refer; except one lamentably heavy attempt at being funny. 'Nutting, well worthy of being considered a pendant to 'Tintern Abbey,' the two noble poems afterwards incorporated with the *Prelude*, 'Wisdom and Spirit of the Universe,' and 'There was a boy, ye knew him well, ye cliffs,'—the stanzas to Lucy, 'She dwelt amid the untrodden ways,' so tender and graceful, sad, holy, and beautiful as a Madonna,—those others, 'Three years she grew in sun and shower,' the most exquisite description ever written of an English country girl, half child, half woman, with the wildness and witchery of a sylphide, the grace of a duchess, and the purity of an angel,—the poet's Epitaph, containing those lines, so often applied to himself,—

He is retired as noon-tide dew,
Or fountain in a noon-day grove;
And you must love him, ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love;—

these and others of his poems less popular, he composed during that winter at Goslar, the severest, it is said, of the whole century. But they might have been composed just as well anywhere else; and neither in the records of this winter, nor in the poems themselves, nor in any after results, is the influence of this Goslar residence apparent. It was as he left Goslar, that 'he poured forth the impassioned strain which forms the commencement of the *Prelude*.' This was on the 10th February, 1799; and of the fourteen books, six only had been written in 1805, and the seventh begun in the spring of that year opens with the lection,

Six changeful years have vanished, since I first
Poured out (saluted by that quickening breeze
Which met me issuing from the city's walls)
A glad preamble to this verse.

He writes to Coltelle on his return, 'We have spent our time pleasantly enough in Germany, but we are right glad to find ourselves in England, for we have learnt to know its value.'

FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1851.

MEMORABILIA OF THE EXHIBITION SEASON. .

IF you could suddenly whisk up into the air one of the descendants of the mutineers in Pitcairn's Island, and suspend him over the high road in front of the southern entrance to the Crystal Palace, so that he might command a bird's-eye view of the great thoroughfare both ways, and all over the Park, and down through the glass roof into the interior of the Exhibition, taking in a panorama dense with population, heaving with movement, the probability is, that the man would either rub his eyes, and imagine he was dreaming, or shut them again, lest in the stunning effect upon his senses, his brain might get bewildered.

We are not aware whether Pitcairn's Island has furnished any contributions to the great bazaar—we have not looked into the catalogue to ascertain that fact; but we presume we are safe in assuming, that whatever obligations we are under to the neighbouring hives of the Pacific, the progeny of Christian and Adams have not troubled themselves to participate in the industrial galactic-show. Indeed, it may be doubted whether they have even heard of its existence—a circumstance improbable in itself, unless the news had been communicated by some wandering whaler that had caught up the echo of our operations over the deep, or some merchant craft that had been forced to put in from stress of weather, or lack of water. Through a sea-accident of that kind alone could the Pitcairn people become apprised of the jubilee of the world's manufacturers; and seeing that their situation in this respect is peculiar, surrounded by knowledge and activity, with ten thousand flags, of whose freights, destination, and tongues, they are sublimely ignorant, perpetually sailing up and down, and round about their island, we cannot choose, in contemplating their social destitution, but to consider them and the

Palace of Glass as realizing in their relations to each other the geographical (and moral) metaphor of the ends of the earth. No contrast on the surface of the globe can be more striking than that of the intelligence and modes of life going forward on Pitcairn's Island, amongst a people speaking our own language, and the results of the skill and industry of all other races, collected into a single view in Hyde Park. It is, therefore, and for that reason, that we should like to blindfold a Pitcairn native, and snatching him away from his potato patch in a balloon, suddenly take off his bandages at that point over the road where the whole panting mass might be revealed to him at a glance. The Exhibition itself would yield nothing half so suggestive as his astonishment.

Imagine a population of about a hundred and twenty people living on an island in the Pacific, about four miles in circumference, without arts or manufactures of any kind, living literally in the sun, subsisting upon the produce of their gardens, and having no intercourse with the external world, except a chance interview with a boat's crew on the beach, or a brief visit to some passing ship in their canoes, the faintest of all practicable wooden scoops that ever floated over the sea—(we wish we had one of them in the Exhibition!)—and, in contrast to that simple race,—who, notwithstanding that they have lost the implements and the processes, still retain the traditions of mechanism and the useful arts,—place the treasures of the Crystal Palace, and you have at once the marvel and the moral of the great design; the two extremities of civilization in its lowest and its highest development—hands without cunning, and heads to which the secrets of the elements and the agencies of science are 'tricksy spirits,' ready to put girdles round

the earth, or perform, on the shortest notice, any other conquest of time, space, or material, their potent masters may command.

The Pitcairn native, being at the wrong end of the line of enterprise and labour, leads a sort of life which is in direct opposition to the activity whose results constitute the wonders of the World's Fair. He spends three-fourths of his time sauntering about the high ridges that enclose his table land, looking out over the sea, and up at the sky, speculating on the weather, gazing at distant specks of white upon the water, and wondering where they come from, where they are going, and what they are freighted with. He turns in upon his plantations, and sees the crops growing in the balmy air as tranquilly and lazily as he is growing himself; he digs a little in a leisurely manner in the proper season, and leaves the rest to Providence. He has not a care nor a want. His ground supplies him with perpetual edibles, which is the chief thing required in the kind of lighthouse existence he leads, perched up on the top of that little island, which, starting like a rock perpendicularly out of the sea, has an arable basin in the centre, from whence the appetites of the population are served at the smallest possible cost of manual labour. Of productive industry, you, happy, idle, blank Pitcairn man has not a solitary suspicion. He puts up with the degrees of comfort that lie nearest to the bare carth. Tailoring and shoe-making are crafts with which he never thinks of troubling himself. A robe of classical simplicity covers his arms and loins, while his feet and legs are naked, which, for a civilized man who reads his English Bible, and goes to church on Sundays, is pushing tropical indolence to its utmost extremity. He lives in a house (there are not more than half-a-dozen on the whole island) built out of the old wreck which the mutineers drew on shore, the interior of which resembles (if it be not actually the thing itself) that part of a ship which is called 'tween decks, with berths running round the sides. When these houses rot away in the course of time, the probability is, he will sleep in a tree; for the tendency of

this population has been from the beginning to go backward, and to drop out, one by one, all the old utilities and appliances of civilization they originally brought with them from England. The advance that has been making elsewhere all this time has not reached them even in its echoes; and so slender are their resources, that, had they been called upon to contribute to the Exhibition, we know of nothing they could have sent us, unless it were a yam or a cocoa-nut.

Now this 'little picture will help us the better to appreciate the miracles of Hyde Park. The world was once like Pitcairn's Island, and had not even the advantage of an historical descent from the comforts and conveniences of civilization: the world is now an emporium of arts and manufactures, whose comprehensiveness and variety may be imperfectly estimated by an examination of the contents of the Glass Palace. An examination of its contents! There is no man living, if he were to surrender his whole life to the task, could examine its contents. To look and to see are not synonyms, though they appear to resemble each other very closely. And we may venture, with deference to everybody, to remark, that of the myriads who have looked over the contents of the World's Bazaar, few have seen much, and what they have seen, was limited to the departments in which they were specially interested by their knowledge or their pursuits. Multitudes have seen no more than the Koh-i-noor Diamond, the Greek Slave, the Great Organ, and the Crystal Fountain, which they could not very well help seeing. To see all that is to be seen, would require a combination of faculties and intelligences equal to the mastery of all known scientific principles, of all artistic materials, operations, and uses, of all national habits and resources within the range of civilized life, and, indeed, of a thousand minor branches of information more easily imagined in bulk than enumerated in detail. Where is the man to be found whose brain has capacity for this wide field of research, this vast domain of theory, this congregation of machinery, experimental and practical, drawn

from all the corners of the earth? You could not compile from the picked men of every country under the sun a congress capable of sitting in judgment upon this Industrial Exposition; and the only way of arriving at a proper estimate of its varieties, is that which has been adopted of breaking it up into sections, and appointing a competent committee to each.

The scene outside the building is not the least remarkable and striking point about the Exhibition; and we hope full justice will be done to it in the prints which are in progress for transmitting the house of glass, and the royal and popular incidents appertaining to it, with full pictorial honours, to posterity.

Making your way slowly through a maze of carriages, omnibuses, and cabs, by which the entire passage is choked up at all hours of the day, from the corner of Regent Street to the front of the Palace, you believe, or hope, that you have now exhausted the vehicles, and that, with the exception of a few speculative Hansoms skirmishing on the outskirts of the crowd, you are free from impediments of that kind. But it is only at this spot that the bewildering crush of wheels really begins. Stretching away before you down the high road, and reaching nearly to the toll-bar at Kensington, is an unbroken line of cabs, of an extent, such as the longest stand in the memory of the 'oldest inhabitant,' might be stolen out of and hardly missed. And close to you, lying up in serried ranks under the shadows of the trees, are two, three, or more rows of omnibuses, patiently waiting their turn with the cabs, to convey back to their destinations group after group of the wearied visitors who have been exploring the curiosities of the bazaar. As quickly as one omnibus fills and wheels off, another arrives with a fresh batch; and so they go on, filling and emptying, going and returning, cab and omnibus, all day long, from nine o'clock in the morning, till seven in the evening. There is no end to the bustle, no pause in the incessant movement; and yet with all this traffic there is neither noise nor confusion; and the police regulations are so admirably observed, that the

ebb and flow of the cross currents of this teeming multitude of human beings have never in any single instance been productive of the slightest riot or disorder. Occasionally, there has been a blundering gentleman in the crowd, who has made a mistake in looking for his handkerchief in somebody else's pocket; but the error has always been rectified without the least commotion, the mass of pedestrians closing up very quietly after some singularly bland constable has removed the gentleman in the most courteous manner to explain his mistake to him at the station house.

We have not done with the carriages yet. Step into the Park, and look westward through the trees, and across towards the Serpentine. Outside that end of the Grand Bazaar there are steam-engines, and masonry, and other evidences of sundry works going forward, which we must not stop now to examine. Beyond, there is an open space, dotted with a few trees, looking very much like a miniature clearing in a wood, with an occasional beech or chesnut left standing here and there by way of landmark. The scanty remains of the grass in this place is as brown and yellow as if it had been burned to the roots; it has been so cut into, and trodden down, and worn out, that if it were not for motley patches up and down of a sort of orange green, and little tufts of some half-dozen blades that have, somehow, escaped the horses' feet, by miracle, you might be justified in doubting whether this spot ever entered into the bright verdure of the park. The explanation is before you. Look at those lines of equipages—perhaps there are a thousand—in close rank and file, waiting patiently to be called out by-and-bye, when their owners have sufficiently fatigued their curiosity and their legs to go home and dine. Such a display of aristocratic wealth—such a blazon of heraldry—such workmanship in harness, panel-painting, and coach-building—such horses, full of action and grace, we may challenge the universe to rival. A foreigner, gazing attentively at this most characteristic collection of English carriages—looking very much as if so many English draw-

ing rooms had been dwarfed and reduced by Gillot, and put out on wheels to roll their luxurious occupants through the town—might not take in its specialities all at once. He would inevitably miss—and, no doubt, be much disappointed thereby—the glitter and tawdriness which we catch every now and then round the corners of streets, when some strange huge coach rushes past, glancing like a rainbow, with looped silk curtains inside, a wonderful flush of devices on the doors and panels, like the pictures on a Vauxhall advertising van, a coachman in mixed pink and pea-green, and at least three footmen of Titanic height, clustered on tip-toe behind, with odd cocked hats, green feathers, and a continuation of the pink and pea-green flutter in front. The transition from one of these gorgeous machines to a sober English carriage, is almost as great as from the sunshine to a dark room. But when our friend's eye has fairly settled upon that dark mass of English equipages, and he has been able to take in the merits of that particular production in which we excel all other nations—the strength, compactness, harmony of form, scientific adaptation of means to ends, combined with lightness and grace in the details—and when, in addition to his growing admiration of the skill and outlay which have wrought these results, he begins, by an unconscious association of ideas, to connect them with the patrician order in this country—an order which has preserved its position with the most provoking tranquillity amidst the democratic convulsions that have fairly shaken out through the sieve of insurrection nearly all the aristocracies of Europe,—his admiration will, probably, resolve itself into a more serious expression of respect, and out of these sombre carriages and their grave attendants, upon whose thoughtful faces he rarely detects a smile, he may extract a moral, which will be worth the whole cost of his journey to England. But we are not writing a treatise on political institutions, or the art of building carriages; we are only dropping hints, and if any of them happen to turn out pearls, we leave the reader to pick them up, and string them after his own fashion.

This exhibition outside the Exhibition is as curious and astonishing in its way as anything inside, and indicates by no less significant signs, the populousness and wealth of London. Yet these are but a sprinkling of our riches. The same scene has been witnessed here every day, with greater or lesser lustre, for three months; and even now that the season is dying out, the Queen enjoying her walks at Osborne, Parliament about to break up, and the great houses at the West-end, gradually one by one beginning to roll up their carpets, and pile away their *bijouterie*, the same thing still goes on with scarcely any perceptible diminution of its pomp and vastness. If a stranger could prevail on his imagination to empty the fashionable squares and streets, and force their living contents (enclosed in their proper equipages) all at one time into this open space, he would see a sight! Suppose it were possible to collect all the private carriages in London on one day, here at the doors of the Exhibition, it would be a nice calculation to estimate the superficies they would cover, and the time that would be occupied in setting down, getting into rank, getting out of it again, taking up, and drawing off. Whether the whole side of the Park would be capacious enough to entertain them, is a speculation we will not venture upon; but there can be no great rashness in asserting that the only practical mode by which the crush could be got through in one day, would be by commencing at sunrise, and requiring that the people should begin to make their exit at one door, as soon as they had made their entrance at another.

Bye and bye, when the carriages are gone, and nothing shall be left of all that gallant show of serving-men and spanking steeds, except a few old-world, humdrum coaches and superannuated phaetons, the holiday of the working classes from the country will begin. Then, when the harvest is done, and the reaping season is prorogued, we shall have incursions of chaw-bacons from all parts of the kingdom, wondering with their great eyes and speechless tongues at everything about them, and tramping up and down in a

kind of awe and joy, which it will be a delight for us town-exhausted men to look upon. We anticipate that this will be the most interesting phase of the Exhibition. As yet, we have had only glimpses of the uncultured intelligence of the labouring masses, making its way as it could through the region of the unknown and the wonderful, stunned sometimes by its intricacies and its magnitude, and sometimes melted into an expression of happiness, almost gushing out in tears, by its beauty and its novelty. The holiday on a grand scale of this uninstructed intellect is yet to come; and when the multitudes arrive in great troops from the provinces, with the tawny sun upon their cheeks, and the vaguest of speculations in their open mouths, clad in their blouses, and checks, and hobnails, cracking their country jokes far down in their jaws, and over their shoulders, and in the corners of their eyes, and stopping every now and then all of a sudden, with an untranslatable solemnity in their faces, to look up at something that seems to them to surpass all the grandeurs that the world had ever seen or heard of—or making villanous, but very honest, jibes over gim-cracks and tricks upon travellers, in the shape of imitation finery and pretended improvements, which they are not to be taken in by, (they know better!)—may we be there to see! We wonder what they will think of the American division?—what they will say to the kitchen furniture and embroidery of Tunis?—whether they will think a good deal-table a more serviceable sort of article than one of your Italian mosaics?—with what sort of emotions they will clatter through the agricultural implements department?—and whether they will come out into the fresh air, drying up the steam off their foreheads, and ejaculating to each other that old England beats the world!

If the native out of the remote nooks of Cornwall and Yorkshire is struck with amazement by the sight, not to say the sights, of London, what must the foreigners think of it? Drop into Leicester-square, in the cool of the evening, after the fatigues of the day are

over, and dinner has been discussed at Sablonière's, and the Prince de Galle's, and the Hotel de Provence; observe the groups as they sally into the street: not knowing where to go, or what to do exactly, they stand in little knots debating upon the difficulty, or promenade some eight or ten abreast, in a straggling way, that blocks up the whole pavement, with a vehemence of action and discourse that makes any timid little Englishwoman they happen to meet make a detour to avoid them (which we can assure her she has no necessity to do;) hear how they talk of this great metropolis, and its multitudinous avenues, and you will gather at once, from the tenour of their exclamations, their oburgations, and their bursts of admiration, that in London, and of London, the thing that has taken them most by surprise is London itself. It is exactly like the Exhibition, the most emphatic feature of which is the building in which it is contained.

The magnitude of London astounds foreigners; they never can get to the end of our houses. They perch themselves on omnibuses, and go careering onwards and onwards they know not whither, in the hope of getting somehow a glimpse of green trees, and a breath of air, with a flavour of flowers or hay-stacks in it; but it is still houses, houses, houses—interminable brick and mortar, varied, as they touch the suburbs, by a ghastly lilac, or a consumptive creeper, nodding its funereal tresses into a parlour window on the road side. They go down the river, and up the river, in pursuit of the picturesque, and find it pretty much the same thing everywhere, for they have no sooner arrived at a pastoral break on the banks, and begun to congratulate themselves on having come to a bit of country at last, than a new mist of houses, a fresh city, suddenly looms out over the water, and dissipates the delusion. The magnitude of London is the grand thing; they are astounded and bewildered by the length, breadth, and depth of London; and having gone east, west, north, and south, without being able to extricate themselves from the labyrinth, they are tempted into the horrible suspicion,

that the whole of England is covered with London.

The gatherings of cabs, omnibuses, and private carriages westward, all through the peaceful environs of Mayfair, and the great highway of Piccadilly and Knightsbridge, would justify the supposition that the rest of the town must be comparatively empty. The contrary is the fact. The rest of the town never was so full. Where are all the people coming from?—where are they all going to? are questions which involuntarily force themselves upon the mind of the *habitué* as he picks his way through the principal thoroughfares.

No estimate has been formed of the total number of strangers that have arrived in London during the last three months, or of the average daily increase of the population throughout that period. Any speculation on the subject would be purely conjectural. We have no authentic data to go upon, and could rest our calculations only on such uncertain and capricious materials as are themselves supplied by extremely loose reports. That an inundation of people, however, quite equal to the flood we ventured to anticipate in a former article, has actually taken place, cannot, we think, admit of any reasonable doubt. Wherever you move, the streets are crammed with passengers; the hotels and dining-houses are everywhere full; and we have not yet heard of a failure amongst any of the creature-comfort establishments that have been expressly set up to meet the new demand. What proportion the foreigners bear to the provincial visitors cannot be surmised, beyond the fact that they carry a large preponderance; by and by the preponderance will be the other way.

And yet how tranquilly all this has gone on, without the least derangement of the usual traffic of the great city, or of the ordinary engagements of public or social life. Nor has it in the slightest degree disturbed the balance of supply and demand. London, indeed, seems capable of an elasticity in this respect as remarkable as the inexhaustibility of the purse in the fairy tale. No increase of demand appears to agitate the markets; prices

remain stationary, or, if they have any tendency to change, it is rather to fall than to rise,—except, perhaps, in the single article of house accommodation. Here there was, and is still, a little over-trading, as there must ever be, where the supply to any given extent is always ready, and an overwhelming demand is expected by that very clever class of people who think they can never get too much of a good thing, or make too much hay while the sun shines. At any time throughout the pressure, there were lodgings to be let in London that would have afforded house-room to at least double the number of our guests. Houses in private streets in the best situations, where lodgings were never heard of before, became all of a sudden starred with the neatest little bills and cards imaginable; you were haunted at every turn by announcements of ‘apartments;’ and hundreds of families actually went out of town, or shut themselves up in obscure holes and corners, in the hope of letting their houses for a few weeks upon exorbitant terms. The speculation was fair enough: but it was overdone. Was there ever a feasible project started in this country that was not overdone?

The same elasticity that we observe in markets and lodging-houses may be seen in everything else; but in no particular is it more noteworthy than in that of hired carriages of all denominations. The stands are quite as well supplied as usual, while the traffic in the streets is quadrupled. Cabs and omnibuses fly about in all directions, and seem to spring out of the earth at the motions of the crowd. Additional licences were understood to have been granted to meet the increased demand; but then, to balance that addition to the public accommodation, we learnt recently, on the other hand, that no less than eight hundred licences have been taken away. Yet the streets are as full of cabs and omnibuses as ever—so full, that it would be a puzzle to pack any more into them.

The withdrawal of hackney licences is a topic which might be advantageously dwelt upon, if we had room, for the edification of curious strangers, who desire to penetrate

the secrets of London life. The licences were not withdrawn on account of insolence, or extortion, or any of the ordinary transgressions which cabmen's flesh is heir to;* but because the said licences were used as conductors or disguises to other occupations of an infamous kind.

The mysteries of London involve many strange and hideous evils that must not be revealed, and that cannot be even legislated for. In what other part of the world is an avowed calling made to minister so successfully to a concealed one? or where the most apparently dissimilar and incompatible pursuits are driven together with the utmost ease, like a team of differently coloured horses? or where ostensible respectability of station, and a character carefully built up of plausible externals, are so adroitly cultivated and employed as a mask for the most audacious robbery and swindling? Look at the long established and orderly jewellers' shops that do not sell five pounds' worth of jewellery in twelve months, and are nothing more than blinds for smelting pots;—the attornies' offices that are really no better than baits to entrap young spendthrifts into bill transactions and suicidal post obits;—the fashionable establishments which shed such lustre on the West-end—mercery, tailoring, plate—and which, instead of making their profits, as they seem to do, out of the regular channels of trade, derive their income exclusively from an invisible and unsuspected system of usurious discounts. A catalogue of the fraudulent masquerades of London would fill a volume; and a very singular volume it would make, if we had a Vidocq or a Eugene Sue to do justice to its multifarious topics.

The cabs, doubtless, have profited

largely by the influx of visitors; although, with their usual cool mendacity, they tell you that the season has been an unusually unfortunate one for them. The shopkeepers are the great losers. The Exhibition has extinguished them. They complain bitterly, and with justice, of the unparalleled stagnation of the last few months. But how could it have been otherwise? People haven't time to go into shops. The morning is taken up with the Crystal Palace, and what little leisure is left is absorbed by objects of historical and public interest; so that the fenestral aspect of the streets is all that the hasty visitor finds it possible to accomplish. A glance at our shop windows abundantly satisfies the curiosity of strangers, accustomed to the surface show and holiday finery of the continent.

The theatres have suffered still more than the shopkeepers. This might have been anticipated; although the managers, always on the alert to seize upon occasions of public excitement, without always pausing to consider how far the theatre is likely to be a gainer by them, laid themselves out for a golden harvest. There could not have been a more egregious mistake. The English acted drama is formed on principles totally different from the dramas of Germany, Spain, and France. It requires to be refined and aerated for the taste of foreign audiences. It is too broad and palpable; it lacks ingenuity of structure, stage situation, strong and sudden contrasts, vitality in the action, delicacy and point in the dialogue. Nor is the acting of a character to inspire a foreigner with much interest or enthusiasm. We are essentially prosaic and matter of fact on the stage, with a great deal of porter in our heads, and lead in our heels.

* Mr. Bianconi, who has acquired some celebrity as the founder of a system of cheap conveyances in Ireland, by which the country is covered with a net-work of facilities for travelling, has been invited over to London for the purpose of devising a plan by which our cab accommodation may be re-organized on a more moderate scale of charges, and the entire service brought more directly under control. We do not know who invited Mr. Bianconi, but we are painfully alive to the fact, that a man of his particular genius is very much wanted amongst us; and we have no hesitation in saying, that if he should succeed in putting down the impudence and the frauds of the cabmen, and in ensuring us cheap and safe means of transit through the streets, (even on Irish cars,) he will be entitled to a public ovation, and, as the least reward of his valuable services, to the chief place in the administration of his own important reform.

The dexterity and finesse, the lightness and quiet vivacity, which are so delightful on the French stage, would probably perish in our loaded atmosphere, or they must have been transplanted long ago. We are great in the horse-play of rampant farce, in rough animal spirits, and broad eccentricities; but the subtler elements of comedy are too volatile for us, and, consequently, evaporate and escape. Independently, however, of these reasons, the Exhibition has been reason enough in itself for draining the theatres. After a morning devoted to the Exhibition, who could sit out a play in a hot theatre?

We cannot dismiss the dark side of the season without touching upon the depressing effect the Crystal Palace has had upon literature. We have collected some statements that may be relied upon, about the sale of books; and without entering upon details which we should hardly be justified in disclosing, we may observe that, with the exception of school-books and religious books, and works which supply immediate practical wants, and whose sale cannot be materially affected by temporary contingencies, the past three months have been the 'dullest' and most disastrous the publishers have experienced for many years. The 'subscription' to new works has been, in many cases, merely nominal, and the subsequent sale has been so languid as in few instances to cover the actual expenditure. The speculations hazarded on this subject before the opening of the great cosmopolitan fair, which was destined to swallow up, for the time being, all the profits of all other artistical and intellectual productions, only serve to show how the most experienced men are sometimes deceived in their calculations. It was supposed in some quarters that the Exhibition would carry away the idle and frivolous, and leave more leisure and necessity for books to the thoughtful and studious; and that the very exhaustion attendant upon the grand attraction would produce a demand for sofas and the luxury of the last new novel! The result has disappointed all these pleasant prophecies. The last new novel has gone down the current into the

ocean of oblivion without exciting the least perceptible sensation; readers have abandoned their sofas, and taken to the streets and the parks; and the only persons who can be fairly believed to have indulged in the enjoyment of literary ease during the turmoil were invalids and prisoners. That books were, more than ever, a comfort to people who could not get out to see the show we can easily comprehend; but so narrow a constituency affords little encouragement to authors and publishers. The reason is plain—seasons of out-of-door activity are obviously unfavourable to those intellectual pursuits that require quietude and repose; the arts of peace can be cultivated prosperously only in times of peace. Nobody read much in the war time; there was too much excitement and distraction; and to all intents and purposes, and with an unprecedented intensity of action, the Industrial Exhibition has operated as injuriously upon the book market as if we had been engaged all the time in an European war. But it will make ample compensation to the literary and scientific circles some time hence, by the innumerable topics it will bequeath for analysis and discussion. The whole world, and more particularly literature itself, will gain incalculably, in the long run, by this slight suspension of author-craft—which, if we might whisper a small truth in the confidential ear of the reader, stipulating that it goes no further, is no great loss after all!

'Talking of the signs,' says Mr. Ollapod, 'puts me in mind of the Zodiac;' and this digression about authorship reminds us of the effort that is now making, and that occupies a prominent place amongst the incidents of the season, for the establishment of a retreat for artists and men of letters. The design originated amongst a body of theatrical amateurs, distinguished by their productions in art and literature, and who had already, by the success of previous performances, been enabled to render effectual assistance to some of their less fortunate contemporaries. The want of a permanent provision for men of genius had long been felt. The small annual stipend at the

disposal of the Prime Minister is utterly inadequate to the claims of a class of men who, under the most favourable circumstances, and by the exercise of the most untiring industry and the strictest personal habits, cannot always secure themselves against penury when their powers become enfeebled by age, or broken down in a struggle for which, of all men, they are the least fitted by the sensibility of their organization; and the resources of that noble institution, the Literary Fund, whose functions are administered with a delicacy and kindness that reflect the highest honour on its management, are not only insufficient for the endowment of such a foundation as that contemplated by the Guild of Literature and Art, but could not be withdrawn from the uses to which they are at present applied without leaving much suffering unrelieved. To supply the want, it was necessary to create a new fund. The project was a bold one; for the capital indispensable to a foundation, which was to comprise residences and handsome annuities for a certain number of authors and artists, could not be very easily collected. The first contribution was the gift of a piece of ground for building the residences, on his estate at Knebworth, by Sir Bulwer Lytton; the second, a five-act comedy, to be played by the amateurs. This was an auspicious beginning; and out of this beginning has flowed more successful results than even the most sanguine of the amateurs themselves, we suspect, had ventured to predict. The next contribution was the princely munificence of the Duke of Devonshire, who threw open his house to the representation of the comedy, the Queen assisting in person on the first night, when the receipts amounted to 1250*l.* A second performance at Devonshire House, at diminished prices, with the additional attraction of a farce by Mr. Charles Dickens and Mr. Mark Lemon, was attended by a crowded audience; and the performances have been since repeated three times at the Hanover-square Rooms, the public curiosity to witness them rising with each successive repre-

sentation. The total amount said to be realized, above all expenses, up to the present time, is about 2500*l.*

If the attempt to establish this Guild should ultimately fail, it certainly will not be from lack of sympathy and earnest exertion on the part of those whose position and popularity are calculated to attract attention to the subject and to invest it with interest.

The artists divide the honour with the authors. The scenes, which look like cabinet pictures in the frame of the proscenium, are painted by distinguished artists; Mr. Egg superintends the costume; Mr. Ward has designed the ticket; and Mr. Maclise has undertaken to paint a large picture, containing portraits of Sir Bulwer Lytton and the whole company in the green room. After one performance more in London, the troupe make a circuit of the provinces, from whence there is every reason to believe they will bring back auriferous results. Undoubtedly the provinces never had such a collection of 'stars' before compressed into the service of a single play. In enumerating the contributions to the Guild, we have omitted to specify the largest of all—the devotion of time and talent by the amateurs. This is a serious item to the individuals, and although it does not take a substantive shape amongst the direct contributions, it is itself the contribution that has drawn all the others.

Amongst the literary incidents of the season, Mr. Thackeray's lectures must not be forgotten. Although even Mr. Thackeray might fail to attract readers at that particular period, he was quite sure of an audience to come and see him make his appearance in a character so new, and so entirely out of the way of his former intercourse with his own particular public. A series of lectures, too, on the English humorists, by one of themselves, was calculated to provoke curiosity, and the attendance throughout abundantly justified the experiment. We fancy we could have found a subject better adapted to Mr. Thackeray's peculiar vein of mixed sarcasm and tenderness, and irony interlaced with pathos; but we are bound to acknowledge that he acquitted himself

of his difficult undertaking in a spirit we were hardly prepared for, and, upon the whole, with the most legitimate success. Considered as specimens of criticisms, these lectures were of little value; sometimes, indeed, there were grave errors of judgment, and we could not help feeling that the scanty scraps of criticism which were strewn over them might have been omitted altogether with advantage. It was not, therefore, in reference to questions of taste or art, to style or treatment, to the influence of the humorists upon their age, its literature, or its morals, or to any of those problems, esthetical or philosophical, which come properly within the province of the critic, that Mr. Thackeray addressed himself. He took the humorists as independent persons, he traced their lives and characters, entered into their individual peculiarities, and ran lightly over the surface of their writings, gave you to understand something, not very clear or satisfactory, about the quality of their genius, a great deal more about their social and domestic qualities, and drew pictures of humanity, which in delicacy and neatness of touch, in a certain sunny humour, with bright motes alternately glistening and turning up their dark sides through it, and an acute perception of the mean and the absurd, were every way worthy of the author of *Vanity Fair*.

Take these lectures as a body of curious and eccentric commentaries upon the famous people to whose specialities they are dedicated, and setting the accuracy or justice of them aside, we know of nothing Mr. Thackeray has done, which develops his powers in so many unexpected lights, which shows so much sympathy with the graceful and poetical aspects of things, and so fine an appreciation of generous and serious truths, which he has not always been in a mood to treat so earnestly. There is nothing very profound in these lectures—all the gravities in them lie close at hand; but there is a less tendency in them than usual to turn foibles and failings to the account of the ridiculous, and a disposition to loosen the springs of pity and charity, for which Mr. Thackeray is entitled to high praise

and for which we have reason to be thankful. The great charm lay—if we may use the term—in the idiosyncrasy of the treatment. There was nothing new in substance; but it was all new in the turn of phrase, in the odd conjunctions of strong and striking points, in the whimsical felicity with which quaint trains of ideas were followed out, and in the little drops of tenderness which fell here and there, like tears, amongst the most grotesque passages. It frequently happened that you did not care so much about the matter as the manner—that you differed from the matter, and were still amused and interested by the manner. You were quite willing to compound all differences of opinion for the sake of the pleasant, strange, half-bantering, half-serious narrative, which set you thinking and laughing at the same moment. And there were not wanting features to which exception might be taken. What business, for instance, has Pope amongst the humorists? And his versification—that which imaged in its forms the exact character of his mind, and reflected so sharply the models it improved upon—Mr. Thackeray missed altogether. Nor was he more successful in dealing with the career of Swift, whose life he fatally misinterpreted. Again, in his estimate of Addison, he saw nothing of what was conventional and hollow in him, assuming it all for the purest morality, and setting down even his defective sympathy and want of enthusiasm to a chaste philosophy. The furtive pruriency that lurks under Addison's writings either escaped his notice, or was passed over as a good-natured concession to the age. On the other hand, he did injustice to Congreve, and committed an absolute wrong and outrage on Sterne. But these are not the questions we desire to hear Mr. Thackeray discuss, or upon which his heresies can ruffle us. While his low, soft voice wandered amongst chords of feeling rarely touched in the lecture-room, we felt that his strength lay in another and a newer view of the subject, and that we could afford to dispense with critical acumen, and the literary traditions that are clustered round the memorable names he selected, and that

have hitherto been considered indispensable to the elucidation of their lives and works, so long as he drew out the humanity of his humorists, and extracted the sweetness that lies buried, like honey, in dark places, in fretted tempers, uncouth habits, and unworldly natures.

But we are all this time loitering outside the Great Exhibition. Let us go in, by all means. The reader need not be alarmed—we have not the remotest intention of describing a scene with which the whole universe, wherever a newspaper penetrates, is already familiar.

We have some doubts whether the Exhibition has ever been so interesting in detail since the 1st of May as it was within two or three days of the opening. Two days before it opened, the fulfilment of the pledge to the public appeared physically impossible. The place was strewn over with fragments and saw-dust, and boxes and cases, packed and unpacked. Hundreds of fittings had yet to be finished; men were at work all over the counters, and up in the galleries, and on the roof, and over the floor; and there were not twenty yards of the whole area of twenty-six acres that looked in such a state of forwardness as to justify a hope that they could be got ready in time for the opening. By what magical arts all these difficulties were overcome, the confusion cleared up, the hangings swung, the cases unpacked, the counters dressed, and the vast superfluities decorated and put in order for the ceremonies of the inauguration, we know not; and we are even sceptical as to the fact whether the people who accomplished these sorceries are quite aware themselves how they did it.

The confusion of the last few days was singularly picturesque. You could see the costumes of all nations running about in a state of flutter and disorder that elicited an infinite variety of temperaments—the flash of the tropics, the languor of the south, the gravity of the oriental complexion, and the rough bluster of the north. Some were impetuous and choleric; whilst others, seated tranquilly on their unopened bales, waiting for instructions, looked on at the surrounding riot with imper-

turbable indifference. The incidents that were everywhere disclosed to you as you passed up the nave helped, also, to give a sort of dramatic interest to the scene, and to set you speculating on the distant homes and associations of these people, and the community of pursuits and civilizing aims which had thus collected a multitude of men from the extremest points of the world under one roof, and for one express object. Little domestic under-plots, and quaint bits of pathos and fun, occasionally enlivened the bustle, or threw a scrap of pantomimic comedy into the silent corners of the Bazaar.

We remember an instance of this kind. It was just before the Exhibition opened, while most of the foreign departments were in a state of indescribable confusion. The Russian division was in the incipient stage of development; curious drums and trumpets, glittering ware and articles of northern vertu, had been delivered out of their boxes, and lay heaped about till the rest of the consignments should have arrived. There was a lull in the work; the men entrusted with the business were out, probably unpacking in the Park; and the Russian chamberlain that condition of rich disorder was left in the charge of a young girl. She was dressed town-fashion and had none of the marks of the peasant about her, except a bright dark glow on her cheeks. She was handsome—that is to say, round-faced, with lively eyes, capable of a profound sentimental expression, (which seems, indeed, more or less common to all lively eyes,) and of a 'comely shape.' You would have almost guessed her country from the cast of her features; yet, notwithstanding the Russian snow she came of, she gave you to understand at the first glance that there was blood in her veins as warm as ever danced in Italy. If one could make anything substantial out of such a fancy, we might have imagined that she was a neighbour of that river, Whose icy current flows through banks of roses.

There she stood, keeping watch over the goods, and pretending to read a book. It was mere pretence. From behind a temporary curtain suspended at the back,

there peeped every now and then an English youth of one or two and twenty, with a dash of the juvenile *roué* in him, extremely well-looking, and fairly set out for conquest. He appeared to be connected with some of the adjoining States, but it was evident that while his business called him to one place, his love of adventure had fascinated him to another. The coquetry that went on between them would have had a telling effect upon the stage. Young as they were, they understood how to flirt books and curtains as skillfully as any *senhorita* of Seville or Madrid ever flirted a fan. Her look aside, to show her consciousness, as it were unconsciously, was perfect; and the way the young gentleman affected to be looking very seriously at something else, while he was all the time directing an intense focal light upon her ringlets (which she felt as palpably as if it had lifted them up), was a picture which, with the lady in the foreground, might be recommended to the consideration of Mr. Frank Stone, who always hits off these exquisite inchoate sensations with the most charming truthfulness. They did not understand one word of each other's language, yet had already contrived, by the aid of a third language, with which they were both familiar, to get up a tolerably intimate acquaintance. We are sorry we cannot tell the reader how it ended; we hope happily for both parties, and that the lady did not leave her own inclement climate to find a more wintry region here! When the Romances of the Exhibition—with the crystal fountain for a frontispiece, as the trysting-place for lovers who want to lose other people and find themselves—come to be published, perhaps we shall have the sequel of this little incident.

It is a hopeful sign of intellectual advancement, that the sculpture has occupied so large a share of attention. The specimens that have acquired the most notoriety, are not, perhaps, the most deserving of it; but the fact that all classes of visitors examine the sculpture with interest, is a gratifying evidence of improved taste. Everybody makes it a point to look at the Amazon, the Greek Slave, and the Veiled Vestal. There is great merit in each of them,

but it is associated with faults which hasty admiration has entirely overlooked. The power of the Amazon, the strength of expression, the agony of the horse—a grand and terrible mixture of dismay and desperation—are triumphant proofs of the artist's genius; and it is therefore all the more to be regretted, that so noble a work should be marred by one or two very obvious blemishes. Observe the attitude of the Amazon. She has lost her seat, and is thrown back in an impossible position on the haunches of the horse. Turn to the back of the statue, and look at the horse's tail. It is cast up lashing the air, as if the creature were in a state of high exultation, instead of being drawn in between its legs by the effort of terror, which would inevitably make it coil up all its muscles. These faults are deductions from the merits of the work as a perfect study; but enough remains behind to justify the highest encomiums.

We are much perplexed by the statue of the Greek Slave. In what respect is it Greek? And is a manacle upon a delicate wrist the only means sculpture possesses of expressing the sorrow and anguish of slavery? The fact is, there is no meaning whatever in the face, which has anything in the world but Greek or slavery written on it; and if the head and manacles were lopped off, the rest of the figure would be very beautiful as a study of form. It is full of grace from the shoulders down, especially at the side and back; but the artist has utterly failed in the attempt to convey anything more. Of the 'Veiled Vestal,' we suppose it must be allowed to be a curious and successful example of skilful manipulation. The veil is cleverly executed, and looks quite gauzy and transparent at a proper distance; but it bears about the same relation to high art as Paganini's performance on a single string; it merely shows a difficulty overcome without any result. The vulgar may wonder at it, but the educated grieve. At the best, it is no more than what is popularly, but not very correctly, called a trick, which is a sort of ingenuity that exhausts your admiration the moment you detect it.

There is not much risk of judg-

ment in according to the Virginius of MacDowell the first place in the Exhibition. That magnificent work is well known, and fortunately occupies so prominent a position in the transept, that it cannot escape the attention it deserves. Awarding to Kiss, and Power, and Monti, and the rest of the foreign and native contributors the full measure of their deserts, (and although there are not many striking specimens in the Exhibition, there are a few of great merit,) we believe that the artists themselves would agree with us in the high estimate we place upon the passionate energy and soft beauty which are so wondrously blended in this elaborate work, and which carry the resources of art to the height of their illustrative power.

The throwing open of the Exhibition to enormous crowds of people at the low entrance of one shilling, has tested the safety of educating the masses by means of such sights. From the 1st of May up to the present time the damage inflicted by curiosity, or ill-conduct, is of less account than the ordinary injury which goods might undergo in shops during a similar period. In fact, no damage whatever, in the sense of wilful damage, has been inflicted, and the fabrics likely to spoil by the touch or by exposure to the air have been preserved with extraordinary freshness. We may mention, also, another gratifying fact, that the amount of thefts and pocket-picking has been quite insignificant, and that the honour of the few offences of that kind that have taken place are pretty equally divided between foreign and native talent. Not a single violation of order has disturbed the enjoyment of the visitors; and the utmost decorum and harmony have marked the whole proceedings. Yet the additional police force employed, to whose excellent arrangements we are so materially indebted, does not exceed five hundred.

The number of persons that are daily in attendance in the body of the building, augmenting the stream of its contents, is more considerable, perhaps, than the public in general are aware. In addition to the regular police force and the sappers and miners, there are upwards of three hundred persons in the pay of the commissioners, and two thousand

exhibitors and exhibitors' assistants in daily attendance. With such a multitude of people engaged in the interior, and the infinite variety of risks which may arise from carelessness and a thousand other causes, the reader may be curious to learn what precautions are taken to provide against accidents. Like everything else connected with this great work, they are extremely simple. In the first place, every exhibitor is left to take care of his own goods in the best way he can; which undoubtedly affords the best guarantee for the general security. The most complete protection against fire is organized all over the interior, consisting of sixteen hydrants, several fire-engines, and a large supply of fire-buckets and iron reservoirs, all of which can be brought into play at a few moments' notice. The instant the necessary labours are over (and as little as possible is done after dark), all lights are put out, and the protection of the building for the night is consigned to fifty policemen, twenty-four sappers and miners, and six firemen, who sleep upon the premises. But how is this extensive area kept in repair, dusted, and cleaned? By a systematic arrangement, equally simple and effective. Six hours, from four o'clock in the morning till ten, are dedicated to these purposes, and are found amply sufficient. It is, perhaps, the only instance on record of a great public exhibition which has received troops of visitors for a period of three months without having been closed up for a single day to be repaired or refreshed. This Exhibition is independent of such necessities, for which it is partly indebted to its structure, being a self-acting duster and cleaner in its floors and roof.

The total number of visitors to the Exhibition up to the 26th of July amounted to 2,929,778. Of these, the greatest number that entered the building on any one day was on Tuesday, the 15th of July, when it was visited by 74,122 persons; and the greatest number estimated to have been collected in the body of the building at one moment of time was (on the same day) upwards of 61,000. With trifling exceptions, Tuesday has generally been the fullest day in the week.

The sale of season-tickets has been nearly equally divided between ladies and gentlemen, with a slight pre-

	Gentlemen's	Ladies'.	Total.	Proceeds.
Up to May 1st.....	10,892	8,615	19,507	£52,401 6 0
From May 1st to July 19th ...	2,299	3,317	6,616	14,207 11 0
	13,191	11,932	25,123	£66,608 17 0

Latterly, the sale has fallen off, but it is still going on slowly. On Saturday, July 19th, for instance, eight season-tickets were sold—two gentlemen's tickets and six ladies'.

The following items present the amount of receipts up to July 26th:

	£	s.	d.
For Season Tickets . .	66,638	5	0
Payments at the door .	181,011	6	0
Total . . .	£247,649	11	0
Add to this amount Subscriptions received .	66,000	0	0
Subscriptions not received	10,000	0	0
Grand total to } 26th July. . }	£323,649	11	0

If we add to this grand total the sum of 3500*l.* paid for the contract for the refreshment rooms, and 3200*l.* for the Catalogue contract, which will make altogether 332,349*l.* 11*s.*, we believe we shall have given the entire amount which, up to that day, had been received by, or subscribed to, the Great Industrial Bazaar.

The receipts of the Saturdays have recently become so depressed, that we presume the entrance-fee of 5*s.* will be speedily abandoned, and a lower amount substituted. The smallest amount as yet received on the Saturday would, however, leave a handsome profit on the expenditure of the entire week, which, upon an average, does not exceed 1000*l.*

It has been estimated that, after the payment of all charges, the prizes included, there will be a surplus in the hands of the Commissioners of 140,000*l.* at the close of the Exhibition, presuming the Exhibition to close at the time stipulated.

In any ordinary case, the question that would obviously arise out of this state of things is—What is to be done with the surplus? But in this case, the anxiety of the public is not about what is to be done with the surplus (concerning which nobody seems to care, a rush), but,

ponderance on the side of the latter. We are able to show exactly the relative sale up to the 19th July:—

What is to be done with the Palace? The grand scheme, sustained by the almost unanimous voice of the country, is to convert it into a Winter Garden. The technical difficulties that are said to lie in the way of the Commissioners are of no account against the unmistakable expression of public opinion, which clearly demands the abrogation of an engagement entered into in ignorance of results which no experience could have anticipated. The local opposition proceeds on a supposition that the Winter Garden would have an injurious influence on the value of property in that neighbourhood. But it might be easily shown that all such apprehensions (if, indeed, anybody seriously entertains them) are entirely unfounded. The establishment of a Winter Garden would have exactly the contrary effect. A more serious objection was raised in reference to the permanency of the building, and the cost of its maintenance. Even that objection, however, which looked very formidable at first, Mr. Paxton has effectually disposed of. He has procured an estimate from Messrs. Fox and Henderson of the outlay necessary for putting the building into permanent repair, and making all the necessary alterations, and the whole contract will not exceed from 12,000*l.* to 15,000*l.* The estimate for keeping the structure in perfect repair and order for twenty-one years is only 5500*l.* per annum. These sums are trifles, with a surplus of 140,000*l.* in bank; and since the argument in favour of a Winter Garden is really sound and reasonable (to say nothing of its popularity), and the obstacles in the way of cost and security have been removed, we hope that another year may not elapse before we shall be able to realize Mr. Paxton's agreeable picture of a ride or promenade amongst fragrant trees in the climate of Southern Italy, at a distance of fifteen minutes' walk from the Haymarket!

CHAMOIS HUNTING.

I HAD been staying at Fend (one of the highest inhabited spots in Europe) for some days, existing on a light and wholesome regimen of hard-boiled eggs, harder baked rye bread, and corn brandy, exploring the magnificent scenery round me, and had returned, the way I came, to a collection of brown packing-boxes, by courtesy called a village, which rejoiced in the euphonious name of Dumpfen, nestling cosily under the grand belt of pines that feathered the flanks of the mountains, which rose high and clear behind. In front roared, rattled, and grated, a wide glacier torrent, the colour of ill-made gruel; and on the opposite side stretched, some quarter of a mile, a flat plain of gravel and worn boulders, here and there gemmed with patches of short sweet turf, till it reached the base of a noble range of cliffs, which rose grey and steep into the clear blue sky, so lofty, that the fringe of world-old pines along their summits could scarcely be distinguished.

On the narrow patch of turf between the village and the torrent I found—it being a fine Sunday afternoon—much mirth and conviviality. The rifle-buts were pitched on the opposite side of the torrent, with a small hut close to them to shelter the marker, a fellow of infinite fun, attired in bright scarlet, and a fantastic cap, who placed marked pegs into the bullet-holes, and pantomimed with insane gestures of admiration, contempt, astonishment, or derision, the good or bad success of the marksmen. And splendid specimens of men they were; firm, proud, yet courteous and gentle, well-dressed in their handsome and handy costume, strong as lions, which, in fact, they ‘needed to be’ to support the weight of those young eighteen-pounders which they called rifles, with brass enough in the stocks to manufacture faces for a dynasty of railroad kings. Never did I see finer fellows. And the women! How lovely are those Tyrolese damsels, with their dark brown glossy hair braided under the green hat, with a brilliant carnation stuck over their left ear in a pretty coquet-

tish fashion, enough to send an unfortunate bachelor raving. And their complexions!—the very flower in their hair paling, looking dull beside their blooming cheeks; and their clear soft hazel eyes, with such a soul of kindness, gentleness, and purity peeping through them, as one scarcely sees, even in one and another elsewhere.

The shooting was at last over, the winner crowned with flowers, and, the targets borne in triumph before them, the whole party retired to the wooden hut with a mystic triangle in a circle over the door, to eat, drink, and be merry; and very merry we were, albeit the only tippie strongly resembled very indifferent red ink, both in taste and colour. Talk of the *dura messorum ilia*! what insides those fellows must have had!

We were sitting listening to interminable stories of Berg-geister, and Genssen Könige, and rifle practice at French live targets, when two herd lads came in from some of the higher mountain pastures, and reported three chamois, seen that morning low down on the cliffs.

Hereupon up rose a vast clatter amongst the yägers as to the fortunate man who was to go after them, for chamois hunting, gentle reader, requires rather less retinue, and greater quiet, than pheasant shooting in October.

The lot fell upon one Joseph something or another; I never could make out his surname, if he had one—which I rather doubt. He was a fine, handsome, jaunty fellow, with ‘nut brown hair’ curling round his open forehead, and a moustache for which a guardsman would have given his little finger.

Now as it fell out, I also got excited; I, too, thirsted after chamois’ blood; but how to get it? How could I, small five foot seven, and rather light in the build, persuade that Hercules to let me accompany him, unless he put me in his pocket, which would have been derogatory? It is true that I, being light myself, was perfectly convinced that weight was rather an incumbrance than otherwise in the moun-

tains; but how could I persuade the 'heavy,' whose opinions, of course, ran the other way, to agree with me?

However, as the men thinned off, and the place became quieter, I determined to make the attempt, at least, and commenced the attack by 'standing' Joseph a chopine of the aforesaid red ink, and then, fearing the consequences, followed it up by an infinity of 'gouttes' of infamous corn brandy, all the while raving about the Tyrol, Andreas Hofer, and the Monk, and abusing the French, till I quite won his heart; he, innocent soul! never imagining the trap I had set for him. At last I glided into chamois hunting, the darling theme of a Tyrooler, making him tell me all sorts of wild stories, and telling him some in return, (every whit as true, I have no doubt, as his own,) till at last I boldly demanded to be allowed to accompany him the next morning.

Joseph humm'd and ha'd for some time; but gratitude for the tippie, my admiration for Hofer, and, perhaps, the knowledge that I had been over some of the stiffest bits of the surrounding ranges *solus*, and had been after the gems, though unsuccessfully, before, made him relent, and it was finally settled that I should go. He went home to get comfortably steady for the next morning, and I laid violent hands on everything eatable to stuff into my knapsack; whilst the others, after vainly trying to persuade me out of my determination, retired, shaking hands with me as if I was ordered for execution 'at eight precisely' the next morning. Whereon I vanished into the wooden box, which it is *de règle* to get into in that part of the world when one wants to sleep, and slumbered incontinently.

I had been asleep about five minutes, according to my own computation, though, in fact, it was about as many hours, when I suddenly awoke to a full perception of the fact that I was 'in for it.' Alas! those treacherous fumes of 'Sli-bowitz' no longer deluded me into the idea that I was fully up to any existing mountain in the known world; that jumping a ten-foot crevasse was as easy as taking a hurdle; or that climbing hand over hand up rocks 'so perpendicular' that one's nose scraped against their stony

bosoms, was rather safer, if anything, than taking sparrows' nests from the top of the stable ladder! However, the honour of England was at stake. Go I must! so I resigned myself to the certainty of breaking my only neck, and jumped up, thereby nearly dashing in the roof of my brain-pan against the top of my box, adding, most unnecessarily, another headache to the one I already possessed—and turned out.

Unfortunately, there was no one awake to see my magnanimity: and it was too dark to see it if there had been; so I groped my way down, with my upper garments on my arm. After 'barking' my shins against stools and trestles, and being nearly eaten up by a big dog in the dark, I sallied out, preferring to make my morning ablutions in the clear, and particularly cold brunnens that plashed and sparkled on the little green before the door, to dipping the tip of my nose and the ends of my fingers into the pie-dish which had been considerately placed for my private use.

How intensely beautiful that dawn was! with the pine woods steeped in the deepest purple—here and there a faint, gauzy mist, looking self-luminous, marking the course of some mountain brook through the forest. The grey cliffs stood dark and silent on the opposite side of the stream, and one far-off snow-peak, just catching the faint reflected light of dawn, gleamed ghost-like and faint, like some spirit lingering on the forbidden confines of day.

How intense was that silence!—broken only by the harsh rattle of the torrent and the occasional faint tinkle of a cow-bell in the distance, or now and then by a spirit-like whispering sigh amongst the pines, that scarcely moved their long arms before the cold breath of the dying night.

I had finished my toilet, and was just beginning to hug myself in the idea that I had escaped, and had a very good excuse to slip into bed again, when I heard the clang of a pair of iron-soled shoes advancing down the torrent-bed, that did duty for a road, and to my unmitigated disgust saw Joseph looming through the darkness, like an own brother to the Erl King, a 'shooting-iron' under

each arm, and a mighty wallet on his back. There was no escape—I was in for it!

Setting our faces to the mountains, we entered the pine-forest, and toiled up and up through the dark, silent trees, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, till the day began to break, some three quarters of an hour after our start, when we stopped with one accord, *of course* only to look back and see the sunrise, though I doubt if either of us could have kept up that steady treadmill pace much longer, with any degree of comfort.

Well, we halted to look, perhaps for the last time, at the valley and the village, now far below us. We had got to the height of the cliffs on the opposite side, and could look over their summits at the tumbled alp-billows that tossed their white crests for many a league beyond; the sun steeping the snow-peaks in tints of purple, pink, and crimson, and here and there a rock-peak shone with the brightest silver and the reddest gold,—enough to send one ‘clean wud’ with their exquisite beauty. Down below in the valley, the sun had not yet risen, though man had; the little columns of blue smoke wreathed gracefully upwards in the calm morning air; and the lowing of the cows, and the faint tinkle of their bells, as they were being driven to their morning pasture, floated up ever and anon in strangely diminished tones, that seemed to come from some fairy world far down in the Alp-caverns.

Having rested, we turned our faces again to the mountains, and toiled anew through the pine forest, now no longer dark and gloomy, but flecked with gleams of yellow morning light, and sparkling with a thousand dew-diamonds.

Up, up! still up! across the little sparkling runlets, tumbling head over heels in their hurry to see what sort of a world the valley below might be;—up! over masses of rock, ankle-deep in rich brown moss, bejewelled with strawberries and cowberries, garlanded with raspberries, twisting and straggling out of their crevices, covered with rich ripe fruit;—up! over bits of open turf, green as emeralds, set in pure white gravel, sparkling like a thousand diamonds;

—up! through tangled masses of fallen pines, their bleaching stumps standing out like the masts of great wrecks—terrible marks of the course of the avalanche wind!—up! through one short bit more of pine-wood, over the split fir fence, and into the little mountain meadow, smiling in the level sunlight, with its bright stream tinkling merrily through it, its scattered boulders, and wooden sennhutt, with the cows and goats clustered round it, standing ready to be milked,—one of the latter, by the bye, instantly charges me, and has to be repelled by my alpenstock, bayonet fashion,—while all around, the sweet breath of the cows mingles deliciously with the aromatic fragrance of the pine forest, and the rich scent of the black orchis and wild thyme.

Seat yourself on that wooden milking-stool by the door—(beware! it has but one leg, and is ‘kittle to guide’)—after a hearty shake of the hand from that grey old giant of a herdsman, and enjoy yourself.

‘Joseph, what’s i’ the fardel? Turn out your traps, and let us see what ‘provaunt’ you have got.’—A mighty mass of cold boiled mutton, an infinity of little dabs of rye-bread, the size of one’s hand, and as hard as flints; and—what is that thou art extracting with such a grin on thy manly countenance, as if thou hadst found the best joke in Europe, tied up in the corner of the bag?

A quart bottle of corn-brandy!—I simper, the grey herdsman simpers, and Joseph simpers most of all, as if he was conscious of having done a monstrous clever thing, but was modest. ‘Schnaps at six in the morning!—hardly correct,’ say I.

Joseph thinks that it is apt to make one thirsty (it certainly always appears to have that effect upon him); and the grey herdsman shakes his head, and smacks his lips dubiously, as if he were not quite certain, but would rather like to try.

‘Well, just one thimbleful, Joseph, ‘just to kill the larvæ, ye ken’. Ah! you don’t understand, it is a mountain excuse, too. Never mind—hand us the becher.’

Here we breakfasted luxuriously, eking out our store with sour milk and crumbly new white cheese from the sennhutt. The grey herdsman

eyes me intently, and longs to know what manner of man I am. I take pity on his thirst for knowledge. 'Ein Engländer?'—I am his friend for life! He has heard of the 30,000*l.* sent over in the French war time, and his nephew has seen the letter in a glass-case at Innspruck. 'And I want to shoot chamois?' He looks almost sorrowfully at me, but I have gone too far to retreat, and am very valiant. 'Yes, there are three up about the Wildgrad Kögle.' That is enough, Adé Andre! Pack up, Joseph. Forward!

Stop a bit, let us load here; we may stumble on something shootable. I am soon ready; but loading with Joseph is a very solemn affair, not to be undertaken lightly, or finished in a hurry.

First, he takes a dose of stuff out of a cow's horn, which I, in my ignorance, suppose to be very badly made No. 7 shot. A small quantity of this he places in the pan of his rifle, and crushes with the handle of his knife, the rest he pours down the barrel, and I perceive that it is powder; then he looks up and down, round and about—what the deuce *is* he after? Is he cockney enough to be going to flash off his rifle, and afraid of some one hearing him? No, there he has it—a bunch of grey moss, 'baum haar,' as he calls it, from that blasted pine. Wonder again; what in the name of goodness is he going to do with that? Use it as a pocket-handkerchief? I do not believe he carries one; at any rate, if he does, he only uses that pattern said by the Fliegende Blätter to be so popular amongst the Gallician deputies of the Paul's-Kirche Parliament. No,—wrong again; he carefully pulls it to pieces, and making it into a round ball, rams it down upon the powder; and a most excellent dodge it is. Colonel Hawker has only re-discovered an old secret, or, more likely, learnt it on the shores of the Bodensee; then the greased patch and the ball, and all is ready. On we go!

After leaving the meadow, we entered again into the pine forest, which gradually became more open, the trees more stunted and fantastic, and their longstraggling arms clothed

more and more as we ascended with the ash-grey baumhaar; dead trees and thunder-riven stumps became frequent, rotting in and into the black bog mould, which gives a scanty root-hold to the blushing alpen-rose. Soon we leave the trees behind us altogether; nothing but wild chaotic masses of gravel and stones, tossed and heaped one on the other, by the fierce avalanche—the very rocks grey and crumbling with age; here and there patches of black bog, with little oases of emerald green turf perched in their centre, the black orchis growing thick upon them, and perfuming the air for yards around.

Ere long, even these traces of vegetation became more scarce, and the appearance of everything around us wilder and more steril. Still the brilliant peaks of the Wildgrad Kögle gleamed brightly before us, and beckoned us on.

Our path lay now, steep and rugged, along the edge of a ravine, at the bottom of which we heard the torrent chafing and roaring many a yard below us. There was a precipitous bank of rocks and scree to our right, quite unclimbable, which seemed only to want the will—they certainly had the way—to topple us into the abyss. Just as we were turning an abrupt angle very gingerly, with our eyes fixed on our slippery path, and longing for an elephant's trunk, to try the sound bits from the rotten ones, we suddenly heard a rushing 'sough,' like the falling of a moist snow avalanche, and a cloud passed across the sun. Glancing hastily upwards, I—yes I, in the body at this present, inditing this faithful description of my chase,—saw, not a hundred paces from me, an enormous vulture! Anything so fiercely, so terribly grand, as this great bird, saw I never before, and can scarcely hope to see again. He was so near, that we could distinctly see the glare of his fierce eye, and the hard bitter grip of his clenched talons. The sweep of his vast wings was enormous—I dare not guess how broad from tip to tip; and their rushing noise, as he beat the air in his first laboured strokes, sounded strangely wild and spirit-like in the mountain stillness. A dozen strong strokes, and he

took a wild swoop round to our right, and away, like a cloud before the blast, till a neighbouring peak hid him from our sight, followed by a wild shout of astonishment from Joseph. I opened not my mouth, or if I did—left it open.

Nothing ever gave me such a feeling of *reality* as the sight of this vast vulture so near me. Often and often had I seen them, both in Switzerland and the Tyrol, sailing so high that, although well up the mountain flank myself, I almost doubted whether they were realities or mere *muscæ volitantes*, produced by staring up into the clear bright sky, with one's head thrown back. This fellow there was no doubt of—we saw his very beard! We were really then chamois-hunting—we had penetrated into the very den of the mountain tyrant. No fear of gigs and green parasols *here*; we were above the world!

Soon after our friend had departed, and we had recovered from the astonishment into which his unexpected visit had thrown us, we reached the end of our *mauvais pas*, and found ourselves at the foot of a wild valley, entirely shut in by ranges of lofty cliffs, with here and there patches of snow lying on the least inclined spots. In front, still far above us, towered the wild rock masses of the Wildgrad Kögle. The Kögle itself ran up into one sharp peak, that seemed, from where we were, to terminate in a point. Great part of its base was concealed by a range of precipices, with broad sheets of snow here and there, resting at an extraordinarily high angle, as we soon found to our cost, and having their crests notched, and pillared, and serrated in the wildest manner. The floor of the valley was covered with masses of rock and boulder, hurled from the surrounding cliffs, and heaps and sheets of rough gravel, ground and crushed by the avalanches, and fissured by the torrents of melted snow. The silence of the Alp-spirit, as silent as death itself, was in it; only at intervals was heard the whispering 'sough' of some slip of snow, dislodged by the warmth of the mid-day sun.

We advanced stealthily, concealing ourselves behind the boulders,

and searched valley and cliff in vain for our prey. Joseph was the proud possessor of a telescope, mysteriously fashioned out of paper and cardboard; a pretty good one, nevertheless, brought from Italy by some travelling pedlar, and an object of great veneration, but one which failed in discovering a single chamois. Our only chance now was that they might be feeding in some of the smaller valleys, between the cliffs at the head of the basin in which we were and the Kögle itself.

'Feeding! what could they be feeding on, when you say yourself that you left all kind of 'green stuff' behind you long ago?'

So I thought, too, doubtless, by this time, most impatient reader; but on the scree at the head of the valley, Joseph showed me, for the first time, the plant on which these extraordinary animals in a great measure live. It has a thick green trilobate leaf, and a flower so delicate and gauze-like, that one wonders how it can bear for a moment the harsh storms to which it is exposed. Its petals have a most curious crumpled appearance, and are of the softest pink imaginable—almost transparent. As for its class and order, you must go elsewhere for them; I know them not; nor the name either which the Latins would have called it if they had been aware of its existence. Joseph called it 'gemsenkraut,' or chamois herb, and that was enough for me.

Having finished our botanical investigations, we pushed on to the upper end of the valley, and found that the cliffs, and scree, and snow patches looked uglier and steeper the nearer we approached them. However, there was no retreat—onwards we must go, or be declared 'nidding' through the length and breadth of the Tyrol.

Oh! those scree—those scree! lying at an angle of goodness knows how much with the horizon—sharp, slaty, angular pieces of stone, like savage hatchets, slippery as glass, glancing from under our feet, and casting us down sideways on their abominable edges, 'sliddering' down by the ton, carrying our unfortunate persons yards below where we wanted to go, crashing and clatter-

ing; and then dancing and bounding far down into the valley, like mischievous gnomes, delighted with the bumpings and bruising they had treated us to! How Joseph did anathematize! For my part, mine was a grief 'too deep for swears!'

After crossing, still ascending, two or three beds of screes, we came to the edge of the first snow-field; not very broad, it is true, but lying at a higher angle than I ever thought possible, and frozen as hard as marble on the surface—one sheet of ice, with an agreeable fall of some hundred feet at its lower edge. We were in despair! We had now got excited and confident—our 'blood was up;' and here came 'the impossible' to stop us.

'But what is it that Joseph has picked up from the snow, and is examining so carefully?'

'No matter—'twas not what we sought,' but it *was* something closely connected with it.

'Yes, there is no doubt of it; they have been here, and lately too! See the sharp hoof-prints just above! They must have crossed this morning! Go it, ye cripples (*in prospectu*), we must cross this, come what may!'

We got along steadily, without any slides, though with many slips, always sticking our staves convulsively into the snow the moment our heels seemed to have the slightest disposition to assume the altitude of our heads. It was nervous work—one slip, one moment too late in thrusting our staff perpendicularly in the snow, as an anchor, and away we should have shot like a meteor over the glittering surface for a hundred terrible yards, and then with a wild bound have been launched into the abyss below. However, we could not have turned back if we had wished it, and at last, to our intense satisfaction, we grasped the rough rock that bounded the further side of the field. Grasped it!—we embraced it!—we clung to its rough surface as if we had been six months at sea and had landed in the Hesperides!

At length on the summit of the ridge, we were able to crouch down and look through a crack in the rock into the next valley. Round and about, above and below, we examined every hole and corner; half-a-dozen

times some villanous stone made our hearts leap to our mouths. But alas! 'it was no go;' there was not a living thing in sight—barrenness, barrenness, and desolation.

Our chance of chamois was utterly over for the day. *N'importe*. Better luck to-morrow. Who can feel out of spirits in that brisk mountain atmosphere? There is the highest peak of the Wildgrad Kögel right before us,—and hang him, we'll dine on his head!

The ridge on which we found ourselves was but a few feet broad and about a hundred and fifty feet above the snow on each side. It was composed of innumerable irregular pillar-like masses of rock, of different heights and distances, impossible to descend at the point where we found ourselves, but as it ran at the same general level, we fancied that we could get on the sloping mass of snow which lay on the side of the peak at some distance on. Jumping from one small table of rock to another—now only saved from 'immortal smash' by Joseph's strong arm, and now swaying doubtfully on a *plateau* the size of a small dumb-waiter top, uncertain whether we should be off or not,—we hopped along, wishing we were kangaroos, till we found a crevice which seemed practicable, and down which I went with a run—or rather a slide, much quicker than was agreeable, being only brought up by my feet coming on Joseph's broad shoulders, he taking, as I must confess he generally did, the first place, whereby he always came in for a double allowance of stones and gravel, but about which he seemed utterly indifferent.

On reaching the bottom, we found that, as usual, the snow had melted some distance from the rock, leaving a mighty pretty crack to receive us. However, a lucky jump landed us safely, and for a moment erect, on the snow, and then, head over heels, rolling, and bumping, and kicking, we spun over the slippery surface till we managed to bring ourselves up about fifty yards below, where we had started. But in spite of tumbles we were in high spirits: there were no gems to frighten, and no more tottering avalanches, ready to fall on our heads if we as much as ventured to use our pocket-handkerchiefs.

We toiled up the terribly steep

snow patch merrily enough, not without retracing our path several times in a manner at once undignified and unexpected—though it certainly was not to be complained of as far as speed went,—and reached, at last, utterly blown and sick with exertion, the base of the rock forming the summit of the mountain. Hardly giving ourselves time to recover, we climbed up the last sixty or seventy feet of cliff, and I found myself—first this time, for a wonder—on a small platform, the summit of the Wildgrad Kögle.

The platform was some ten or twelve feet square, and the only approach to it was on the side we had ascended; on every other the cliff ran down in a sheer wall, how deep I know not, for I never could judge of distances from above.

As for describing what we saw from our elevated dining-table, it is clean out of the question; we saw nothing but mountains—or rather the tops of mountains, for we were far above the general level of their crests; one wide sea of rock and snow surged around us; shoreless, no bounding range, no sweet glimpses of broad green valleys and glistening rivers in the distance; no pretty villages nestling cosily under the pine forest—nothing but peak on peak, ridge on ridge; bright pinnacles and clusters of pinnacles shooting up here and there far above the rest into the calm blue sky—deep grooves marking the course of distant valleys, like tide-marks on the sea. But no trace of man or beast, herb or tree; the very wind that whistled past us brought no sound or scent from the valleys it had passed, but sounded harsh, and dry, and dead. Vain, indeed, would be the effort to convey the slightest idea of the solemn grandeur of that scene! Manfred? Manfred gives the finest and truest picture ever perhaps painted of *Swiss* Alpine scenery, as seen looking towards the mountains, or from the cliffs bordering some rich pastoral valley; but we had passed all that long ago—we were in the very heart of the range. Alp was still piled on Alp, but we had reached the summit of the pile. The only valleys we saw were fearful scars in the mountain flank, half filled with eternal snow, and the

crumbling skeletons of dead Alps. No sound—no herdsman's jödle—no cow-bell's tinkle ever reached to half way up our rocky perch: we were far above the vulture and the chamois. We were alone with the rock, and snow, and sky! It seemed profanity to whisper;—and yet there was Joseph, after a glance round, and a short 'schöne panorama!' whistling and fishing up the eatables and drinkables from the bottom of his wallet, as coolly as if he was seated in his own smoky, half-lighted cabin. He had been born in it and was used to it. I doubt whether I myself felt the grandeur of the scene as much then as I have often done since, on recalling it bit by bit to my recollection. The really grand gives one at first a sort of painful feeling that is indescribable. One cannot *think*—one only *feels* with that strange undescribed sense, that strives, almost to heart-breaking, to bring itself forth, and yet stays voiceless.

We sat long, drinking in alternate draughts of sublimity and Slibowitz (as Joseph called the brandy), till the Berg-geist kindly put an end to our ecstasies by drawing a dark grey veil over the whole picture, and pelting us with snow-flakes, as a gentle hint to be off and leave him to his cogitations. It began, indeed, to snow in real earnest, and the weather looked mighty dark and unpromising, so we scrambled hastily down the way we came, and leaning well back on our alpenstocks with our feet stretched out before us, shot down the long sheet of snow, at a considerably quicker rate than we had ascended; and gliding scornfully past our columnar friends, whose fantastic capitals had given us so much trouble in the morning, we reached, with many a tumble and much laughter, the stony ravine at its foot.

Scorning to finish the day without drawing blood from something besides ourselves, we determined to commit slaughter on whatever came across us. We soon heard the shrill signal-whistle of the marmot, and for want of better game, determined to bag at least one of these exceedingly wide-awake gentlemen. Creeping to the top of a neighbouring ridge, we peeped cautiously over into a

little valley floored with a confused mass of mossy stones and straggling alpen-rosen. Here several of these quaint little beasts, half rat, half rabbit, were frisking in and out of their burrows, cutting all sorts of what Joseph called 'Burzelbaume,' Anglice, capers; little suspecting that the all-destroying monster, man, had his eye upon them. One fellow, the sentinel, took my particular fancy as he sat up on his nether end on a large stone. There was an expression of unutterable self-conceit and conscious wide-awakefulness about his blunt muzzle and exposed incisors that was perfectly delicious." Him I determined to bring to bag, and cautiously raising my carbine—crack! Over he rolled, I have no doubt, too astonished to feel any pain, his friends tumbling madly head over heels into their burrows, whilst the astonished echoes repeated crack! crack! again and again, in all sorts of tones and modulations, till warned to silence by the harsh rattle of an old mountain a mile off. We bagged our friend, who looked every bit as conceited in death as he did when alive, and re-commenced our descent. On our way we shot a brace of 'schnee hühner,' a species of ptarmigan, a pack of which very slow birds were running stupidly in and out amongst the rocks—and hurried on. It was growing very dark, the snow fell heavily, and the wind began rushing and eddying round us, depositing the largest and coldest of snow-flakes in our ears and eyes, till we were half-blinded and wholly deaf. Joseph began to look serious, and hunted about for a small torrent he knew of, to serve as a guide, and after some trouble and anxiety, we found it, and stumbled down its rocky banks till we came to a solitary sennhutt, which was to be our resting-place for the night.

After some trouble, we got the door open, and found that the hut was fortunately not entirely filled with hay; a space about six or eight feet broad had been boarded off between it and the outer wall for the use of the wild-hauer. This was to serve us as parlour and kitchen and all, except bed-room, which was to be sought for in the hay-stack itself. Our floor was the

bare earth; the logs which formed the wall were badly jointed, and the wind whistled through the gaping cracks in the most uncomfortable manner; one could almost fancy that it was trying to articulate the dreaded word, rheu—matism.

However, the ever-active Joseph, bustling about, found some dry wood, and we made a blazing fire on the floor at the imminent risk of burning our beds, and having slightly thawed ourselves, we continued our researches, and found a shallow wooden pail, carefully covered over, holding some two gallons of sour milk, left by the charitable hayman some fortnight before, for the use of any benighted hunter who might have the luck to stumble on the hut, and one of those abominable one-legged milking-stools, so common in that part of the world, which, having vainly endeavoured to sit on, and having tumbled into the fire in consequence, to Joseph's intense amusement, I hurled madly over the hay out into the storm.

As the clatter made amongst the shingles of the roof by its hasty exit subsided, we heard a noise which struck terror into both our hearts, and would doubtless have chilled our very marrow, if it had not been below freezing-point already. Devils! Berg-geister! Fly! out into the black storm! over the precipice! into the torrent! before some fearful mopping and mowing face, too ghastly horrible for human eye-ball to see without bursting, or human brain to conceive without madness, gibber out upon us from that dark corner! Listen: there it is again! And—mew-w-w-w-w! down tumbled between us a miserable, half-grown, grey kitten, nearly dead with cold and starvation, doubtless absent on some poaching expedition when the hut was deserted, and not thought worth the going back for. Oh! the joy of that unfortunate little beast at seeing man and fire once more! How she staggered about, with tail erect, vainly trying to mew and purr at the same time! having to be perpetually pulled out of the fire, and 'put out,' to prevent her playing the part of one of Samson's foxes with our beds, filling the cabin with

unspeakable smells of singed hair! And now she would persist in walking up our backs, and tickling us to madness with her scorched tail!

Having disposed of 'Catchins,' as she was immediately named, as well as we could, by tossing her by the tail to the top of the hay, whenever she descended to thank us, which happened about three times in every two minutes, we 'fixed' our suppers, broiling the schnee-hühner over the bright fire, and enjoyed ourselves mightily. After a smoke and a short cross-examination from Joseph as to our friends, family, and expectations, and particular inquiries for the shortest overland route to England, and the number of years required for the journey, we climbed up into the hay, and grubbed and wormed our way for two or three feet below its surface, and, making unto ourselves each a 'spiracle' or blow-hole over our respective noses, tried to slumber.

Now, a bed of short, sweet Alpine grass, fragrant with the spirits of a thousand departed flowers, is as warm, cozy, and elastic as a bed can be, but it has one unfortunate drawback,—the small straws and dust falling down the before-mentioned spiracle, tickle and titillate one's unfortunate face and nose in a most distracting manner; and as you utterly destroy the snug economy of your couch, and let in a rush of cold mountain air, as often as you raise your hand to brush away the annoyance, some fastidious persons might possibly prefer a modest mattress, with a fair allowance of sheets and blankets.

At last, however, I was dozing off, tired of hearing Joseph muttering what certainly were not his prayers, rustling fretfully, and sneezing trumpet-like at intervals, as some straw, more inquisitive than usual, made a tour of inspection up his nostril, when I suddenly heard a round Tyrolese oath rapped out with great fervour, and something whirled over my head and plumped against the timbers of the roof. Dreamily supposing that it was the aforesaid cumbrous Tyrolese execration, which Joseph had jerked out with such energy as to send it clean across the cabin, I was gliding back into oblivion, when something

with an evil smell, and making a noise like a miniature stocking-machine, tumbled down my spiracle, plump into my face. Waking fully, I at once perceived that it was the cat, not the oath, I had heard fly over me shortly before, she, in the excess of her gratitude, being determined to stick as closely to us as possible. Following Joseph's example, I seized her by the tail, and whirled her, purring uninterruptedly, as far as I could. Ere many minutes had elapsed, she was again launched forth by the infuriated Joseph, and backwards and forwards she flew at least half-a-dozen times between us, without appearing in the least disconcerted, perhaps, indeed, finding the exercise conducive to the assimilation of the sour milk, till Nature could stand no more, and we fell fast asleep.

Whether she spent the night on our faces, in alternate watches, I know not, but I had ghastly dreams, and when I woke in the morning, I found my hand and arm thrust forth from the hay, reposing on a cool and clean counterpane of snow, which had drifted in during the night, as if I had been repelling her advances even in my sleep.

Feeling very cold and damp, we turned out as soon as we woke, and blowing up the embers of the fire, warmed ourselves as well as we could, and took a peep out into the night. The storm had passed away, leaving everything covered with a veil of snow, that gleamed faintly under the intense black-blue sky. The stars were beginning to assume that peculiar sleepy, twinkling appearance which shows that their night-watch is drawing to a close, and everything lay in still, calm rest around us.

We breakfasted sparingly, as our provisions were beginning to run short, thanks to the keen mountain air and our hard work the day before, and just as the first cold chill of the approaching dawn began to be felt, we left the cabin, shutting up Catchins, and hanging the marmot on a peg out of her reach, till our return.

Our day's route lay more round to the left of the Wildgrad Kögle. The scene was for some time a repetition of that of the day before,

but the cliffs were still more precipitous and the ravines narrower and more difficult to traverse. Many a tumble we got for the first hour amongst the boulders covered with treacherous moss and cowberry plants, but before sunrise we had left all vegetation behind us again, and were up amongst the crags and the snow.

As we ascended, we saw a valley to our left, filled to the brim with dense mist, which, as soon as the sun began to tinge the highest peaks, rose in swirling columns, and shut out everything that was not in our immediate vicinity. This was advantageous, as, although it prevented our *seeing*, it at the same time prevented our being *seen* from the cliffs before we reached our best ground. We toiled on steadily, crossing vast beds of snow, and occasionally the roots of some glacier, that threw itself into the valleys to our left, climbing, scrambling, and slipping, but still steadily ascending, till we got to where Joseph expected to fall in with chamois, when we called a halt and sheltering ourselves behind a mass of rock from the keen morning wind, waited for the clearing of the mist.

The Alp-spirit seemed to be amusing himself mightily with this same mist! at one moment, catching it up in huge masses, he piled it on the sharp peaks, as if to make himself a comfortable cushion; and then, sitting suddenly down to try its efficacy, drove it in all directions by his 'lubber weight.' Enraged, he tossed and tumbled it about for some time, and at last spread it into one broad level plain, with the higher peaks standing out clear and sharp, like rocks from a calm sea. Now and then the mist would disappear entirely for a few moments, leaving everything clear and bright; then a small cloud, 'like a man's hand,' would form on the side of some distant peak, and spreading out with inconceivable rapidity, would envelope us in its boiling wreaths, while the wind, ever and anon rushing down some unexpected gully, cut a tunnel right through it, giving us glimpses of distant mountains and snow-fields, looking near and strange as if seen through a telescope.

At last the sun began to shine out

cheerily and steadily, and the breeze gave a freshness and buoyancy to our spirits never to be felt except on high mountains. The heavy atmosphere of the valleys squeezes one's soul into its case, and sits on the lid like an incubus. That blessed mountain spirit is the only power who takes the lid off altogether, and lets the soul out of its larva-case to revel in the strange beauties of his domain without restraint!

After a time, we found ourselves in a region of snow-fields, filling up broad valleys, lying calm and shadowless in the bright sunshine. Here and there, they were marked by delicate blue lines, where the crevasses allowed the substratum of ice to be seen, showing that these apparently eternal and immovable plains of snow were slowly but steadily flowing downwards, to appear as splintered glaciers in the valleys far below; and here and there again, dark ridges, standing sharply up from the snow-bed, marked the course of buried mountain ranges, and gave some idea of the vast depth of the deposit.

But wonderfully beautiful as these plains were, and strange and wild as they appeared to an English eye, with a brilliant August sun pouring his whole flood of light and warmth upon them, they were not the great points of interest to us. Those mighty ranges of cliff, rising tier above tier to our right, fretted with a pure white lace-work of fresh fallen snow, with here and there vast beds of scree shot from above, giving promise of gemenkraut, were the bits we scanned with the greatest eagerness. We had come for chamois, and I am afraid, looked upon the rest as of very secondary importance.

We were advancing along the base of the lowest tier of cliff, which had a sort of step of snow running along it about half-way up for some half-a-mile, bounded at one end by an immense mass of scree and precipice, and at the other by a sudden turn of the rock, when Joseph suddenly dashing off his hat and throwing himself prostrate behind a stone, dragged me down beside him, with a vice-like grasp, that left its mark on my arm for many a day after. Utterly taken aback at the suddenness of my prostration, I lay beside

him, wondering at the change that had come over his face; he was as white as marble, his moustache worked with intense excitement, and his eyeballs seemed starting from their sockets as he glared at the cliff. Following his line of sight, I glanced upwards, and my eye was instantly arrested by something—it moved—again—and again! With shaking hand I directed the telescope to the point, and there, at the end of it, hopping fearlessly on the shivered mountain side, scratching its ear with its hind foot, and nibbling daintily the scattered bits of gensenkraut that sprung up between the stones, stood fearless and free—a chamois!

After watching him with intense interest for some moments, we drew back, scarcely daring to breathe, and sheltering ourselves behind a large stone, held a council of war. It was evidently impossible to approach him from where we were: we could not have moved ten steps towards him without the certainty of being discovered; our only chance was to get above him and so cut him off from the higher ranges. Crawling backwards, we managed to place a low range of rock between ourselves and the cliffs, and then making a wide sweep, we reached their base at some distance from where the chamois was feeding.

After examining the precipice for some time, we found that the only mode of access to its summit, here some three or four hundred feet above us, was by a sort of ravine, what would be called in the Swiss Alps, a *cheminée*, a species of fracture in the strata, the broken edges of which would give us some foot and hand hold: at its upper termination we could see the end of a small glacier, slightly overhanging the cliff, from which a small stream leapt from ledge to ledge, only alive in the last hour or two of sun-warmth, giving promises, which certainly were faithfully fulfilled, of additional slipperiness and discomfort. But we had no choice; we had already spent nearly an hour in our cautious circuit. Our scramble, wherever it took place, would cost us nearly another before we got above our expected prey, and if we hesitated much longer, he might take a fancy to march off altogether in search of the rest of the herd. So up we went, dragging ourselves and

each other up the wet slippery rocks, getting a shivering 'swish' of ice-cold water in our faces every now and then, till we got about half-way up, when, just as we were resting for a moment to take breath, we heard a tremendous roar, followed by a splintering crash just above our heads, and had the pleasure of seeing the fragments of some half-a-ton of ice, which had fallen from the glacier above, fly out from the shelf of rock under which we were resting, and spin down the rugged path we had just ascended.

Thinking that this was quite near enough to be pleasant, and 'calculating' that by every doctrine of chances the same thing would not happen twice in the same half-hour, we scrambled up as fast as we could before the next instalment became due, and at last reached safely the top of the precipice.

We certainly had not much to boast of as far as walking went, when we got there, for the snow and rocks were tumbled about in a very wild manner. If we slipped off a rock, we tumbled waist-deep into the soft, melting snow-drifts, and when we tumbled on the snow, there was always some lurking rock ready to remind us of his presence by a hearty thump; however, as we were fairly above the chamois, our excitement carried us on. I do not think that Joseph swore once; we found afterwards indeed, to our cost, that in one of his involuntary summersets, he had broken the bottle, and narrowly escaped being bayoneted by the fragments: however, we did not know it then, and so scrambled on in contented ignorance, until we reached the spot on the cliffs to our right, which we had marked as being above our prey. Here, however, we found that it was impossible to get near enough to the edge to look over, as the fresh-fallen snow threatened to part company from the rock and carry us with it, on the slightest indiscretion on our parts. Crouching down in the snow, we listened for some hint of our friend's whereabouts, and had not waited more than a minute, when the faint clatter of a stone far below, convinced us that he was on the move: keeping low, we wallowed along till we came to where the crest of the cliff showing a little above the

snow, gave us a tolerable shelter; carefully crawling to the edge, we peeped over, and saw, as we expected, that the gems had shifted his quarters, and as luck would have it, was standing on the snow-bed half-way up the cliff, immediately below us.

Trembling, partly with excitement, and partly from the under-waistcoat of half-melted snow we had unconsciously assumed in our serpentine wriggings, we lay and watched the graceful animal below us. He evidently had a presentiment that there was something 'no ranny' about the mountain-side; some eddy had perhaps reached his delicate nostrils, laden with the taint of an intruder. With his head high in the air, and his ears pointed forwards, he stood examining—as wiser brutes than he sometimes do—every point of the compass but the right. One foot was advanced; one moment more, and he would have gone; when crack! close to my ear, just as I was screwing up my nerves for a long shot, went Joseph's heavy rifle. With a sinking heart I saw the brute take a tremendous bound, all four hoofs together, and then, like a rifle-ball glancing over the bosom of a calm lake, bound after bound carried him away and away over the snow field, and round the corner to our right, before I had recovered my senses sufficiently to take a desperate snap at him.

What we said, or felt, or how we got over the face of that cliff, I know not. A dim recollection of falling stones and dust showering round us -- pieces of treacherous rock giving way in our hands and under our feet, bruising slides, and one desperate jump over the chasm between the cliff and the snow,—and there we were both, standing pale and breathless, straining our eyes for some scarcely expected trace of blood to give us hope.

Not a drop tinged the unsullied snow at the place where he had made his first mad bound, nor at the second, nor at the third; but a few paces farther on, one ruby-tinged hole showed where the hot blood had sunk through the melting snow.

Too excited to feel any uprising of envy, hatred, or malice against my more fortunate companion, I raced along the white incline, leaving him behind reloading his rifle,—

which was always a sort of solemn rite with him,—and following, without difficulty, the deep indentations of the animal's hoofs, I came to where the cliffs receded into a sort of small bay, with its patch of snow on the same plane with the one I was on, but separated from it by a rugged promontory of cliff and broken rock. Cautiously I scrambled round the point, removing many a stone that seemed inclined to fall and give the alarm to the watchful chamois, and peeping cautiously round the last mass of rock that separated me from the snow patch, I saw the poor brute, standing not more than sixty yards from me, his hoofs drawn close together under him, ready for a desperate rush at the cliff at the first sound that reached him; his neck stretched out, and his muzzle nearly touching the snow, straining every sense to catch some inkling of the whereabouts of the mischief he felt was near him.

With my face glowing as if it had been freshly blistered, a dryness and lumping in my throat, as if I had just escaped from an unsuccessful display of Mr. Calcraft's professional powers, and my heart thud-thudding against my ribs at such a rate that I really thought the gems must hear it in the stillness, I raised my carbine. Once, at the neck just behind the ear, I saw the brown hide clear at the end of the barrel, but I dared not risk such a chance; and so, stringing my nerves, I shifted my aim to just behind the shoulder,—one touch of the cold trigger, and as the thin gases streamed off, rejoicing at their liberation, I saw the chamois shrink convulsively when the ball struck him, and then fall heavily on the snow, shot right through the heart. With a who-whoop! that might have been heard half-way to Innspruck, I rushed up to him;—one sweep of the knife—the red blood bubbled out on to the snow that shrunk and wasted before its hot touch, as if it felt itself polluted, and there lay stretched out in all its beauty before me the first gems I ever killed—just as Joseph came up, panting, yelling, and jodling, and rejoicing at my success, without a shade of envy in his honest heart.

Now I believe, in all propriety, we ought to have been melancholy, and moralized over the slain. That

rich, soft black eye, filming over with the frosty breath of death, and that last convulsive kick of the hind legs, ought perhaps to have made us feel that we had done rather a brutal and selfish thing; but they did not. This is a truthful narrative, and I must confess that our only feeling was one of unmixed rejoicing.

I have occasionally moralized over a trout, flopping about amongst the daisies and buttercups, and dying that horrible suffocation death of my causing; but it was never, if I remember right, the *first* trout I had killed that day. My feelings always get finer as my pannier gets fuller, particularly if it be a warm afternoon, and I have *lunched*.

But as for the unfortunate gems, we rejoiced over him exceedingly; we shook hands over him; we sat beside him, and on him; we examined him, carefully, minutely, scientifically, from stem to stern. I firmly believe that I could pick him out at this moment from the thousand ghosts that attend the silver-horned Geusen König, if I had but the good luck to fall in with his majesty and his charmed suite.

Joseph's ball had struck him high up on the neck, but had not inflicted anything like a severe wound. Had we fired on him from below, he would have scaled the cliffs in a moment, and been no more seen, at least by us; but as he knew that the mischief was above him, he dared not ascend—to descend was impossible; and so, getting to a certain extent pounded, he gave me the rare chance of a second shot.

Long we sat and gazed at the chamois; and the wild scene before us—never shall I forget it!—shut in on three sides by steep and frowning cliffs, in front the precipice, and far, far down, the wild rocky valleys, divided by shivered ridges, rising higher and higher till they mounted up into the calm, pure snow range, set in the frame of the jutting promontories on each side of us, looking the brighter and the 'holer' from the comparative shade in which we were. Not a sound but the occasional faint 'swish' of the waterfall that drained from the snow-bed,—not a living thing *now* but our two selves standing side by side on the snow. We had killed the third, and there he lay stiffening between us!

But, hillo! Joseph! we are nearly getting sentimental, after all, over this brute, (that I should say so!) who has all but broken our necks already, and who in all human probability will do so entirely before we have done with him. Fish up the decanter, and let us have a schnaps over our quarry; my throat and lips are burning, as if I had lunched off quick lime. Well, what are you fumbling at? Oh, horror! Joseph's hand returns empty from the bag, with a large cut on one of the fingers—weeping tears of blood! The bottle is smashed!—smashed to atoms! and the unconscious Joseph has had the celestial liquor trickling down his back—how long we know not, and care not; it is 'gone, and for ever!'

Like the summer-dried fountain,
When our need is the sorest!

But it is of no use blaspheming in that manner, Joseph; not one of those ten hundred and fifty millions of bad spirits you are invoking so freely, will bring us back one drop of our good ones; so we must e'en 'girn and bide.' But still it is as bad as bad can be,—not a drop of water for hours to come, perhaps.

Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

Munching snow only chars one's lips like hot cinders, and the cool 'swish' of the waterfall there below us only makes one the more thirsty. Let us be off out of ear-shot of it, at any rate. Take up the gems, and let us dream of cool, bubbling runlets and iced sour milk as we go.

Dream! quotha! we must dream of how we are to go at all, first, and a very nightmare sort of dream it promises to be; we are regularly pounded; not a vestige of a crack or crevice up which to worm ourselves in the whole face of the semicircular range of cliffs beneath which we stand; and moreover, they are all of that upside down, over-hanging style, that precludes all climbing. We must retrace our steps as we best can, and try where we descended.

'Well, Joseph, where did we come down—eh? Not there! Nonsense!—impossible! Yes! too true; there it was; there are our tracks in the snow, and the dust and stones that were so obliging as to accom-

pany us to the bottom, and be hanged to them! But the cliff has surely grown since then. It looks as high as Gallantry Bower, in dear old North Devon.—I wish I were at the top or bottom either of *that*, instead of where I am! There is not a hundred feet difference between them. Three hundred feet, the cliff is, if an inch! We can never do it! Let us make a cast round by the screes, and see if we cannot get down that way.

We did so, but found that they were quite impassable. What looked like a continuous shoot when seen from below, we found to be divided by two or three ledges of rock, and the angle at which they lay, rendered it impossible for anything heavier footed than a gems to pass them. We must up the cliff! We had no choice.

Now, to begin, it was no easy thing to get at the cliff at all. That confounded gap between the snow and the rock was bad enough to get across from above; but to jump up from the sloping snow slap against the face of the rock was ten times worse. However, Joseph having uncoiled a few yards of line from his waist, and made it fast to the gems, tightened his belt, and took the crack gallantly, lighting on a narrow ledge, with his nose almost touching the rock, to which he stuck like a limpet for a moment, and then, having steadied himself, turned round and seated himself, with his legs dangling over the chasm. Now came my turn. Having thrown the end of the line to Joseph—after vainly looking for a promising ledge to land on, I yielded to his entreaties, and swung myself right at him. We grasped each other pretty tight, you may be assured, gentle reader; and after swaying for a moment or two over the abyss, I climbed up him, and getting my feet on his shoulders, I managed to draw myself up to a ledge a few feet higher. Now came my turn to turn, and a most unpleasant piece of gymnastics it was. The ledge was not an inch too broad, and the rock below only rough enough to *scratch* against, not to give any firm foothold. However, I at last got my back against the rock pretty firmly; and Joseph, who had dragged

the gems up from the snow, threw me the end of the line, which, after one or two unsuccessful grabs, that nearly toppled me over from my 'bad eminence,' I caught, and with his assistance, got the gems up to me, and rested it across my knees. Joseph now turned his face to the rock, and getting up to me, placed one of his iron-soled shoes on my thigh, and the other on my shoulder, and climbed over and past me. As soon as he was firmly fixed, I threw him up the end of the line, and felt much relieved of the weight of the chamois, whose rough hide rubbed lovingly over my face as it passed me, and turning round, and standing up on my ledge, laid hold of Joseph by the ankle, and again climbed up him and past him, to be climbed up and over in my turn. Over and over we had to repeat the same manœuvre, varied occasionally by our being unable to turn or to sit down from the narrowness of the ledges, and then the strain was terrible. If we had not come sometimes to a broader ledge than usual, which allowed us to lie down and get an easier hold of the line, as it dangled like a plummet over the cliff, we, or at least I, could never have reached the top of the cliff with the gems, and I very much doubt whether either of us would have cared much to have done so *without* it. What was before me I hardly knew. Imitating as well as I could the happy *insouciance* of a snail 'sliming' up the side of the Parthenon, I tried to restrict my range of vision to points immediately near me. I never felt giddy in my life; but I felt that it would be running a terrible risk to look into the immensity that lay stretched out below me, like another world.

However, everything in this world must have at least one end, even an Alpine cliff. And at last, as I drew myself up, I found myself face to face with the snow. The last step was by no means the easiest or safest; but in a few moments all three of us, Joseph, the chamois, and myself, were lying on the snow-bed, one hardly more alive than the other.

As soon as we had recovered a little, we stumbled back amongst the sloppy snow, and the half-hidden rocks, one of which had doubtless

caused the untimely emptying of our spirit bottle, till we arrived at the *cheminée* up which we had scrambled in the morning. Now scrambling *up* is one thing, and scrambling *down* is another—decidedly more difficult, particularly with the addition of a 'beastie' twice as large as a well-grown fawn. So we decided to return over the small glacier which had so nearly knocked our brains out in our ascent, not without a lurking hope of finding some water in its delicate green chalcies.

The small ice-stream on which we pursued our thirsty search, flowed down from the upper snow-beds through a chasm in the cliffs, and lay right across our path. The crevasses were small and easy to traverse, though had they been ten times the breadth, we should have welcomed them for the prospect of water they held out. We soon discovered what we wanted, and throwing ourselves on the ice, from which the sun had long since melted the last night's snow, leaving nothing but the pure water crystal, revelled in long draughts of ice-cold water, regardless of the consequences.

We lay there resting ourselves, and peering down the crevasses for some time. How deliciously refreshing was that cool green light, filtered through the translucent ice, to our eyes, wearied by the eternal glare of the snow-fields! I have often wondered why no poet has ever chosen one of these same crevasses, with its tinkling stream, and fairy bridges and battlements of pure green ice, bathed in a strange unearthly phosphorescent light, for the home of some glacier Undine. Where could one find a fitter palace for some delicate Ariel than such places as the moulins of the Mer de Glace, the ice-grottoes of the Grindenwald, or the Rhone glacier, or even the commonest crack in the most insignificant sheet of frozen snow. How exquisitely beautiful are those little emerald basons, fit baths for Titania, filled with water so pure and clear that one almost doubts its presence, till its exquisite coolness touches one's parched lips! I never wondered at the excitement of that enthusiastic Frenchman, who being held by the legs to prevent him throwing him-

self into the arms of the ice-nymph, whom he doubtless saw beckoning to him from below, hurled his hat into the moulin, and then raced down to the source of the Arveiron to see it appear, hoping, doubtless, that it would bring him some tidings of fairyland. But the nymph answered not; perhaps she was cold, and retained the chapeau for her own private wearing. At all events, M. le Baron never got it again, as far as I could learn.

Our labour was now nearly over; we quickly traversed two or three small snow-fields, and after a little trouble in hauling ourselves and the gems up and down the ridges that separated them, we reached a smooth declivity of snow, down which we shot merrily, getting many a roll, it is true, but merely laughing thereat, as every tumble carried us all the faster homewards, and at last reached safe and sound the region of rocks and gravel we had left so long.

How deliciously refreshing to the wearied eye was the first patch of green turf!—how brightly glowed the alpenrosen amongst the rocks! And—yes! there is actually a honey-bee droning about that orchis, singing his welcome song of home, and fire-sides, and kindly greetings!

Happy as two schoolboys, we marched on, carrying our quarry alternately, yodling, and shouting, and playing all sorts of practical jokes on each other, rejoicing at the success of our expedition, caring nothing now for the frowns of the grim old giants around us, caring nothing for the bitter blasts and swirling snow-squalls that swept past us; and at last, as night closed in, we found ourselves once more in the little cabin, that seemed quite home-like to us, and which we had fancied more than once in the course of the day that we should never see again, with Catchins gyrating round us, 'making a tail' at the chamois, and welcoming us as old friends. We did not dawdle long over our supper, which consisted principally of the rat-like marmot, broiled on the embers, and a draught from the neighbouring torrent, and turned into our hay beds, wet and wearied enough, with our brains in a whirl from the strange excitements of the

day, and slept, too done up to care for tickling straws or feline impertinences.

When I woke in the morning, I lay for some time trying to collect my thoughts, half fearing that all was but a dream, and that we had still our work before us; but on scrambling down, the sight of the gems re-assured me, and was an agreeable balm for the intolerable aching I felt from head to heel. Joseph, I must say, groaned quite as much as myself, and we hobbled about in the dark to find bits of wood for our fire, like a couple of unfortunates just escaped from the rack. The skin of our faces and necks was peeling off, as if we had been washing them in oil of vitriol, and using sand-paper for a towel; but we were used to that, and had been as badly burnt many a time before; but we ached!—ye gods, how we did ache! It took a long warming and some mutually administered friction, to get us at all in walking trim. As soon as we became 'lissom' again, having nothing to detain us, and very little to eat, we wended on our way, one bearing Catchins in the now empty bag, and the other with the gems, down towards the pines, covered with last night's snow, and following the course of the torrent, strode on as merrily, or perchance more so, as the first morning we started. The sun soon shone out bright and warm; the snow began to drip from the boughs, and every step we took showed the black mould and the decaying needle leaves of the pines. We heard the rustling of several black-cock, and it being my turn to carry Catchins' light weight, I shot one villanously, as he sat on a pine branch, and stuck his tail in my hat, after the fashion of all true yagers.

Soon we left the melting snow and dripping woods behind us, and reached the bright meadows glowing beneath an Italian sky. Strange sounded the shrill chirping of the red and green grasshoppers in our ears; kindly each herdsman's yodle and maiden's laugh rang to our hearts, and palace-like seemed the little cabin that received us after our sojourn amongst the ice and snow, now seeming more like uneasy dreams than realities which we had

undergone but a day before. Bright smiles greeted us, bright brown eyes laughed a welcome to us, and many a sturdy hand was clasped in ours as we sat resting ourselves on the bench before the door.

But we tarried not long; we burned to show our trophy 'at home;' and we sped down the Oetzthal, and reached Dumpfen early in the afternoon, to be cheered, and complimented, and welcomed back with all the warmth of the honest Tyrolese heart. The people had been in great distress about us—about me, at least—as they supposed that I must, of necessity, have broken my neck. I suspect, indeed, that they never thought that I would really go, and were rather astonished when they woke, and found me gone. As for Joseph, it was his certain fate—if not now, another time. But they rejoiced in their mistake, and with my hat crowned with flowers by many a rosy finger, and my hands tingling from many a giant squeeze, and perhaps my heart, too, a little, from more than one gentle one, I hung my gems on a nail outside the door for inspection, and seated myself once again in the little chamber, looking out upon the torrent and the cliff.

I cannot linger over the simple pleasures of that evening; as Shallow says, 'the heart is all.' 'Jenkins of the *Post*' may love to record his reminiscences of a ball at Almack's, or an 'aesthetic tea' at the Comtesse of Cruche Cassé's; but such remembrances always bring as much pain as pleasure to me, making me yearn for those free days spent amongst the mountains, and the torrents, and the happy single-hearted mountaineers, far from the cares, troubles, and tribulations of 'our highly civilized society.'

And now, most patient reader,—are you there still? Farewell! I have tried to give you some faint description of the indescribable, and have, of course, failed. But take at least my advice, and a knapsack, and a thick pair of shoes, and eschewing hackneyed Switzerland, leave for once the old bell-wether, and try one summer in the Norischer Alpen; and if you *are* disappointed—I can only say, that you richly deserve to be!

THE MINERAL WATERS OF GERMANY.*

THE Spas of Germany are beginning to bestir themselves, and are proclaiming to all the world, through the advertising columns of the papers, the curative virtues of their waters, the irresistible attractions of their scenery, and the dazzling magnificence of their Casinos. Every sense is assailed in turn, and every conceivable taste, from the innocent enjoyment of nature, down to the depraved craving for the vulgar excitement of cards and dice, is promised its due gratification. What mortal man or woman having the average amount of human weakness, can resist the five mineral springs of Homburg, taking their rise at the foot of the Taunus mountains, two hundred yards above the level of the sea, analysed by the celebrated Professor Liebig, and found to vary so obligingly in the proportion of their ingredients, as to adapt themselves, under the guidance of the physician, to each individual case! 'Stimulant, tonic, alterative, aperient,' in one attractive combination, administered at their source with 'the vivifying air of the mountains, the diversion of mind by the moving scene, and the abstractions from the cares of the world,' all contriving to render the medicine palatable, and its operation certain; who can venture to doubt that 'enlargements of the liver,' 'affections of the spleen,' 'hypochondria, jaundice, and gout,' with sundry other maladies less admissible into our pages, will be effectually softened down, washed away, and expelled? Who can be surprised that during the ten years that these wonder-working waters have been flowing, the City (!) of Homburg has greatly improved; that a new town has grown up on the site of the old one; that new hotels and private houses have been built; that forests have been pierced with roads to enable the invalids to visit the Felsberg, the Rock of Elizabeth, Luther's Oaks, and all the picturesque spots of the Taunus; and that the directors of this grand esta-

lishment (a joint-stock company of gamblers, forsooth!) have constructed a magnificent Casino, containing splendid saloons for balls and concerts, rooms for the games of *trente et quarante*, and for the fascinating roulette-table, with a *Cabinet* for reading, a coffee-room, a divan for smoking, *table-d'hôtes à la Française*, an orchestra three times a-day, and—as if all this was not enough to turn the head of any votary of pleasure—concerts, balls, and *fêtes* for young ladies, game and the *grandes chasses* for sporting gentlemen? It would be positively cruel to close such an attractive establishment even for a day, and we are therefore by no means unprepared for the announcement that the casino of Homburg enjoys the privilege of remaining open all the year, and that its tables for play, its balls, its concerts, and its hunting parties cause it to attract a numerous and select society from every quarter of Europe.

For our own part, we esteem it almost a misfortune that causes over which we have no control, should have robbed us of the necessary qualification for a course of Homburg waters, and cut us off from the almost fabulous delights of that favoured spot. The full occupation of our time has left us no leisure for an attack of hypochondria; our modest means have precluded us from purchasing a fit of the gout; and our unpretending position as an humble literary craftsman, remote alike from the cares of statesmanship, the anxieties of business, and the responsibilities of office, has saved us from the infliction of any greater amount of indigestion than can be cured by a short trip into the country, a renewed intimacy with pigs and poultry, a diurnal attempt at a game of quoits or cricket, and evenings agreeably passed in listening to the dismal prophecies of ruined agriculturists, the variegated reminiscences of the last hunting season, and the exhilarating gossip of the nearest country town. As to mineral

* Lectures on the German Mineral Waters, and on their Rational Employment for the Cure of certain Chronic Diseases. By Sigismund Sutro, M.D., Senior Physician to the German Hospital. London: John W. Parker and Son, New Strand. 1851.

waters, we contrive to get on wonderfully well without them, though a modest chalybeate spring, of undoubted excellence, but altogether unknown to fame, wells up out of the ground within half-a-mile of our *locus in quo*. Certain it is, that though the hospitable roof which shelters us during these short visits springs out of a cold clay soil in one of the lowest districts of one of the flattest and most uninteresting of English midland counties, we awake the very morning after our arrival with a consciousness of improved health and renovated spirits, which, if we had swallowed a draught from the aforesaid chalybeate spring, under the advice of some learned doctor, we should most assuredly attribute to the waters.

For the reasons just assigned, we must abandon, however unwillingly, all hope of mingling in the gay and fashionable crowd of invalids which has already begun to taste the delights of the most salutary and attractive of spas. But as we have no spice of envy in our composition, we shall contrive to enjoy, in imagination, the pleasures in which we cannot hope to participate, and picture to ourselves afar off the bloom of health revisiting the pale cheeks of fair victims of the London season, and the smile of rational enjoyment taking the place of the fixed glance and anxious brow of the judge, the magistrate, the merchant, or the statesman.

From the tone of these remarks, it will probably be inferred that we are not very enthusiastic believers in the virtues of mineral waters. We plead guilty to the charge. We confess that we are somewhat sceptical. But in truth we are getting tired out with the demands made upon our credulity. One day we are required to believe implicitly that Smithfield market is one of the healthiest spots in England; and, if we venture to doubt it, we are met by a fact vouched by a parliamentary witness, enshrined in a blue book, and stamped with the undoubted authority of a parliamentary committee. Mr. Smith was ill, and his family sickly; he went to live in Smithfield, and they all recovered their health and strength: *ergo*, Smithfield is a most salubrious locality.

Scarcely have we recovered from the painful effort of mental deglutition which this fact entailed, and settled in our minds that the salubrious condition of Smithfield must be owing to certain odoriferous substances which strew its surface (for if not, the wholesomeness of Smithfield is no argument for the retention of the market), than we are invited to yield our assent to a series of facts of a totally opposite kind, which, having received the *imprimatur* of an English jury, are not to be disputed. A dust-contractor has undertaken to remove the aforesaid odoriferous substances from Smithfield market, and, accordingly, he stores them up for a few days at a time on an open space within a mile of their original place of deposit, and near to them he accumulates the ashes from a district which he has also contracted to cleanse. Now, though the sweepings of Smithfield market have no time to undergo any material change, and the ashes are harmless enough, we are called upon to believe that the new locality is rendered uninhabitable, and that every malady, great and small, from the infirmities of old age up to the worst wasting maladies of infancy, have been brought about by that which, when it covered the classic soil of Smithfield, was possessed of most marvellous healing properties. If any one should venture to doubt the salubrity of Smithfield market, and of its odoriferous coating, he will be reminded of a favourite prescription of the faculty some fifty years since, which consisted in industriously inhaling exhalations still more fragrant, and derived from a source which most men would esteem even more objectionable.

The fact is, that in medicine, in hygiene, in meteorology, in agriculture, in politics, and in almost all the concerns of life, many distinct causes are in simultaneous operation to bring about every result which we may happen to make the subject of investigation; and it is by no means easy to assign to each cause its own proper force and influence. It requires no ordinary courage to undertake to apportion to the physician and to the *vis medicatrix nature* their respective contributions towards the recovery of the

sick man. Happily for the doctors, their patients do possess that courage to a degree bordering upon rashness, or they would not give them credit for so many marvellous cures. So, also, in the science of hygiene, what learned pundit of the Board of Health will undertake to hold the scientific balance evenly between the market, the dust-yard, or the burial-ground, on the one hand, and the filthy, crowded, undrained dwelling, on the other, when he comes to render an account of the pressure of sickness and mortality on the poorer sections of our population? The phenomena of the air and of the earth are equally entangled, and equally difficult to unravel and explain. To how many different and opposite causes, again, are we not every day of our lives attributing the prosperous condition of England; and how very difficult it is to decide between them, or to attach to each its just degree of importance, and no more. Our constitution, our protestantism, our poor laws, our rotten boroughs, our trial by jury, our system of self-government, our union of church and state, our voluntary system and habit of *laissez-faire*, our national debt, our protection to native industry, our aptitude for work, each has been, or now is, paraded and defended as the one great cause of our national greatness—the palladium which it would be sacrilege and ruin to touch.

The question of the efficacy of mineral waters is one of these mixed questions. Change of scene, rest from labour, pure air, wholesome exercise, regulated diet, baths, and mineral waters, are all brought to bear upon the constitution of the invalid. His constitution is improved, he gets well; and the waters, in nine cases out of ten, gain all the credit, or if not all, they certainly carry off the lion's share.

We do not accuse Dr. Sutro, whose work we have now before us, of taking this illogical and untenable view of the virtues of the German mineral waters; but we think that he attributes to them greater efficacy than we ourselves should be disposed to allow, and is willing to admit evidence of their virtues to which we should raise serious objections.

Dr. Sutro adopts Vetter's classification of mineral waters into *Akratopege* and *Synkratopege*, words which, when rendered into plain English, mean *powerless* and *powerful* springs. The waters of the first class, which are also styled 'chemically indifferent,' are 'clear, tasteless, generally inodorous, of nearly the same specific gravity as water, and containing in sixteen ounces less than five grains of solid ingredients, and not above the tenth part of the quantity of gas which would correspond to their tension.' 'The constituents,' it is added, 'are not such as exhibit strong effect in small quantities.' This is just such a description as we have been lately reading of the water supplied to the metropolis, and it is almost equally applicable to the purer specimens which it is proposed to introduce some of these days, from the neighbourhood of Watford. A closer examination, and a more rigid comparison, do not cause us to alter our opinion upon this subject; for we find, on turning to a table of analyses of these *powerless* or *chemically indifferent* waters, given at p. 405 of Dr. Sutro's work, and placing them side by side with the analyses of the government report, that the chemical constituents resemble each other very closely in quantity, if not in quality. The waters of Gastein in the Tyrol, and Pfeffers in Switzerland, for instance, have twenty grains of solid ingredients in a gallon, which is, within the smallest fraction of a grain, the amount of solid ingredients in the water of the New River. The difference in chemical composition between the foreign and domestic waters is that the former are softer than the latter; that, in other words, they contain less lime and chalk, and more soda and common salt. With the exception of the waters of Pfeffers, the *powerless* mineral waters contain either no free carbonic acid, or not more than the London waters. Such are some of the favourite mineral waters of the continent, of high and long established repute, and, if the partial testimony of resident physicians, quoted by Dr. Sutro, may be trusted, of undoubted efficacy in a vast variety of disorders. One peculiarity all these waters possess which our own New

Riverwater wants—they are all warm springs, deriving a temperature of 98° or upwards from that very economical source of caloric, the earth. They are consequently employed externally as warm baths, and may be presumed to have the same effect, and no other, which baths of the same temperature, purchased at our baths and washhouses at the moderate cost of twopence a bath, exercise. We have no doubt that a course of warm bathing diligently followed up in any of these medically unpretending and chemically indifferent establishments, would be found to effect cures of obstinate diseases which had hitherto defied all the curative effects of pills and powders, draughts and mixtures, lotions and liniments. At the same time, if our leisure and means would permit, we should certainly much prefer a visit to Wildbad, Teplitz, Gastein, or Pfeffers, with all the additional appliances of thorough change of air, scene, occupation, and diet. The position of these mineral springs, and the scenery which surrounds them, differ much more than the springs themselves; and if, in the absence of everything like a rigid comparison of the results of the use of the several waters, we may attribute the alleged difference in their effects to any one cause more than another, it would be to those adventitious circumstances of elevation and site which distinguish the one from the other. Let us take as illustrations of this difference, the two Akraopege, Pfeffers and Gastein. Their waters differ very slightly in composition, though those of Gastein have a higher temperature; but it is scarcely possible to imagine a greater contrast in situation. The baths of Pfeffers are situated in a narrow mountain gorge replete with elements of sublimity and terror; while those of Gastein lie upwards of three thousand feet above the level of the sea, in a comparatively open and airy situation. Let us test our author's powers of description by citing the passages in which he speaks of these two favourite watering places.

To reach Pfeffers, you ascend a winding, rugged path along the Tamina, which rushes by in the depth with a continuous hissing noise, and with the greatest vehemence. On both sides rocky mountains rise almost perpendicu-

larly to a height of six hundred feet. The view is most romantic, but becomes truly awful and sublime, when arrived at Pfeffers, you are led by curiosity to pursue the Tamina along the narrow, wooden path erected between the rocks, and leading to the three sources from which all the baths are supplied. The rocks here are not only perpendicular, but actually bend towards each other, scarcely admitting the rays of the sun, and presenting cracks, fissures, and promontories, which fill the wanderer with awe. Treading cautiously along, and admiring this wonderful greatness of God's creation, which raises such an insignificant little rivulet into a powerful roaring mass, rushing along in the ravine under our feet, and filling with humbleness and timidity the boldest heart, we entered the enclosure of the chief source after about ten minutes, and found it filled with vapour. By means of a light, after a few minutes, we could perceive objects in the disappearing darkness, and we gazed down the cleft whence the steaming fluid streamed out. Bathed in violent perspiration, we issued, ascending with care and a considerable degree of danger, eight or ten irregular steps, to examine the second and third sources. * * *

This is just the description of a spot calculated to combine a very powerful impression on the mind with a relaxing influence on the body: and we can imagine a class of invalids to whom such a combination would be eminently beneficial.

Dr. Hufeland's patient, whose case is quoted at page 84, was just such a person. He had long been affected with hypochondriasis, and had used alternately several spas without effect, even requiring other remedies to strengthen their efficacy; but he had scarcely used the waters of Pfeffers *two days* before his bodily and mental condition visibly improved, and he felt a freedom and mobility in his whole being unknown to him for many years; and notwithstanding his sojourn in a deep mountain fissure, which only admits light for a few hours a day, he experienced constant alacrity and cheerfulness. Such is the marvellous effect attributed by an eminent, though somewhat credulous German doctor to the act of taking a few warm baths and drinking two days running a few glasses of warm soft water, of the strength of that supplied by the New River

to the inhabitants of London! It is true that a certain unmistakable bodily effect appeared to follow the use of the water; but it was just that effect which in many persons follows almost every decided change of air and diet, and which is much more likely to have originated in the strange spot itself than in its waters. Dr. Sutro elsewhere informs us that 'the salutary crisis may not appear before weeks or months have passed,' so that this prompt method of cure is probably exceptional; and we are confirmed in this opinion by finding that the grape-cure is recommended in some cases as a *succedaneum*.

We are therefore not so much at a loss as Dr. Sutro seems to be to account for the 'fact that Pfäfers, (for this is the spelling he prefers,) with all its inconveniences and limitations, stands in higher reputation with the profession and the public than the pleasant and commodious Ragaz, which lies about six hundred feet lower, but offers the same water to the valetudinarian.' We will not stop to discuss the question whether such reputations as this are likely to be well earned or not, but we certainly do somewhat marvel at Dr. Sutro's high estimate of invalid wisdom conveyed in the expression of his opinion, that 'people would not come hundreds and hundreds of miles to imprison themselves for three or four weeks in a confined locality, which never enjoys the congenial influence of the sun more than seven hours a day, if powerful and decisive facts did not furnish a positive inducement.'

A medical man is the very last person from whose pen we should have expected a passage so complimentary to human wisdom in matters medical to have emanated.

From Pfeffers let us accompany our author to the other 'powerless spring,' Gastein, and see in what terms he describes the scenery which surrounds it:—

The valley of Gastein is intersected in its whole length (for eleven leagues) by the rapid Ache, which rushes down from the height of two hundred and seventy feet in the middle of Wildbad, forming one of the most beautiful waterfalls. The spa is supported on the one side by the terrace plain of the

Bückstein. On the north, a fine prospect opens towards the whole lower valley, whilst on the east and west, mighty columns of primary rocks are perceived. * * * The spa lies three thousand two hundred feet above the level of the sea. * * * The temperature is rather lower than in many other spas; nevertheless, the climate is more bracing than bleak, for the northern storms, as well as the pluvial west and north-west winds, are kept off by the semicircular guard of the surrounding mountains. The easterly winds are particularly checked in their violence by passing over the Arleck and the mountains of the Kotschach valley. Even the Sirocco from the south, which has such a depressing influence on the nervous system, and mostly appears in spring and autumn, is deprived of its violence by the towering chain, and partly of its heat by the ice and snow-fields of the environs. * * * The heat of the summer is rarely oppressive, rapid Alpine torrents and neighbouring woods imparting freshness to the atmosphere.

We cannot be surprised that the effect of a change from flat countries to so wholesome and bracing a spot is considerable, that 'an unusual ease spreads over the whole organism, that respiration is more easily performed, that the head is raised, that the walk is erect, with a certain lightness and elasticity of movement; that an instinctive desire for muscular exercise helps to increase the general effect, and induces keener appetite and sounder sleep.'

The very journey to Gastein is in itself a salutary course of medicine. 'I dwell,' says Dr. Sutro, 'with greater length and emphasis on this journey than on others, because it forcibly struck me, as I proceeded, that such varieties of scenery, such contrasts of atmospheric influences, acting on the senses and faculties of the traveller, must exert a positively healing action in many derangements of physical and mental functions. I defy the hypochondriac to think of his manifold and magnified sorrows when beholding those wonders of creation. Intense cheerfulness fills his mind, and dispels every depressing thought,—the secreting and excreting organs resume their former healthy activity,—the formation of good chyle improves the condition of the blood,—the nutrition of the whole frame becomes improved, and

re-acts tonically on the mind; and thus this cyclus of cause and effect eradicates many an inveterate functional disorder.

Exactly so. This is what we contend for. Here lies the secret of the greater part of the reported success of the *Akratopegæ* (we are charmed with the word), and of the mineral waters as a class of remedial agents. If we must needs use one or other of these waters to drink, or bathe in, commend us to Gastein, in the Tyrol, and let us be conducted thither by the route so pleasantly, and, we may add, so piously, described and appreciated by Dr. Sutro, in the following passage:—

The road, particularly after Golling, is magnificent beyond description. It is more like a fairy-land than a reality, particularly the 'Lueger-pass,' where a small path leads upwards to the 'Ofen der Salzach,'—certainly the most magnificent view that the imagination can conceive. It is the perfection of picturesque scenery. The spot which struck me as most admirable, is where the Salzach-bridge stands, surrounded on all sides by the mountains, as if the world were locked off beyond, and all further passage prevented. And if you now think your admiration has reached the highest point, and that greater natural beauty cannot exist, pass on further, and you will find how mistaken you were in this belief. Rocks, mountains, valleys, verdant fields, and deep ravines, perpetually diversify the scene, while the Salzach, coquettishly winding every now and then across your path, and forcing you to cross and recross her silvery current, contributes to render the whole scene so charming and heart-expanding, that none can forbear blessing his Creator, and pouring out his overflowing gratitude.

We have lingered so long among the 'chemically indifferent' warm springs of Wildbad, Teplitz, Pöfners, and Gastein, that we have left ourselves little space to speak of the warm and hot saline springs (*Halothermæ*) of Baden-Baden, Aix-la-Chapelle, Burtseid, Wiesbaden, Nauheim, and Oeynhausen, which form an ascending scale of gradually increasing strength from Baden-Baden, which is more than four times as strong as Teplitz, up to Oeynhausen, which has sixty times the strength of that strongest of 'chemically indifferent' spas. The cold saline springs (*Halokrenæ*) of Soden, Kissingen, Homburg, and Ischl, which we have also placed in

the order of their strength, beginning with the weakest, must fare no better at our hands; and the springs of the same class, which possess the additional recommendation of containing a minute proportion of iodine, or bromine (*Iodepegæ*), to wit, the springs of Heilbrunn, Kreuznach, Salzhausen, and Holl, must also be passed over in silence. The *Natropegæ*, or springs rich in carbonate of soda (Schlangenbad, Obersalzbrunn, Ems, Fachingen, and Bilin); the *Pikropegæ*, or bitter springs, abounding in sulphate of soda (Carlsbad, Franzensbad, Marienbad, Seidlitz, Said-schutz, Friedrichshall, and Püllna); the *Anthrakokrenæ*, or acidulous springs (Gölnau, Heppingen, Fachingen, Birresbrunn, Selters, and Kissingen); the *Theiopegæ*, or sulphurous waters (Aix-la-Chapelle, Baden near Vienna, Eilsen, Meinberg, Neundorf, Warmbrunn, and Weilbach); and the chief chalybeate springs of Wildungen, Brückennau, Spaa, Pyrmont, Driburg, Bocklet, and Schwalbach),—all these varieties of mineral water receive from our author the attention which their reputed or real importance demands; but we regret that our narrow limits do not allow of our following his example. Perhaps the best service which we can render to such of our readers as may be personally interested in the subject of mineral waters, is to specify the strongest specimens of the several kinds of water, as some guide in the choice of a spa. Among the *akratic*, or 'chemically indifferent,' spas, Teplitz, in Bohemia, is that which combines the largest quantity of solid ingredients with the highest temperature; of the hot saline springs, or *Halothermæ*, Oeynhausen, in Westphalia, has the largest quantity of saline matter, and Wiesbaden the highest temperature; Ischl, in Austria, is the richest in saline ingredients of the *Halokrenæ* or cold saline springs; among the same class, but having the advantage of holding iodine, or bromine, in solution, Holl, near Steyer, is the strongest; Bilin is the richest of the carbonate of soda springs; Püllna, in Bohemia, of the sulphate of soda springs; while Kissingen is the strongest of the acidulous class, Weilbach of the

sulphurous springs, and Schwalbach of the chalybeates.

If we are right in attributing the alleged efficacy of mineral waters to the change of air, diet, and mode of life which their use entails, more than to the waters themselves, the choice of a water will be less important than the selection of a site. Those who are disposed to take a different view of the case, may consult Dr. Sutro's pages with advantage. They will find the tables at the end, which display the constituents of the spas useful to them; and when they have made choice of a water likely to suit their tastes or their maladies, they may be safely promised much useful information in the body of the book. They will find Dr. Sutro an intelligent and

well-informed travelling companion and guide, with an eye for scenery, and a heart capable of responding to the emotions of the sublime and beautiful, which the works of Nature are calculated to call forth. His style of expression is somewhat foreign, but his meaning always obvious; and if he would take our advice, when his work reaches a second edition—which we trust it may,—and compress the first three lectures into one, at the same time pruning and condensing the remainder, he will have no reason to regret the trouble it may occasion him. It is perhaps in the nature of lectures to be somewhat diffuse in the delivery; the best of them may be condensed with advantage as they pass through the press.

THE OPERA AND CONCERT SEASON.

THE open house which has been kept nearly every night in the week at Her Majesty's Theatre, has given to the performances of this season a character which, in the memory of 'the oldest inhabitant' of the orchestra, it is impossible to parallel. On certain nights, the music is taken pains with, and goes well; but on the extra irregular nights, it is often heard at 'sixes and sevens,' and is got through anyhow. The increase of labour through additional performances does not fall very heavily on the principal singers, for the agitated times abroad have cast upon our shores a numerous body of them who are more willing at any time to assist one another than to be shelved.

But as for the *ripieno* violins, who sit eternally, like the unhappy Theseus, without an instant for rest or refreshment, from eight to twelve at night—the bassoons, who are consuming their vital air, and immolating the prospects of their wives and children—and the poor chorus, who are continually changing their dress, and wearing out themselves, as well as their pantaloons and petticoats,—their case deserves serious commiseration. All these who 'fight the ship,' as the sailors express it, and who often contribute powerfully to the general success of a performance, participate little or nothing in the applause bestowed, which is generally appropriated by those who

are entitled, at the end, to parade before the curtain.

The establishment of extra nights, even while they were, as yet, only 'long Thursdays,' in a measure deteriorated the high standard of taste which was formerly upheld as the attribute of our chief lyric theatre. In the beginning of this innovation, the evil approached us mildly and gradually; but since the doors have been kept perpetually open, the Opera has approximated at times to the level of Jullien and the Promenade Concerts. In a place destined to raise the higher emotions and delights of music, indifference should never enter among the performers; but where the art is prosecuted unceasingly without reverence, or any consideration of its higher aims, weariness and disgust must intrude.

The exertion consequent on nightly performance produced a marked effect in the course of representations of Beethoven's *Fidelio*. On the production of that opera for the first time, it was very finely executed—in parts, perhaps, as in the prisoners' chorus, where the voices of Calzolari, F. Lablache, &c., supported the chorus in homage to the master genius of Beethoven, it was never so finely given. We have heard that even Lablache himself would have assisted, with the other principal singers, in giving effect to this fine composition, had it been pos-

sible to reduce his fair and flourishing proportions within the limits of anything like the mortified and ascetic appearance of a prisoner. The management did not risk such a practical contradiction; they avoided the laugh which it would have raised in the most serious situation, and the scene was displayed amidst acting and singing of the highest order.

Like the *Freischütz* and other German operas, *Fidelio* is made up of music and spoken dialogue. The conventions of the Italian lyric stage render operas of this kind, translated and adapted, inadmissible, unless the dialogue be set to music in the form of recitative. This necessity compels some stranger to attempt to handle the pen of Beethoven, and do it as conscientiously as he may,—borrowing a thought here, and a modulation there, the new material supplied requires no very practised or experienced ear to detect its workmanship. *Fidelio* would certainly be better without this adventitious aid, which, as it challenges a constant comparison with Beethoven, is at a perpetual disadvantage. Indeed, in so national an opera as *Fidelio*, the interest of which is founded on the domestic affections lightened to a pitch of romance, we much prefer the rough utterance of the German tongue, which throws an air of truth and nature over the colloquial parts; and few of those who heard the work under Chelard's direction many years ago, will now think it much improved, as a whole, though sung by finer voices.

However, neither the singers nor the orchestra were proof against the powerful impression of this majestic and vigorous music. The grand finale, the chorus of prisoners, the recitative grand air and duet of Pizarro, and the admirable instrumental introduction to the second act, were sustained with real enthusiasm. Mlle. Cruvelli, herself a German, entered with zeal into a part most happily suited to her natural temperament and musical acquirements, and deservedly shared in a very remarkable triumph. In the melodramatic situations, her impetuous disposition had full scope, while the noble simplicity of Beethoven's melodies kept her within becoming bounds, and she never transgressed the decorum of respectful

self-restraint, which every true German vocalist *must* preserve whenever the fame of their great compatriot is concerned. Mr. Sims Reeves also makes very energetic exertions, and partakes in the applause bestowed, though evidently the undertaking is not a little too much for him, and is fraught with perils.

At this house they certainly take the lead in corpulent and well-pampered jokes. Signor Lablache 'upheaves his vastness' in a polka, with the laughter-loving Sontag, and rattles her over the stage with extraordinary activity. This is the main point in the new opera by Alary, the *Tre Nozze*, and it affords an irresistible scene. The great Italian basso still defies age and its inconveniences, and with the gusto and adroitness of a modern Falstaff, turns 'diseases themselves to commodity.' His exuberant animal spirits alternately astonish London and Paris, as he rolls his huge orb between them, dividing their dramatic seasons, and rendering them fruitful and genial. Amidst any constellation of lyric talent, Lablache may be justly compared to the sun. His presence diffuses warmth and gladness: he is impulsive, and he causes generous impulses—he is musical, and others are the better musicians for him. The electric influence of such a musical presence as that of the admirable Lablache over the general execution of any piece in which he takes a part, is felt by every one of the audience; but practical men alone trace and understand the cause.

As a contrast to the seriousness of Beethoven's *Fidelio*, we have had a few scenes from that amusing work in the classical style of the comic Cimarosa, *La Prova d'un Opera Seria* by Gnecco. Nothing affords happier scope to the genius of Lablache than his part in this piece, in which he portrays with exquisitely ludicrous sounds and gestures the nervous anxiety of a composer at the first rehearsal of a new composition. The eagerness and intoxication of his vanity and self-importance—the grandeur of that moment when, having distributed the parts, we see his uplifted leg give a good stamp for the first start, with the subsequent confusion and irritation caused by wrong parts and

mistakes, all form a picture which we laugh at the more, as we know that it is all true. A little allowance is to be made for the extraordinary figure of the infatuated composer, which causes, doubtless, much grotesque buffoonery; but many a musician who remembers the feelings of his own youth, recognises himself, with a smile, in the pleasant truth-telling mirror of Lablache. Madame Ugalde, who performed the part of the wilful and capricious *prima donna*, possesses a brilliant execution, but her tone is not of a good quality. Some songs and duets were interpolated by her and Lablache, which were popular and effective enough; but *La Prova*, as a whole, possesses sufficient musical merit to render it desirable that it should be produced in its integrity.

Among the lighter operas which have given their attraction to the present varied season, we must notice *Don Pasquale*, as one in which the racy humour of Lablache, and the brilliant powers of Sontag in vocalization, have been united and contrasted with happy effect. The 'Norma' of Madlle. Cruvelli can hardly be pronounced a successful delineation of the character, either in a musical or histrionic point of view. It seems to us that there was too great a hurry on the part of the management to push the triumphs which this lady had achieved in *Fidelio*. That it is always good policy to follow up success industriously cannot be doubted; but that this sudden celebrity of the lady, and her advance into the position of Jenny Lind, Grisi, and Madame Fiorentini, were justified by the improvement which she exhibited this season, we must be permitted to doubt. There is a great deal to be retrenched and softened down in the exaggerated style of Madlle. Cruvelli before she can well occupy the position at which she aims. Trusting in the sonorous and powerful organ with which nature has gifted her, she appears to be little under the influence of nervous apprehensions, and aims at efforts which are at present beyond her reach. In the softer passages of her *cantabile* she was frequently successful, but her roulades, in the attempt to exhibit a large compass of voice, were very frequently harsh and discordant. Her recitative wants

more dignity, and her action more repose. In the one, we miss the true and natural language of the passions, and in the other, the gestures which should accompany them. The school of this lady is not that of the great artists who have hitherto filled out the part, and she must abandon many exaggerated attitudes and defective gestures, if she would enter it. Madame Giuliani performed the inferior part of 'Adalgisa' in a way to recommend herself more exclusively to the attention of musicians. Her fine taste and good style were admirably demonstrated in all the concerted music; and as the duets which she sang with 'Norma,' she fully shared the applause of the house. Pardini, to whose talent we have before borne our testimony, acquitted himself well as 'Pollio,'—a part which lay well for his voice. Nor must the 'Oroveso' of Lablache be omitted among the fine features of the representation. The tones of his recitative were at times sublime.

Auber's *Gustavus*, curtailed of the first and fourth acts, *Masaniello*, with the admirable pantomimic acting of Madlle. Monti, and occasionally an act of *Lucia*, supported by Madlle. Caroline Duprez and Mr. Sims Reeves, filled out numerous representations early in the month of June. A five-act opera by Auber, entitled, *Il Prodigio*, combining not only a powerful cast of singers, but a variety of exciting scenic and dramatic effects, has been one of the most ambitious attempts of the management since our last. As the latest of a long series of works in which the composer has displayed eminent talent, we looked forward to the production of this piece, which was first heard in Paris in the course of the last winter, with some interest. The French title, *L'Enfant Prodigue*, sufficiently indicates the source from which the subject is borrowed; and it is unnecessary to enter minutely into the details of the peculiar art of Scribe, which has expanded it into material for entertaining the eye, the ear, and the imagination, throughout the whole of a long evening.

We know beforehand what accomplished masters of stage effect like the French will do with an oriental subject, its picturesque

groups, its costume, its scenery; the story may come to a halt, the business of the stage may be dull and unexciting—but there will be always something to look at or to listen to. If they fail in their attack upon one department of our minds, they are sure to be successful in another. Their triumphs can scarcely be called those of legitimate music, for music is only an auxiliary in them. Yet it must be confessed that their attempts are based on a correct estimate of the feelings of a modern audience, and though what is presented to us is rather the effective concoction of several heads than the conception of individual and paramount genius, the means taken to please combine so close an alliance of powers, from the composer to the dress-maker, that to the united charms of a modern Parisian opera many are obliged to surrender their reason, and raise no question on that natural supremacy of the music which of right should characterise every opera in the abstract. That the public were, though excited, extremely patient and expectant, may be inferred from the fact, that they waited nearly an hour between the second and third acts while the machinery for the Temple of Isis was getting into operation. This scene, which introduces a very effective Bacchanale of Priests, repaid the curiosity which it had excited.

We may just indicate a few of the situations of *Il Prodigio* as a clue to the general character and business of the piece. A representation of patriarchal life in the valley of Gessen introduces the first scenes of the drama. Massol, the chief pastor, has a son, 'Azrael,' (Gardoni,) who being allured by the representations of two Egyptian adventurers of the wonders of Memphis, absconds from home to visit them, and encounters in consequence all the tribulations of a runagate. In one place he is absolutely pitched into the Nile, and though he does not drown, he continues in great 'scarceness' and want of money throughout the fourth act. In the midst of his degradation and misery, our *primo tenore* suddenly has a dream in which he is warned to return home. The valley of Gessen in the fifth act again presents itself, and affords a favourable economy in the scenic department. And as the

conclusion, we have an apotheosis. If the reader will be at the pains to imagine a march and procession to Apis, with the low bellowing of a bull imitated on the ophicleide—a procession on the banks of the Nile with a chorus to Isis—solos by the High Priest Coletti, with here a *pas de la seduction*, and there a *pas des poignards*, he will form a very good notion of the succession of sights and sounds by which the interest of *Il Prodigio* is maintained. The moral of the piece is of unquestionable authority, and may penetrate many a white waistcoat in the Opera-pit with advantage. In 'Azrael' we have an adumbration of the young gentleman of landed property, who not being a good boy, but following his own whims and caprices, is severely punished before he finds out the back-road to virtue. Delectable doctrine this for our Opera house, but it is well preached before our generous youthful aristocracy, and more effectually there, perhaps, than in church.

In the music of *Il Prodigio*, Auber has not attempted to depart greatly from the usual elegant and melodious style which is natural to him. It has been sufficient for him at appropriate spots, to indicate the eastern character and colouring of his subject; but in the music as a whole he is simple and natural, extremely fertile in the subjects of melody, and his choruses and concerted pieces are large and massive. Dance music is a peculiar element of the genius of Auber, and the specimens of this kind exhibited in *Il Prodigio*, are extremely voluptuous and elegant. The gradations of style in the music, from the pastoral simplicity of the opening, to the wild orgies of Buccoris and his followers, display the powers of the composer in happy contrast. We were much pleased with a romance sung by Madame Sontag in the first act, and with her cavatina in the fifth. The singing of Massol, who became celebrated in his part in Paris, was highly and justly applauded. His duet with Gardoni in the first act, and his air in the second, were examples of genuine lyric power. The instrumentation of *Il Prodigio* is refined and piquant; the melodious subjects given to the violins and the wind instruments, show the fer-

tile mind of the true composer, revelling in his work, and continually suggesting to himself the admirable artists who will give expression to his thoughts.

One of the pleasantest revivals in June was *Il Barbiere*. Of all Rossini's comic operas, it is the most finished and elegant; its melodies and orchestral accompaniments are constantly fresh, and this quality gives the opera a firmer hold on public liking, than can be claimed for many works of higher pretension. Since Madame Sontag first impersonated 'Rosina' in 1828, the florid powers of song have been greatly cultivated, and many rivals to her have entered the list, but her perfection in the elegant coquetry of the part, through personal charms peculiarly adapted to it, is enhanced by such an extraordinary command of delicate *floriture* and graceful passages, that as yet no one can divide attention with her. After all competition, she remains thoroughly mistress of the lyric boards, first and chiefly as the ward of 'Dr. Bartolo,' and as the *beau idéal* of Spanish romance. Her secluded education, her beauty, and her music growing together in silence, while nature herself dictates to her the art and mystery of inditing tender epistles, her proficiency in which astonishes the man who would teach her—the whole of this picture represented in the elegant person of Madame Sontag, comes home with such truth to the imagination, that it seems to embody one of the happiest sketches of Le Sage. 'Dr. Bartolo,' too, when Lablache shows him to us, merits an annual public shaming—we wish him a beard of perennial growth, and an inexhaustible soap-dish. Age, conceit, obstinacy, irascibility, fondness, a taste for music, are all bundled together in 'Dr. Bartolo'; and there is a mingled oddity and truth in this operatic character, which the farcical glories of the best days of our English theatre in the conceptions of the old men of Munden and Dowton have never surpassed. Then for charming tunes, and for skittish turns in the accompaniments, which may be called the coquetry of the orchestra, this opera is unrivalled. The style of the finales is of headlong joviality, and the violins are made to go at such a rate, that even

the players themselves are compelled to laugh. Although this opera has now, like those of Mozart, a standard place on the stage, we can hardly afford a season to pass without recording the pleasure which it continues to give.

Curiosity was excited during the earlier part of the season by the promise of an opera from the pianist Thalberg. At length, *Florinda* appeared, the libretto worked up by Scribe, from incidents found, as some assert, in the ancient chronicles of the Moors in Spain; but we regret to say that the work proved extremely deficient in dramatic interest, as well as in musical merit. Being already on its road to the limbo of oblivion, we are spared from entering into any critical detail on the subject of this opera, the orchestral portion of which is laboriously scored, but without knowledge of effect, without colouring or contrast. There is no surer route to *ennui* than that common endeavour, and we will add error, of the modern opera composer, to keep everybody playing always. The manager who once chided his resting horns, and told them that he paid them 'for playing, and not for resting,' had his own peculiar principles of orchestral economics; but a composer can hardly adopt such views, and they will be rarely encouraged by an audience. M. Thalberg will, we trust, now enjoy that repose with the love of which his dramatic lucubrations were calculated to inspire every listener, as well as every player.

We have had, too, of late Mozart's *Figaro*, as a bait for the constantly increasing admirers of Mozart's captivating melody. The incessant activity of the season in interchanging operas renders it impossible to pay that attention to every detail of this work which the cultivated amateur thinks desirable; yet in parts it is charming. Mlle. Cruvelli's 'Cherabino' is full of amusement, though, perhaps, a little more piquant than Mozart designed, and, as some think, a little overcharged as well as under-dressed.

Camillo Sivori, the violinist, who was thought to be perfecting the execution of Paganini in the wilds of America, has appeared at the Opera concerts, and on their cessa-

tion has been playing out his engagement on evenings between the acts of the opera. It would have been a great thing for music could the marvellous talent of Paganini have been transmitted to us in the person of his pupil. But Sivori, notwithstanding his undoubted accomplishments, is only Paganini in a miniature edition, and, moreover, in prose. In that magic art by which Paganini moved his audience to tears or to laughter, just as it pleased him, he has made no progress, nor is his mechanical ability, however highly cultivated, ever likely to take this high and poetical direction. We no longer see the witches dancing under the walnut-tree, except in our recollection of what Paganini used to show to us; yet this is one of his most successful performances, and memory still gives it a flavour. With regard, generally, to the other MSS. of Paganini, a doubt of their authenticity suggests itself,—first, because Paganini is supposed never to have preserved any written copies of the part which he himself performed in his various pieces; and secondly, because the orchestral portions of some of these are now very ineffective, which thing certainly 'was not so before.'

About the same time at which our chronicle of the Haymarket opera commences, *Fidelio*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Der Freischütz*, and *Norma* were interchanged almost nightly at Covent Garden, where the practised orchestra over which Costa presides, maintained their accustomed pre-eminence. Mario's constant hoarseness in this part of the season brought Tamberlik into great favour, and nothing, perhaps, contributed more firmly to establish it than his exquisite singing of 'Il mio tesoro,' in *Don Giovanni*. This opera was powerfully cast. Tamburini returned to his operatic duties in the part of the libertine hero, which he sustains to admiration, and received a warm welcome from the audience. Grisi was 'Donna Anna,' 'Elvira,' Mdle. Bertranda; 'Zerlini,' Mdme. Castellan, 'Ottavio,' Signor Tamberlik, and 'Leporello,' Herr Formès. It fares always the same with the *Don Giovanni*: people go to hear it because they know it, and the more, the better they know it.

They remember their sensations; and when they want three hours of exquisite pleasure as condensed as their natures are capable of tasting, they know what and where to choose. What can extinguish the loveliness of 'Vedrai carino,' or render the combination of two sopranis and a tenor in 'Protegga il giusto cielo,' sung as it was by Grisi, Bertrandi, and Tamberlik, tedious? The constant freshness of these strains is one of the inexhaustible wonders of music, and, indeed, of our own being.

Mdme. Grisi is still fully up to the highest excitement of the scene. We have heard so much of *Norma*, that our interest in it is now far short of enthusiastic; and yet the impassioned and graceful delineation of Grisi again raises admiration at the skill with which she fills out this most trying part of the lyric actress. Her physical powers, as well as her musical cultivation, give her a speciality in the part. Formès was dignified and majestic in the part of 'Oroveso,' and Tamberlik acquitted himself with much credit in the unfavourable character of 'Pollio,' interesting the audience purely by the merit of his singing.

On one of the extra nights, Donizetti's opera, *La Favorita*, was revived in great splendour. It is one of the best pieces of combination that the modern lyric stage can boast. The situations are romantic, but they are also natural; a vein of touching human interest runs through the splendid scenes, and amidst all that attracts the eye, and amuses the fancy, the heart is not overlooked. The music is melodious, the concerted pieces are very skilfully and effectively constructed, and the instrumentation is peculiarly fine. In this department, Donizetti has always recommended himself to the favourable notice of musicians. The chants sung by the monks over the dead bodies of the lovers, with the monastery by moonlight as the scene of the solemnity, produced a most impressive effect. The organ at this house, which is very nicely played, gave in its thrilling chords the proper ecclesiastical and monastic colouring to the situation. Some arrangement and transposition of the original work seems to have been necessary, in order to accommodate the

music of a baritone to the voice of Tamberlik; but it was so happily accomplished that the hearer was not sensible of any alteration or disturbance of the score. Mario's indisposition had left its traces in his voice, and somewhat languid performance. Madame Grisi and Tamberlik, however, exerted themselves in corresponding proportion; and the musical result of the evening was altogether satisfactory.

Meyerbeer's *Roberto il Diavolo* has been another of the performances of this house, so generally well supported by the principal artists as to leave us no cause to regret that Mdlle. Jenny Lind is making her money at the other side of the Atlantic. This work grows in estimation the more it is known. The music which accompanies its supernatural horrors and *diablerie* is peculiarly excellent; and it is adapted to exhibit in perfection the powers of the Covent Garden orchestra. Madame Castellan never appears to greater advantage than in the music of *Roberto*. Formès, too, in whose musical performance there is a certain nationality of character which is to be respected, seems to draw his horrors from the true source. He makes up a face that one would not meet at midnight, near the shades of a wood, or by a solitary road-side cross. In the forbidden mysteries of German lore, he seems as deeply read as Staudigl, and knows well the feelings described by Coleridge, of

— one who, in a lonely road,
Walketh in fear and dread,

and does not look round, because he *knows* that there is 'a grisly fiend' close behind him. Trombones, in solemn sepulchral chords, express the darker business of the piece; while the milder tones of flutes place in due contrast feelings of religious resignation and of confidence in heaven. The whole presents the richest colouring of the orchestra; yet being without any violent opposition of effects, it never offends the ear of good taste. *Roberto* is certainly one of the best examples of the symphonic opera that can be selected from the repertory of modern art.

Madame Viardot has returned to her part of 'Fidès,' in the *Prophète*, and sings with that ex-

quisite simplicity and pathos which gradually win over to her the entire sympathy of her audience. The progressive manner in which she has accomplished her position as an artist of commanding genius, maugre certain defects of physiognomy, and even of a voice which is a little worn in its highest octave, should assure her of the encouraging fact, that her success is firm, and that her original studies 'after nature' will in future be expected with interest and excitement. It is to be greatly admired in Madame Viardot that her performance is utterly unconventional; her representations are each distinct and individual. Her natural and cordial tones are quite uncommon on the stage, and through this particular art of hers, so like nature, the eyes of her hearers often glisten while she sings. In pathetic power, no one approaches her on the stage, not excepting the accomplished Jenny Lind herself.

The flaming applause and success which attended the first production of Mozart's *Zauberflöte*, produced the usual managerial embroilments and difficulties. Mdlle. Zerr, who had obtained the highest praise which the journals could give, was attacked with sudden incapacity, from indisposition; and unfortunately, there is no modern system of therapeutics fully adapted to meet these frequent and truly vexatious cases. Some say that the singers' fever may be 'cheeked' by any London banker, with whom money is commonly a drug; others talk of a sovereign remedy, which, carefully applied to the palm of the hand, restores the powers, and brings back the voice in an instant. The managing physicians hesitate to apply this remedy; the singer remains exhausted and incapable, while the public, attentive only to the suggestions of disappointment, will not allow that she can be ill at all. They place singers among the immortals, when they will not permit them to labour at least under a reasonable claudication of the leg, or a legitimate attack of lumbago. On a certain night, when the *Prophète* was substituted for the *Zauberflöte*, Madame Viardot came greatly to the assistance of the management. Her presence acted as a sedative, and quelled those

tumultuous risings of the pit, which, in people fully charged with expectation of Mozart's airs, bear an ominous and lowering aspect. On another evening, Miss Louisa Pyne, a young lady who possesses a very neat and brilliant execution, and only wants that tone of feeling in her voice which gives the true charm to singing, replaced Mdle. Zerr, and the *Zauberflöte* was performed.

This fairy opera, produced during the last illness of Mozart, and in which he bade his last tender melancholy farewell to the lyric drama, must be considered with great allowance; indeed, an almost infantine simplicity and play of imagination are required to apprehend it. Much of it is adapted to conciliate that inclination for the grotesque and marvellous which prevails in the suburban theatre of Vienna, where, to this day, they relish dramatic versions of the *Arabian Nights*, have a great fancy for dragons, enchanters, and heathen mythology, and introduce a divinity into their pieces, without the least regard to the famous precept of Horace. The original singers were a motley set. There was one woman in the *troupe*, with a prodigiously high voice, and she was the 'Queen of Night;' there was also a ponderous bass, and he was 'Sarastro.' There was the manager himself, a ludicrous fellow, who could not sing a note beyond a popular melody, and he enacted the 'Bird-catcher;' the chorus was tolerable, and the band extraordinarily fine. Wherever Mozart found a spot in which he could please himself, he wielded his gravest and most powerful pen. The songs of 'Sarastro,'—the awful and beautiful chorus to Isis and Osiris,—the finale in C minor, where the orchestral parts move in fugue to the *canto fermo* of the men in armour,—all these betray the impassioned touches of the great musician, who was at once bidding farewell to life and to his beloved art. It is told of him, that during the run of this opera, when he could no longer attend the performance, he would take out his watch, and follow it in imagination. 'Now they are at the quintet—now they are playing the finale,' he would exclaim. His affection for this last offspring of his muse is easily accounted for. But in England, the

triviality of the stage business in many places has been a great impediment to the progress of the *Zauberflöte* in public, much as the popular tunes are relished. At Christmas, indeed, it might be tolerated; particularly if 'Sarastro' would take off his sacerdotal habit, and present himself before the foot-lights with due grimace in the person of Clown, while 'Tamino' and 'Pamina' transformed themselves into Harlequin and Columbine. But surely the majestic sounds of the fine overture, the quintet with the padlocked part, 'Hm, Hm,'—the delicate terzetto, 'Gia fan ritorno,'—and the lovely original quartet for four female voices in the last finale, might engage us to relax for awhile our rigid national gravity. We would hesitate before we packed off 'Tamino's' snake to be confined in the reptile-house of the Zoological Gardens; we would retain, at least, three genii, and as many youths; there should also be three ladies in excellent preservation; nor should some ingenious smith fail to supply our properties with a padlock that might be clapped on to the human face with as much celerity as a gummed whisker or moustache. In short, we would not lose our treat in the divine music of the *Zauberflöte* for double its amount of levities and absurdity.

Her Majesty and Prince Albert have shown a lively interest in the production of the German masterpieces which have embellished the season at the Royal Italian Opera; and we are informed, that to critical suggestions from this high quarter we owe valuable improvements in the stage arrangements of *Don Giovanni*. It is pleasant and profitable to the art when works of real genius, which are usually left to grow slowly in popular affection, enjoy such sunny smiles; for true admiration may certainly follow even in the train of slimy fashion, when the attention is fixed on such productions as *Don Giovanni*, *Fidelio*, or the *Zauberflöte*. To the important instrumental department of these great works, the long habit of social training and practice enjoyed by Costa's band has now imparted a great superiority. The most perfect discipline reigns among them; and their accompaniment is distinguished by such unity and precision as have

never yet been obtained in an English orchestra. The two overtures to *Fidelio* afford on every occasion a great treat to amateurs. That in C, which used formerly to be signalized by failures at the Philharmonic Concert, is now coming firmly under the hand, and is satisfactorily rendered on every trial. We now meet the brilliant *coda* with as much repose and confidence in the certainty of the violins keeping well together, and of their making a good start, as in the more accustomed *coda* to the overture in the *Frieschütz*. We must not omit to notice the fine execution of the flute solos in the *Zauberflöte*, nor the accuracy with which the three horns accompany the delightful scena addressed to Hope, in *Fidelio*. If, in some respects, the palm of fine solo-singing is to be given to the rival house, it is here, unquestionably, that we must seek the finest examples of combination.

The opening of Westminster Abbey for evening service with a choir considerably augmented by reinforcements from Exeter Hall and other quarters, so as to exhibit to foreigners a more exact proportion between the choir of singers and the architectural capacity of the building, has been one of the wonderful events of this our *annus mirabilis*. It should have indeed been thought of before; but the time of reformation and improvement never comes too late, and we trust that we have now for ever done complaining of the emptiness or misappropriation of the choral seats of our cathedrals, which too often heretofore recalled Shakespeare's description of trees in winter:

—Bare ruined choirs,

Where late the sweet birds sung.

That the anthems of Croft and Purcell, as well as the chanting, antiphons, responses, gain considerably by the additional voices, and that the large organ which now finds a place in most of our cathedrals, requires to be opposed to a fuller chorus, in order that the powers of each may be better united or contrasted, scarcely admit of a question. The authorities of the Abbey had, however, no notion of entertaining any increased professional choir, and by what means the choral power could otherwise be increased, remained for some time problematical, when the lucky thought of inviting amateur assis-

tance occurred, and the doubt received a happy practical solution.

This restoration of our magnificent choral cathedral service by means of vocal aid which is always ready and may at any time be derived from Mr. Hullah's trained classes, the Sacred Harmonic Society, and other of the choral institutions of London, is certainly the highest and most useful national object which has yet been effected by our popular systems of vocal instruction. Chanting by multitudinous voices produces a very grand and a very new effect in music. It formed to our taste some years back one of the most striking effects exhibited by Mr. Hullah's classes in one of their anniversary festivals at Exeter Hall. The simultaneous recitation and intonation of the words has a majestic character when vast numbers unite in it, and particularly under the 'embowed roof' hallowed by association; there it elevates the religious service by its power, it commands attention, and banishes every lighter thought. Perhaps there is no part of the new vocal arrangements which gives greater pleasure than the unaccompanied responses. Mr. Turle, who employs his powerful organ in many well considered forms and varieties of accompaniment, pleases not a little on many occasions when he chooses to leave the voices entirely to themselves.

Our cathedral service in general has a national hold on Englishmen. We trust that our cathedral choirs generally will be encouraged to exertion and improvement by the example so well set in London this year. Through such efforts, the true claims of the great English school of the Restoration must at last be generally allowed, and our national influence on the progress of music no longer remain among the disregarded and neglected facts of the history of the art.

The Philharmonic season has been more successful in a pecuniary point of view than its artistical exertions deserved. On the last night of the concerts, however, Herr Pauer, of Vienna, played Hummel's sterling old pianoforte concerto in A minor with fine tone, neat execution, and in a very unaffected taste, for which, in these days of exaggeration, we desire to be thankful. The orchestral execution at the concerts has, on

the whole, improved through the new system of private rehearsals. But the flavour of novelty is still sadly wanting in the musical preparations of the directors.

At many of the private concerts a new artist on the double bass, Bottesini, has attracted attention. He has acquired a great command of his difficult instrument; he plays with a fine tone, and is possessed of much taste. He has performed numerous solos, and in several duets for violoncello and contra basso with Piatti. This pair of Italian artists at present take the lead on their respective instruments without fear of rivalry. Notwithstanding the degeneracy of the operatic school of Italy, the instrumental artists of that country, when they are excellent, still savour of the prodigious. Africa was of old the arid nurse of lions; but our chief instrumental musical lions at present come from Italy, a country of such ancient renown in music, that we are glad to see the moderns in the way to restore it. Bottesini has performed not only in concerto pieces, but in Onslow's quintets, at the Musical Union, showing in the latter a good knowledge of music, besides his attainments in bravura playing.

Ernst has established himself beyond dispute as the first performer of classical violin music, by his tasteful readings of the works of Beethoven and Mendelssohn. As he is extremely susceptible and nervous in his temperament, his performance is subject to inequalities with which ordinary mechanical men are never troubled; but in his happiest moods he gives readings of composition, and expresses the deep meanings of music, with a refinement and power of expression to which their mediocrity never aspires. Beethoven's violin concerto with Ernst's excellent cadences, introducing marvellous feats of the bow and of the hand, called forth unanimous plaudits from the orchestra as well as the audience.

In the numerous Quartet Concerts of the present season, good music has been in the ascendant, and Mozart and Beethoven have had their share of attention as well as Weber and Mendelssohn. M. Billet has performed with a strong finger and in a correct style, some selections from classical piano-

forte studies. A new violoncello player, M. Seligmann, who appeared at the Musical Union, received great applause for his exquisite performance of Schubert's *Ave Maria*. The art of singing well on the violoncello is much and successfully cultivated in Paris. Franchomme first exhibited it here some seasons ago, with unequalled delicacy of finish in the vocal inflections, and a fine variety of tone. The two institutions for Classical Chamber Music, conducted by M. Rousselot and Mr. Ella, have been well patronized. These schools—for such we must call them—diffuse a knowledge of works neglected by orchestral concert givers, but which exercise the most important influence on the general progress of taste. The amalgamation of foreign and native art which takes place at these meetings allays petty jealousies, and promotes benevolent and fraternal feeling.

English glees and madrigals have been raising their diminished heads under the auspices of Messrs. Francis, Hobbs, Land, Lockey, and Phillips. These sonorous part singers, accustomed to blend and mix their voices, produced some of the finest effects of old English song.

For the madrigals their numbers were not sufficiently powerful; but in the glees they seldom left anything to desire, either on the score of precision or of colouring.

Mr. Hullah has brought his eight monthly concerts to a successful close, and we shall look forward to his next programme with interest. We applaud the assistance which he is now affording to young English composers; yet this part of his plan of operation must be kept under due restraint. There is much to be done before the claims of native talent can be effectively urged.

Mr. Brinley Richards, a pianist of rising celebrity, has given classical performances remarkable for the excellent selection of the music and the ability of the performers. We are glad to hear that the Sacred Harmonic Society has had a very successful season, and its funds will, we doubt not, be augmented by the return of Madame Clara Novello, a singer whose pre-eminence in sacred music can scarcely be forgotten in England.

TRANSLATIONS OF SCHILLER.*

INFIDELS as we may appear to the admirers of an age which now is fast passing beyond the reach of men, still candour compels us to profess our deep-rooted aversion to Madame de Stael—to her life, writings, sayings, and doings. With regard to her, we can feel with that great man who compelled her to place a certain number of leagues between her own person and his—and with Schiller, whom she tracked in one of her lion-hunts in Germany, and who, after a short interview, implored his friends ‘to save him from that woman!’ She is our Doctor Fell, whom we do not like, and whose presence, in almost any form, awakens our pugnacity. But for all that, there are certain pages of her literary vagrancy—the spoils we are pleased to think of her razzias—to which we cannot but heartily subscribe, and which we gladly accept even at *her* hands. Among the lessons which she inculcates, there is none of such importance to the genuine progress of literature as her remarks on the art and uses of translations. To her, the translator is not the mere drudge who ‘does’ a book from one language into another; on the contrary, his functions have a great importance, and the results of his labours are beneficial in the highest degree, for he opens the eyes of nations to the master works of all nations and times. The field of literature is vast in almost every civilized country, but great masters and great works are few and far between. The *Classics* of a single period or nation, though they may advance, can never complete the æsthetic cultivation of the mind, and the artistic education they give will always be narrow, biassed, and one-sided. An intimate acquaintance with the best authors is indispensable to the student, and most desirable even in the case of the great mass who, by an easy conventional fiction, pass under the name of ‘the educated classes.’ It would be useless to expatiate on the advantage which

the student is sure to derive from the classical literature of the various European countries. That advantage is self-evident, and admitted by almost all parties. But that the bulk of the population should profit, not only indirectly by the influence it exercises on our own native writers, but directly too, by the perusal and study of the master-minds of other nations, our rivals in the race to enlightenment and civilization, is not by any means generally allowed. On the contrary, there are those who oppose the introduction of ‘foreign theories’ and ‘new-fangled ideas,’ quite as eagerly—and, to do them justice, sincerely—as the Leipzig Professors of the last century protested against the introduction of Shakespeare and the spread of the school which expounded and commented on the great British poet. Far be it from us to quarrel with people of this class. Drags, breaks, and ballast are good in their way, and essential to progress, for without them, progress would soon degenerate into a headlong and ruinous career. But their opinions, however sincere, are refuted by the very first chapters of the literary history of almost every nation. The earlier ages to which they would lead us back were the very period in which the various nationalities of Europe had not yet separated into compact and distinct masses. Their dialects were less developed. The very rudeness of the idioms facilitated their acquisition. The legends of one nation became thus most easily and naturally the property of others; and England, France, Italy, Germany, and even Hungary, had a common stock of traditions, and curious and instructive fancies, which each of them in its turn contrived to establish as the foundation of a national school of poetry. The legends and ballads of those days were not the property of the student—their beauties and their influence were not confined to the ‘chosen few.’ They were in the hearts and the mouths of

* *The Poems of Schiller, complete; including all his suppressed Pieces.* Attempted in English by Edgar Alfred Bowring. London: John W. Parker and Son, West Strand. 1851.

our fathers—they passed from land to land, from house to house, from lip to lip, until in after times the curious and the learned gathered them from the woodman in the forest, from the gipsy on the heath, and from the peasant girl at the brook side. It was a stratum of the populace saturated as it were with the combined poesy of all nations, which produced those heroes of ancient English song, to whom we still return as our dearest and brightest models. If we consider what the universality of literature (if we may so call it) has done for our forefathers, we cannot but anticipate the best results from a more frequent and unrestrained intercourse with the thoughts and aspirations of the best and most gifted among our continental neighbours. Hence we anticipate much good from the increased facilities for international communication, and the efforts which have for some time past been making in various parts of the country to promote the study of foreign languages and literature.

But the study of languages, though it admits of great improvements on our former practice in this respect, must necessarily be confined to the few. The works of foreign authors must needs remain so many sealed books for the mass, even of the educated, but for the intervention of those who consent to act as interpreters between us and the foreigner. It is oh our translators that we rely for the furtherance of that universal European cultivation, the demand for which is evidently one of the signs of the times, and from which we expect the most brilliant and specifically national results. And if, as was but lately expressed by an adventurous Californian, the Anglo-Saxon race and language should finally absorb all the nations and idioms of the globe, our influence will not be less powerful, and our glory the less resplendent, from the fact that our power in spirit as in the body has been gathered from all the peoples of the earth, and that the scientific and æsthetic hegemony of England has thriven on the spoils of the Mighty.

Of our spoils, if the quality were equal to the quantity, we should be rich indeed! There never has

been a lack of translations, nor is there now. Nor do we anticipate a dearth in that quarter. To speak of these latter days only, we have had Miss Bremer and Mrs. Carlén, Mr. Auerbach and the Countess Hahn-Hahn, in various editions and at various prices, to suit all manner of tables and purses. We have been introduced to the prosy authoress of *Godwie Castle*, and to the amusing fictions of Mr. Schlesinger. The fashionable literature, especially of the north, has been greedily pounced upon by our translation-mongers, who have taken it for better and for worse, and 'done it into English.' But we are still strangers to the master-works of the Germans, Swedes, and Danes. Their best and greatest productions lie neglected by the caterers for our national taste. Hegel is never thought of. Immermann does not exist for the public of this country. We have something of Oehlenschläger, but we want Tegnér. Of the German poets, we have nothing of Platen or Heine, of Lenau or Grün, Schäfer or Geibel, and less than nothing of Freiligrath, for the translations from his works are mere caricatures. Goethe, indeed, and Schiller have attracted a whole host of adventurous spirits, and by dint of frequent failures we can at length boast of some good translations of *Faustus*, from Mr. Filmore's work, down to Mr. Hayward's schoolboy attempts for the use of schools. Until of late, Schiller, too, has never been fairly brought before the public. His case was prejudged from the first. In the commencement of this century, Goethe and Schiller and their contemporaries, were in part vilely translated by English literary men of note, who were learning German and who thought proper to publish their exercises. These translators perverted the fair proportions of their originals from sheer ignorance of the language; and the grotesque and almost absurd production of their labours, was, with all the indiscretion of young zeal, handed down to the public as 'thoroughly German.' This applies to almost all the earlier translations. Their German character was as genuine and ridiculous as the English character of one of the earliest German editions of Shakespeare's

plays, in which the 'All hail! Macbeth, Thane of Cawdor!' is reproduced as 'Alle Hagel Macbeth, &c.,' and the explanatory notes which garnished the text were as illustrative of the author's intentions as the profound researches of Ludwig Tieck into the cause why Shakespeare should have caused Sir John Falstaff to be carried 'to the Fleet, since neither he nor his companions were naval men.'

Happily the time for this sort of thing is over. Neither the Germans nor the English will accept of perversion at the hands of their translators and commentators. The man who were to presume again to translate the words, 'sichtbares Zeitbild' into 'Visible temporary figure,' the Versewright who were to palm off his wretched

On manhood's tree, &c.

for Freiligrath's majestic lines—

Am Baum der Menschheit drängt sich
Blüth 'an Blüthe,'

would soon learn to his cost that there is a difference between a translation and a pedantic parody. That the art of good translation is generally understood, or extensively practised by the writers of our time, we do not mean to say; but that these matters are better understood than they were a few years ago—that the interpreters of foreign works are more conscientious, more talented, and better instructed than the race of our old translators, is an incontestable fact, and one which cannot fail to have a powerful influence on the appreciation and the popularity of the foreign and especially of the German classics. There is a change, and a change for the better, and it was wanted. The Germans have these many years had a perfect translation of our greatest national poet, and the plays of Shakespeare are acted in the booth or barn of the stroller, as well as in the theatres of their capitals. They can boast of possessing a German *Don Juan* through the agency of the talented Dr. Gildemeister, nor are there any of our classical works to which the educated classes among them are allowed to be strangers. Let us hope that England will follow the example, and that we shall frequently have the pleasing task of commenting on

translations, so excellent in the subject and the execution, as Mr. Bowring's complete edition of Schiller's *Poems*.

The completeness of this edition is not among the least of the features which recommend the work to our favourable notice. Our sense of the difficulty of the undertaking serves but to enhance the value of the performance; for not only has Mr. Bowring translated ALL the poems of Schiller, but he has also adopted the various and often changing metres of the original. This we take to be one of the chief requisites for a good translation. Mere rhyme, of course, suits any metre. In a good poem, both metre and rhyme are the results of a harmonious necessity, the neglect or defiance of which on the part of a translator, tells upon his production, and makes it either insufferably prosy, or provokingly grotesque. A good poem is the *avatar* of a poetical thought; its body is not accidental, but intimately connected with the creative essence from which it sprung. It is not enough to say that the *thoughts*, that the materials of the poem are exquisite, and that the poetic ideal, if good, must tell in any form. Let any one who holds this opinion read the French prose translations of Milton, Shakespeare, and Byron. Let him endeavour to admire Tennyson in the prose translations which garnish the papers on 'Modern English Poetry,' in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*; for the French reviewers and translators act on the principle, that the *body* of the poem is in no connexion with its *soul*, and that, so you but give the poet's thoughts, it does not matter in what form you express them. In our opinion it does matter. Mr. Bowring has been faithful to the metres of the original poems; and while we commend his taste as well as his ability and perseverance, we are aware that his attempt to give us Schiller really and truly in English, has drawn upon him the animadversions of many votaries of the old 'free translation' system. This is as it ought to be. Time-honoured mediocrity had always its champions in the republic of letters, and any attempt to take work out of the hands of the drudge and put it into that of the artist, must needs

be offensive to the respectable middle classes.

Mr. Bowring, it is true, has laid himself open to the hostility of the 'vested interests' by some unwarranted prefatory assertions. According to his statement, which we are sure a few moments of serious consideration would have caused him to qualify, he made the 'whole of the translations, comprising upwards of 10,000 verses, in the course of a few months, and in hours snatched away from more engrossing pursuits.' These lines must have been written under the inspiration of the *Memoirs of Brummel*. They carry us back to the Regency, to Pelham, who knows all and who never reads, and to Lord Vincent, who leaves town for six weeks, to get up an impromptu speech on the Reform Bill. Happily, those days are passed. Men of talent and sense are no longer shamed to confess that they have *truggled* for perfection and *laboured* or *renown*, and surely they are less envied and more respected, since we know that even the most highly gifted owe one half of their success to their patience, their perseverance, and their self-denial. If Mr. Bowring should again address the public in a preface, we trust he will not claim exemption from the common lot. In the interim, we must allow the translation to atone for the translator's offences. And that translation is excellent. Whether we compare it with the efforts of those who preceded Mr. Bowring in his undertaking, or with our own idea of what a translation of Schiller ought to be, we cannot but congratulate our literature upon having at length made an acquisition which we long have striven for, and Mr. Bowring upon having obtained a prize which had eluded the grasp of many able and eager hands. No doubt the work we speak of is indebted to those that preceded it. Mr. Bowring had the benefit of that invaluable instruction which the failures of distinguished and talented men are sure to convey. He learnt grace from Mr. Merivale and conciseness from Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, while their joint example taught him that a good translation ought to reproduce the

sense and metre as well as the *temper* of the poems. To have profited by this negative instruction is in itself a merit. A few quotations from the first of the works to which we refer will best serve to illustrate our meaning. Take, for instance, Merivale's translation of the twenty-fourth stanza of the 'Eleusinian Festival,' which we select because it presents an epitome of some of the technical difficulties which a translator of Schiller has to overcome:—

Beasts free range their native waste,
Free in air the Godhead reigns,
Wild desires that throng the breast,
Nature's sovereign law restrains.
Man betwixt them both is placed,
Linked with man in social chains;
Free and mighty, he is known
By his moral strength alone.

In his translation of this stanza, Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer adopts the definite German article in a very un-English and offensive manner:—

In *the* waste *the* beast is free,
And *the* God upon his throne;
Unto each *the* curb must be,
But *the* nature each doth own.
Yet, *the* man, betwixt *the* two,
Must to man allied belong;
Only law and custom through,
Is *the* mortal free and strong.

The following is Mr. Bowring's version:—

Freedom's love the beast inflames
And the God rules free in air.
While the law of Nature tames
Each wild lust that lingers there.
Yet, when thus together thrown,
Man with man must fain unite;
And by his own worth alone
Can he freedom gain and might.

We leave our readers to judge between the three.

In 'Eberhard der Greiner' Mr. Merivale is tame; and Sir Edward substitutes his own Zanonian 'Ha! has!' and 'Hoh! hohs!' for the naïve boldness of the original. Mr. Bowring's translation of this poem, and of the 'Romanzen und Balladen,' is at once easy and faithful. He is, however, scarcely ever betrayed into those barbarisms which translators from the German think themselves justified in committing. As an instance of the harmony and the flow of the versification, we quote 'The Invincible Armada':

She comes, she comes—Iberia's proud Armada—
 The waves beneath the heavy burden sigh ;
 Laden with bigotry and chains, th' invader,
 Charged with a thousand thunders, now draws nigh ;
 And as she sweeps along in stately motion,
 With trembling awe is fill'd the startled Ocean.
 Each ship a floating citadel,
 Men call her 'The Invincible !'
 Why should she boast that haughty name ?
 The fear she spreads allows her claim.

With silent and majestic step advancing,
 Affrighted Neptune bears her on his breast ;
 From ev'ry port-hole fierce destruction glancing,
 She comes, and lo ! the tempest sinks to rest.

And now at length the proud fleet stands before thee,
 Thrice-happy Island, Mistress of the Sea !
 Mighty Britannia, danger hovers o'er thee,
 Those countless galleons threaten slavery !
 Woe to thy freedom-nurtur'd nation !
 Yon cloud is big with desolation !

How came that priceless gem in thy possession,
 Which raised thee high above each other State ?
 Thyself it was, who struggling 'gainst oppression,
 Earn'd for thy sons that statute wise and great—
 The MAGNA CHARTA—'neath whose sheltering wings
 Monarchs but subjects are, and subjects kings !
 To rule the waves, thy ships have prov'd their right,
 Defeating each proud foe in ocean-fight.
 All this thou ow'st,—ye nations, blush to hear it !—
 To thy good sword alone, and dauntless spirit !

See where the monster comes—unhappy one !
 Alas, thy glorious race is well-nigh run !
 Alarm and terror fill this earthly ball,
 The hearts of all free men are beating madly,
 And ev'ry virtuous soul is waiting sadly
 The hour when thy great name is doom'd to fall.

God the Almighty look'd down from his throne,
 And saw thy foe's proud 'Lion-Banner' flying,
 And saw the yawning grave before thee lying,—
 'What !' He exclaim'd, 'shall my lov'd Albion,
 And all her race of heroes, now so free,
 Pine in the galling bonds of slavery ?

Shall she whose name with dread all tyrants hear,
 Be swept for ever from this hemisphere ?

'Never,' He cried, 'shall Freedom's Eden true,
 That bulwark of all human rights, be shatter'd !'—
 God the Almighty blew,
 And to the winds of heaven the fleet was scatter'd !*

We should too far encroach upon
 our space if we were to quote
 Merivale, Sir Edward Lytton, and
 Bowring, whenever the text of their
 respective works provokes the com-

parison. But we cannot refrain from
 submitting to our readers some of the
 shorter pieces in this manner, and
 among them the touching lines which
 conclude the sketch of 'Nanie.'

To hear the mournful strains of love may soothe the shades below.
 The vulgar herd to Orcus must, unwept, unhonoured, go.

Merivale.

Yet noble sounds the voice of wail, and woe the dead can grace ;
 For never wail and woe are heard to mourn above the Base !

Bulwer..

* These last two lines refer to the medal struck by Queen Elizabeth to commemorate the overthrow of the Armada, on which was the inscription—*Affixit Deus, et dissipati sunt.*

Even a woe-song to be in the mouth of the loved ones is glorious,
For what is vulgar descends mutely to Orcus' dark shades.*

Bowring.

How poor a thing is man! alas! 'tis true!
I'd half forgot it, when I chanced on you.

Bulwer.

Man is in truth a poor creature—I know it, and fain would forget it;
Therefore (how sorry I am!) came I, alas! unto thee!

Bowring.

How God compassionates mankind, thy muse, my friend, rehearses—
Compassion for the sins of man! what comfort for thy verses!

Bulwer.

'Tis thy Muse's delight to sing God's pity to mortals,
But that they pitiful are—is it a matter for song?

Bowring.

In this last instance, Merivale did not attempt a translation; and Sir Edward Lytton, although it appears that he understood the original text, seems to have been unable to procure the same advantage for the reader of his English lines. Nevertheless, we can understand why some of our contemporaries will be found to prefer the incomprehensible rhyme to the comprehensible hexameter. Many people there are who believe that German poetry must necessarily be dark and mysterious,—in short, a kind of sublime nonsense; and besides, we are told that the classical metres—such as the hexameter—while tolerable in German, have never yet, for poems of any length, been anything but intolerable in English. These gentlemen ought to know that the same objections were preferred against the classical metres by the early German critics of the third class; and that the success of the hexameter in Germany is owing to the talents of Voss, and to the perseverance of the Weimar school of poets. Mr. Merivale, who has deeply thought about the subject, confesses, indeed, that he is not equal to the hexameter; but he admits that the Germans have accomplished the task of introducing that verse, and he sees no reason why the construction of the English idiom should render it unfit for the hexameter,—nay, he foresees the time when some fortunate versifier will have to boast of his success in having introduced the classical

metres. The same opinion is held by Sir John Herschell, Dr. Whewell, Archdeacon Hare, and Dr. Hawtrey: and the curious in the progress of the hexameter in England ought to compare the *English hexameter translations* of these gentlemen with the crude attempts which Southey, in his 'Vision of Judgment,' made at the classical metre. There is no doubt that, brought up as we are in a school of poesy whose sole dependence is on melody and rhyme, the introduction of a pure rhythmic movement has many difficulties to conquer, in the minds of writers as well as of readers. The language is not yet in proper training, and the mass of the public are altogether innocent of any knowledge of the Greek metres. Pope was a great poet. Pope was a refined scholar. Pope's *Odyssey* is, after all, the true standard of classic reading. Pope did very well without the hexameter! No doubt he did; but had he lived in our days, we are almost certain that he would have joined Dr. Whewell in his Hexameter Propaganda. It is the quality of great heroes and writers to conquer new territories for the fruition and comfort of weaker men. Among the Germans, it was Voss who broke the language into the hexameter. Schiller and Goethe cultivated the metre, and prepared it for the use of men of inferior talents; it became then domesticated, and received its highest finish from Count Platen. With us, Dr. Whewell has succeeded in

* Auch ein Klaglied zu seyn im Mund der Geliebten, ist herrlich,
Denn das Gemeine geht Klanglos zum Orkus hinab.

Schiller.

rescuing the hexameter from the disgrace with which Southey's presumption had connected it; and we are happy to say, that Mr. Bowring's translations of Schiller's classical metres show great correctness, combined with an ease and elegance to which the English hexameter has hitherto been a stranger.

That Mr. Bowring's hexameters are perfect, we do not mean to say. Not without reason has Count Platen represented the production of a perfect hexameter as the riddle of a modern Sphinx; and not without

reason, too, does his 'Œdipus'* purloin the solution from Voss. But our readers may judge for themselves. They have seen Mr. Bowring's hexameters contrasted with Sir E. L. Bulwer's rhymes, and we propose to conclude this sketch with an extract from his translation of 'Der Spaziergang,' of which poem Bulwer says, that in the original German it is 'composed in the long rhymeless metre, which no one has succeeded, or can succeed, in rendering into English melody.'

Far in the roads the pilot calls, and the vessels are waiting,
That to the foreigners' land carry the produce of home;
Others gladly approach with the treasures of far distant regions,
High on the mast's lofty head flutters the garland of mirth.
See how yon markets, those centres of life and of gladness, are swarming!
Strange confusion of tongues sounds in the wondering ear;
On to the pile the wealth of the earth is heaped by the merchant.
All that the sun's scorching rays bring forth on Africa's soil,
All that Arabia prepares, that the uttermost Thule produces,
High, with heart-gladdening stores, fills Amalthæa her horn.
Fortune wedded to talent, gives birth there to children immortal,
Suckled in liberty's arms flourish the Arts there of joy.
With the image of life the eyes by the sculptor are ravished,
And by the chisel inspired, speaks e'en the sensitive stone.
Skies artificial repose on slender Ionian columns;
And a Pantheon includes all that Olympus contains.
Light as the rainbow's spring through the air—as the dart from the bow-string,
Leaps the yoke of the bridge over the boisterous stream.

Thus much for Sir E. L. Bulwer's estimate of human capabilities. But who that reads the lines we have quoted, and considers the great event which occupies all England in this memorable year, 1851, can deny that they contain a prophecy of what now has actually come to pass.

Artificial skies do, indeed, repose on slender columns; the wealth of the earth is inclosed in a grand Pantheon. Thus far we accept the prophecy; but those who read on where our quotation ends, will certainly join with us in an anxious and heartfelt 'Dii avertite omen!'

THE REVELATIONS OF A COMMON-PLACE MAN.

PART II.

CHAPTER V.

AGE only is sufficiently wary to calculate the probable gain it may derive from a new connexion. In my friendship for Clair, there mingled no thought of benefit to myself. Yet benefit there was. He was no idle man; loving him, I imitated him, though at an immeasurable distance. He read hard, and so I read—but alas! not hard. The little I did—and to do it justice, the knowledge with which I had formerly

been crammed, saved me now. I did not go up for honours, but took a fair degree, and was coldly congratulated by my aunt in this note:

'I conclude I ought to commence this communication by wishing you joy upon the occasion of passing through the ordeal *without disgrace*. Deem, then, if you so please, that I say all you think right on the subject. I would not like to seem wanting. Nor do I desire to renew the wearisome topic of my disappointment in you—my unflinching

* In *Der Romantische Oedipus*.

comparison between what you are, and what I expected you to be—nay, laboured to make you. I acted in all cases for what I conscientiously believed to be the best, therefore 'tis now vain to repine. Yet, perhaps, you might have been otherwise, had I followed my own judgment, and retained you under my personal supervision. My watchfulness might have remedied nature's deficiencies. But I yielded to advice on which I wholly relied, to persuasions which, even now, I cannot fancy insincere, although the secret, the evil influence of others, perverted what was in itself true and noble. Under the sickly mask of inanity and physical debility may be concealed deep machination and intrigue. The crimes of a great mind may be pardoned—those of mediocrity, never. This is incomprehensible, doubtless, to you; I generally am so, I fear.

'I am glad to hear you have at last induced Mr. Clair to accompany you to Ripplestone. His success is, indeed, unmistakable and resplendent. It is a great advantage to Ella to have added to our domestic circle a lady of such distinguished attainments as Miss Gainsborough. I hope her stay will be protracted. Adieu, then, till we meet.'

I absolutely trembled when I read of that lady of distinguished attainments. My aunt was so apt to fall in love at first sight, so gulled by any person pretending to talent, that there had never been bounds to the number of encroachers upon my father's hospitality; and as no real genius could have endured her pe-dantry for an hour, the whole crew with which she filled Ripplestone belonged to a second-rate set of needy, greedy penny-a-liners and impostors. However, I was too much engrossed by our preparations for departure to bestow many thoughts upon this new *bas bleu*, and no unpleasant forebodings embittered our delightful journey.

'It so seldom happens that one can say it with truth of any passing moment, that I feel compelled to speak out and tell you that I am perfectly happy at this instant,' I exclaimed, as we threw ourselves back in the comfortable carriage which had been sent to meet us.

'What—not one drawback?' asked Clair.

'None,' I replied, joyously; 'my trials over, my home before me—above all, Clair, you beside me.'

'Happy, though in half-an-hour more Aunt Mad will remind you how commonplace you are.'

'He was only jesting, and yet I wished he had spared me that. It was, in fact, the mummy at all my feasts of joy. But resolved to be glad, I concealed my shrinking, and continued, 'Oh! you shall achieve triumphs unnumbered; my father shall forget his dread of superiority, and rank you second only to his son in his esteem. The Cliffords shall like you. Ella shall unbend and listen to you with interest. Miss De Vaincy shall adore you, and—you shall——' I paused.

'Be introduced to Kate Thornton,' added Gerald, laughingly.

'George!' I cried, thrusting my head from the window, and calling to a groom who was on horseback beside us.

'Sir?' and George drew up and touched his hat expectantly.

'Where are the ladies?'

'Sir?'

'I mean, where were they when you left Ripplestone?'

'Gone a-walking to Colonel Thornton's, sir.'

'My dear fellow,' said Gerald, turning to me, as I sat down, a beaming face, and eyes that danced with wicked delight, 'I suspect you might just now have echoed Juliet's—'

I do forget why I did call thee back.

Confess that you invented that vague question to hide your confusion. Never dream for the future of deceiving me. I can read every thought as it arises, especially when you strive to conceal it. Had you been silent, I should not have known that your voice shook; had you sat still, I should have referred to the reflection of these crimson silk blinds the flushing of your cheeks.'

I was silent; I was displeased. I know now why this assertion of superiority to which I was so used in Gerald jarred upon me, on this occasion, coming immediately after the mention of Kate's name. Very few are humble enough to bear disparagement before the woman they love,

and a foreboding of this crept over me as he spoke. He saw the shadow upon my spirit, and passed his arm through mine caressingly.

'Pshaw! you are not angry. You know how I love jesting; and truly, to-day, I can talk nothing but nonsense. What else can you expect from a schoolboy going out for a holiday?'

I looked into his face and forgot my peevishness. At that instant I would have laid down my life to please him. As we drove through Ripplestone, many a welcoming word and smile greeted us from the cottage windows and shop doors. Then the gate was swung open by a venerable white-aproned dame, who waited in state for that purpose before a lodge perfectly buried by ivy. My aunt hated that ivy; she said it destroyed the masonry, and sundry vain attempts had she made to check its luxuriance. But I loved it, if it were only for its association with my mother. 'Well do I mind her,' the old woman had often told me, 'the last time she passed this gate going to London; she stopped, and had a slip cut off to take with her, saying, 'I shall take it to my cousin Reginald; I love it, because it was the first thing which struck my eyes when I came to Ripplestone as a bride;' and she waved the green trailing leaves to me as she drove off, with a smile on the pretty face I was never to see again.

The old woman always cried when she came to this point, and I believe my own eyes used to glisten, though I had not the faintest recollection of my poor mother, and had heard the incident fifty times. Precious to me, therefore, was the ivy; and the more it hugged up the tiny lattices, as if resolved to close them entirely, the more I was pleased.

As I nodded to old Hannah, I caught sight of three female figures walking up the road. I sprang from the carriage, and was with them instantly. A stately reception from Miss De Vaincy, a stiff introduction to a tall dark young lady as Miss Gainsborough, and from Kate a cordial clasp of my hand, smiles, and lively greetings of all sorts.

'You have forgotten your distinguished friend,' said my aunt, reprovingly, waving her hand towards

Gerald, who had also alighted and approached. 'Miss De Vaincy, Mr. Clair; Miss Thornton, Mr. —.'

Why, in Heaven's name, did he start back, and why did her long eyelashes drop so suddenly over her eyes, and a deep flush suffuse the faces of both? Yet he bowed low and coldly, and she answered only by a formal curtesy.

Gerald turned away and walked towards the house, listening intently to my aunt's elaborate speeches. I followed with Miss Gainsborough and Kate. I did not speak at first. A cold shadow of coming evil had fallen upon my heart. Who has not felt the sudden check of overflowing happiness?—the undefined sensation of dread which, like lightning, strikes our rapture to ashes? We do not remember, but we realize the dreary descriptions of the fated ones in Greek tragedy. We stand transfixed, awaiting impending, inevitable destiny.

At length I asked for Ella. Why did I address myself to the stranger, not to Kate?

'She is suffering from a severe headache, and could not venture into the light,' was the reply.

'Here comes your father,' cried Kate, her voice clear and soft as ever.

My father was rejoiced to see me, so were all the servants, and all the dogs. But Ella was not there.

'I perhaps ought to accuse myself as the cause of her illness,' observed my aunt to Clair. 'I was anxious she should finish a difficult translation, and she sat up late last night. But the fruit of her toil is magnificent.'

For a few minutes I struggled with my usual sensation of disappointment at Ella's coldness; but I remembered Mrs. Clifford's words, and stole away to see her. I went upstairs to the door of her study; I opened it gently, and found the room carefully darkened. I entered softly, and stood before the sofa on which she lay, sleeping, I at first fancied. Her hair, which was very thick and dark, was usually braided simply back—now, as if all combs or ribbons were irksome, it was unbound, and hung loose over the pillow; but from her brow it was pushed aside completely. I thought

I could almost see her temples throb. When my aunt described Ella to any one, she invariably spoke of her extraordinary beauty, and as invariably her appearance failed to realize this expectation. Yet my aunt was less in error than usual. Ella could look strangely lovely, and Nature probably meant her to be so always. But she was rather stunted in her growth; too little exercise and too much study had wrought upon her their ordinary ruin, and of late she was thin, almost to attenuation. Her features were perfect, her forehead and eyes splendid, yet at first sight it was their singularity which attracted, more than their beauty. Many people have told me that having once caught sight of her, they found it impossible to turn away. They could only gaze and wonder, and try to find out resemblances to pictures, statues, or celebrated faces, all as opposite as possible; yet at the same time they acknowledged that they had never beheld any one like her before. She was generally pale, and in an evening, or when excited, no bright tints lighted up her cheeks, but under her somewhat dark skin a soft glow seemed to spread; the picture took tone, and hue, and life far richer than the roses of what is termed a lovely complexion. There were those who, having seen Ella in one of her silent moods, complained of her face as the most inanimate imaginable; and so it was. Then every trace of expression, except, perhaps, sadness, fled from it. It was only a mask; the soul had retired into its secret oratory, or winged its flight to unearthly scenes: only the form of clay remained to us. Others said her charm was the infinite variety of expression: never two minutes the same. And like the widely-differing descriptions of the chameleon, each party was correct. All depended upon the simple circumstance of her being interested in what passed before her or not.

I do not think I ever envied my sister; I would not for worlds have robbed her of one grace or talent, one hour of triumph, one word of praise, but I had sometimes repined that Nature had left me so destitute, whilst it endowed her so richly. I

would not have wished her lowered, but would fain have been raised more to her level. To raise myself I had not energy. Yet, as I now looked upon her, that slumbering face was so different from what it ought to have been at her age, so full of the trace of suffering, of storm, that I recoiled. It seemed to me as if the records of her heart were there unlocked before me, and I read of sorrow in pages blistered by tears. But what sorrow? Our lives had flowed smoothly hitherto, save where my aunt had perturbed the clear stream. I was too young, perhaps too moderate in my feelings, too shallow of intellect, to imagine that there could be suffering independent of outward causes. A slight contortion of her mouth showed me that I was mistaken in supposing her to be asleep. A kind of awe and compassion had seized upon me; I stooped down, and pressed a fervent kiss upon those quivering lips. She started up, and threw herself into my arms with a warmth of affection as new in her as, perhaps, my cordial greeting seemed in me. I looked into her face ere she withdrew from me, and thought her beautiful indeed; her eyes were glistening with tears, but sudden sunshine shone from them. Even as I looked, however, it grew dim, and a half sarcastic, half sad smile replaced it.

'I did not think you would come and see me so soon,' she said; 'there were so many to welcome you.'

'But none so dear,' I answered, involuntarily.

She held up her forefinger warningly, and I believe I must have changed colour as I remembered Kate. She gave a quick, deep sigh. 'I should have met you myself, had I been well, but my head aches excessively.'

She sat down again, and passed her hand over her brow.

'Shall I like your friend, do you think?' she asked, suddenly.

Then I spoke out as eloquently as I could of his merits, of his genius.

'Genius!' she echoed; 'it is a great word, and often misapplied. I hope I shall find he possesses it.'

'I am sure of it!' I exclaimed.

'Be it so,' replied Ella; 'but how frequently have I not been told so,

how invariably have I been disappointed! In the history of the world, true genius is rarely honoured: it is generally the charlatan who succeeds; I suppose because mortal eyes can look more steadily at a gas-lamp than at the sun himself.'

As she spoke, her gentleness seemed to vanish, the old curve of the lip came back; finally, with something more like a groan than a sigh, she laid her head down again on the pillow.

'I can't talk to you any more to-day, John,' she said at last; and as I left her, I saw her resume much the same attitude in which I found her.

Her sudden affection had died away, her tone was once more that of the superior to a tiresome child.

The memory of the heart is endowed with strange vitality; things merely intellectual pass away, but 'love is indestructible.' Those words of Ella's ring still in my ear—every gesture, every movement of her features is present to me as if I had just quitted her.

She did not appear that evening, and my aunt bewailed aloud Gerald's hard fate in missing her delightful conversation. He seemed perfectly resigned to it himself, and I confess I found no fault with our entertainment. He was particularly brilliant, my aunt enraptured with him, my father pleased, the ladies amused.

I was rather absent, and often lost the thread of conversation in my contemplation of the great improvement in Kate's appearance. She had gained in beauty, in ease of manner, in self-possession. What was more, she knew it. Months of gaiety, of admiration, had sufficiently enlightened her as to her power of pleasing. There was more difference between the shy *protégée* of Aunt Mad and the present brilliant county beauty, than even in her attire, yet in that the change was great. Formerly she cared only to be neat, now every fold hung gracefully, every hug was harmonized with the rest. I describe her now as I see her with the calm eyes of maturity; then I only felt the alteration, and owned it by making a greater fool of myself than ever. My first sensation was one of fear that she would despise me as others

did, but that soon fled before her smiles. She generally chose to sit beside me—whatever she wanted, she asked me to procure for her,—nay, she would often continue jesting and talking to me when Gerald had drawn near to us, and would gladly have shared in our dialogue. Kate was not clever; even in those days, I did not pretend that she was. But she was accomplished, as people use the term; she had lived enough with Ella to comprehend something of science and literature, and had sufficient tact to hide her ignorance when she did not. She did not need talent; who does, with such a charming face and such a voice? Nonsense was delicious from her lips. During those happy weeks, she was almost constantly with us. Colonel Thornton liked Ripplestone as well as she did, and was nearly as welcome. Sometimes she stayed in the house for days, and when nominally at home, she joined our rides or walks, or we dined with her, or else we met her in society.

The season was delightful, the country still in luxuriant beauty; never were people so abundantly blessed! At least, it seemed so to me, for I was under a spell. For the time, I lived in a world of visions. I suppose all, however commonplace, experience this delusion at some period of youth. For once my aunt's follies failed to annoy me,—in my fantastic mood, her efforts after the picturesque, her improvised *fêtes* rather suited me. Even Ella exerted herself to be amusing. Certainly her studies often withdrew her from our gay circle; at other times she would sit by and yet seem inattentive to all that passed. But more frequently she roused herself to be agreeable.

'No,' she remarked to me, a few days after our arrival—'no, Mr. Clair is not a man of genius.'

I testified my surprise.

'I knew you would be startled; but I am firm in my opinion. He is a handsome man, and that should dispose one to think him what one wishes. But he is more,—he is clever, very clever, and well educated.'

'You acknowledge his talent, then?'

'Certainly; but not his genius.'

'I do not see the difference.'

'No, John, I only wish you could. It would require even more eloquence than mine, which of course you own to be great, to explain to you what I feel. I mean the wide difference between talent and genius. My aunt, much as she speaks about them, is as ignorant on the subject as you are.'

'Allow me to ask you, Ella, which you fancy you possess?'

Ella paused. Slowly the rich blood suffused her cheek; she turned her eyes from me, and as she replied at length, there was a half-smile on her lip.

'Silly boy that you are to put such a question! Yet I will answer it:—genius! But mine is not the eagle in his state of freedom and power; mine is a king dethroned, chained, broken-winged,—all, all but blinded. That I am not.'

She caught her hand away from me, and darted out of the room before I could attempt to speak. Yet, if she thought thus of Clair, the qualities she did allow him were sufficient to make him enter readily into what interested her. He frankly owned to me that she excelled what he expected; and I was amused to find that he dwelt upon her genius with as much eagerness as she had evinced in denying his. Each in their several ways added to the charm of our circle, but formed no closer friendship with each other. My aunt and her literary friend were almost inseparable, and Colonel Thorntoft was but too proud to be allowed to hang about them; Kate and I were sworn allies; Clair, as my bosom friend, followed me everywhere, but Ella pursued her own path, amongst us, but not of us. Even towards my aunt I doubted both her confidence and her affection, although Miss De Vaincy hung upon her perpetually, and let not a word drop from her lips without retailing it for the benefit of the public.

CHAPTER VI.

HEIGHO! it makes my heart ache to look back upon those days, although I am growing grey, and am happier in the calm afternoon of life than in its sunny morning. How

strange it is to indulge in these retrospections! My former self appears like a familiar friend, in whose feelings I have deep interest, for whom I entertain a tender compassion, but no conviction of identity with him. The face on which sundry ill-bred wrinkles begin to make inroads, is not nearly so unlike the smooth boyish countenance of yore, as my mind as it was then and is now.

Many subsequent scenes have been long forgotten, but the incidents of that season are fresh in my recollection as if they passed but yesterday.

Three or four weeks of perfect enjoyment, and then the serpent stole into my Eden. I began to awake from my dreamy bliss, to be fevered, restless, full of mad resolutions, and absurd timidity. Then came an evening like this. Miss Gainsborough sang beautifully, a little too much in the operatic style, but still with a fine voice, and at times great effect. Kate often joined her in duets. I liked this; I was glad to have Miss Gainsborough's eyes employed upon her music-book instead of my face, and to be able to sit and watch Kate, as she stood beside the piano, seemingly engrossed by her task, but never forgetting the still more important duty of looking graceful and pretty. Gerald and Ella had been examining some books together, and were accordingly seated at a side table. The books were laid down; Ella had apparently fallen into one of her usual reveries. When the song ended, and I started from my own cogitations, I was amazed to find her, not only alive to what was passing before her, but gazing earnestly at me.

'Sweet, sweet concord!' lisped Miss De Vaincy, who always listened with half closed eyes; a head undulating more like a conductor's baton, than a human cranium, and significant 'ahs!' fired off at intervals, like minute guns. 'Dear Theresa's voice blends so well with darling Kate's, does it not, Mr. Clair?'

'Divinely,' he replied in a low tone.

Ella's glance flashed from me to him, and then on the singers. With an impatient gesture she swept down the pile of books before her; she intended only to push them aside, but some fell on the ground. Instantly

Gerald began to pick them up, and Kate involuntarily held out a candle to assist him in his search for some loose papers, which were strewn under the table. I cannot tell why I did not approach to aid them; I was completely engrossed by Ella. She stood coolly amid the confusion she had caused, and looked from Kate's beaming countenance bent over the light to that of Clair as he arose, papers in hand, almost at her feet. I could not see his face, but Ella did, and upon her lip was more than her usual scorn. Kate came laughing, and drew her chair to my side, to reproach me with my indolence.

'Ah! my love, it is no jesting matter, but a fatal truth,' said Aunt Maddalena, with her usual kindness.

That night, according to custom, I went into Gerald's room; often at such times I enjoyed an hour of cheerful conversation with him; but on this occasion I found him in the attitude of a person who is particularly tired and anxious to go to bed immediately. He had taken off his watch, and was winding it up with a suppressed yawn. I made my good night proportionably short; but as I was about to depart, he called me back.

'Really, my dear fellow, my visit has been ridiculously protracted—I must positively leave you the day after to-morrow.'

'Absurd,' I exclaimed, turning round in great excitement.

'You promised to stay a long time; you must not run away now.' And a long exchange of protestations and entreaties ensued, ending in Gerald's tardy concession and promise to remain. He yielded reluctantly, and yet he smiled, and as I quitted him, there was a glow upon his fine face, which I could not mistake, it was so undeniably that of pleasure. I did not follow his example and hurry to bed; I am ashamed to confess I very seldom did just then. I certainly have generally been a good sleeper, but at that time my slumber failed me. Could Aunt Mad have peeped through my keyhole, and descried me walking up and down restlessly, or star-gazing, she would have taken heart, and hoped that I was shaking off the commonplace part of my character.

On this occasion, I was sitting in

a lackadaisical attitude in an arm-chair, one foot still in drawing-room trim, the other ensconced in a slipper, my coat off, and my handkerchief half untied; my thoughts, however, very differently employed, and my hands consequently taking a holiday, and doing nothing further to expedite my undressing—when the handle of my door was turned once or twice.

'Gerald, of course,' I said, *sotto voce*. 'Come in!' The door softly opened, and there entered my sister, in some kind of mystic robe, long, flowing, and of a pale blue colour.

I do not think Miss Gainsborough herself would have alarmed me more, so much like strangers had we been nurtured.

'Not in bed!' whispered Ella, with surprise, looking at me with a curious gaze, which discomposed me still more; 'it is more than an hour since you came up stairs. Do you read at night?'

I laughed, and shook my head. I am afraid my boyish habit of colouring was not quite overcome, for Ella came close to me, and seemed to read my features with overpowering scrutiny.

'I am sorry, very sorry,' she said at last, laying her hand upon my shoulder. 'I was afraid of this; you know, John, that I am sadly absent, and often walk amongst you all as if I were in a dream. But sometimes I wake up suddenly, and see clearly. This evening I was thus roused, and the view did not please me. Others are taking advantage of your youth and simplicity,—you are deceived. A coquetish girl is using you—I mean, to speak plainly, that I do not believe Kate likes you as you hope she does,—as you like her, in short.'

'What do you mean by *like*?' I asked, taking courage, and trying to return her gaze firmly.

'What I fancy you call *love*,' she answered, slowly; 'though it is not what I should honour with the name.'

'Nonsense!' I exclaimed, impatiently. 'Love! who put such a thing into your head?'

'Yourself,' she replied, coldly; 'nor can I be the only one to draw the same conclusion from your manner.'

'Women are always fancying people in love,' I said, crossly, and dragging off the half-untied handkerchief; for truly I was nearly choking.

'Possibly,' she responded; 'but I cannot say it troubles my thoughts much. I do not know why I have condescended to speak of it now, except that I cannot forget that you are my brother,—cannot bear to see you a dupe.'

'Dupe!'

'Nay, perhaps I use harsh terms. I am harsh. I wish to heaven I were you, and you in my place. It would be better for both. However, I came to do you a service. I thought I should be the best person to tell you the truth, and though you resent it, I must repeat my conviction that you do love Kate Thornton, and that she does not return it. I will never name the subject again, but I ask you to see for yourself. You will be indeed blind if you cannot. Good night.'

And so she left me. Had she remained a few minutes longer, had she spoken more tenderly, my wounded pride would have yielded to my longing for advice and sympathy, and much sorrow have been spared to all. But she went away, and I was angry only at her interference. She had never shared my confidence before, and how could I endure her to look into my heart now, when it was torn by so many new and shrinking emotions. I remember the strange sensation of first hearing utterance given by another to my secret feelings. It recalled me at once to real life from my world of dreams. A kind of incredulity seized me. It was not, it could not be true that I was actually the love-sick fool she described. I laughed scornfully at the idea,—I defied it. It was all a practical vision on her part, and a jest upon my own. I in love? Not a whit. I hummed three bars of a drinking-song, and stalked across my room with the dignity of a stoic. My eyes fell upon my looking-glass,—I did not turn away.

'Now,' said I, sneeringly, 'let us see the woebegone visage of this silly swain.

Why so wan and pale, fond lover,

Prithee, why so pale?

Will, if looking-glass can't move her,

Looking ill prevail?

Nonsense, I am not pale; I am just what I always was—just as sunburnt, as jolly' (here I wreathed my white lips into a demoniacal smile), 'as utterly uninteresting and commonplace as—Good heavens, how unlike I am to Gerald—how inferior. I am glad it is only a fancy. Love me—*me!*—how could she?' and with an insane gesture, very far removed from the indifference I had tried to assume, I started back from the hateful mirror, and rushed to the window. The moon was bright, the landscape clear, all was at peace,—why was not I? I leaned out, and let the cold night-breeze blow upon my throbbing temples. I repeated to myself over and over again that it was a mistake—that there was nothing the matter with me. The stiff walk was before me on which I had paraded so often, learning my lessons under Aunt Mad's rigorous sway. Why did I with difficulty suppress my longing to be her slave again, rather than suffer thus?

Throughout my delirium, one point came frequently into my mind,—a wish that I had not persuaded Clair to remain longer. I hated myself for the involuntary sensation. Let it not be thought that I was jealous of Clair. My confidence in him was unshaken, and besides, Kate always appeared to slight him in my favour. Ella might say what she liked, but certainly Miss Thornton had done anything but frown upon my attentions. My only dread was, that if I found she was deceiving me, I should be unable to conceal from Gerald my chagrin. Much as I loved him, on this one subject I wished for no compassionate sympathy.

I did not see at first that these arguments led me into an acknowledgment of the truth of Ella's surmise. When at length this occurred to me, I dashed down my window again, and paced the floor once more in a turmoil of spirit quite piteous. I tried not to think. As fast as an idea rose above the chaos in my brain, I thrust it down again, and crushed it. The night was far spent ere I threw myself on my bed, and sank into the unrefreshing sleep of exhaustion.

I was awakened by some one laying a heavy hand upon my shoulder—

a bewildering impression of some great calamity having befallen me, was the first thing which I experienced.

'Jack, you lazy dog, Jack!' cried my father's energetic voice—and I started up like lightning. The sun was shining brightly into the room, upon furniture strangely disordered, garments flung madly about, and a candlestick in which the candle had burnt down, covering it with the droppings of wax, which had run even upon the pretty cover of my round table.

My father's eyes, however, were fixed upon me, and opened widely enough to testify surprise.

'Why, Jack, were you ill or drunk last night? Do you know you are half-dressed?'

By this time I had perceived the same disgraceful fact, and sat on the side of my bed, pressing my hand to my fevered brow in utter confusion.

'These are college habits, I suppose!' growled my father. 'This comes of your beloved chum's presence; no doubt you sat up smoking in his room.'

'No, indeed, sir, I did not; and my voice was as meek as that of a chidden child.'

My father now turned his inquisitorial gaze to the details which spoke so plainly of a disturbed night.

'Lord! what a scene!' he ejaculated, with growing dismay. 'And I always thought you so orderly in your habits,—so free from all—'

'Upon my honour,' I exclaimed, seeing his perturbation increase, 'I have nothing to accuse myself of, except being a little restless.'

'Restless!—when you seem to have been unable to undress yourself!'

'And so very much fatigued!' I added.

'Fatigued; yet retaining strength to kick your chairs about,—and look here!' He walked to the other end of the room to pick up a bootjack, obviously hurled there impetuously.

'Sir,' I said, rather indignantly, 'I am not addicted to midnight orgies.'

'Bravo! that is said like your aunt. However, I never doubted you. I won't begin now; especially as Master Clair was up with the lark, and looking almost as fresh as the morning. But, Jack, make

haste, breakfast is ready; and there comes Clair and—I suppose she was early abroad, too—there's my pet, Kate.'

I looked up suddenly, and saw the pair walk across the lawn quickly towards the house.

'Humph!' said my father; and this time he again directed his inquiring glance to my face. 'I begin to understand how the land lies! No, Jack, I was wrong to suspect you. Come, make haste. I see it all now.'

And, laughing, he went down stairs, leaving me to my hurried and comfortless toilet. They were at breakfast when I descended.

'Oh, fie! how could you oversleep yourself on such a lovely morning?' asked Kate, putting into mine her little round hand, and turning to me with her most bewitching smile.

Her cheeks were rosy with the cool morning air, her sunny curls slightly disordered by the petulant breeze. She was a perfect Hebe.

'You, at least, have not been a sluggard,' I replied, trying vainly to avoid looking my admiration. 'I saw you coming in from the garden.'

'And not alone,' said Miss Gainsborough, smiling.

Kate stooped to pick up her gloves. It was perfectly natural that she should have accidentally met Gerald as he returned from his walk. But it was certainly singular that he did not at first meet my eye; and that when he did, he looked gloomy, and seemed to study my features anxiously.

'I hoped I should find you there,' began Kate, who sat next me.

'A very frank confession!' cried my father.

'Too frank to be sincere,' observed Ella, shortly.

'You are too harsh, Ella,' replied Kate, with a pretty pout of the lip. 'I hope you will not attend to her, or believe such aspersions on my veracity.'

Her very sweetest mien of deprecatory innocence! It was rather a trial to my tottering firmness, despite the stern features of my sister fronting me steadily. Miss Gainsborough and Gerald were discussing a subject interesting to her, but she bestowed no attention upon them. I knew she was watching me. It was diffi-

cult to eat my breakfast without heeding Kate's resolution to attract me; but I did.

'Either she does like me, or she is the greatest hypocrite in the world,' I thought.

When I proved imperturbable, she directed her conversation to my father. I did not wonder at his partiality, she was so gently respectful to him. It was a relief when the letters arrived to divert the thoughts of our guests. Ella and I were alike surprised by our notes.

'An invitation to Ravenly!' she exclaimed.

I was annoyed to hear that she had received one also—having resolved to say nothing of mine.

'It is strange I have none!' observed Aunt Mad, acrimoniously. 'What is its purport?'

'Lady Ravenly wishes me to go there the day after to-morrow, and spend two or three days with her,' replied Ella. 'I am to meet several clever people, whom I have long desired to know. I should say there is no reason why we should not go, John?'

'I can't very well——,' I began.

'Which would put a stop to my accepting the invitation at once,' said Ella, frowning at me.

'Pray, don't let anything do that,' exclaimed my father. 'Lord Ravenly and I were great friends at college. Our different position has interfered since; but still, if he is warmly disposed towards you, do not chill him.'

'If my being here at all interferes, I shall immediately prepare for departure,' observed Gerald, coming forward with his usual grace.

'Surely,' said my aunt, with dignity, 'Miss Gainsborough and I are able to entertain Mr. Clair, not unpleasantly, for a couple of days. I cannot flatter you, nephew, by considering you a great blank in the charms of any circle.'

'We will go, then, Ella,' I faltered, stung to the quick by this speech in Kate's presence.

Clair and I were to set out on a long walk; but ere I went, Kate came to me, blushing and smiling, to ask a favour. I forget what it was; but, as usual, it was urged by such sweet words—'You are always so good to me'—'I would

rather ask you than any one,' &c.; that my pride yielded to her, and I found myself listening and looking into her beaming countenance with more absurd admiration than ever. It maddened me to remember it long afterwards. Gerald and I walked side by side, as we had often done before; but neither spoke. I think my abstraction must have astonished him. It was so complete, that I even forgot his presence, and when I aroused myself at length, I found it had proved infectious. He answered me at random, and in a constrained manner. The object of our walk was to look at a celebrated view, and when we reached the summit of the hill, the scene lay in unusual beauty before us, yet Gerald threw himself down on the turf in silence, more sensible of bodily fatigue than mental enjoyment, and I stood beside him, scarcely perceiving the landscape,—that graceful figure couched upon the grass, the handsome face, pale and clouded, gazing vaguely forward, shut out from me the fair world around us. I asked myself the cause of our temporary alienation. This was not the first time that either of us had been unhappy or sullen; but till now, the other had been ready to console or laugh the sufferer into good humour again. Why had this ceased? I felt I was the person to blame; hitherto I had thought rather more of him than of myself; I had studied his moods and reflected them almost unconsciously. But self had lately engrossed me; my own foolish troubles had brought forgetfulness of him. He saw this, and was justly displeased. Perhaps he fancied I was weary of him. I laid my hand upon his arm. He looked up at me instantly, but his expression froze the words upon my lip. I cannot describe his countenance, I should as vainly try to forget it as I then did to understand its meaning. It was somewhat sad and deprecatory, and yet stern. It said but one thing plainly, and that was, 'Do not question me.' Struggle to meet such a look and hear at the same time words so unmeaning as the sentence he addressed to me. 'Ravenly lies beyond those green hills, I suppose.'

I replied in the same tone, and remarked that the view was fine.

He acquiesced, and said the day was favourable. How miserable such commonplaces sounded between us! We soon turned homewards, walking as rapidly as if a wager depended on our speed. My father met us at the door, cheerful as usual; but Gerald went up stairs to his room without speaking.

'He was as gay as possible before breakfast,' said my father; 'Ella herself could not be more sombre now. I think your clever people are very often so. I must say I am not fond of them, and wish you would choose a plain man, like yourself, for your next friend.'

'How absurd, father,' I exclaimed.

'Absurd, Jack! not at all; and if it were, you need not tell me so. Remember — fifth commandment. Heaven bless me, there's the gardener waiting for the men's wages.' And as he dived into his sanctum, I repaired to the morning room. My aunt had certainly the knack of making her apartments look pretty. Perhaps the bright day, and the aspect of the inmates, set off her skill to unusual advantage on this occasion. Miss Gainsborough was drawing. She was a tall woman of a doubtful age; she owned to six-and-twenty, and did not appear much more, yet there were shrewd suspicions that she would never see thirty again. Her figure was considered extremely fine; her complexion remarkably dark, but clear, and set off by pearly teeth; she had glossy black hair, and dark eyes with a languishing expression, very disagreeable to me. No one could deny that she was handsome; no one could allege that she was not clever and lady-like, yet how often I wished her far from Ripplestone. Always quiet, always complaisant, her presence still worried me. She was often too unobtrusive. I forgot that she was there, and was betrayed into remarks, which I objected to her over-hearing. And it was the certainty of her being perpetually near, when I did not wish her to be so, that annoyed me. Considering that she had many occupations, it was marvellous how she contrived to be continually present to one; how well she could attend to her own employments, and yet miss nothing of what others said and did.

VOL. XLIV. NO. CCLX.

I disliked her as much as it was possible for my commonplace nature to dislike any person. My aunt was writing busily beside her, and Kate Thornton's needle was plied nimbly at a small work-table in the window, on which stood a vase of bright flowers. As I entered, those flowers were less rich than her heightened colour, and the half-suppressed smile flickering across her lips. Miss Gainsborough's eyes were lifted from her drawing to Kate's face, and yet she addressed me:

'What! have you left Mr. Clair musing on the hill-tops?'

I had followed her glance, and saw with surprise, that, as I closed the door, a shade of impatient disappointment replaced Kate's blush.

'He has gone to his room to write, I fancy,' I replied, coldly.

'I am so glad he consents to remain longer,' began my aunt, with an effusion of delight. 'We shall so miss him, when the dreadful hour of separation can be no further averted. I have rarely met with such an acquisition to a domestic circle; whilst at the same time, he is so richly qualified to shine at the bar or in the senate; I confess I did not give you, John, credit for sufficient discernment, to appreciate a character so fine. Then his appearance—'

'Perfectly suitable to his mind,' interrupted Miss Gainsborough.

'And his voice—'

'So irresistible,' said she again.

'And his name!' cried my aunt.

'Very prepossessing; don't you think so, Kate?' inquired Miss Gainsborough.

'Beautiful,' answered Kate, rather hurriedly.

'Gerald Clair!' continued Aunt Mad. 'Delicious title. Ah! the contrast saddens me. My poor nephew, — Gerald Clair and John Black, — or as my brother will say, Jack Black; listen Theresa — what bathos!'

Theresa laughed, not aloud. She never did such a thing in her life! How I hate a soundless laugh! My aunt laughed as usual, affectedly.

Kate's golden curls hung over her face, almost swamping her embroidery, but they shook like sunbeams on a rippling current. I knew she laughed also.

Just then Gerald entered. He

drew his chair to Theresa's side, and watched her. I relieved my feelings as all commonplace people do in summer, by staring out of the window. I wonder why it is such a soothing occupation on all occasions, without reference to the nature of the view. Be the latter nature's loveliest features, or only a dull back street, still the dejected, the sulky, and the confused, persist in gazing at it, as if it were their only hope. In winter they turn fire-worshippers. I was revolving, meanwhile, my father's warning, 'remember the fifth commandment;' and conjecturing whether aunts, though not expressed, were understood as included in the mandate.

'How well you draw!' I heard Clair say, at length.

'You flatter me!' replied Miss Gainsborough.

'No, Theresa, he only asserts what is perfectly accordant with veracity,' interposed Miss de Vaincy. 'I ought to be a competent judge, since I had, in my early youth, no mean pretensions to the reputation of drawing indifferently well, and I consider you a first-rate artist. You are too modest, my Theresa.'

Kate moved forward to examine the drawing. I turned my head to observe the scene. As she bent over the table, Gerald said in a low tone,

'Why do you never draw now?'

I wondered how she knew he addressed her, for his eyes were averted, and yet there was an accent on the *you* which thrilled through me. Assuredly his lauded voice was very unlike mine, but at that moment, I thought he mocked my manner of speaking to her.

'I never knew you could draw,' exclaimed Miss Gainsborough.

'Nor I either,' I muttered to myself.

'She draws beautifully,' said Gerald.

'Where did he learn this?' I thought, for we had been always together since he knew her.

Kate answered eagerly, 'Oh, I have not touched a pencil since I sketched in Wales!'

'Ah, but then!' he exclaimed.

A glance was exchanged. What was all this? I remembered their first introduction. Was it really the first? My aunt raised her head to

ask if I had any message to send to Constance de Vaincy? At any other time, I should have said instantly, 'Message to a person I never beheld—certainly not!' Now I replied:

'Anything you deem proper, I beg.'

'Mrs. Graves met her at Leamington lately, and tells me that though so much admired, she enters little into society, devoting herself to the care of her infirm father. Ah! the De Vaincys are always so tenderly filial!'

'Mr. Reginald de Vaincy's only child, I presume?' insinuated Theresa.

'And heir,' added Kate, with a wicked smile. At that instant her father was announced. He was a true specimen of a man who cares only for outward appearances—good-looking, youthful in manner, gentlemanlike, and frivolous. He was called a doting father; the fact being, that he was proud of Kate as his own property, and a very pretty girl, whose beauty lessened his reluctance to appear in public with a grown-up daughter, ere he had given up his pretensions to be considered young himself. 'Commonplace as I was, he seemed especially of late to favour my attentions to her. He had, on this occasion, ridden over to bring Miss Gainsborough a book she wished to read.

'Receive, fair lady, this mark of my remembrance,' he said, laying it on the stool at her feet. Slight and graceful still, he affected the chivalric and courtly in gesture.

'And you have actually come on purpose to gratify my foolish wish?' responded Theresa, softly.

I lost his answer, in my surprise at the girlish sentiment of my aunt's reception of the Colonel. It was as if I had suddenly fallen into a dream, in which the conduct of all around me appeared thus strange.

'How can you answer to me, Miss De Vaincy, for robbing me of my child? By what witchcraft do you retain her? And yet need I ask what sorcery prevails at Ripplestone?'

Miss De Vaincy cast down her eyes and simpered. Colonel Thornton flung his arm round Kate's slender waist, and continued to jest.

'Positively, I expect you will be running away from me altogether soon.' Here he gave me a most sig-

nificant glance, to my utter consternation.

'No, papa, I go home to you to-morrow,' replied Kate, in a low tone, hiding her face on his shoulder. 'I took a rash step; I actually walked out of the room, and did not return until I heard Colonel Thornton's horse go cantering down the avenue.'

CHAPTER VII.

'Such a nice, good-tempered creature!'

'So he is, and not without common sense, if he would but think it. Too diffident, by far!'

'Confess that you have rarely to point out such a fault in young men now-a-days.'

Lord Ravenly smiled and shook his head; but I, with a face of confusion, retreated from a position of dangerous proximity to the speakers. Little did they imagine how near I stood; for the diffident young man, the nice creature they criticised, was—myself. Certainly these were not very warm encomiums, yet so used was I to depreciation, that they elated me.

Even my recent perturbation could not prevent my thinking Ravenly, and Ravenlys, Lord and Lady, delightful. Many of their guests were people I had often longed to meet, and now for the first time I saw Ella not only admired, but liked. Free from Miss De Vaincy's supervision, surrounded by congenial associates, she exhibited all her best qualities. I was proud of my sister, and less humiliated than usual in her presence, since no one was there to expose my deficiencies. Certainly no person deferred to my opinions, or followed me with respectful attention, but all chatted gaily with me upon ordinary topics, walked, rode, drank wine, and danced with me, without seeming struck by any extreme want of intellect on my part.

When our last day arrived, we were eagerly pressed to stay longer, and when I pleaded Gerald's presence at Ripplestone, our host expressed great regret at not having been sooner informed of it. The result of the whole discussion was, an arrangement that Ella should remain at Ravenly, whilst I rode over

next morning to bring Gerald back with me for a few days.

Just as if these plans had been foreseen, a groom from Ripplestone brought my horse at daybreak, with a note from Mr. Clifford, wherein he declared himself anxious to consult me upon an important affair, and requested me to ride at once to the cottage, leaving Ella to go home in the carriage.

It was only fifteen miles from Ravenly to Ripplestone, and I started before the family breakfast hour. The weather was bright and genial, the country beautiful. Change of scene and of companions had done me good; my heart was unusually light, as I rode rapidly away and breathed the fresh air of early morning.

For more than two miles my road lay through Ravenly Park, and I gratified my boyish gaiety by cantering over the turf, glistening as it was with heavy dew. My gallant little nag shook his saucy head and snorted with delight as he felt the cool, soft grass beneath him. How the startled deer bounded at my coming—how wildly the rooks cawed and circled above me! How my pace increased until we rather flew than galloped! Then, with what exultation I checked my speed to a gentle canter, and regained the path! It led to a declivity, where the plantations began to close round me. I no longer chased away the graceful deer, but rabbits and hares scudded across the road, and as I ascended the opposite bank, lo! a rustling in the tall trees above, and looking up I espied a squirrel swinging himself to a still more giddy height. By and bye I stopped to gaze through an opening in the wood upon the picturesque mansion I had just left. Often before had I admired it, with its quaint pinnacles and gables glittering in the sunbeams, crowning the green eminence like a diadem of carved ivory. Now I associated with it the many bright faces assembling at that moment within, perhaps not unmindful of me. I felt glad I was to return, and heeded not the sigh rising to my lip. About five miles from Ripplestone, I quitted the high road and pursued a bridle-path through the woods. Ella's warnings, my night of deli-

rium, my many bitter doubts and fears, vanished before the exhilarating influences of my ride, and my spirits rose, instead of flagging. 'What pitiful fools we are to keep gloating over our wretched, fluttering hearts, instead of gazing abroad upon the glories of creation! What are my transitory feelings worth, compared to this great world, of whose mere dust I was fashioned, to whose mere dust I shall return?'

I raised my hat as I spoke, in a sort of involuntary homage. The path turned at that spot, and then ran straight for a considerable distance. I looked up the vista, and beheld Gerald Clair!—actually Gerald Clair! My first impulse of delight at his meeting me was choked by the conviction that he could have no idea that I would take such an unusual road home. My next was, surprise at seeing him so far from Ripplestone on foot and at such an hour. Then came wonder at his dejected gait, his folded arms, his drooping head. Suddenly he lifted his head and saw me. I was sufficiently

to be certain that he did, yet he turned round instantly, and plunged into the thicket beside him. 'Clair, Clair!' I cried aloud, concluding that he meant to play me a trick. 'Clair!' My clear, eager voice rang through the wood, and roused its slumbering echoes. 'Clair!' I galloped forward as he emerged from the coppice and stood before me. 'What in the name of all that is mystical, from the days of Aladdin to those of Mesmer, brings you here?' I sprang from my horse, and put my hand on his shoulder. He gave me no answer. I looked into his face. It was perfectly colourless. No doubt my own became so, for I felt the life-blood rush back into my heart, and knock there as the surge dashes against a rock. I looked into his eyes. They were averted. I did not lift my hand from his shoulder. I could not. My lips moved, but no voice was heard. At last I did say in a whisper, 'Are you ill—or what?' 'No.'

Such a broken sound, and the eyes still averted. Then, poor, fond boy that I was,—the one thought ever uppermost in my mind burst forth almost against my will, and my young heart bared itself to him—to

him. Oh! Heaven, I writhe even now at the remembrance.

'Oh! Gerald, tell me, is *she* ill?'

He bounded from my grasp, as the deer from my path, and the cheek which had been white, was crimson now.

'No, no!' he cried, 'don't speak so to me.'

'Not speak of her! Why?'

It was new, very new for me to see any mortal quail at my words, yet Gerald did so,—Gerald, whose very footsteps I would have worshipped.

'Do not question me,' he said, hurriedly; 'I am not the person to explain all to you. Go home, and they will tell you.'

I paused—I was bewildered.

'Home!' I repeated—'very well, then, let us go!'

But he did not move. He saw that I waited, and at length he pointed forward and echoed my final word, 'Go!'

'And you?'

'Will never cross your threshold again,' he replied, with forced calmness.

'In Heaven's name, Gerald, what has happened? Who has offended you? What is all this? Am I mad, or are you?'

'I am, I believe,' he answered, gloomily,—'at least, I have been. Ask me no more, John, for your own sake.'

'But I must!' I exclaimed; 'I cannot leave you. Whatever has occurred, it cannot alter *us*. Why, Gerald, you are not to give me up for some silly squabble with my aunt? There can be nothing in this wide world to separate *us*. Tell me all! Have I not a right to hear it—a right to stay with you? Am I not your friend?'

'Yes, but you are more—go, go—I cannot explain.'

Something urged me beyond myself. I laid my hand again upon his arm, and my words were strangely resolute.

'Gerald Clair, from this spot I do not move until you speak. Whatever has chanced to banish you from Ripplestone, and me from your friendship, let me hear it from your lips. If any one has told falsehoods of me, let me know what they are, and I will refute them. If you

have done anything to forfeit *my* esteem, avow it here yourself, for there lives no man whom I would believe, did he dare to tell me so!

His eyes met mine now, and there was in them wonder, sorrow, and—perhaps admiration.

'You are right. Such should be the course—such *would* be, were I not self-condemned—were I not too great a coward to like to look upon the suffering I have caused. Yet I have a little to plead in extenuation. When you go home, they will tell you that I have been false to you; that—that I love Kate Thornton!'

I did not ask if she loved *him*. What need to ask?

A few seconds of confusion, of voices in my brain, repeating his words in horrible chorus,—but I was not a child or a woman, and could not weep or faint, or in any way forget or exhaust my grief. No! I was a man, and must not utter one groan of despair. The path, the trees, the sky rocked before me, and went and came like phantasmagoria. Sometimes I saw them—sometimes I saw only a face, and that the face of a girl, fair and smiling,—then my bursting heart cried out to me, that she was all for which I lived, and that without her the world was a blank.

The scenes which had been so bright, the sun which was so glorious, had rolled away from before me, and there was nothing—nothing left but the face of a woman—a mere earthworm, like myself.

Then rose before me again the man whom I had loved almost as well,—the Friend who was more than Brother! Could I lose both! *False* to me!

Though he averred it, my tenderness pleaded for him aloud.

'I never told you that I loved her!'

'Not in words,' replied he,—and the well-known voice recalled me to full consciousness,—'not in words; but did it need *my* discernment to read it in every look—every tone? I knew it as well as that you breathed!'

I marvel now that at that moment I felt no anger. The whole was such a dream; the one great, calamitous certainty that I had lost them both, swallowed up all jealousy—all indignation. I was stunned. I listened

whilst he went on speaking eagerly—vehemently.

'Yet I was not wilfully treacherous. When I came to Ripplestone, I did not find a stranger and seek to rival you. No! we had met before. When I was in Wales, I found her sketching in a ruined abbey; her friends spoke to me,—we talked and idled away a bright morning in those grey aisles,—we met again and again at different points of our tour, but never heard each other's name. I had not forgotten—I never *could* have forgotten her.'

'Why keep this from me?' I asked, bitterly.

'Because, when I came here, she said nothing of our having met before. I thought she did not wish it mentioned. Afterwards I shrank from naming it. I might have fled from temptation, but I was fool enough to think I could defy it. Besides, I soon saw—thus much I must say—had she never known me, I do not imagine she ever would have been much to you. Your aunt's second—'

'Ay, she is my evil genius,' I gasped out.

'Nor would I have been base enough to seek deliberately to bind her to one so poor as I am. But her father and yours both intended a union between you. Colonel Thornton urged her to it—urged her cruelly. She refused; he raged, and rode off to consult your father. I, meantime, called accidentally—found her in tears—lost all command over myself; said much—too much—said all—heard all. The Colonel returned; was indignant with me;—enough—he has forbidden me his house; but she—she will be true to me!'

My senses were rallying themselves, and with them came outraged pride. Refuse me! Why, I had not spoken of my love to her—to any one! I gave no father licence to treat of marriage. Was I so utterly without discretion that I must be left no choice where the meanest of mankind has a right to judge for himself?

'I instantly quitted your house,' he continued; 'to-day I leave your neighbourhood, unless there be any satisfaction—'

I laughed—yes, I laughed aloud! 'Satisfaction! Were you to shoot

me as I stand here, do you think I should care? What wound could be such torture as the one you have inflicted? I do not mean that you have robbed me of *her*,—you say she never could have loved me. Possibly—assuredly: for it would seem that I can never claim even affection from my fellow-creatures. But remember, however others have dared to lay open my feelings to public comment and derision, they have done it wantonly. *My* lips never revealed my secret; I never asked Kate Thornton for hers; and till a man has spoken of his love, I think he might at least be spared rejection. But you, Gerald Clair—I owned that you were dear to me. As Heaven is above me, you were of more value to me than my life! Yet you deceived me; you were altogether false to me. You could not even trust me sufficiently to confide in me, and leave me to act as I *could*—as I would have done. No! there is no satisfaction for this. *Blame* could not wipe away this stain on your faith. Go—go in peace. Some time hence I—'

'Forgive me!' he said. Yes! he, the proud Gerald, stooped to say, with faltering accents, 'Oh, my friend, never so well known or loved as at this bitter hour, forgive me! I own my fault. We are not happy in your misery; we are steeped in anguish almost as great as yours.

We are poor and apart; we may not meet again for many weary months.'

'And what are absence and poverty, if you love each other?' I know I spoke coldly, sternly; but he answered only the more urgently, 'Forgive me!'

He looked at me with the pleading glance I had never before resisted. Even then, my affection seemed strong as ever. There was a fearful struggle in my mind, in my heart—ay, in my frame.

'Forgive you! what can *my* forgiveness do? What am I, that I should forgive? Go, and be happy. I wish you no ill; I wish you prosperity and peace. Is not that forgiveness? Only do not try to see me more. Henceforth there is nothing in common between us, and I loved you too well to *endure* to meet you as a stranger. Farewell, then, for ever, Gerald Clair!'

He stood there, pale and motionless. In his illness he was not more wan. Yet even now, in shame and sorrow, his was the beauty of an angel. I could not wonder that she loved him!

I left him leaning against a tree. Leading my horse, I proceeded slowly along that woodland path. The same green woods around, the same bright sky above, and yet the sunshine and the verdure were gone from my soul—for ever?

WORDSWORTH.

PART II.

WE brought Wordsworth, in our previous notice, to his thirtieth year, when his training may be presumed complete. His tastes, his pursuits, and his character, were fully determined, and the remainder of his life, extending over a space of fifty years, was but the progressive manifestation of the powers cultivated, and the principles formed, during the stages of which we have been hitherto speaking. In the latter part of 1799, he took up his residence with his sister, in a cottage at Grasmere; and here, or at a house called Allan Bank, and

subsequently at Rydal Mount, he passed his long, peaceful, and happy existence in a round of domestic charities and poetic activity.

From a journal written by Miss Wordsworth, and memoranda dictated by the poet to Miss Isabella Fenwick, which together constitute the only really valuable portion of these two volumes, we learn something of the mode of life pursued by the inmates of the cottage, and the outward sources of many of Wordsworth's poems. The former, fragmentary and discontinuous as are the portions of it given us, bears out

all that has been said of Miss Wordsworth's genius and sensibility, and of the influence she exerted upon her brother, both as a poet and a man. We select from it two passages of exceeding beauty:—

As we were going along, we were stopped at once, at the distance perhaps of fifty yards, from our favourite birch tree: it was yielding to the gust of wind, with all its tender twigs; the sun shone upon it, and it glanced in the wind like a flying sunshiny shower: it was a tree in shape, with stem and branches, but it was like a spirit of water.

When we were in the woods below Gowbarrow Park, we saw a few *Daffodils* close to the water-side. . . . As we went along there were more and yet more; and at last, under the boughs of the trees, we saw there was a long belt of them along the shore. I never saw daffodils so beautiful. They grew among the mossy stones about them: some rested their heads on these stones as on a pillow; the rest tossed, and reeled, and danced, and seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind, they looked so gay and glancing.

The following extracts from the journal we quote, as the best account we can give of the daily life of the writer and her brother:—

Wednesday, April 28.—Copied the *Prioress' Tale*. W. in the orchard—tired. I happened to say that when a child I would not have pulled a *strawberry blossom*: left him, and wrote out the *Manciple's tale*. At dinner he came in with the poem on children gathering flowers.*

April 30.—We went into the orchard after breakfast, and sat there. The lake calm, sky cloudy. W. began poem on the *Celandine*.

May 1.—Sowed flower seeds: W. helped me. We sat in the orchard. W. wrote the *Celandine*. Planned an arbour: the sun too hot for us.

May 7.—W. wrote the *Leech-Gatherer*.

May 21.—W. wrote two sonnets on *Buonaparte*, after I had read Milton's Sonnets to him.

May 29.—W. wrote his Poem on going to M. H. I wrote it out.

June 8.—W. wrote the poem '*The sun has long been set.*'

June 17.—W. added to the *Ode*† he is writing.

June 19.—Read Churchill's *Rosciad*.

July 9.—W. and I set forth to Keswick on our road to Gallow Hill (to the Hutchinsons, near Malton, York). On Monday, 11th, went to Eusemere (the Clarksons). 13th, walked to Emont Bridge, thence by Greta Bridge. The sun shone cheerfully, and a glorious ride we had over the moors; every building bathed in golden light: we saw round us miles beyond miles, Darlington spire, &c. Thence to Thirsk; on foot to the Hamilton Hills—Rivaux. I went down to look at the ruins: thrushes singing, cattle feeding among the ruins of the Abbey; green hillocks about the ruins; these hillocks scattered over with *grovelets* of wild roses, and covered with wild flowers. I could have stayed in this solemn quiet spot till evening without a thought of moving, but W. was waiting for me.

July 30.—Left London between five and six o'clock of the morning outside the Dover coach. A beautiful morning. The city, St. Paul's, with the river—a multitude of little boats, made a beautiful sight as we crossed *Westminster Bridge*;‡ the houses not overhung by their clouds of smoke, and were spread out endlessly; yet the sun shone so brightly, with such a pure light, that there was something like the purity of one of Nature's own grand spectacles. . . . Arrived at Calais at four in the morning of July 31st.

Delightful walks in the evenings: seeing far off in the west the coast of England, like a cloud, crested with Dover Castle, the evening star, and the glory of the sky: the reflections, in the water were more beautiful than the sky itself; purple waves brighter than precious stones for ever melting away upon the sands.

On Monday, Oct. 4, 1802, W. was married at Brompton Church, to Mary Hutchinson. . . . We arrived at Grasmere at six in the evening on Oct. 6, 1802.

Mary Hutchinson was Wordsworth's cousin, and they had been intimate from childhood, having been at the same dame's school together, whenever the poet, during his earliest years, was on a visit to his maternal relations at Penrith. How calm and beautiful their wedded life was; how full of mutual support and happiness;

* The poem entitled '*Forssight*,' vol. i. p. 149.

† '*On Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Childhood*,' vol. v. p. 148.

‡ The Sonnet on Westminster Bridge was then written on the roof of the Dover coach (vol. ii. p. 296).

how rich in thoughtful affection, esteem, and purifying influence, may be traced in the poems with which Mrs. Wordsworth's name will ever be more directly associated, forming a series to which the sameness of subject, and the progressive development of feeling, give a unity which shapes them into an organic whole, one sweet and holy poem of wedded love, reflecting the vicissitudes of earthly life, as the mountain-circled lake reflects the changing face of an April sky, bright or overcast, as clouds or sunshine prevail above; but whether in brightness or in gloom, calm in its still depths, however the breeze may ruffle and perplex the mirror of its surface.

We are indebted to Mr. de Quincey for portraits of Wordsworth and his wife, which, in the absence of anything of the sort in Dr. Christopher Wordsworth's volumes, we will take the liberty to present in an abridged form; though whatever Mr. de Quincey writes is so admirable, that no abridgment can fail to do it injustice. He describes Mrs. Wordsworth, a few years after her marriage, as a tall young woman, with the most winning expression of benignity upon her features that he had ever beheld, and with such a frank air, and native goodness of manner, as at once to put a stranger at his ease with her. Her figure was good, though rather slender; her complexion fair, and blooming with an animated expression of health. Her eyes, as her husband paints her,

Like stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn.

Mr. de Quincey adds to this portrait that, in these eyes of vespertine gentleness, there was more than that slight obliquity of vision which is often supposed to be an attractive foible of the countenance; and yet, though it ought to have been displeasing or repulsive, in fact it was not. 'Indeed, all faults, had they been ten times more and greater, would have been swallowed up, or neutralized, by that supreme expression of her features, to the intense unity of which every linea-

ment in the fixed parts, and every undulation in the moving parts, or play of her countenance, concurred—viz., a sunny benignity, a radiant gracefulness, such as in this world I never saw equalled or approached.' He tells us that, 'though generally pronounced very plain, she exercised all the practical power and fascination of beauty, through the mere compensating charms of sweetness all but angelic; of simplicity the most entire; womanly self-respect, and purity of heart speaking through all her looks, acts, and movements.' She talked so little, that Clarkson used to say of her, that she could only say, 'God bless you!'

A masterly portrait is completed by a description of the intellectual character as not being of an active order; though, 'in a quiescent, reposing, meditative way, she appeared always to have a genial enjoyment from her own thoughts.' The acknowledged pique which colours all Mr. de Quincey's picture of the Wordsworths may have had something to do with this last touch. Our readers will scarcely be disposed to agree with any depreciation of that woman's intellect who wrote the two most beautiful and thoughtful lines in one of Wordsworth's most charming minor poems. It is to Mrs. Wordsworth that the poem called 'Daffodils' owes the lines:

They flash upon that inward eye,
Which is the bliss of solitude.

Such was the woman who for nearly fifty years shared the home and heart of the poet with the beloved sister. And what was he like himself? Let us take a crayon sketch from the full-length carefully coloured portrait, by the same skilful hand. He was five feet ten inches in height, and of moderate stoutness, but his legs were bad, and his bust worse, from a narrowness of chest, and a droop about the shoulders. These defects of figure were more conspicuous when he was in motion, and were increased by a habit he had of walking with his arm in his unbuttoned waistcoat, which caused him to advance with a twisting motion, so that he would gradually edge off any one he was with, from the middle to the side of the road, and the country people used to say he walked 'like a cade.'

some sort of insect with an oblique motion. He had originally a fine sombre complexion, like that of a Venetian senator, or a Spanish monk; but constant exposure to weather soon spoilt his tint, and gave a coarse texture to his face, and grizzled hair came early to displace the original brown. His countenance, however, made amends for figure and complexion; it was, says the artist we are copying, the noblest for intellectual effects that I have ever been led to notice. It had the character of a portrait of Titian, or Vandyke, of the great age of Elizabeth and the Stuarts. Haydon has painted Wordsworth as a disciple, in his picture of 'Christ's Entry into Jerusalem.' The head was well filled out; the forehead not very lofty, but remarkable for its breadth and expansive development. The eyes were rather small, and never lustrous or piercing, but at times, especially after long walks, 'assumed an appearance the most solemn and spiritual that it is possible for the human eye to wear.' The light that resided in them, though never superficial, seemed at times 'to come from depths below all depths,' 'the light that never was on land or sea.' The nose was a little arched and large. But the most marked feature in the whole face was the mouth, with its circumjacenties; the swell and protrusion of the parts above and around the mouth were not only noticeable in themselves, but gave the face a striking resemblance to the portrait of Milton, engraved in Richardson the painter's notes on *Paradise Lost*, which was the only one acknowledged by Milton's last surviving daughter to be a strong likeness of her father. Every member of Wordsworth's family was as much impressed as Mr. de Quincey with the striking resemblance. The points of difference were, that Milton's face was shorter and broader, and his eyes larger. The only portrait of Wordsworth which Mr. de Quincey thinks is to be at all compared for likeness with this Richardson-portrait of Milton, is one by Carruthers, with one of the Rydal waterfalls for a background. The objection to the later ones is, that Wordsworth, from the fervour of his temperament, and the self-consuming energy of

his brain, prematurely displayed the appearance of age. We make no apology for the length to which these descriptions have run; rather, we heartily recommend our readers to study the originals, not less for Wordsworth's sake, than as admirable specimens of one of the greatest prose writers whom our century has produced. They will be found in *Tait's Magazine*, among the 'Lake Reminiscences,' by the English Opium-Eater.

In the year 1800, an edition of the *Lyrical Ballads*, with an additional volume, and the famous Preface, had been published. Fresh editions were called for in the years 1802 and 1805, proof sufficient that the fit audience was already gathering strength, and that the reviewers were not the public. Still the returns scarcely did more than pay the expense of publication. This, however, was now of less importance. In 1802, on the death of the first Lord Lonsdale, his successor paid the debt due to Wordsworth's family with interest, and the sum that fell to each member was about 1800*l.* Mr. de Quincey, with something of good-humoured banter, and a half-serious latent reference to his own different fate, speaks of Wordsworth, in reference to pecuniary matters, as the most fortunate man in existence; and tells us that a regular succession of god-sends fell in to sustain his expenditure with the growing claims upon his purse. We have mentioned the legacy from Raisley Calvert, which saved him from newspaper writing, and (though his nephew seems to know nothing about it) from the equally unsuitable employment of taking pupils. Next came Lord Lonsdale's repayment, which enabled him to marry; for with his simple habits, what would have been poverty to most men of education, was a competence for him. Miss Hutchinson brought him some fortune, which was afterwards increased by a legacy from an uncle, expressed in thousands of pounds. In 1813, just as his family were becoming expensive, he was made stamp-distributor for Westmoreland, with an income of above 500*l.* per annum (we say nothing of the subsequent addition to this source of income from the increase of his district, because his

nephew ignores it, but Mr. de Quincey puts it down at 400*l.* more); and finally (since Mr. de Quincey wrote), on resigning this office in 1842, it was bestowed upon his younger son, and he was himself put down upon the civil list for 300*l.* a-year, and finally, made Poet Laureate;* so that, by a singular felicity, this man, unpossessed of any marketable talent, was enabled, from the age of three-and-twenty, to devote himself, without care or anxiety for the future, to the cultivation of his genius, and was secured in that free enjoyment of nature and domestic happiness, which was an essential condition of his poetic activity. To Raisley Calvert, who laid the first stone, and to Lord Lonsdale, who first, by a prompt and liberal act of justice, and afterwards, by a kind and discerning act of patronage, built upon this foundation the solid edifice of the poet's prosperity, be all honour paid. The name and virtues of both are embalmed for immortality in those pages, which owe so much to the leisure their liberality and discernment fortified; but England owes them a debt of gratitude, which she will pay, in proportion as her people feel 'what a glorious gift God bestows on a nation when he gives them a poet,' (Dedication of second edition of *Guesses at Truth*, to W. Wordsworth.) It would be unfair to Sir George Beaumont not to associate his name with Wordsworth's benefactors. Before he had seen Wordsworth, solely from the impression made upon him by his writings, he, in 1803, purchased a beautiful spot at Applethwaite, near Keswick, and presented it to the poet, in order that he and Coleridge, who was then residing at Greta Hall, might be permanent neighbours. Coleridge's failure of health compelled him to leave England, and the plan was never carried out; but the friendship that sprang from this beginning, ripened into a close intimacy, and a frequent interchange of letters and visits. Some of the happiest efforts of the titled painter are illustrations of the poems of his

friend; and in many of those poems their names will go down to posterity, linked together by the purest ties of friendship and mutual admiration. Sir George died in 1827, and bequeathed to Mr. Wordsworth an annuity of 100*l.* to defray the expenses of an annual tour. There had been a period in Wordsworth's life, when fear of poverty and distress had clouded his prospects. Mr. de Quincey informs us, (again we search Dr. Christopher Wordsworth's pages in vain, for either confirmation or denial,) on Miss Wordsworth's authority, that her brother at one time became subject to a nervous affection to such an extent, that his friends, as a means of beguiling his distress, played cards with him every night.

Again we say, honour and gratitude to Raisley Calvert and Lord Lonsdale, and the few men who, like Sir George Beaumont, cheered and supported the poet in his struggle with hostile criticism and public apathy. To these three men his works and his correspondence bear ample testimony. We cannot, however, in justice, avoid a passing allusion to the absence of any acknowledgment, or of even any feeling of thankfulness, for sympathy of a less substantial but no less necessary kind, from those few men of letters who early discerned and expressed their sense of Wordsworth's profoundly original genius. If the poet's own extreme dislike of writing prevented such acknowledgments in the shape in which they form so pleasing a portion of the biographies of other poets, at least we should like to have had some record of spoken feelings, which would have shown that the homage of such men as Wilson and De Quincey, and later in his career, of Thomas Arnold, of Julius Hare, and of Henry Taylor, was not paid to an idol of stone. The biographer's want of sympathy with any form of goodness or talent which does not run submissively within the channels of Church-of-England orthodoxy according to the Westminster Canon, may partly account for this. Still

* Dr. Wordsworth is not quite correct in leading his readers to suppose that his uncle's laureateship was a complete sinecure. On Prince Albert's installation as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, he wrote the words of the Ode, which was composed by the popular and accomplished professor of music, Dr. Walmisley, and performed in the Senate House.

something of it must, we fear, be attributed to a hardness in Wordsworth's nature towards the human world outside his own family circle, to an independence of the sympathy of men, which was indeed a means of preserving him from much discomfort and annoyance, assailed and ridiculed as he was, but which, at the same time, was grievously discouraging to such worshippers as felt the worth of their worship, and required some return of affection, sympathy, and esteem. With men of letters especially, the 'limitation of his literary sensibilities' prevented him from forming, or at least sustaining, a mutual friendship. Even to Coleridge, who so dearly loved him, who so generously and so ably vindicated his claims to be called a great poet, whose profound and elaborate criticism in the *Biographia Literaria* remains to this day the most satisfactory defence and the best exposition of his friend's poetry, how small the return of affectionate, admiring appreciation—how dim and faint the sympathy during all that period of Coleridge's life, when clouds and darkness beset his path, and he was walking through the valley of the shadow of death. The fact is, he did not value all this sympathy, because he did not need it. He could never have written to Coleridge as Coleridge wrote to him in Germany—

William, my head and my heart! dear
William and dear Dorothea!
*You have all in each other; but I am lonely,
and want you!*

This last line, too, gives a more amiable reason for Wordsworth's indifference to his friends and admirers. His heart was wrapped up in his wife and sister, and afterwards in his children, especially in her who recalled his sister's childhood—his beloved Dora. The name recalls us from our discursion to speak of one in whom so much of the poet's deepest, fondest affection was centred, and to whom his biographer has paid the honour of joining her portrait with her father's as the frontispieces to his two volumes. Wordsworth had in all five children:—

John, born 18th June, 1803.

Dorothy, called and generally known as Dora, born 16th August, 1804.

Thomas, born 16th June, 1806.

Catharine, born 6th Sept. 1808.

William, born 12th May, 1810.

Of these, Thomas and Catharine died in early childhood; John and William survive their father; the former is a clergyman, the latter succeeded upon his father's resignation to the distributorship of stamps. Nothing remarkable is recorded of any of the four by Dr. Christopher Wordsworth; but to those for whom curious psychological facts have interest, the name of Catharine Wordsworth (who died before she was four years old; 'loving she is, and tractable, though wild,' is addressed to her) will always be memorable as the cause and object of that strange nympholepsy, the agonies of which Mr. de Quincey has so graphically and powerfully described in those *Lake Reminiscences*, to which the absence of what is interesting or characteristic in the volumes we are reviewing has led us so often to refer. Dora Wordsworth will always form a conspicuous object in any artistically conceived biography of her father. When she was a month old, he addressed to her that thoughtful poem, beginning,—

Hast thou, then, survived,
Mild offspring of infirm humanity?

Not many weeks after, she inspired that most exquisite of all her father's sportive compositions, 'The Kitten and the Falling Leaves.' To her is addressed 'The Longest Day;' and when, threatened with blindness, he anticipates the time that he should need a guiding hand, it is to his 'own Dora, his beloved child,' that he would, like another Œdipus, entrust his dark steps. And who can forget that later group, in which the noblest art, warmed by pure affection, has blended together in indissoluble beauty, Dora Wordsworth, Edith Southey, and Sara Coleridge? She married at a mature age Edward Quillinan, Esq.,* to whose children, left to her charge by a beloved friend, she had

* We regret to be compelled to add that, since this article was written, the newspapers have announced the death of this gentleman, himself the author of works which prove him to have been worthy of his charming and gifted wife.

performed the duties of a mother. But her health rapidly failed, and after an unavailing journey to Portugal, of which she has left a published record that proves her to have inherited no little of the genius of her father and her aunt, she died of consumption in July, 1847, about three years before her father. From the poems addressed to her, and those previously alluded to, referring to Mrs. Wordsworth, with the scattered allusions throughout his works to his sister, the reader may have insight into Wordsworth's life, so far as women influenced either his happiness or the development of his genius. His 'Lucy' poems, which seem to allude to some early love prematurely removed, either belong to the region of pure imagination, or all records of the fact have been obliterated. But the sister, the wife, and the daughter remain for us as prominent portraits, scarcely idealized by the poet's pencil, as fellow-workers co-operating in the production of the poems, and above all, as personal powers, sustaining, nourishing, purifying, and invigorating the poetic temperament by the sweet and holy influences of affection, and the quiet, unobtrusive action of the domestic charities. The history of literature furnishes no group upon which the heart can rest more delighted and satisfied.

We have noticed Wordsworth's successive publications up to 1805. In 1807, appeared two volumes of *Miscellaneous Poems*, which drew down upon him the wrath and ridicule of Mr. Jeffrey. The great oracle of the North had before this given vent to sundry manifestations of indignant contempt, but our poet had hitherto stood the brunt of the critic's charge, in company with Southey, Lamb, and the rest of the so-called Lickers. But now on his single head was discharged the pitiless pelting of the storm; and while the majority of the world were shaking with laughter, and a few trembling with indignation, the unhappy victim himself maintained an unbroken serenity, and held on his way with cheerful heart and hope unabated. God has given to some men love, humility, and genuine appreciation of the beautiful and the good in nature, and in art; to

others, the gift of saying witty things and being ill-natured. What could such a critic, with all his brilliant faculties, permanently effect against a man who writes with the views and expectations expressed in the following passage from a letter, dated 1807, to Lady Beaumont:—

It is impossible that any expectations can be lower than mine concerning the immediate effect of this little work upon what is called the public. I do not here take into consideration the envy and malevolence, and all the bad passions which always stand in the way of a work of any merit from a living poet; but merely think of the pure, absolute, honest ignorance in which all worldlings of every rank and situation must be enveloped, with respect to the thoughts, feelings, and images, on which the life of my poems depends. The things which I have taken, whether from within or without, what have they to do with routs, dinners, morning calls, hurry from door to door, from street to street, on foot or in carriage; with Mr. Pitt or Mr. Fox, Mr. Paul or Sir Francis Burdett, the Westminster election, or the borough of Honiton? In a word—for I cannot stop to make my way through the hurry of images that present themselves to me—what have they to do with endless talking about things nobody cares anything for except as far as their own vanity is concerned, and this with persons they care nothing for but as their vanity or *selfishness* is concerned?—what have they to do (to say all at once) with a life without love? In such a life there can be no thought; for we have no thoughts (save thoughts of pain) but as far as we have love and admiration.

It is an awful truth, that there neither is, nor can be, any genuine enjoyment of poetry among nineteen out of twenty of those persons who live, or wish to live, in the broad light of the world—among those who either are, or are striving to make themselves, people of consideration in society. This is a truth, and an awful one, because to be incapable of a feeling of poetry, in my sense of the word, is to be without love of human nature and reverence for God.

Upon this I shall insist elsewhere; at present let me confine myself to my object, which is to make you, my dear friend, as easy-hearted as myself with respect to these poems. Trouble not yourself upon their present reception; of what moment is that compared with what I trust is their destiny?—to console the afflicted; to add sunshine to daylight, by making the happy happier; to teach the young and the gracious of every age

to see, to think, and feel, and, therefore, to become more actively and securely virtuous; this is their office, which I trust they will faithfully perform, long after we (that is, all that is mortal of us) are mouldered in our graves.

Still, the critic did something: he supplied wittlings with epigrammatic bon-bons, caused the poems to be an unremunerative article of commerce, and retarded the nation in their general acknowledgment of a great poet; and they now stand side by side, critic and poet, and the age has already approximated to a just appreciation of each. Again, on the publication of the 'Excursion,' in 1814, the same hand shot another and a more sulphurous bolt; he even boasted, in his self-complacent blindness, that he had crushed the 'Excursion.' 'He crush the 'Excursion!' cried Southey; 'tell him he might as well hope to crush Skiddaw!' But this time, whether from mere opposition, or from a gleam of genuine insight, the *Quarterly Review*—established, a few years previously, as a counterblast to the great Whig Bellows—issued a mild whiff of qualified approval. This, however, was going too far; and next year, in a notice of the 'White Doe of Rylstone,' Wordsworth stood at the bar of the Tory journal, arraigned and convicted of poetical heterodoxy and literary felo-de-se. Nor—in spite of Southey's intimate connexion with the *Quarterly*, and, whatever Mr. Lockhart may now demean himself to say, his invaluable assistance to it—was the verdict reversed till, in 1834, the author of *Philip Van Artevelde* contributed to its pages the ablest estimate and the fullest acknowledgment of Wordsworth's genius and poetry that has appeared since the publication of the *Biographia Literaria*. That still remains, and is likely, we fear, long to remain, unapproached and unapproachable, as a specimen of philosophical criticism, and a generous testimony of personal admiration.

Instructive as are these facts, as warnings against putting faith in critics, and against that self-conceit and laziness which presume to judge a writer who gives ample proof of original genius, without an attempt to submit to his influence, or to

seize his point of view, and so feel with his feelings, and see with his eyes, we should not think them worth mentioning here, but for the serene equanimity with which Wordsworth endured, not only the lash of his critics, but, what is far more galling, the neglect of the world of letters. 'Let the age,' he writes to Southey, 'continue to love its own darkness; I shall continue to write with, I trust, the light of Heaven upon me.' With more epigrammatic point than is usual with him, he says of one of his principal assailants, 'he has taken a perpetual retainer from his own incapacity to plead against my claims to public approbation.' So again, in writing to Bernard Barton: 'It pleases, though it does not surprise me, to learn that, having been affected early in life by my verses, you have returned again to your old loves, after some little infidelities, which you were shamed into by commerce with the scribbling and chattering part of the world. I have heard of many who, upon their first acquaintance with my poetry, have had much to get over before they could thoroughly relish it; but never of one who, having once learned to enjoy it, had ceased to value it, or survived his admiration. This is as good an external assurance as I can desire, that my inspiration is from a pure source, and that my principles of composition are trustworthy.'

It was this rooted conviction of the genuineness of his inspiration and the truth of his principles, combined with a deep sense that the question involved was not a merely personal one to himself, but concerned the best interests of humanity, that sustained his patience and cheerfulness. But subordinate to this moral cause, we have no doubt that his active habits and out-of-door life materially aided this effect. 'Nine-tenths of my verses,' he says, 'have been murmured in the open air.' 'There,' said his servant to some strangers, who were being shown over Rydal Mount, 'is my master's library, where he keeps his books, but his study is out of doors.' And on his return after a long absence from home, his cottage neighbours have been heard to say, 'Well, there he is; we are glad to hear him boozing about again.' His

pedestrian tours have been already mentioned; and, indeed, his tours seem to have been most of them mainly pedestrian; it is not from carriage windows that such impressions as form the stuff of his numerous poetic memorials of his journeys to Scotland and elsewhere are received. How much his happiness was subserved by this habit, may be judged from an anecdote, showing the extreme irritability of his constitution, which was further manifested in frequently recurring attacks of inflammation of the eyes. He received a wound in his foot while walking about composing the 'White Doe,' and though he desisted from walking, he found the irritation of the wounded part was kept up by the act of composition. Upon taking a mental holiday, a rapid cure was the consequence. He adds, 'Poetic excitement, when accompanied by protracted labour in composition, has throughout my life brought on more or less bodily derangement. Nevertheless, I am at the close of my seventy-third year, in what may be called excellent health. But I ought to add, that my intellectual labour has been generally carried on out of doors.' Not that his poems were given to the public as extempore effusions; no writer of his time was more impressed with the necessity of labour for the perfect poet. He thus writes to a friend who seemed destined to tread the path of *science* with honour and usefulness, and was in danger of weakening himself by indulgence in the composition of *verses*.

Again and again I must repeat, that the composition of verse is infinitely more of an *art* than men are prepared to believe; and absolute success in it depends upon innumerable minutiae, which it grieves me you should stoop to acquire a knowledge of. Milton talks of 'pouring easy his unpremeditated verse.' It would be harsh, untrue, and odious, to say there is anything like cant in this; but it is not *true* to the letter, and tends to mislead. I could point out to you five hundred passages in Milton upon which labour has been bestowed, and twice five hundred more to which additional labour would have been serviceable.

Mr. de Quincey calculated many years ago, that Wordsworth's legs must have carried him then nearly

200,000 miles; and an old friend of ours is fond of telling that as he was riding one summer afternoon on a coach along Grassmere, the coach met Mr. Wordsworth and stopped; and a young lady inside who was going on a visit to the poet, put her head out to speak to him. 'How d'ye do?' said he,—'how d'ye do?' Mrs. Wordsworth will be delighted to see you. I shall be back in the evening. I'm only going to tea with Southey.' Southey lived not less than fifteen miles off—hardly a yard of level ground all the way. Another anecdote we must tell, partly illustrating this peripatetic tendency, and partly as giving a glimpse of that practical humour, which Wordsworth was not deficient in, though these volumes furnish but this solitary one—and that is owing to Mr. Justice Coleridge.

As we walked, I was admiring the never-ceasing sound of water, so remarkable in this country. 'I was walking,' he said, 'on the mountains, with —, the Eastern traveller; it was after rain, and the torrents were full. I said, 'I hope you like your companions—these bounding, joyous, foaming streams.' 'No,' said the traveller, pompously, 'I think they are not to be compared in delightful effect with the silent solitude of the Arabian Desert.' My mountain blood was up. I quickly observed that he had boots and a stout great coat on, and said, 'I am sorry you don't like this; perhaps I can show you what will please you more.' I strode away, and led him from crag to crag, hill to vale, and vale to hill, for about six hours; till I thought I should have had to bring him home, he was so tired.'

This prodigious habit of walking, and that other of lying in luxurious dreamy meditation on sunny bank, or under the shade of trees, account for the very scanty records of study or even desultory reading which these volumes afford. Wordsworth was fairly, though by no means deeply or curiously read in English poetry; Mr. de Quincey adds in ancient history; but of this there appears no proof in these volumes, nor the faintest indication in his writings. The only foreign literature for which he seems to have had any taste was Italian, though he could speak French fluently, and had a fair knowledge of German: of the Greek poets he talks, but with the

Latin poets he had that familiar acquaintance which was so much more common with our fathers and grandfathers than among ourselves; he even translated into rhymed heroic verse several books of the *Æneid*. With philosophical writers and philosophical systems he shows no acquaintance, and of physical science he had no special knowledge. In fact, his range of reading was extremely limited, and neither his letters nor his recorded conversations would lead us to suppose that within this range his knowledge was profound or his observation keen. We cannot cull from these two volumes a single critical remark that betrays extraordinary sagacity or profound comprehension of an æsthetic law. He had or fancied that he had, a taste for old books. 'The only modern books that I read,' he writes to Archdeacon Wrangham, 'are those of travels, or such as relate to matters of fact—and the only modern books that I care for; but as to old ones, I am like yourself—scarcely anything comes amiss to me.' We question whether this taste for old books was much more than a liking for the thoughtful poets of the Stuart period, such as Daniel and Herbert; stimulated perhaps by very genuine indifference towards, if not contempt for, all contemporary literature. Even the great luminaries of our literature only beamed on him from one side of their spheroid brightness. Chaucer's descriptions, sparkling with the dews of morning, and his gentle piety of heart; the long-drawn sweetness of Spenser's verse, and the elevated purity of his moral; Milton's austere grandeur of thought and stately pomp of imagination—all these were Wordsworth's own, and he listened to them with rapt attention as to the voice of his own soul. But of a greater than any or all of these, we can only read one trace:

The gentle Lady married to the Moor.

And here it is not the agony of passion, nor the subtle working of the insidious poison, nor the diabolic revelation of concentrated coiled malignity, that he dwells on, as characteristic excellences of the play, but the gentleness of the victim attracts and fascinates him. In all that mighty symphony of maidenly admiration, of manly love, of stately age, of vigorous

youth, of calm domestic peace, of 'the pride, pomp, circumstance of glorious war,' of boundless faith, of agonizing jealousy, of wrath, hate, fondness, and despair, all blending into one complex devouring passion, he hears but the simple melody of the flute. In that woof of death shot over with all the glorious and changing hues of life, he sees but one simple flower blooming by a grass-green grave. That marvellous and many-sided life-picture is to him only 'patience sitting on a monument, smiling at grief.' Let us not be misunderstood; of course Wordsworth was acquainted with Shakespeare's works; and of course, with all the world, he placed him with Homer, at the head of the first class of poets, while he knew that Spenser and Milton only belonged to the second. But it is the *of course* that marks the point at which his appreciation stopped. There come from his lips none of those penetrating flashes of light which broke from Coleridge amid lustrous clouds and radiant darkness, whenever he spoke of the great masters of the *Æpos* and the *Drama*, communicating to others his own illuminating insight, the result at once of profound study and profound affection. In fact, we doubt whether Wordsworth read to enlarge the range of his conception or sympathies. In the language of modern criticism, he kept his own centre, and thence surveyed men and books; never attempted to gain their centre. De Quincey admirably points out how little needful books were to a man who drew such an 'enormity of pleasure' from the everlasting variety of nature's common appearances, who could derive

Even from the meanest flower that blows
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

Who felt that

One impulse from the vernal wood,
Could teach him more of man,
Of moral evil, and of good,
Than all the sages can.

One story, thoroughly characteristic of Wordsworth's indifference to every production of modern growth but his own poetry, we recently heard from a friend. Possibly it may be in print, but we have not seen it. When *Rob Roy* was published, some of Mr. Wordsworth's friends made a pic-nic, and the amusement of the

day was to be the new novel. He accompanied them to the selected spot, joined them at luncheon, and then said—'Now, before you begin, I will read you a poem of my own on *Rob Roy*. It will increase your pleasure in the new book.' Of course, every one was delighted, and he recited the well-known verses; and the moment he had finished, said, 'Well, now I hope you will enjoy your book;' and walked quietly off, and was seen no more all the afternoon.

The very rough mode in which he handled books showed how little he cared for them. Southey said, to let him into a fine library was like turning a bear into a tulip garden; and De Quincey tells of his cutting open a prachtedition of Burke with a knife he had just used to butter toast. What a contrast his pious remorse at the ravage of the nut-bough—

I felt a sense of pain when I held

The silent trees, and the intruding sky:—
and the earnest reverence of the
exhortation that follows:—

Then, dearest maiden! move along these
shades

In gentleness of heart; with gentle hand
Touch—for there is a spirit in the woods.

We must huddle together some scraps of his recorded conversation, merely premising, that the most eloquent talkers of the age have called him the most eloquent of men in conversation, and that, therefore, these scraps are not to be taken as specimens of anything more than his judgment and opinions. Take his sentences on his great contemporaries. Here is Goethe:—

He does not seem to me to be a great poet in either of the classes of poets. At the head of the first class I would place Homer and Shakspeare, whose universal minds are able to reach every variety of thought and feeling without bringing their own individuality before the reader. They infuse, they breathe life into every object they approach, but you never find *themselves*. At the head of the second class, those whom you can trace individually in all they write, I would place Spenser and Milton. In all that Spenser writes you can trace the gentle, affectionate spirit of the man; in all that Milton writes you find the exalted sustained being that he was. Now, in what Goethe writes, who aims to be of the first class, the *universal*, you find the man himself, the artificial man,

where he should not be found; so that I consider him a very artificial writer, aiming to be universal, and yet constantly exposing his individuality, which his character was not of a kind to dignify. He had not sufficiently clear moral perceptions to make him anything but an artificial writer.

And again:—

I have tried to read Goethe. I never could succeed. Mr. — refers me to his *Iphigenia*, but I there recognise none of the dignified simplicity, none of the health and vigour which the heroes and heroines of antiquity possess in the writings of Homer. The lines of Lucretius describing the immolation of Iphigenia are worth the whole of Goethe's long poem. Again, there is a profligacy, an inhuman sensuality, in his works which is utterly revolting. I am not intimately acquainted with them generally. But I take up my ground on the first canto of *Wilhelm Meister*; and, as the attorney-general of human nature, I there indict him for wantonly outraging the sympathies of humanity. Theologians tell us of the degraded nature of man; and they tell us what is true. Yet man is essentially a moral agent, and there is that immortal and unextinguishable yearning for something pure and spiritual which will plead against these poetical sensualists as long as man remains what he is.

Scott:—

As a poet, Scott cannot live, for he has never in verse written anything addressed to the immortal part of man. In making amusing stories in verse, he will be superseded by some newer versifier; what he writes in the way of natural description is merely rhyming nonsense. As a prose writer, Mr. Wordsworth admitted that Scott had touched a higher vein, because there he had really dealt with feeling and passion. As historical novels, professing to give the manners of a past time, he did not attach much value to those works of Scott's, so called, because that he held to be an attempt in which success was impossible. This led to some remarks on historical writing, from which it appeared that Mr. Wordsworth has small value for anything but contemporary history. He laments that Dr. Arnold should have spent so much of his time and powers in gathering up and putting into imaginary shape the scattered fragments of the history of Rome.

And again:—

He discoursed at great length on Scott's works. His poetry he considered of that kind which will always be in

demand, and that the supply will always meet it, suited to the age. He does not consider that it in any way goes below the surface of things; it does not reach to any intellectual or spiritual emotion; it is altogether superficial, and he felt it himself to be so. His descriptions are not true to nature; they are addressed to the ear, not to the mind. He was a master of bodily movements in his battle-scenes; but very little productive power was exerted in popular creations.

Moore :—

T. Moore has great natural genius; but he is too lavish of brilliant ornament. His poems smell of the perfumer's and milliner's shops. He is not content with a ring and a bracelet, but he must have rings in the ear, rings on the nose—rings everywhere.

Shelley :—

Shelley is one of the best *artists* of us all: I mean in workmanship of style.

Tennyson :—

I saw Tennyson, when I was in London, several times. He is decidedly the first of our living poets, and I hope will live to give the world still better things. You will be pleased to hear that he expressed in the strongest terms his gratitude to my writings. To this I was far from indifferent, though persuaded that he is not much in sympathy with what I should myself most value in my attempts—viz., the spirituality with which I have endeavoured to invest the material universe, and the moral relations under which I have wished to exhibit its most ordinary appearances.

We have left ourselves no space to speak of the poet's later political opinions. It is well known that they were of what is called a high Tory complexion—especially that he looked with no favourable eye on the sort of education that has been latterly spreading among the poor; that he extremely disliked dissent, and disapproved of modern concession to it; that he anticipated the most disastrous consequences from the Catholic Emancipation and Reform Bills. He passed, in fact, apparently from one pole to the other of the political sphere, just as his friends Southey and Coleridge did, and under the influence of like causes, the chief of which was undoubtedly the strong national feeling that was roused in them all by Napoleon's strides of conquest, and the danger that at one time seemed to threaten England. The violence and crimes

of the Jacobins had before this alienated their sympathies from the French Revolution. They, men of thought and feeling, not men of experience and action, had dreamt of a rose-water revolution, and sickened at blood. At first, they merely stood aloof, displeased equally at the proceedings of the French and at our declaration of war. But when danger came near 'the inviolate island of the brave and free,' they not only felt as Englishmen and as patriots, but looked upon their country as the last citadel and stronghold of liberty; and henceforth war to the knife with France was identical with devotion to freedom and virtue. During the whole war with Napoleon, the Whigs did what they dared to thwart its continuance, and to amon those who carried it on, and so became to a degree identified with the enemies of the country. This is the feeling that lay originally at the bottom of Wordsworth's dislike of them. Then, again, he never was at heart a democrat. Like Milton, he would have had an aristocracy of intellect and virtue. There is not a trace of the feeling, that numbers should outweigh worth from beginning to end of his writings. He had, besides, a strong distaste for city life, for its endless bustle, and its dull routine, animated as he thought by vanity and the desire of wealth. Commerce, trade, and manufactures were not, in his estimation, the sources of a nation's greatness; but on country life, its occupations, its traditions, and its customs he looked with a fond affection, especially on that national church which so associates itself to the senses, the imagination, and the understanding with a country life. The village spire and the squire's mansion are the centres of this life, and Wordsworth's passion for nature could scarcely have failed to throw something of a poetic lustre, in addition to the value his reason and his heart attached to them, over the institutions of which both were symbols. His early association with Coleridge, too, tended to open to him the deep foundations on which our national institutions rest, and to inspire him with a reverence for them, and a cautious fear of weakening them by attempts at im-

provement. If, however, any person is inclined to call him reactionist and bigot, we would only remark that there are three classes of politicians,—those who under the pressure of an existing evil seek for change, without the faculty of discerning to what that change will inevitably lead; ignorant, in fact, of the law of development which links together political events and gives unity to History;—those who, with conscious and definite aim, plant the great hereafter in the now, and are not consequently liable to be startled and terrified, and driven into reaction by the results of their own actions;—and thirdly, those who with clear eye discern the dependence of the hereafter upon the now, and because they shrink from thenceforward, refuse to take the step which renders it inevitably certain. To the last class belonged William Wordsworth. How few belong to the second and the highest may be gathered from the panic and the outcry that have been excited by a necessary result of that Catholic Emancipation which was carried amid the exulting acclamation of the very men who are now loudest in bewailing its consequences, and denying that they are consequences; and equally from the horror of democracy and the narrow exclusiveness which have marked the political conduct of the author of the Reform Bill, since his second charter became an Act of Parliament, and so was, according to his theories, to consider itself dead and buried, or, at least, duly bound over to keep the peace.

Of the literary ability displayed in the volumes we have been reviewing, we have indicated our opinion in passing. Dr. Christopher Wordsworth may say that he has not professed to write a life of his uncle—granted; but he has filled two octaves with matter that might have gone to the writing of his life, and has thereby played dog in the manger as regards any one else who may wish to write it. Besides this, he has misrepresented his uncle, so far as lay in his power. We do not,

of course, mean that he has consciously given a false impression of him, but, as we said before, 'the eye only sees that which it brings with it—the power of seeing,' and he saw in the great poet little more than a clothes-horse, on which were hung what, we suppose, he would call High-Tory and High-Church opinions, but which, as seen through the dull distorting lens under which he exhibits them, become merely anti-popular, anti-Romanist, anti-progressionist—negative, in fact. These opinions belonged to a living, thinking man, and this man is not given us in the book. The few persons from whom he has sought assistance are not those who knew the poet best, or appreciated him with feeling and discernment. We of course except Mrs. Wordsworth and Miss Wordsworth, though with the exception of the latter's journal, of the fragments of which we have spoken as the most valuable portion of the work, but the faintest reflection of their intimate knowledge and affectionate veneration has been caught and transmitted to the public. We mean, that men of great talent and recognised distinction, who knew Wordsworth well, have not been asked for their aid, nor are their names once mentioned in the volumes. And when we put together the marked character of these omissions, and the evident attempt, palpable throughout this biography, to stamp upon its subject those peculiar religious, and political opinions which belong to the biographer, we cannot avoid the conclusion, that Dr. Wordsworth has supposed that, by ignoring the fact of his uncle's intimacy with persons of various religious and political opinions, he can persuade the world that this uncle was altogether such an one as himself, contemptuously indifferent to the whole secular life of his times, with its grand results, and grander hopes, and that the laurel crown which glistened greenly amid his silver locks, was, after all, nothing more than a shovel hat.

SOYER'S MODERN HOUSEWIFE, OR MÉNAGÈRE.*

THE progress of Quackery keeps pace with the march of mind. It is the evil genius of civilization—its doomed attendant through all the ages of struggle, inheriting equally with it the legacies of the past and the gifts of the present, gathering strength from the same sources, using the same means of advance, and is not to be overthrown and abolished until the endeavours of mankind shall have realized wisdom to the world. No indications of an approach to this desirable consummation intimate the decay of quackery. We behold it on all sides as flourishing and multiple as ever; unchanged in power, it substitutes with ever-increasing art the subtle assumptions of science and philosophy for the coarser masqueradings of ruder times. No longer seeking to impose on the passions and prejudices of a superstitious and unlettered age, it appeals to the knowledge and judgment of a reading and *dilettante* public. That public, wise in its own conceits, responds with an undiminished supply of dupes, and manifests, in the excess of its gullibility, that 'a little knowledge is a dangerous thing.'

Directly a new doctrine is mooted, whether in astronomy, mathematics, botany, political economy, or any other science, it is carried for judgment, not before the learned professors of the art in question, but before the public; every man, woman, and child of that intellectual body deeming himself, herself, or itself a qualified arbitrator in every question that may arise.

With such a tribunal to pronounce in favour of electro-biology, in vain may mesmerism declare it to be only a phase of its own art applied to the most foolish and unprofitable purposes, and fraudulently decked with a new name to attract unwary hunters after novelty to a fresh scientific toy. With such a body of electors to write and talk in its praise, in vain may chemistry and physiology asseverate that no fire annihilator can omit a vapour that will destroy fire, which will not also necessarily destroy

human life. Instances might be multiplied *ad infinitum*; but our subject matter will demonstrate more satisfactorily than fifty illustrations, that the world is not so wise as it seems.

If there is any one art of which the entire public could be presumed to be competent judges, that art is cookery; for it is one with which all have to do, either as providers, concoctors, or consumers, at least once in every twenty-four hours; yet, even there, quackery rules pre-eminently; and an enthusiastic people receives M. Soyer with open arms as the founder of a new scientific era in gastronomy and domestic economy, and declares in all quarters its intention to cook, digest, and economize under his guidance. That M. Soyer may be a very skilful decorator of public banquets, and possess a happy knack of serving distinguished portraits in jelly, and playing other such fantastic airs on the stew-pan and ice-pail as flatter the uncultivated palate into an assent through the eye, we very readily concede; but such conceits as these, which belong to the mediæval age of cookery, cannot be received as testimony in support of his higher pretensions, which the *Ménagère* itself by no means substantiates, nor can it in any one of its divisions maintain the ground which it assumes. Lamentably small must be the number of those who know either how to dine or to cook, when such a work as this is received as the acmé of culinary art, and the model of domestic management; and great must be the ignorance of the historic progress and actual position of the theory of cookery, when such a book is pronounced to be the foundation of a new scientific era in gastronomy.

To Dr. Kitchener the merit of reforming the theory of English cookery is justly due; and to him M. Soyer must also yield the distinction of simplifying economical house-keeping, of introducing accurate proportions into every receipt, and of elevating cookery to the dignity of a science. The very partial atten-

* *Soyer's Modern Housewife, or Ménagère*. Twenty-first Edition. Simpkin and Marshall. London: 1851.

tion which rewarded his exertions is to be attributed to the appearance of his book at a time when extravagance, and not economy, was the mania of the day; and as he possessed no factitious means by which to attract notice, it has never yet reached the standard position it merits. Young housekeepers, ignorant of its superiority, purchase either the newest or the largest cookery book when they first enter on the duties of domestic management, works which should be called receipt books, for they are nothing more; and which, though they may add to the dishes of the cook, are quite incapable of instructing the novice. When Dr. Kitchener published his *Cook's Oracle*, a barbaric love of display, an inordinate pretension, and an uncultivated taste, ruled supreme in society; so that if Jones, on an income of three thousand a year, gave a sumptuous dinner to Brown, Brown, on his five hundred, was expected to give an equally grand repast to Jones. Few had the moral courage to refrain from this ridiculous assumption of pocket equality. Dr. Kitchener vigorously endeavoured to check this ruinous system by pointing out its wickedness, folly, and discomfort; but the age was not then ripe for the advice, and the unhappy victims of inordinate display continued to feast and starve by turns, till experience proved that the sacrifice was greater than the gain. Still, ashamed to confess that they were not so rich as their neighbours, people began to seize on every political change, and on every commercial variation bearing on finances, as an excuse for retrenchment; and when at last the great railway crisis came, it unlocked the lips of the proudest pretenders to wealth, who seized with avidity on so good a cloak for their extravagance, and unjustifiable luxury was finally banished in the garb of unfortunate speculation. The confession of poverty has now become as great a cant as the pretension it superseded; and we hear alike from peer and commoner the universal 'I can't afford it,' as an excuse for abstaining from every generosity, and for practising every meanness.

M. Soyer's book, ushered in by all sorts of adventitious circum-

stances, and appearing at a period when economy prevails in an epidemic form, is received with unanimous applause. M. Soyer has constant opportunities of insinuating himself into notice with a grand dinner, a new sauce, or an elysian nectar; and he certainly fully understands the art of fiddling to the public, as he has lately evidenced in the Dulcamara-like advertisement which announces his transformation of a London eating-house into a Cremorne Gardens, where the graceful fictions of classical antiquity are metamorphosed into fantastical nonentities, and associated with such a jumble of romantic absurdities and theatrical commonplace as have never been surpassed in this mad world. M. Soyer knows the road to favour: he is well aware that the few who know how to dine are firmly established, each in his well-ordered home or deliberately-chosen hotel; he perhaps suspects that, were it otherwise, these are not the customers for him; and as he has sagacity enough not to rely on his vaunted science to bring grist to his mill, he baits his trap with peep-shows and sugar-plums to catch the little great who worship success as the representative of desert.

But it is as the exponent of a new system of economy that the *Ménagère* is most attractive. The system is introduced to us by means of a Mrs. L., who, while staying on a visit with a Mrs. B., is so charmed with her friend's elegant and comfortable mode of life, that she would fain adopt the same style in her own household, but for the increase of expenditure which such a superior manner must entail. Whereupon Mrs. B. assures Mrs. L. that she is equally necessitated to regulate her expenses by a limited income, and that though her family live so well, they do not live expensively. To explain this statement, Mrs. B. tells Mrs. L. that on comparing notes, some years previously, with a friend who had the same number to provide for, and whose style was both more humble and less agreeable, Mrs. B. found that her own expenses were considerably under those of her uncomfortable friend. We are made acquainted with Mrs. B.'s mode of life in every particular:

the dishes for the breakfast, luncheon, nursery, kitchen, and family dinners, and bills of fare for her different parties being accurately specified, so that it would be no difficult matter to appreciate M. Soyer's economy, if we could get at the sum total, which is finally laid down in the following remarkable arithmetic. Mr. B. is exhibiting his wife's ledger to the friend. 'Now!' said Mr. B.; and taking up the housekeeping-book, he pointed out the last year's expenditure, which was £——. 'No, no! that is impossible,' replied the other. 'But,' said Mr. B., 'there it is in black and white.' On which the friend exclaims, 'Why, good heavens! without giving so many parties, and also two less in family, my expenditure is certainly greater.' Can anything be more conclusive? Mr. B.'s yearly expenses are £——, and his friend's are certainly greater! These are valuable statistics, which, though they fail to prove the economy in evidence of which they are adduced, nevertheless very clearly establish one of two things—either that M. Soyer cannot calculate the cost of the style of living he sets forth, or that, knowing it, he is also conscious that it will not make out his case of economy. There can be no other motive for withholding the result, and retreating into mystery and silence. There cannot be the shadow of a pretence for sparing the feelings of an anonymous and fictitious Mr. B. by shielding the distribution of his income from public scrutiny. M. Soyer had an opportunity of proving his assertions through the agency of this unreal personage. His statements could then have been affirmed or disproved by individual experiment; but he has chosen to shirk the evidence, and, under an appearance of arithmetical accuracy, he hides the barrenness of this most lame conclusion. Nor will his economy bear a closer inspection in the matter of individual receipts, as it does not consist in giving those which, though the best of their kind, are cheap because made from inexpensive materials, dressed with nicety, and concocted with discrimination; but where there is any saving in his receipts, it is effected by leaving out some good material

and supplying its place with some paltry substitute, or by diminishing the quantity of some ingredient of which the full complement is necessary to make a perfect whole. In the receipt for fritters, M. Soyer gives a specimen of this kind of parsimony, as, to a pound of flour and half a pound of butter he apportions only a quarter of the usual proportion of eggs, supplying their deficiency by table-beer, and leaving it to the option of the cook whether they be mixed with milk or with water. This kind of economy is of the 'penny-wise, pound-foolish' nature, which enjoys just now the *prestige* of being admitted in high places, and disgraces the policy of our day alike in the cabinet and the kitchen.

In the class of receipts which combines cheapness and quality, the *Ménagère* is almost entirely deficient. M. Soyer very truly remarks, that we have fallen into a foolish custom of purchasing only certain joints of meat which are considered the best, and therefore the most expensive, while a scientific knowledge of cookery would enable us to make good and elegant dishes from the cheaper parts. 'Of beef,' he says, 'the most expensive joints are the sirloin, ribs, round, silver-side, and aitchbone, because they are those generally used, although many of the other parts are equally as good, as I shall prove to you, in the receipts which I shall write for the dinner, what can be done in the way of made dishes out of those parts which are rarely or never used in this country by the middle classes, which will more clearly develope to you my ideas on the subject.' That is all very good as far as it goes, but when we refer to the receipts for practical illustrations, we are again doomed to disappointment. Out of the forty-six receipts for cooking beef, only sixteen are from any of the parts not enumerated in the previous list of best joints. Even these few are very questionable, exhibit little variety, and none of them deserve to be called joints; five out of the number being different modes of preparing beef palates—three, methods of dressing ox-tails—three, various ways of dressing the fillet, which, in point of fact, is

the inferior part of the round—and the remainder are devoted to ox-heart, ox-kidneys, ox-feet, and ox-brains. Dr. Kitchener treats the same subject in a very different way. He gives thirteen receipts for cooking cheap parts of beef, and nine out of the number are good sized joints that will make handsome, wholesome dishes.

M. Soyer's vaunted science is as suspicious as his economy. Dr. Kitchener describes the different effects produced on the chief constituents of alimentary substances, by the various applications of heat. He states, that a certain degree of heat coagulates and separates albumen, and dissolves gelatine and osmazome. M. Soyer gives a receipt for making 'osmazome,' modestly informing us that 'osmazome is known under the various names of essence, fumet, &c., in different cookery books,' thus assuming to himself the glory of introducing that imposing word into gastrological composition. We can imagine the proud consciousness of scientific comprehension with which fair young housewives will present basins of 'osmazome' to their invalid husbands and brothers. An amusing instance of this kind of science occurred in London some years ago. It was found that gin could be produced from bread, and an artistic baker consequently advertised bread from which the potent spirit had been extracted. He met with such wonderful success, that no other bread maker in his neighbourhood could sell a penny roll. This state of things continued till a rival baker in the locality, his wits sharpened by the unbought loaves whose burly figures reproached him from shelf and window for being such a laggard in the march of mind, bethought him of a lucky expedient for turning the scientific crisis to account. The next morning an advertisement over his door announced 'Bread with the Gin in it, sold here!' The stratagem succeeded to his calculation. The public, believing the other baker had defrauded them of their due share of gin, flocked to his more sagacious rival, who no doubt enjoyed both the joke and the profit.

M. Soyer's theoretical account of the different processes of cookery

contains no original information worth having, nor do the directions accompanying particular receipts supply the deficiency. 'Different opinions exist,' he says, 'as to the mode and time required for roasting, but this must all depend upon the nature of the fire and the meat. In the receipts will be found the time which each requires. My plan is to make up as large a fire as the nature of the grate will allow, because I can place my joint near or not, as may be required. I thus obtain every degree of heat.' In the receipts we find the time, when specified, invariably qualified by that expansive preposition 'about,' while for many things no time is given. He is strongly in favour of baking, which he thinks is the least understood, though one of the oldest forms of cookery; 'and in large public establishments, where a number of the same kind of joints are required,' he declares, 'it is the best plan of cooking.' This does not say much for the refinement of his palate; for, unless when protected by pie crust there is a most perceptible difference in the flavour of roast and baked meats, the latter being very inferior. Baking is a bad mode of preparing the noblest joints for table. Let those who like the roast beef of old England to be really roasted avoid the Symposium; and as all sorts of societies—learned, benevolent, and reformatory—are every day dining there, it may be as well to inform the 'Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals,' lest it should contemplate paying him that aggregate compliment, that M. Soyer declares that 'all oxen should fast from twenty-four to forty-eight hours before being killed,' though on what osmazomatic principle this cruelty is justifiable we are not informed. The case is in reality the very reverse of this. Animals are rendered unwholesome by being over-heated. And, in London especially, where huge fattened creatures are penned so closely as to be gasping for air, after having been, in all probability, over-driven and worried, to torment them with the pains of hunger, and to refuse relief to their raging thirst, is to throw them into a fever, exalt the animal salts, and mix the blood so intimately with

the flesh that it cannot be separated. Cruelty is never necessary under any circumstances; and in this case, as in many others, retributive justice decrees that the broken law of kindness shall recoil on the aggressors.

In the chapters on frying and sautéing, the science developed in the first contradicts that set forth in the last. For if it be true that the beauty of frying depends on the substance to be fried being covered by the boiling grease in which it is immersed—'so that the heat acts all over it at the same time, or otherwise the osmazome, or gravy, will be dried out of that part which is not covered, and the succulence and flavour of the viand lost; or should the liquid not be of that degree of heat which would carbonize the surface on the moment of its immersion, it would then enter into the substance, render it greasy, and destroy its flavour, which no degree of heat could afterwards remedy'—then sautéing, which is frying in the smallest possible quantity of grease, instead of complete immersion, must be a process direfully fatal to 'osmazome,' and one by which flavour and succulence must consequently be lost. Nor does M. Soyer explain away this difficulty by declaring that 'the process of sautéing is at once quick, simple, and economical: the art of doing it well consists in doing it quickly, to keep the gravy and succulence in the meat, which a slow process would nullify.' These are contradictions, as M. Soyer treats them; but the fact is, that these two modes of frying are applicable to quite different things,—the first method, or frying proper, is applied to articles without osmazome, as soles, eels, and other fish, potatoes and other vegetables; while sautéing is the process devoted to cutlets, steaks, and other gravy-containing aliments. He forgets to instruct that different degrees of heat are necessary for the fat in which different things are to be fried, and that while it is possible to go beyond the degree needed for fish, most other things will require less. But as all these differences are to be found in *The Cook's Oracle*, those who desire to know more for practical purposes have only to refer to that instructor, where they will find,

in addition to accurate descriptions of all the culinary processes, precise directions as to the time each article requires, with instructions as to the manner of making up the fire for the different kinds of cookery, and for the various things to be cooked. A table is subjoined, giving the exact per centage of weight lost in the roasting and boiling of particular joints and kinds of meat, with a simple explanation of the causes of difference.

In order to come to a correct conclusion on the merits of particular receipts, it must be remembered that cookery, like every other art, has its precise rules of harmony, by which the artist must be guided in his creations, and the connoisseur in his judgment. The two absolute sentences, 'I like it,' and 'I don't like it,' by means of which sentimental opinion asserts its unbased praise, and its unfounded censure, on every subject under the sun, though they possess the prestige of universal currency, cannot be admitted as evidence. It must be ascertained whether M. Soyer has constructed his creations according to artistic principles, or not; and the verdict awarded must be as much according to law as is the sentence of a jury in a criminal inquiry.

What harmony of colours is to the eye, and harmony of sounds to the ear, harmony of flavours is to the palate. Nevertheless, it must not be forgotten that the simple senses are but the channels through which external things reach the mind; their unaided testimony goes for very little, whilst, so rapid is the communication between the mind and the senses, that the logical conclusions of the former come to be mistaken for the functional manifestations of the latter. We must, therefore, be understood to appeal to the educated mind when we refer to the senses, which are only different outlets for the higher attribute. To animals, and to man in his savage state, instinct seconds the dictates of taste in favour of what is good, and in condemnation of what is hurtful. In a state of civilization, man loses his instinct; but he is only in a semi-barbarous condition till he has supplied its place by knowledge. The science of cookery consists of

an understanding of the modes by which different things are rendered most easy of solution to the stomach, a knowledge of the quantity and qualities of things suited to different seasons and constitutions, and a comprehension of elements that harmonize with each other, so arranged that the health of every individual is regarded, and the palate of none offended. For this reason it is imperative that only necessary condiments be introduced into ordinary dishes, and that all sauces, made gravies, and accompaniments, be served in separate sauce-boats, and not poured over the dishes they are intended for. By attention to this rule, the same repast may be made to give satisfaction to the healthy, comfort to the invalid, and gratification to the gustatory fancy of the gourmand.

The warm reception given to M. Soyer's *Ménagère* indicates, with a statistical accuracy very superior to the clumsy contrivance of the census, the lamentably small number of educated palates and self-comprehending stomachs which this country possesses; this defalcation is less excusable than any other artistic ruinosity, because cookery is a subject on which the well-being of the community, to a certain extent, depends, and is, besides, a matter with which all must meddle every day, either for good or for evil. A true understanding of the science of cookery would add to the happiness of life in many ways far more important than the mere pleasure of taste; though that is a gratification by no means to be despised, as it has, to say the least, the recommendation of being the first and the last we enjoy. It would give at one and the same time increased comforts, and decreased expenses. But it is in its influence on health, both of mind and body, that cookery is so important. The stomach, and not the heart, as poets write, is the great centre of existence and feeling. It is the first organ to sympathise with an affliction of the heart, and the first to endeavour to alleviate it, by reminding the lover, through the pressing admonitions of hunger, of other duties and pleasures. When the stomach receives an antagonistic

element, it revenges itself by sending up morbid impressions to the brain. Many are the blue devils which a vulgar rich dinner has raised, and scattered on evil missions amongst the children of men; many a childish disobedience is concocted in a soda-cake; and many a lover's quarrel lies in ambush at the bottom of a tureen of soup, where it jostles with matrimonial squabbles, morbid creeds, and poetic misprisions. Of course these influences are more or less potent according to the strength or weakness of the stomach and the brain; these two great organs act and re-act. The over-fretted brain of Napoleon induced cancer of the stomach, of which he died; and the observant Cobbett foretold the suicide of Lord Castlereagh to a small meeting of farmers, from his knowledge of the condition of that statesman's digestive organs. 'I marked him a few days ago,' said Cobbett; 'that man is atrabillious! that man will die by his own hand!' When time fulfilled the forgotten prediction, the little party that had heard it recalled with awe and wonder the memorable warning of Cobbett.

M. Soyer seems to have no perception of harmony, either of flavours or of substances, but he jumbles together every conceivable collection of inimical elements, without the slightest regard to health, individual antagonisms, or refined palates; while he possesses in a very high degree the exceedingly mischievous faculty of transforming delicate and digestible into coarse and indigestible dishes.

In the important article, fish, his errors are too great and grievous to be pardoned. He directs the liver of skate, a strong, disagreeable, unwholesome article, to be boiled with that fish. He puts vinegar into the water in which fresh, delicate trout is boiled; and red mullet, which contains the delicious assortment of flavours that have gained it the title of the 'Sea Woodcock,' he murders with wine, onion, lemon, parsley, and pepper. It is not that he gives exceptional receipts containing dressings of this kind, but he has not one which does not contain some of them. Oyster

soup, which in the hands of a skilful cook is at once *recherché* and simple, M. Soyer manufactures of veal broth, seasoned with ham, onion, cloves, leak, carrots, celery, and turnips, salt, cayenne, peppercorns, mace, anchovy and Harvey sauces, a gill of cream, a quarter of a pound of butter, six ounces of flour, and a quart of milk, to which the oysters and their liquor are added, and the name of 'Oyster Soup' very gratuitously given. This soup should be made of fish *consommé*, or broth, made of skate or any cheap good fish, allowing four pounds to make a tureen; it should be seasoned with eight peppercorns, and as much mace as will cover the point of a knife, and, twenty minutes before serving, three dozen oysters should be added to it. Dolby, in addition to this, pounds the hard yolks of eggs with the hard parts of the oysters, and then adds six eggs, beaten up. Oyster soup, prepared according to either of these methods, is what it ought to be—a pure, delightful, and digestible fish soup. But M. Soyer's compound is a *mêlé* unwholesome enough to upset a horse; neither fish, nor flesh, but an indigestible concoction of antagonisms, and certainly a most unfit foundation on which to rear the goodly edifice of a rational man's dinner. Many persons can make a very satisfactory dinner of fish, flesh, and fowl, who avoid the sweets of the second course, because they cannot stand the admixture of pastry, milk, and cream, with the wine and sauces of the more substantial part of dinner. To such, the surreptitious introduction of milk and cream into their stomachs under the delusive appellation of fish soup, would be an atrocious infliction.

M. Soyer uses pepper, vinegar, and butter, with indiscriminating vulgarity throughout his receipts. Ignoring the distinction between the occasions when they should be used, and those when they may be added, he sprinkles them unsparingly everywhere. Forgetting that it is the province of the accomplished cook to use them only where they are necessary, because performing some part of the culinary process to which they are essential, he directs their introduc-

tion where their use is simply a matter of opinion,—in which case, it should be left to the option of each person to add them or not, according to individual taste, from the cructs. Vinegar supplies an element of cookery to salad, and, accompanied by mint, renders lamb more digestible. It also possesses the power of softening the tough and fibrous parts of meat, and as a means of rendering digestible hard and tendinous parts of flesh, which would otherwise be rejected, is a very valuable agent in the hands of the judicious. But as it is obnoxious to some constitutions, and disagreeable to some palates, it should only be used in dishes to which it is absolutely necessary.

Melted butter has been called the one sauce of England, but it is difficult to recognise our national accompaniment as prepared by M. Soyer, who not only puts vinegar and pepper into it, but doubles the quantity of flour given by any one else, and suggests that nutmeg may be added. Those who have known it in its natural form all the days of their lives, on meeting it disguised by Soyer's magic wand, will ruefully exclaim, 'Oh! Bottom! Bottom! thou art translated!'

Nor does he treat parsley and butter any better. He transforms the one into a hot paste, and the other into a pasty vehicle for pieces of raw parsley. Whereas, melted butter should be butter, and not paste, and should also be a perfectly flavourless receptacle for the conveyance of sauces and condiments which every person can supply from the cructs, according to individual taste; and parsley and butter should be flavoured only with parsley, which should be boiled before being chopped up and added to the butter, by which means, a much more intimate amalgamation takes place, and a more agreeable and fuller flavour is achieved. These simple sauces, the accompaniments of every dinner, are almost always badly made; but this has hitherto only been the result of practical ignorance, and any of our older cookery books could have set us right; it remained for a Soyer to cut off our favourite sauces from every hope of improve-

ment, by perpetuating in theoretical science, the blunders of uninstructed custom.

Our invalids have also been cared for, and 'Soyer's new way of making beef-tea' seems likely to achieve the additional result of making new patients for the doctor; as an onion, a clove, and a pat of butter are popped into this beverage. M. Soyer observes that the butter cannot be objectionable, as it is taken out in the skimming, if so, why does the economical *chef* introduce it? And what becomes of the impurities which sink to the bottom? There is not the shadow of a pretence for introducing butter here, as there is no vegetable mucilage with which it can combine, and thus become nutritious and digestible, as in the case of melted butter, in which, by means of flour, the butter and water are united into a homogeneous fluid. M. Soyer introduces it into puddings for the sick, such as rice and tapioca; they would be much better without it. In general puddings he is remarkably deficient; of the only two that are original, one has no individual feature to recommend it, and the other is an old friend spoilt, being trifle mixture baked or steamed. The action of heat on this agreeable compound is very disastrous, causing it to lose all its characteristics, and become a very bad pudding.

Of the art of preserving M. Soyer knows nothing, as two very simple examples will show. To make raspberry jam he prescribes equal weights of sugar and of fruit, and to make currant jelly he orders only three-quarters of a pound of sugar to a pint of juice. Now raspberries, being a very sweet fruit, do not need more than three-quarters of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit, while currants, being very acid, and also losing a means of consistency in the pulp and skin of which they are deprived, cannot be made into good jelly with a proportion of less than a pound and a half of sugar to a pint of juice. It must be evident that no principle can have dictated the distribution of a pound of sugar to a sweet pulp, and three-quarters of a pound to an acid juice.

M. Soyer possesses no discrimination in dressings, and prescribes the

one eternal black pepper for salad to be eaten with beef, mutton, lamb, or fish, though the nice observer of harmonies will admit the black pepper to mutton only, requiring cayenne with lamb and fish, and mustard with beef. He gives one forcemeat for everything—meat, soups, fish, and poultry; and therein certainly does not resemble

Poor Roger Fowler, who'd a generous
mind,

Nor would submit to have his hand
confined,

But aimed at all,—yet never could excel
In anything but stuffing of his veal.

Even his veal forcemeat is spoilt by the introduction of six ounces of flour and butter. Good stuffing is a *chef-d'œuvre* of cookery, and is a branch of art in which a great deal remains to be achieved. Kitchener gives an excellent variety; but for pike none is superior to Mrs. Rundell's; for fowl, the usual French stuffing of chestnuts is the best; and for chub, we must go to old Izaak Walton, by whose excellent receipt this fish is preserved from rejection and made a very capital thing of. 'The vulgar trick of beating steaks, breaks the cells in which the gravy of the meat is contained, and makes them dry and tasteless,' Kitchener tells us, while M. Soyer again gives a semi-confirmation to kitchen prejudices by saying, 'if they are well cut, they will not require beating.' He puts butter into clear gravy soups, and when he gives the process by which soup stock may be clarified, he neglects to give Dr. Kitchener's needful warning,—'If your broth is carefully skimmed it will not require clarifying, which process impairs the flavour of it in a higher proportion than it improves its appearance.' For Irish stew, he directs an equal quantity of potatoes and onions, being just three parts too many of the latter. For beef à la mode he uses nine times the quantity of wine prescribed for that dish in French receipts. He orders as much wine for the thick savoury soups as the old English school inculcated. It is a great mistake to put wine into soups at all, but it is an error from which no cookery book is entirely free. Kitchener, indeed, recommends the use of claret, in preference to port or sherry, as being

incomparably better, because it contains less spirit and more flavour; he also limits the quantity to one wine-glassful to a quart of soup: this is a great improvement; but it would be better to diminish the quantity still more, or abolish its introduction altogether. The strong-wine should certainly be banished from soups and gravies, which are by their presence rendered unpleasant to many, and unwholesome to all. The wine drinker can enjoy his glass of sherry, or Madeira more satisfactorily cold after his soup than boiled in it; the moderate will relish his wine much better from the ice-pail than from the stew-pan; while the abstemious need not deprive himself of soup under the fear that it is only a wine-cellar in masquerade. At the *recherché* dinners which at the London Tavern and Lovegrove's are served to the select *habitués*, no wine is put into the soup, or if any, the quantity is too small to be perceptible to the most delicate palate.

In tea and coffee, M. Soyer's improvements are of an exceedingly suspicious nature, and require such nicety and exactness as to cause failure nine times out of ten. The aroma of tea, which is the agreeable part, comes out when boiling water has been applied five minutes, while the tan, which is the medical portion, is elicited after a longer application of the first immersion. M. Soyer's process is more likely to produce the latter, which is unwholesome as a social beverage, than the former, which is harmless and agreeable. His mode of preparing coffee is fussy and liable to errors, from which the following simple and unfailing receipt is free:—The proportion of one ounce of coffee must be allowed to make two breakfast cups. When it is ground, mix it thoroughly with beat-up egg, so that each grain is equally moistened; then pour boiling water on it, and suffer it to boil up three times; let it stand a minute or two after the last boiling up, and it will be fit to pour out, requiring neither filtering nor straining.

The examples we have selected of M. Soyer's culinary merits have been chosen from every branch, and from the most simple and well-known preparations to be met with

at every table, and in every cookery book, but nowhere more injudiciously prepared, more vulgarly proportioned, or more ignorantly concocted, than in M. Soyer's *Ménagère*, which, pretending to excellence in every branch of housekeeping and cookery, has realized it in none. It would have been as undeserving of any notice as are the many commonplace receipt-books which are constantly appearing, but for the praise and success that have greeted its advent, which threaten to perpetuate error where it does exist, to introduce it where it does not, and at least to retard the progress of scientific cookery. It may be suggested that the arrangements of the dinner-table, the proportion of servants and guests, the disposition and number of the lights, with various other supplementary matters of that kind, remedy deficiencies which have never before been rectified in the theories of household observances. It unfortunately happens that M. Soyer was anticipated in all these things by Dr. Kitchener: they will be found, if not word for word, thought for thought, in *The Cook's Oracle*, with this difference, that where M. Soyer is vague, the Doctor is precise; and that where M. Soyer is original, he is not instructive. Dr. Kitchener's information is not readily got at by a casual skimming of chapters; M. Soyer's facts and suggestions are brought into ready notice by a certain artful arrangement of correspondence between Mrs. L. and Mrs. B., by which a sort of epic action is introduced, while the instructions are more superficially diffused. It is a misfortune for M. Soyer that Dr. Kitchener lived and wrote before him; the law of compensation, however, decreed that the Doctor should not be read, of which fact M. Soyer has very fully availed himself.*

It is much to be desired that the knowledge of housekeeping and cookery were more generally diffused; comforts would be increased, health would be acquired or improved, and money would be saved. Let such as desire to supply a restricted information, or to remedy a defective education in these respects, carefully peruse all the introductory divisions of *The Cook's Oracle*. And as many

new receipts have been invented since Dr. Kitchener's day, let the lovers of variety procure, for occasional use, 'Benson Hill's' *Almanacs* for the years 1841 and 1842. Benson Hill was an officer, an agreeable and witty man, and a great diner-out; he coaxed noble hostesses out of their choicest receipts, and there-with furnished his two *Epicure's Almanacs*, the contents of which are excellent. But it will not be sufficient to provide a good dinner, to have it well-dressed, well-served, and well-lighted, unless those on whom the duty of carving devolves know how to acquit themselves. People deal well only with things to which they are thoroughly accustomed; and the *parvenu*, be he never so rich and magnificent, cannot escape detection at table. Even the grades of *parvenus* are there revealed. The man who is the first of his generation that has attained to good society will clasp the decanter round the body, marring its contents with his hot hand, instead of taking it by the neck as he passes it on. The man whose own position has always been affirmed, but whose plodding father scrambled through his dinner as quickly as he could, regarding it merely as an impediment between himself and his business, will be sure to cut ham in large lumps, instead of carving it in thin slices. The fashionable mannerism, of no manner, which is the prevailing characteristic of the 'good society' of the present day, in which, if people do nothing else, '*on s'ennuie avec infiniment de grace*,' is easily acquired; but the more minute evidences of a gentlemanly education are not so easily assumed. No man, whose father's daily life did not initiate his earliest years into all the mechanical, physiological, and gastrological intricacies and differences of fish, flesh, and fowl, can escape detection at dinner. A curious specimen of poetical justice was not long ago inflicted on a delinquent of this class. A barrister engaged in a trial very much astonished the judge and his colleagues by his persevering cross-examination of a witness from whom it did not seem there was anything material to be elicited. The barrister continued to brow-beat the

unhappy witness without gaining any information, and the judge and other legal observers looked on in bewilderment. At last he desisted, seemingly perfectly satisfied, though with no result perceptible to the others, who, when they were alone in legal privacy, inquired—

'What on earth was the meaning of so much time being lost in examining that poor devil of a witness?'

'Why,' replied the barrister, 'I met that fellow at dinner not long since; the duty of helping the turbot fell on him, and he didn't give me or any one else any of the fin, so I determined to be revenged on him if ever I had an opportunity.'

The fin is the choice part of turbot, and a piece of it should be put on each plate with the thicker slice. In some houses, the servants cut up the dinner on the side-tables, and hand it round. But this should never be practised, unless where the servants are scientific dissectors, which is very seldom the case. It is no compliment to ask a man to dine off fine things, and present him with the worst parts, or give him mangled members.

The epicure must be carefully distinguished from the glutton,—the glutton is such an one as he who is reported to have said, as the servant was carrying off his plate, —'Stop a minute; I've found a pigeon among my red;' or that other, who, when he was told that the dish before him contained the only widgeons at table, coolly put his fork into one after the other, till he had deposited all four on his own plate, quietly remarking,—'Widgeons, are they?'

These men were born only to digest. The epicure is one who uses all means of enjoyment, but abuses none. He is a lover of temperance, regularity, order, exercise, and virtue. He knows that the perfection of all his faculties depends on the balance of each, and knowing that this balance is to be attained only by the due exercise and best government of all, he asserts the dignity of his nature by his keen relish of the recreations of his physical and intellectual endowments, and his observant

regard to their preservation. In the article of diet he manifests his philosophy by a temperate enjoyment of all good things, from a mutton chop to a turbot, but, above all, in his desire to have his food, whatever its nature may be, prepared in a scientific manner, so that it may be most acceptable to the stomach and the palate, and thus contribute at once to health and enjoyment. Every individual is, from taste, an epicurean in some one thing or things; but few have the wisdom, and knowledge, and self-government to be epicures. One man is an epicure in potatoes, another in legs of mutton, and another in gruel: the rational epicure, however, is less common. The epicure in salt will do well to procure some of that manufactured at Maldon, in Essex, and sold in London under the name of Maldon salt. It is prepared from rock salt boiled in sea-water, and suddenly checked when boiling hard, by the infusion of cold water; the crystals thus produced are re-boiled and recrystallized several times, until they admit of no further refinement. They are then fit for table, where they look very handsome, being semi-transparent and of the tetrahedron or four-sided hollow pyramid form; some of them are large enough to cover a threepenny-piece; they are not of an inconvenient size, however, as the greater number are broken, and those which are too large are easily reduced. The flavour of this salt is infinitely superior to any other. The potato epicure, if he lives in the country, may taste this vegetable in the highest perfection, if, when his fences are being dressed, he pops a few potatoes with their skins on into the kettle of boiling pitch, which is preparing for application to the palings. By this method moisture is excluded and evaporation prevented, and the skin and the pitch

come off together, leaving the most floury potato that art can produce.

Let no one undervalue the importance of the domestic science of cookery, a science whose influence increases with the extension of our social complications. The predisposition to indigestion with which all the children of this generation come into the world, and the stomach disease which commercial anxiety, literary irritation, and moral vexation are tending to produce in all classes of men, may both be ameliorated or prevented by a true understanding of the principles and applications of diet and cookery. In this age of overtaxed and fretted brains, the importance of making the stomach sufficiently strong to support its double labour cannot by possibility be over-rated. To the inexperienced, it may often seem that the prudent and abstemious man and child are more delicate than the careless and indiscriminate liver, because an infraction of their ordinary rules is sure to make them at once and visibly ill. The reason of this is, that the carefully guarded stomach throws its ill-usage off in an acute form on the outworks of the system, in some such shape as sick-headach, while the habitually ill-treated digestive organs distribute their grievances throughout the citadel itself in sluggish chronic complaints. Mons. Soyer's *Modern Housewife*, otherwise insignificant, becomes very important as an engine of mischief, likely to retard the progress of the science it pretends to expound, and on which the greatest of our social blessings—health—so very much depends. That the only infallible antidotes to pretenders of this kind, a truer knowledge and a purer taste, may be extended, to his confusion and our preservation, is very much to be desired for all classes of this quack-ridden era, guilty of misrule down to its very saucepans.

THE BRIDGEWATER GALLERY.

EVERY lover of London, as well as every lover of art, must rejoice in the approaching completion of Bridgewater house, and in the opening to the public of its rich and famous picture-gallery. In truth, it is the first great house of a great lord that our metropolis has seen rise within its immense circuit, which may be safely compared with the palaces of Italy and Germany, or even with the hotels of the Faubourg St. Germain. For Stafford house and Apsley house, though sufficiently regular in design, fortunate in site, and imposing in size, bear too strongly stamped on their Quaker-Corinthian fronts the ignoble character of that poor and pompous Georgian era, to which they owe their birth. It was with a sort of national pride, therefore, that we hailed the appearance of Mr. Barry's new work in that line of brick boxes and chimney cans—that epitome of architectural ugliness, in which the builders on the Green Park set an example which their brethren in Park-lane have, perhaps, hardly surpassed. The principal façades, those to the west and south, are at once elegant and palatial; the proportions of wall to window are just; and the building is not crushed by the weight of its cornice, like certain club-houses in the vicinity, whereon their authors appear to have heaped cornice enough to supply all the houses, in which that architectural feature is wanting, in St. James's-street and Pall Mall. The windows, with their arched tops, and ciphers, and *sic donecs*, are very gracefully designed; and the principal entrance is not inelegant, although, perhaps, rather too small, and deficient in carriage-shelter—a grave defect, as it appears to us, in the convenience of a house liable to routs and rain. The interior is as yet in a very rude state, the walls being rough cast, perhaps to receive a lining of scagliola. The vestibule opens into a noble hall, or court, about 60 feet long, by 36 wide, surrounded above and below by arched corridors, and covered with glass. This glass roof is formed, not of panes, but of lumps of glass of considerable thickness, cut into

facettes, and throwing beautiful gleams of prismatic light upon the floor and walls below. The staircase rises from the eastern corridor, and lands at the end of the southern corridor above; it is stately and convenient in size; but it is evidently intended to keep it somewhat in the background, and sacrifice effects which might have been obtained from it, for the sake of giving as much space as possible to the hall. The pictures are temporarily arranged on the first floor, in a suite of rooms looking on the Green park, and in a gallery which runs the whole length of the north side of the building. This gallery being intended to be the pride and glory of the house, has naturally enough been made her peculiar care by that perverse fortune which appears to wait upon British architects in general, and upon Mr. Barry in particular. In the first place, the entrance, which we take to be the principal one, at the west end, is rendered most ungraceful by the different heights of the pairs of marble columns, between which you find yourself at the threshold. Turning to the right, however, you see before you a noble apartment, lighted, as it seems abundantly, from the ceiling, and filled with pictures which you know have been culled by three generations of collectors, no less tasteful than wealthy, from the choicest galleries of Europe. Full of hope and impatience, you approach the walls to feast your eyes on the familiar Titian, of which you have caught a glorious glimpse. To your surprise, however, you find the canvas glittering with reflected light;—you shade your eyes with your hand or hat; you change your position; you dodge to and fro; but in vain; and, finally, after you have backed upon the obesity of a rector from the midland counties, and sidled against an upturned beard, which expostulates in German, you wish yourself in Marlborough-house, where the good honest rooms, built for dancing and dining, have, at least, no malice prepense against the Vernon pictures. Mr. Barry is, indeed, unrivalled, even in his own

profession, for the skill with which he defeats, while appearing to serve, the purposes of his employers. Could Lord Palmerston but procure for him in Russia or in France the post held by the lamented Lefort, or the ingenious M. Vauban, we think even Mr. Urquhart could forgive that otherwise-never-to-be-sufficiently-belheaded statesman; and we are certain that Calais or Cronstadt would in a few years be a modern Jericho, with fortifications ready to fall at the sound of a hostile trumpet. His talents as a draughtsman, which are undoubtedly high, charmed the government of the day into erecting the New Palace of Westminster in the style of all others the most ill-suited to the exchequer, the occasion, the site, and the age. He then constructed a couple of chambers for the purposes of legislative debate, in which no man could hear, and one of which was too small to contain the number of persons whose duty it is to sit therein. Passing with the facility of genius to another field, this great artist has now lodged the finest collection of pictures that England can boast in a gallery where no man can see. He deserves the greater credit for this achievement, because there really is no lack of light, and we can only suppose it to be the result of deep study and many experiments, that the supply is thrown entirely upon the floor, so that the spectators may distinctly recognise their friends, and that the artist of Mr. Punch may sketch, if he pleases, the uneasy attitudes and whimsical collisions of those who are endeavouring to form an acquaintance with the pictures. Perhaps the gallery might be made available for sculpture; and we are sure that it would make a noble show-room for the carpets of Mr. Lapworth, or the buhl tables of Mr. Forrest. As it is, it will never do for pictures; and we must therefore hope that Mr. Barry has carried his cross-purpose principle into effect in other parts of the house, and that, pending necessary alterations, favourable sites may be found for the Raphaels in the servants' hall or in the cellar.

The Bridgewater collection was commenced at the end of the last century by Francis, Duke of Bridgewater, the far-sighted and patient

constructor of the Bridgewater canal. Such contributions to the elegant arts and the useful works of his country, are noble monuments to his memory, and splendid additions to the illustrations of that branch of the house of Egerton, which produced the good Chancellor Ellesmere, and fostered the genius of Milton. The Duke's first important acquisition was the Italian portion of the great Orleans gallery, formed by the Regent between 1713 and 1723, and dispersed by Egalité shortly before the first French Revolution. Having purchased these pictures, 305 in all, for 43,000*l.*, he selected for himself out of the number ninety-four, of which he afterwards ceded about one-third to Lord Gower and Lord Carlisle. The exhibition and sale of the remainder produced 41,000*l.*, so that the French gallery turned out almost as good a money-investment as the Lancashire canal. The Duke continued to enrich his collection until his death, in 1803, when it was merged by inheritance, for thirty years, in the gallery of the first Duke of Sutherland. In 1833, at the death of that nobleman, the Bridgewater property and pictures passed to his second son, now Earl of Ellesmere, who before and since that time has added largely to the splendid heirlooms which will hereafter adorn his palace in Cleveland-square, when the blunders of Mr. Barry shall have been rectified.

The catalogue of the pictures now on view, of which we perceive that a third edition has been already called for, describes 303 works, Nos. 304 and 305 being left mysteriously nameless. The collection, when numbered by Mrs. Jameson in her charming *Hand-book to the Private Galleries of London*, consisted of 317 pictures; so we may suppose that a few of his gems have been retained by Lord Ellesmere as domestic companions. In spite, however, of their absence, the gallery is so rich, so various, and in some respects so complete, that we are tempted to ask, in reviewing its treasures, why some of the noblest epochs of painting are entirely unrepresented. The free admission, the number and value of the pictures, and perhaps we may add the indifferent light, make us forget that the collection

was formed to gratify the taste of a private connoisseur, and that it is not a museum framed for public use and instruction. There is scarcely a specimen of the early religious art which filled with saintly beauty the shrines of Umbria, and ennobled the commercial cities of Flanders; and, indeed, there is hardly a picture dating before the sixteenth century. But of Rafael and of Titian, and their followers, of the late schools of Rome, Florence, and Bologna, of Rubens and the Flemings, and of Rembrandt and the Hollanders, we know no collection of the same size that contains so many fine works, at once valuable as characteristic of their respective authors, and charming as the decorations of a home.

In no royal gallery that we have had the good fortune to enter—not even in the Museum at Madrid—did we ever see hanging side by side four of Rafael's most exquisite works. It was reserved for a British peer to confer this proud distinction on his gallery, and for a British architect to construct a gallery that should be so unworthy of the distinction. On Mr. Barry's south wall, about the centre of the room, hang the celebrated pictures known as the 'Virgin of the Palm-tree,' the 'Fairest Virgin,' and the 'Virgin of the Walk,' and a fourth, to which no name has yet been given. They are placed, fortunately for us, close to the eye, and are unprotected by glass or any other jealous precaution, Lord Ellesmere's generous desire that they should be seen being stronger than his fears for their safety. And first let us glance at the great historical names which receive a fresh ray of glory from association with these noble creations of the prince of painters. The 'Virgin of the Palm-tree' was painted in 1506, at Florence, for Taddeo Taddei; it was copied in France for the church of Port Royal, by Philip de Champagne, and it passed through the galleries of Tanbonneau and Navolles into that of the Regent Orleans. 'La plus belle de Vierges,' painted about 1512, was brought from Italy by the son of the great Colbert, and passed with her new name and the rest of the Seignelai pictures, to the Palais Royal. The 'Virgin of the Passeggio' was presented by the Duke of Urbino

to Philip II. of Spain, by whom it was given—doubtless on some paramount and pressing political necessity—to his cousin and rival collector, the Emperor Rodolph II. At the taking of Prague, it was gleaned from the walls of the Hradschin by the victor Gustavus Adolphus, that Protestant champion, it would seem, not being disposed to anticipate at Stockholm a sentiment which we lately saw chalked on a wall of this Wiseman-stricken metropolis—'No Virgins in England.' Scandinavia, however, did not long boast of its first and only Rafael, for Christina on her abdication carried it back to Italy, and left it by will to her minion Azzolini, from whom it went, through the gallery of Odescalchi, to the saloons of the French Regent. The fourth of this bright band of Virgins might properly be called the 'Madonna of the President,' all that is known of the picture being, that it once adorned the collection of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The 'Virgin of the Palm-tree' belongs to the early manner of the master, and displays the hard outline, the somewhat timid colouring, and the severely religious character which he had learned at Perugia. The hem of our lady's robe is touched with gold, the last sign of allegiance to the venerable traditions of Byzance. The serene and passionless face, seen in profile, of Mary, is admirably contrasted with the expression of eager longing with which her son struggles forward to take the flowers from the hand of the kneeling Joseph, whose majestic grey head is said to have been that which 'conceived the design of the gay and sumptuous cathedral of the Renaissance, a study from the architect Bramante. The canvas to which the original picture was transferred, in France, from its original panel, is unfortunately rather coarse in texture, which in certain lights somewhat mars the effect of the design.

The 'Virgin of the Walk' is rich and forcible in colouring; and in this respect, and in the sentiment which pervades the picture, it seems to us to hold a middle place between the 'Madonna of the Fish'—in which the coldness and purity border on the austere—and the Madonna which

the Spanish king called his Pearl,—gorgeous in colour and in finish, and more mundane in character than any other Mary of the master. In the perfect beauty of this Virgin, the human and the divine are blended and interfused with Rafael's highest skill and felicity; and the figure of the Saviour—who, half-leaning upon his mother, turns to receive the adoration of St. John—is a model of that grace and dignity which might be expected in the childhood of the Christ of the Cartoons. The picture owes its name to St. Joseph, who is seen walking in the middle distance, in front of a lovely landscape of rocks and trees and the gleaming windings of a river. The Reynolds picture is chiefly remarkable for the benign beauty—so full of innocence and peace—of the sleeping Saviour, from whom the Virgin is gently lifting the veil. 'La plus belle de Vierges' is seated, with her babe upon her knee, and looks down upon him with an expression of tenderness which is beauty's best aspect, and which justifies her name, if, indeed, it be possible to fix upon the Virgin of Rafael which deserves the palm of preeminent beauty.

With the works of Rafael's scholars the gallery is not very largely supplied. The 'Adoration of the Magi,' by Balthasar Peruzzi, however, is a small picture of great merit; the Virgin is full of grace, drawn from the inexhaustible Rafael source; and the architectural background displays the painter's special excellence and skill.

Titian has contributed to the gallery largely of his abundance. The magnificent pictures of 'Actæon' and 'Calisto'—compositions replete with passion and poetry, conceived with grandeur and vigour in the minutest details, and glowing with all the splendour of his palette—were executed when his age had reached the threescore years and ten which generally form the limits of human power. Of his earliest manner there is a delightful specimen in the 'Allegory of Life,' in which two rosy children sleep, and two fair lovers discourse of love, in the foreground, while between them, in the distance, Old Age sits alone, telling his beads, and considering, in a skull, the complexion to which he is fast coming.

VOL. XLIV. NO. CCLX.

'Venus of the Shell' belongs to a later time, when the influence of Gorgione was less fresh upon his memory. The goddess, seen only to the knee, graceful in outline, but of that solid form which the Venetians loved, wrings the water from her auburn hair; her cockle-boat dancing on the blue wavelets of the Egean, which stretches away behind her until it meets the sky.

The gallery is especially rich in the ornate and attractive works of the school of Bologna. In the hands of the Caracci, if art became every year more secular and less lofty in inspiration and in aim, in mastery over its materials and its implements, it attained a point of excellence which has never been transcended. The mind of Ludovico was an artistic cornucopia, overflowing with the fairest flowers of the nature that bloomed around him, and the richest fruits gathered from the experience of the past. We question if his majestic genius and patient hand ever brought forth a greater work than yonder 'Descent from the Cross.' Our Lord lies on the ground, dead, and cold, and beautiful, amongst the ministering women, who had stood watching afar off, through the darkness and the earthquake which followed the great sacrifice. Magnificent in faded beauty and unutterable woe, the Virgin is fainting in the arms of her companions; while she 'who loved much,' lets her long, fair hair fall around her master's wounded feet, and bathes them for the last time with her tears. The scene is beheld by that solemn twilight which best suits its horrors, and which Ludovico loved to diffuse over his grand compositions. The defect of the picture is in St. John, who is rather the well-graced actor of grief not his own, than the beloved disciple assisting at the entombment of him upon whose breast he had so lately leaned. The eclectic habits of the master may be observed in the Virgin, who recalls a virgin by Coreggio, and in the Magdalene, whose gleaming tresses and plaited vest remind us of the stately beauties of the pictorial banquet-halls of Venice. There are some good specimens of Annibal Caracci, but those who wish to study the

greatest effort of his pencil in England should go into the British Institution, and see the 'Three Marias,' the pearl of the gallery of Castle Howard. Of Domenichino, Lord Ellesmere possesses some grand brown landscapes, to be esteemed rather as being full of poetical suggestion, than as portraits of the sweet face of nature. Guido's 'Assumption of the Virgin,' a nymph borne heavenwards by conventional cherubs in a blaze of amber glory, is a favourite of connoisseurs, but, to our taste, far too large for its colouring and treatment. As a cabinet picture, it would be lovely, but for an altar-piece it would be feeble; and hanging where it now does, at the eastern end of a long gallery, we think the general verdict must be that it is not strong enough for the place. Of Elisabetta Sirani, the young, the promising, the laborious, and the ill-fated, there is a charming work, a study of a fair-haired dame, of which the effect is marred by the skull and cross, added, no doubt, as her qualification for Magdalenesship and altar-reverence. So far as keeping is concerned, these emblems of penitence might as properly be given, instead of accordion, or sketch-book, or fan, to any young beauty painted by Grant or Swinton in the current year of grace.

Claude Lorraine is seen to peculiar advantage, and the 'Demosthenes' is one of his most poetical readings of nature. Nor must we forget the lovely, tranquil sea-piece by Salvator Rosa, a mountainous shore, with a white town sparkling on the margin of the sunny sea, a bright haven on the sweet coast of Dreamland. Why should the catalogue be so officious as to inform us that the picture represents the Rock of Lisbon, which Salvator never saw, and which it certainly does not resemble more than a hundred of the wild headlands which serrate his native shore from Sorrento to Salerno? Of Poussin, alas! we have nothing to say, although we visited the gallery twice, at different times on days that were by no means dark, to see his 'Seven Sacraments,' a very interesting series of pictures, added to the

gallery by Lord Ellesmere. That they are in the house the catalogue informs us, so we are content to believe it; and we also believe that they possess merits of a high order, or they would not be where they are. But the colouring of the pictures being of a dark and sombre character, the additional darkness shed upon them by Mr. Barry has rendered them quite invisible; and whether the apostles in the 'Last Supper' be heathen philosophers of the usual Poussin cast, or Dutch smugglers, as conceived by Jan Steen, we are not in a condition to report from personal observation.

Spain is but slenderly represented. A fine picture of John the Baptist, attributed—we think on questionable authority—to Luis de Vargas, an early painter of Seville, hangs in the eastern corridor. In the gallery there is a small and unimportant sketch by Murillo, and a capital full-length portrait by Velasquez, painted in the bold, broad manner of that Titian of Castille. The portrait has considerable historical interest, being that of the once famous Julianillo de Guzman, a bastard of doubtful parentage, claimed and adopted by the minister Olivares, in order to cut out an obnoxious nephew, and afterwards married, pampered, and promoted by the count-duke in so shameless and arbitrary a style, that it was supposed to have hastened his own downfall. When the rich remains of the Soult plunder come to the hammer, we hope Bridgewater house may become the resting-place for some of the trophies of Spanish art of which the picture-dealing marshal robbed Seville and the Escorial.

The works of the northern masters occupy the suite of drawing-rooms overlooking the Green Park. These apartments, not being designed by Mr. Barry purposely for pictures, have some walls on which pictures can be seen. The great painter of Antwerp fills a smaller portion of the space than generally falls to his share in a gallery of so much richness and variety. His pictures, though few and small, are choice. 'St. Theresa interceding with our Lord for the Souls in Purgatory,' is interesting as the original study for the noble work now in the Museum

at Antwerp. 'Mercury bearing Hebe to Olympus,' is a carefully finished picture of a small size. The herald and his prize—of all the Greek immortals, the one who best bore translation into Flemish—are in the centre of the picture, and around and above are the gods of Olympus; and below, in bird's-eye prospect, a long expanse of smiling Rhineland. Blooming with flowery freshness of colour, this composition displays the unwearied vigour and elasticity with which every subject was approached by Rubens, whose pencil was the outlet of an ever-teeming fancy, and of a memory overflowing with its gatherings from nature. Rembrandt's 'Burgomaster,' his 'Jewelled dame,' and his own portrait, are gems of purest ray serene, sparkling with light which Mr. Barry himself—as it seems, a great master of clear-obscurity—could hardly quench without brick-ing up the windows. Albert Cuyp is charming on both land and water. His 'Lady and Gentleman on horse-back, conversing with Peasants near a grove,' is a picture breathing the freshness and balm of morning; and in another glorious morning study, the venerable town of Dort—where 'synodal action' was so memorably displayed—basks before us with its old towers and gables as vividly as if we surveyed it from a deck on the Maes, and far more agreeably. In front a boat is moving through the water, with a long white wake behind, having on board, amongst other quaint passengers, a certain prince Maurice, whom, as Mrs. Jameson cannot find him on the Nassau tree, we suspect to have been grafted thereon by those historical romancers, the picture-dealers. Adrian Ostade's 'Lawyer reading a parchment, while a client stands by with a propitiatory offering of woodcocks,' is a study handled with all the force and drollery of Smollett; and 'The Girl threading her needle,' of Nicholas Maes, is a subject selected with so much delicacy, and painted with so much vivacity, elegance, and truth, that we shall henceforth think of that unfamiliar name as the Cowper of Dutch painters. Wynants may be studied here in great perfection, in his usual way-side views. He loved

a road as Ruysdael loved a river; and with reason; for next to a river a road is one of the most picturesque incidents in a landscape; and the stream of rural traffic often winds in pleasing curves like the brook that wanders at its own sweet will. Metz's cavalier tosses off his stirrup-cup—Terburg's maiden of the white satin gown turns her graceful back upon us—the boors of Teniers drink, and dance, and group themselves, with all the careful finish, brilliant effect, and dramatic power proper to these fine masters; and William Vandervelde's 'Dutch Vessel in a rolling Sea' is valuable, no less for its own merits, than for having called forth the fine companion picture, painted half a century ago, by our veteran Turner.

There are a few other choice works of English masters, such as the 'Nabob's Family,' by Sir Joshua, and the 'Niobe,' one of the grandest landscapes of Richard Wilson. Perhaps no picture in the collection excites so much interest as the Chandos portrait of Shakespeare, purchased at Stowe by Lord Ellesmere, and supposed to have been painted by Burbage, the poet's friend and stage fellow, and his first Richard III. In the polite little mob which ever surrounded it, we observed at one time a couple of Germans gazing intently at him whom they and we think the poet of all time and all mankind—a Spaniard pressing for a peep of the author of 'Macbeth,' which was once translated from a French version for the Madrid stage—and even a Parisian pair deigning to notice the dramatist whom their great Monsieur Dumas acknowledged for his master, and called '*vieux Williams*.' In spite of George Steevens and his jokes about this Davenantico-Bettertono-Barryan-Keekian-Nicolsian-Chandosian portrait, we wish the picture were in our national collection. It seems to us that in pedigree, in artistic merit, in accordance with the Stratford bust and the Droeshout print, and in blended strength and sweetness of character, it is far superior to any other of the representations of 'our gentle Shakespeare.' Thanks, honest Burbage! worthy fellow-labourer of John Heminge and Henry Condell! How few statesmen and soldiers have de-

served so well of England as these poor players! Burbage was not a Titian or a Vandyck, yet we would not give this solitary relic of his amateur easel for many a magnificent doge or silken cavalier. And had the noble head of our bard been perpetuated by one of these great artists, even then, as now, we should have had to follow rare Ben's advice, and read his mind 'not on his picture, but his booke.'

Of the modern foreign artists we have only space to mention a single work—a beautiful and majestic 'Virgin and infant Saviour,' attended by two white-robed ascetics, painted by Steinlè, of Frankfort, one of the ablest and most genial of the followers of Overbeck.

But we cannot close this paper without an expression of thanks to Lord Ellesmere for the enjoyment which we owe to his kindness and liberality. We know no way of spending a more agreeable and more improving holiday hour than in visiting such a gallery as that of Bridgewater house. Pictures are amongst the most suggestive of the creations of art; and no less delightful than various are the trains of thought and speculation to which they give rise. A Titian brings all Venice before us—in her moral and historical aspects, in her stately oligarchy, her merchant wealth, her oriental character and dominion. In a work of Rafael, we are taken up, as it were, into an exceeding high mountain, to behold the entire Italy of the Renaissance. Durer and Cranach transport us to the quaint old streets of Nuremberg, to the Germany of Feudalism, and the stern fathers of Reform. In Velazquez and Murillo, we find an epitomized Spain, with her sunshine and repose, her blue-blooded nobles and her brown maidens, and her black, omnipresent church. We can conceive the pursuits and habits of a life being determined and fixed in a picture-gallery; but we can hardly conceive the veriest loungeer going away without having had his curiosity wholesomely stirred, or some feeling for the beautiful awakened. We can attribute the improvement in the arts of design, as displayed in British manufactures, and in the character of artistic wares exhibited

in our print-shops, to nothing so much as our British habits of foreign travel, and the influence of tastes cultivated in the open galleries of the continent. Our middle-classes have learned to admire, and our aristocracy to collect, better things; and collectors—thanks to Lord Warrington and Lord Ellesmere for setting the example—are beginning to make their collections sources of national pleasure as well as of national pride. It is hardly possible to believe that in the next generation, which will consist of lovers and frequenters of galleries, the home of any English peer will contain such a farrago of trash as was lately brought to the hammer at a great house in Whitehall. The penetralia of that mansion afforded the public an opportunity, which may never occur again, of studying the natural history of that curious animal, the exquisites of the Regency. The earl had been a friend and lord in waiting of the finest gentleman in Europe, and died, we may suppose, in the belief that George and his Pavilion belonged to the same order of men and works as Pericles and the Parthenon. Perhaps it is no wonder, therefore, that the noble apartments were crammed with Sevres of the Empire, porcelain monsters from China, French clocks of the Restoration, and hulking vases from Japan,—that there was a snuff-room, containing several thousand pounds' worth of snuff; and that the chief ornaments of his lordship's sanctum were snuff-boxes set with diamonds and erotic enamels, and crowds of Terpsichorean statuettes fiercely painted and gilt, while the only implements which hinted that any manner of work had been done there were about forty pairs of shears and scissors, which gave at least colour to the report, that the strange brown coats which disfigured my lady's tall footmen and amused the streets, were shaped by the hands of a hereditary legislator. Happily for England, the age of Brummel and his fat friend has passed away, and the column of polished society, while preserving the form, has improved the material, of its Corinthian capital. The year eighteen hundred and forty-eight would have shaken Carlton house to its foundations, though

it hurt not a chimney-can of Buckingham palace. The throne of the Guelphs will never be in danger, so long as the tastes and occupations of royalty remain the pride of these realms; nor will the peerage fall, so long as its privileges are used for the public weal, and its riches and splendour made the means of intellectual enjoyment to the people.

Lord Ellesmere has indeed given a noble contribution towards the attractions of London; and he has given it in a way truly princely, and worthy of himself. It is hardly necessary to remind our companions at Bridgewater house, that not only must the handsome temporary fittings and daily attendance of police in the gallery cost a large sum, but that his lordship has also sacrificed to our pleasure time which, doubtless,

it would have been more convenient to him to have spent in proceeding with the decorations of his house, and in rectifying the vexatious mistakes of his R. A. architect. We trust that he may have no cause to regret the confidence which he has reposed in the great polyglot public of 1851, and we are glad to learn, from the visitors' book, that his generosity had at least been thankfully appreciated. In one week, we observed that the number of visitors was upwards of five thousand, and that sixteen hundred persons had in one day been refreshed by a sight of the Raphaels, and enabled by personal observation to bear witness through the land to the taste and munificence of Lord Ellesmere, and the blunders of Mr. Barry.

INVITATION TO THE COUNTRY.

THERE'S a charm in all weathers with thee, my friend!
 And a meadow unreap'd by the bee, my friend,
 Is a very good image of me, my friend,
 While my wishes all flower for thee, my friend!

Now 'tis spring on wood and wold,
 Early spring who shivers with cold,
 But gladdens, and gathers, day by day,
 A lovelier hue, and a warmer ray,
 And a sweeter song, and a dearer ditty;
 Ouzel and throstle, new-mated and gay,
 Singing their bridals on every spray—
 Oh, hear them, deep in the songless City!
 Cast off the yoke of toil and smoke,
 As spring is casting winter's grey,
 As serpents cast their skins away:
 No serpent—but of a dye as bright!
 And come, for the Country awaits thee with pity;
 And longs to bathe thee in her delight,
 And take a new joy in thy kindling sight;
 And I no less, by day and night,
 Long for thy coming, and watch thee, and wait thee,
 And wonder what duties can thus belate thee.

Dry-fruited firs are dropping their cones,
 And vista'd avenues of pines
 Take richer green, give fresher tones,
 As morn after morn the glad sun shines.

Primrose tufts peep over the brooks,
 Fair faces amid moist decay!
 The rivulets run with the dead leaves at play,
 The leafless elms are alive with the rooks.

Over the meadows the cowslips are springing,
 The marshes are thick with king-cup gold,
 Clear is the cry of the lambs in the fold,
 The skylark is singing, and singing, and singing.

Soon comes the cuckoo when April is fair,
 And her blue eye the brighter the more it may weep :
 The frog and the butterfly wake from their sleep,
 Each to its element, water and air.

Mist hangs still on every hill,
 And curls up the valleys at eve ; but noon
 Is full of spring ; and at midnight the moon
 Gives her westering throne to Orion's bright zone,
 As he slopes o'er the darkened world's repose ;
 And a lustre in eastern Sirius glows.
 Come, while the larches burst bud, and the palm
 Sheds its white down, ere the odorous balm
 Of flowers has wasted its first keen sense
 Of Elysian air, and pastoral sweetness,
 Which fills us with godlike power intense,
 To enjoy the wise insight to nature's completeness.

Come, like a flower, and grow in the rains !
 While the fields are preparing the sweet May-mirth.
 Feel the yearning of Summer below the green earth,
 That March foretels, and April feigns.

Come, in the season of opening buds !
 Come, and regret not the otter that whistles
 Unlit by the moon, 'mid the wet winter bristles
 Of willow, half drown'd in the fattening floods !
 Let him catch his cold fish without fear of a gun,
 And the stars shall shield him, and thou shalt shun !
 And every little bird under the sun
 Shall know that the bounty of spring doth dwell
 In the winds that blow, and the waters that run,
 and in the breast of man as well.

There's a charm in all weathers with thee, my friend !
 And a meadow uncap'd by the bee, my friend,
 Is a very good image of me, my friend,
 While my wishes all flower for thee, my friend !

GEORGE MEREDITH.

TRAVELLERS' BOOKS FOR 1851.

IT was not unreasonably expected, that in proportion as the world was thrown open to everybody that had a month to spare to go and see it, the literature of travel would decline. The contrary seems to be the fact. To judge by a pile of books on our table at this moment, representing nearly all climates and races under the sun, the activity of our touring authors is alarmingly on the increase.

Is there any satisfactory way of accounting for so remarkable an accumulation of this particular class of books at a time when we stand so little in need of them? May we refer it to the fact, that people like to read about places they have visited, and to compare notes with others who have gone over the same ground, if it were only for the comfort of quarrelling with them? We presume it must be some such speculation that tempts so many travellers to persist in bringing continual supplies of coal to Newcastle. They know the popular weakness, and reckon confidently upon it. They calculate on the delight mankind has taken from time immemorial in retracing familiar spots, and recalling old associations; and we believe the calculation is founded on an accurate appreciation of the sympathies of readers in general, who find it a much easier and pleasanter employment to retrace well-known haunts that awaken agreeable reminiscences, than to penetrate 'pastures new' at a cost of original exertion which is not always repaid by the result.

Of the mass of travellers' books before us, it is not our intention to speak in detail (for which the readers of this yet unwritten article ought to be grateful); but we have made a selection, or election, on the representative principle, of the most striking amongst them, which will answer the purpose better. It is a strong-headed old saw of that strong-headed old gentleman, John Bull, that people ought to make themselves acquainted with their native land before they go abroad to explore the beauties of other countries. That doctrine might have been very sound

and proper during the war, when the Continent was shut up, and people could not go abroad without the fear of such pleasant quarters as Verdun before their eyes: but in this age of the world, we could assign cogent and satisfactory reasons for protesting against all such national bigotries. As we wish, however, to start upon our journey through these books in the best possible humour with everybody, we will submit to this particular saw on this particular occasion, and begin with the volumes that relate to this native land of ours.

If the reader has visited the 'Great Globe,' erected by Mr. Wyld in Leicester-square, and escaped being stifled by the heat before he reached the topmost gallery (an ingenious contrivance for getting closer views of the Earth and the waters, by which the general effect of both is skilfully annihilated), he will probably recollect a patch of modelling hanging far up in the skiey ocean, which he was desired by an usher of the ceremonies, carrying a long wand wherewith he conjures up continents and islands out of the vasty deep, to regard as an accurate delineation of the kingdom of Great Britain. Having got to this point in his voyage of circumnavigation round the galleries, we presume the reader, being a true Briton, with the aforesaid saw predominant in his thoughts, must have stood to gaze upwards in admiration at the peculiar position which this country occupies in that waste of waves over which she is said to exercise supreme rule, and that, having accustomed his eyes to the odd, uncomfortable shape of that wonderful little island, with its rickety crags and headlands sprawling in and out over a blue expanse which looks as innocent as if it had never swallowed a single shipful of live men, he may probably have traced a narrow jut of land stretching away at the lower extremity of the kingdom, and vanishing in a couple of broken prongs into the waters of the Channel. That narrow jut of land is the county of Cornwall—a place which comes with peculiar propriety under the protection of

the ancient saw above alluded to, since it is, without any doubt whatever, the least known spot on the surface of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, not merely to the tourists thereof, but to all classes of inhabitants belonging thereto. Why Cornwall should be a *terra incognita* we are quite unable to explain; because it has no inconsiderable attractions in the way of wild rocky scenery, boasts of some of the most remarkable Druidical remains in England, and is pierced through and through by mines of tin, lead, and copper, which ought to be sufficient in themselves to bring the place into notice. Yet it is so little known, that when an author and an artist were recently casting about for the least-trodden ground, out of which they might get an agreeable pedestrian trip, and a book of pen-and-pencil sketches, the result of their inquiries directed them to this forlorn district as a place with which nobody, outside its own population, was acquainted, and concerning which it was by no means easy to obtain accurate information.

The author who went to explore this unknown region was Mr. Wilkie Collins; and the artist, his companion, was Mr. Brandling. Their joint contributions to a handsome volume, significantly entitled, *Rambles beyond Railways*,* are so minute and picturesque, and bring the principal scenes of the remote south-west, so clearly and familiarly before us, that nobody can have any excuse hereafter for being ignorant of the existence and peculiarities of our Cornish extremity.

The tour was very wisely made on foot. Cornwall is not a place to be visited *en prince*. You must climb precipices, creep into caves, plunge into the bowels of the earth, cross great bleak, savage moors, and put up with innumerable inconveniences and little hardships in the way of indifferent inns and physical fatigue, if you would penetrate the beauties and mysteries of a country which, in many striking particulars, is entirely unlike all the rest of England.

The scenery of Cornwall may be

described under two grand divisions, that which is above ground, and that which is below; and from the account Mr. Collins gives us of both, it is difficult to determine which is the more singular and picturesque. We are by no means sure that the mine does not successfully contest the palm of grandeur and strangeness with the toppling rocks and the desolate heaths.

The daylight, as contradistinguished from the torch-light scenery presents varieties peculiar to itself. The cultivated and inhabited spots are dissected by small lanes, and planted with stunted trees, and interminable stretches of ferns. When a heavy fall of rain descends upon these lanes, it is not difficult to imagine the effect it has upon the mud of which they and their embankments are composed. The granite cottage of this rocky region loosely built up, and having, on the finest days, rather a drizzling appearance; the thick stone walls which divide the fields, and upon the summits of which are the foot-paths by which you traverse the country, (after the manner of the Dutch roads, or the raised pathways that intersect the salt marshes of La Vendée;) the caverns and cliffs that start upon you towards the seaboard margin; and, farther inland, the occasional precipices that rise up like spectres out of the bosom of the earth in all sorts of odd shapes and perilous balances, are specially calculated to impart an almost supernaturally gloomy effect to a wet day in Cornwall. And in these wild places, one can't help thinking the people are more exposed to wet days than the inhabitants of other districts. The very scenery is suggestive of inclement weather; you keep everlastingly looking out for squalls, and anticipating floods and tempests; and it seems, too, that the Cornish rain is very much like the rain in the mountainous parts of Scotland—thick, soft, and misty; shutting out the light as palpably as an eclipse, and wetting you—to use the authorized idiom—through and through before you know anything about it.

* *Rambles beyond Railways; or, Notes in Cornwall taken a-foot.* By W. Wilkie Collins. With illustrations by Henry C. Brandling. Bentley.

From this description, we have a very distinct notion of one class of effects. Let us now turn to another.

All travellers who have crossed the Simplon, must remember the transition which comes upon them within a few hours on the Italian side when, descending from the eternal snows of the upper region, they find themselves in a glowing atmosphere, and surrounded on all sides by trellised vines floating in the sunshine. This transition is even less surprising than the suddenness of the change from the agricultural village, and its outlying fields and gardens, to the vast, lonely, grizzly plains, that form one of the distinguishing features of Cornwall. A single turn in the road, says our author, brought us suddenly to the limits of trees, meadows, and cottages, and displayed before us with almost startling abruptness, the magnificent prospect of a Cornish Moor. This is the case everywhere. Cultivation stops all at once, and upon its very edge the desolation begins. The 'magnificence' consists in the sublime solitude of the scene, which, by the force of immediate contrast with the hives of industry that are in active motion round about, and even under the very ground you are treading, is a thousand times more impressive than the wild silence of an uninhabited land.

Mr. Collins' route through Cornwall, starting from Plymouth, down the east coast to Lizard Point, and round Land's End, up the western coast to Launceston, embraced all the chief objects of interest lying close to the sea; while a few excursions inland enabled him to form a general estimate of the character and way of life of the people. Some notion of the grandeur of the scenery on this coast may be gathered from a glance at Kynance Cove, where white sands, under a precipice three hundred feet in height, stretch out in a half circle into the sea.

What a scene was now presented to us! It was a perfect palace of rocks! Some rose perpendicularly and separated from each other, in the shapes of pyramids and steeples—some were overhanging at the top, and pierced with dark caverns at the bottom—some were stretched horizontally on the sand, here studded with pools of water, there

broken into natural archways—no one resembled another in shape, size, or position—and all, at the moment when we looked on them, were wrapped in the solemn obscurity of a deep mist; a mist which shadowed without concealing them, which exaggerated their size, and, hiding all the cliffs beyond, presented them sublimely as separate and solitary objects in the sea-view.

The interior of these savage places, if you have courage enough to explore them, will reward the curious adventurer who can trust to the firmness of his head and hands. Mr. Collins' account of his visit to the gulls' nests on the top of a fearful precipice, to gather wild asparagus,—of the chink, or crevice, which has acquired the name of the 'Devil's Bellows,' in consequence of the way the wind roars through it,—of his peep into a ghastly chasm called the 'Devil's Throat,' and his descent, like an acrobat, on the shoulders of his guide, bring the risks and sensations attendant upon such exploits very vividly before us.

But, although we are tempted to linger amongst sundry striking scenes, such as the Land's End, the Logan Rock, and Tol-Peden-Pen-with (in which the author is ably seconded by the artist, whose tinted lithographs add beauty and value to the volume), we must leave the surface of this picturesque district, and following our intelligent guide into the mineral regions below, pay a flying visit to the Botallack mine, whose outworks stretch up the face of a precipitous cliff above five miles to the north of Land's End. The first appearance of that cliff is something wonderful to look upon. It is clustered over with the evidence and results of the work that is going on underneath, and presents an extraordinary collection of scaffoldings and wooden platforms hanging on the naked rock,—chains, and pipes, and coils of cable,—a steam pump pursuing its incessant drudgery on a spot where you might suppose it impossible for human industry to plant an upright,—little wooden sheds erected on projections which seem hardly roomy enough to admit of a man's foot; and midway between the summit of the rocks and the sea, perched on a fearful little ledge, stands

the counting-house, which forms the centre of all these various operations, and commands, from its position, the whole of this vast machinery!

The first glance at this extraordinary scene is a suitable introduction to the strange sights that follow. Our travellers having exchanged their own costume for that of the miners, and being armed with three tallow candles, two of which are hung at the button-hole, and one carried in the hand, descend a trap-door, down a perpendicular ladder, into a black hole, very much resembling one's abstract suspicion of the interior of a chimney, a lusty miner going in advance of them, to catch them in case they should tumble.

At first there is a faint glimmer of light through sundry chinks in the rock, and just as they feel themselves sinking into utter darkness, they are desired to stand on a landing-place, and wait while the miner goes down for lights. The candles are now lighted, and stuck on the front of their hats with damp clay, so that the hands may be free; and thus, 'like Solomon Eagles in the Great Plague, with flame on their heads,' they resume the descent of the shaft.

When they have gone down some twenty fathoms the ladders are done with, and climbing and crawling through rifts and over platforms begin. At last they make a halt, and sit down on a plank placed for that purpose between the rocky walls of the gallery. They are now four hundred yards out under the bottom of the sea, twenty fathoms below the sea level. Ships are sailing over their heads. The extraordinary position of the works on the face of the cliffs is now intelligible. The mine is excavated under the sea; and two hundred and forty feet below where they are now sitting there are men at work,—ay, and there are galleries and galleries even below that!

These are facts to make the adventurers pause and draw their breath reverentially; and at this moment their guide desires them to sit still and listen. They are motionless and speechless, and possibly, if they would confess it, touched with a sensation of fear and awe, as they wait for the issue, not knowing what is to come.

After listening for a few moments, a distant, unearthly noise becomes faintly audible—a long, low, mysterious moaning, that never changes, that is *felt* on the ear as well as *heard* by it—a sound that might proceed from some incalculable distance:—from some far invisible height—a sound unlike anything that is heard on the upper ground, in the free air of heaven—a sound so sublimely mournful and still, so ghostly and impressive when listened to in the subterranean recesses of the earth, that we continue instinctively to hold our peace, as if enchanted by it, and think not of communicating to each other the strange awe and astonishment which it has inspired in us both from the very first.

It is the sound of the surf lashing the rocks one hundred and twenty feet above their heads, mixed with the monotonous roll of the waves breaking on the beach beyond. Fortunately it is now still weather; but when the storms are at their height, the roaring of the tempest through the chambers of the mine is so inexpressibly awful, that the boldest men abandon their work and rush up to the surface of the firm earth.

The gallery in which our travellers are now standing, flaring their lights about to catch the lustre of the mineral riches that streak the ceiling, is of an average thickness overhead of only three feet: only three feet between them and the boiling ocean! There is a plug just over their heads, about the size of a man's leg. There is a hole there, and this plug is the only protection they have to keep out the sea. The enormous mass of metal that is scattered over the roof of this gallery, stretching along its whole length, presents fearful temptations to the miners. But they dare not touch it! No man could calculate the consequences of applying a pick-axe to that ceiling of stars.

Shall we go any further down the mine? There are two hundred and forty feet more of ladders. What is to be seen? Nothing but men breaking ore with pick-axes. All the galleries are the same. When you have seen one, you have seen all. Our travellers wisely determined to return to the upper earth. There is a hot, moist, sickly vapour floating about; they are oozing with perspiration from every

pore, and covered with mud, tallow, and iron-drippings; and by the time they again reach the counting-house, where tubs of fresh water and soap and flannel await them, they will be in the best possible condition to appreciate the charms of a fresh breeze and liberty to stretch their limbs in the sun.

The book is pleasantly written. It is as if the author were chatting to you on a bench in the open air, and telling you his adventures. He has the proper temper for a pedestrian, and knows how to extract a good-humoured enjoyment out of all the unlucky incidents of the roadside. In addition to the other utilities of the volume, it will be found an excellent itinerary over the route we have indicated.

From Cornwall we will change the scene to the west of Ireland, and take for our guide into that wild principality an English agriculturist, who went over there expressly in search of a suitable location for a settlement, and who having much reason to be pleased with the result, records his experiences and observations for the benefit of others.* The volume which contains this record is practical and careful in its statements, and remarkable for its good sense and its entire freedom from prejudice and exaggeration.

The 'kingdom' of Connemara was the principal scene of our emigrant's inquiries, which appear to have been of the most penetrating character, leaving scarcely a nook or cranny of that extraordinary district, or the neighbouring lands of Mayo, unexplored; and the final issue of his acute investigation is that English capital, instead of being transported to New Zealand, Canada, or Port Philip, would find a much more profitable investment on the western coast of Ireland, which, in addition to all the local attractions he ascribes to it, possesses the very important advantages of being within twenty-four hours of London. 'This fact,' says our author, 'certainly sets a new face on things, and the Irish may depend upon this, that in spite of their factions, their politics,

and their religious squabbles, the English ere long will discover how much better it is to settle in Donegal or Mayo, than to seek their fortunes beneath burning suns or in the land of the wild Indian.'

Here is the whole question stated in a single sentence. Turn it into an interrogatory form, and it presents all the points the emigrant has to consider. Is it better for an Englishman to settle in these cheap and fertile districts, which are so close at hand, but where he must make up his mind to encounter a perturbed state of society, or to transport his capital and his family some thousands of miles from home on a speculation not quite so good in an agricultural point of view, but where he is secure against local discords and disorders? The answer to this question must in all cases be dependent on the circumstances and views of the emigrant; but looking at it in a broad and general sense, we believe we are justified in stating that nearly every practical Englishman who has visited Ireland for the purpose of testing her resources in this way, has answered it in the affirmative.

The grand obstacle to profitable investment is, of course, to be traced to that complicated disorder which has so long disorganized Irish society; and if that could be got rid of or abated, there could be no doubt that Ireland would speedily, to use our author's expression, place the antipodes at a discount. The writer of this book asserts that the elements of discontent are gradually disappearing; and we suspect that the gloomy disclosures of the census may be accepted in part proof of the correctness of the assertion. The people are broken down by strife and misery, and the remnant that is left of the struggling population are beginning to understand more clearly the nature of the obligations which they owe to each other. The last step of adversity, says the Arabian proverb, is the first step to prosperity; and Ireland, in the extremity of her wretchedness, is showing something like signs of approaching regenera-

* *The Saxon in Ireland; or, the Rambles of an Englishman in search of a Settlement in the West of Ireland.* Murray.

tion. Upon this point, the author, who is by no means an enthusiast, speaks in a tone of confidence that is highly encouraging.

The claims of man upon his fellow-man are becoming more known and recognised; and there are many properties in Ireland at the present moment where, in the face of moral and pecuniary difficulties enough to appal the stoutest heart, the proprietors are struggling manfully to perform their social duties; to render their dependents comfortable; to visit and relieve the sick; to teach the ignorant; to infuse upright and manly principles; to encourage cleanliness, industry, and moral progress. In fact, Ireland is becoming every day more alive to her faults, and also to her duties.

The great thing that was wanted was 'English capital, English spirit, and English justice, so that a poor man might get a fair day's wages for a fair day's work.' This was the remark of an intelligent man our author conversed with in the neighbourhood of Ballinahinch. The paramount evil was, that the proprietors had no money, and that, therefore, the people could have no work. It was this condition of things that led to, and justified the introduction of, a law which is little short in its effects of a national confiscation. Upon this subject the opinion of the writer is clear and decisive; and being a close and unbiassed observer of the absolute necessities of the country, his opinion is valuable.

If the estates, he observes, are generally under mortgage, and so over-weighted with encumbrances of various kinds, that the nominal possessor is incapable of performing those positive duties which, by the laws of God, are inseparable from the possession of the soil, the state must interfere; properties so situated must change hands, and the labouring population be rescued from a state of misery and degradation which, as it exists in this country, certainly has no parallel. This was the wise view taken by the present government when they passed the Encumbered Estates Act; and a more politic, a more merciful measure it is impossible to conceive. Such, too, I believe to be the general opinion of the majority of enlightened Irishmen themselves; indeed, I seldom, when the subject was discussed, heard a contrary sentiment from any person whose opinions had any weight.

We must frankly say that our ex-

perience of Irish opinion does not coincide with that of our author; but the necessity or benefits of a measure that takes up a whole system by its roots, must not be measured by the opinions of the people whose interests it affects one way or the other.

In common with many English visitors who have gone amongst the peasantry, and seen them in the opposite conditions of idleness and occupation, the writer of this book maintains that the Irishman will work if he can get employment, and that it is necessity, (ultimately degenerating into rocklessness and sloth,) and not an original sin of his character, that exhibits him at such a disadvantage in comparison with the Saxon labourer. Looking at the gangs of men who were at work on a canal close to Lough Corrib, the author observes—

To see these poor fellows work in the midst of water and mud, and in the face of the hardest rock, at once convinced me that it was neither the want of thews and sinews, nor yet of the spirit of industry, that was the cause of those social evils, which had already so affected me during my short progress. That the Irishman can work, and work well; and that he will be industrious when there is the *proper stimulus and reward*, I cannot but believe, as I look upon the spectacle now before me. And then so cheerful withal! It afforded a strange, nay, a favourable contrast to the rude independence and burly reckless manner of our English navvies.

To say that the Irish will be industrious when there is a proper stimulus and reward, has always appeared to us nothing more than saying, that the Irish possess the ordinary attributes of men. They may not be as constant as the Scotch or English; but to assert that they will not work up to the point of subsistence, if the chance is offered to them, is to assume, in other words, that they actually prefer, as a matter of choice, rags and starvation to food and clothes. The proposition, in any aspect in which we may regard it, is simply absurd.

The value of this book (which may be strongly recommended to the perusal of intending emigrants) consists mainly in the excellent view it gives of the actual resources of the soil in the districts traversed by the

author, and of the special advantages held out for the investment of capital by Ireland in general, and by the western counties especially. Some of these advantages may be thus summed up: the expenses of reclaiming land are considerably less in Ireland than in any of our colonies; wages are lower, labour more abundant, and houses cheaper; there are greater facilities for the carriage of produce, established markets, good roads, excellent harbours, and a fertile soil. The details upon these points are full of interest, and having been collected on the spot, are entitled to be received with credit. The estate purchased by the author for his future settlement is on the coast of Mayo, overlooking Tullaghan or Tulloghane Bay, (for in this case, as in many others, the orthography of the letter-press differs from that of the map,) and seated in the midst of the most charming scenery. The author is not only reconciled to the change from his English home, but looks forward to his plans and improvements in high hope and exultation. Instead of being banished to a new country, and doomed to a life of solitude and hard work, he has the gratification of feeling that he is in a country closely united to his own, producing the same fruits and crops, and occupied by a people speaking his own language, and intermixed with his own race; and above all, that in sixteen hours he could at any time step upon English ground.

And to crown his prospect of prosperity and enjoyment, he expresses the utmost confidence in the character of the people by whom he is surrounded.

I feel there is nothing to fear in settling in this beautiful island. The people naturally are brave, generous, and polite; they are grateful for the kind word, and the *just act*; they are ceasing to be so entirely the creatures of wild impulse, and every passing day is bringing them more under the dominion of common sense and right feeling. Education cannot now be stopped; and it is to that, above all other things, we must look for the regeneration of Ireland.

We believe that the true clue to

the Irish character may be found in the two words printed above in italics. The Irish are enthusiastic lovers of justice. There is nothing they hate so much as injustice. This trait has been hereditary amongst them from the earliest times. Spenser bears testimony to it. All the old writers refer to it in one shape or another; and in the midst of their *savagery*, as the wild life of the Irish was not inappropriately designated, all the English functionaries who have held offices and commands in Ireland, from the time of Henry II. downwards, were struck by that one conspicuous trait. We are afraid it must be admitted that the English rule, as it has hitherto been administered in Ireland, rendered it exceedingly difficult to encourage the cultivation of this virtue; but a more healthy social condition may be anticipated from the abolition of the vice-regal court, which will have the direct effect of removing many temptations to corruption, and of throwing more immediately upon the people themselves the responsibility of public opinion and the maintenance of the national character.

We wish that the writers of travels through districts unexplored by high roads or railways, would think of the necessity of illustrating their routes by maps. Even a skeleton map of the most meagre pretensions would be preferable to none. How is it possible, for instance, to follow clearly or satisfactorily, Mr. Kelly's course from St. Louis on the Mississippi, to San Francisco on the Pacific, without a help of this kind?*

The journey across the Rocky Mountains has been repeatedly described; but as there are various routes, and as even in the same route each fresh party occasionally makes unavoidable deviations, the utility of an outline map to enable the reader to keep upon the track of the traveller is obvious. Mr. Kelly's volumes particularly stand in need of such a guide; for although he renders a close and faithful account of his enterprise, the style of work is so discursive and rollicking, and the animal spirits of the writer are so constantly on

* *An Excursion to California over the Prairie, Rocky Mountains, and Great Sierra Nevada. With a Stroll through the Diggings and Ranges of that Country.* By Walter Kelly, J. P. 2 vols. Chapman and Hall.

the rebound, to say nothing of incidental excursions and explorations, that with the most earnest attention to the details, we sometimes lose the thread of the narrative, and find it no easy matter to recover it again.

A trustworthy book upon California is a *desideratum*—so far as we know. Of the shoals that have been published, after excluding the catch-pennies and the interested journals, we shall find few that can be entirely relied upon. We do not mean to say that two or three honest books have not been written upon California. To intend honestly, however, and to do honestly, are different things. People give way to prejudices, suffer their resentments to colour their facts, and believe that they are truly depicting the state of a whole country when they are drawing general inferences from their own individual cases. These processes—very common to the class of virgin literature we are speaking of—may be regarded, in some instances, as the unconscious operations of minds that are probably incapable of deliberate misrepresentation. But it makes little difference to the public whether the writer is deceiving himself or not; the effect is exactly the same as if he were using all his skill, with the most corrupt motives, to deceive the reader. When new regions are to be examined with a view to the speculations of future industry, too much diligence cannot be employed in procuring accurate information, and in laying down the widest basis of attainable data. The slightest error may be productive of serious mischief. That which is true in one district, may be partially untrue, or absolutely false in another; and circumstances may vary so extensively under various influences, as to render exceptional instances almost as important as ordinary facts. Patience in the observation and collection of evidence, judicial impartiality in its reception, and sound discretion in the use made of it, are essential to the integrity of such a work.

Now Mr. Kelly is by no means a philosopher; and has as little of the judicial faculty in him as any tour-writer with whom we are acquainted. *Au contraire*, his fluid spirits fre-

quently run away with his judgment, and commit him to a thousand excesses. His book abounds in the high romps of a traveller resolved to make the most of his opportunities, to enjoy himself at the top of his humour, and to convey his impressions precisely as they come to him, and in the first shape of words that happens to present itself. This method of journalizing a tour—jotting down on the spot the incident or the scene in the immediate turn of expression it inspires—possesses at least the advantage of being stamped by the ardour and sincerity of the moment, and of leaving a more vivid reality on the page than if the sentence had undergone the most dexterous elaboration. The claim which Mr. Kelly's work possesses on the confidence of the public, may be inferred from this account of the way in which it is put together. The reader sees at once, that the author has no object of any kind to subserve but that of describing off-hand everything he saw, exactly as it appeared to him. The value of this sort of book is patent. It is a pleasant, lively, daguerreotype panorama of a country which will always continue, from its irreclaimable character, to interest the civilized world. If Mr. Kelly does not set about the labour of collecting statistics, moral or physical, and raising a superstructure of profound calculations upon them, you escape in his book, on the other hand, the risk of being misled by specious fallacies and ingenious speculations. You take his statements for as much as they are worth, and no more; and the judicious inquirer will know how to estimate this rapid picturing of the scenes through which he passed, and which by a certain careless felicity of hand, (without the remotest pretensions to literary skill,) he contrives to bring before us with remarkable distinctness. The attraction, as, also, the utility of the work may be at once referred to the familiar way in which it takes you over the ground. Mr. Kelly makes you his companion on the whole journey; and the nearest thing to an actual expedition over the Rocky Mountains, into the gold region on the shores of the Pacific, is to read

an account of that formidable trip written in this frank, rough, and hilarious spirit.

Arrived at New York, Mr. Kelly started direct for the west, and joining some other adventurers at St. Louis, formed a party for California, consisting of twenty-five persons altogether, of whom eight were Yankees. This was early in 1849. The farther he proceeded west, he found what he calls the California fever become more and more intense. The picture is curious, and as characteristic of the time, and its one great absorbing subject, as the popular fury in Paris at the height of the Mississippi Scheme.

California met you at every turn, every corner, every dead wall; every tent and pillar was labelled with Californian placards. The shops seemed to contain nothing but articles for California. As you proceeded along the flagways, you required great circumspection lest your coat-tails should be whisked into some of the multifarious Californian gold-washing machines, kept in perpetual motion by little ebony cherubs, singing,

O, Susannah, don't you cry for me,
I'm going to California with my wash-
bowl on my knee.

California advertisements, and extracts from Californian letters, filled all the newspapers; and 'Are you for California?' was the constantly recurring question of the day; so that one would almost imagine the whole city was on wheels bound for that attractive region.

The journey from St. Louis up and over the Rocky Mountains presents much the same class of adventures which have befallen all other travellers in those districts, except that Mr. Kelly appears to have been particularly fortunate in having nearly all the varieties crowded into his single experience. His little pictures, as he proceeds, being thrown off on the impulse of the occasion, are evidently very faithful, and by the mere force of their truthfulness, frequently run into poetry. His first impression of the dismal solitude of a prairie conveys an excellent notion of the effect produced by the overwhelming loneliness of the scene upon an active and not over-sentimental traveller; and his description of the prairie on fire is a

capital bit of painting. But as we are chiefly interested in the region to which he was finally bound, we must pass over the intermediate country (having little space to spare), and come at once to California. We ought to observe, however, that being amongst the earliest of the emigrants, the track at that time was strewn with many difficulties which no longer exist. Thus, Mr. Kelly's party had to break fresh paths, to make corduroy roads over morasses, construct hasty bridges, cut down obstacles, ford rivers at points where farms are now established, and, not the least laborious item of all, carry provisions for the whole route. The journey is now comparatively easy; depôts are established along the entire line, which having become a great thoroughfare in consequence of the shoals of people that traverse it, is tolerably secure against the attacks of hostile Indians; so that, in fact, says Mr. Kelly, what to us was a journey of perpetual doubt, difficulty, toil, and danger, can now be merely properly designated as one of weariness and privation. After spending three days in the valley of the Sacramento, observing how the Chilians and Mexicans carried on their washings, the little party went to work on their own account, and succeeded in gathering a daily average of an ounce to each hand, rather more than half what their experienced neighbours were making. At a town called the Mill, from which several rich and favourite diggings radiate, Mr. Kelly made his first acquaintance with Californian prices, paying fifty cents for 'a drink,' as a small glass of bad brandy is designated; everything else in proportion. In this town, which is a pattern Californian city, almost every house was a tap, and contained a gambling-room, where improvident miners were industriously relieved of their gold by adroit thieves who were always on the watch for them. The tap and the gambling went together, the usual process being to stupify the poor miner with drink in the first instance, and then to plunder him at play. Nor were the depredations confined to the agency of false dice. Mr. Kelly found that false weights

and measures were in general use, telling with double effect against the purchaser, dust being the circulating medium, for he had his goods weighed with light weights, and his gold weighed with heavy ones. This glimpse into the ways of life in California may stand with more or less (very slight) modification for the whole country.

Having made several excursions to the various diggings, and mixed extensively amongst the miners—the most indiscriminate mob of men to be found anywhere in the known world out of America—the result of Mr. Kelly's observations, so far as 'society' is concerned, may be best expressed in the fact, that he made his escape from that hideous and demoralizing intercourse as soon as he could. Drinking, gambling, and swindling, are not the only social delights of the people of the gold kingdom. Depravities of every kind form the stock pleasures of their daily lives, and are appropriately reflected in the blasphemies that libelally garnish their conversation.

Of the diggings, regarded as sources of individual or national wealth, Mr. Kelly considers the operations he witnessed to be nothing more than the picking up of crumbs from a rich man's table, the solid banquet yet to come being approachable only by the union of capital and science. Should this opinion, which agrees with the results arrived at by the inquiry instituted into the subject by the American government, prove ultimately to be correct, it will re-open to the political economists of Europe the complex question of currency and exchanges, which they discussed so violently on speculation when the golden light first broke faintly from the horizon of San Francisco.

Mr. Kelly gives an interesting and instructive account of that city—now a heap of ruins; and it is tolerably evident that fire has only anticipated a revolution, which the artificial system of business pursued there by a perpetually shifting population, must have, sooner or later, precipitated. Without going into details, some estimate may be formed

of the mode of carrying on commercial affairs at San Francisco, from the fact that, during his stay in California, Mr. Kelly never knew discounts on bills and notes-of-hand lower than seven per cent. per month, while he had known mortgages as high as twenty-five per cent. In fact, the whole system, from root to branch, is as unstable as the people, to meet whose transitory and feverish demands it has been improvised.

Still, however, notwithstanding that wages have fallen considerably since the original start, and in spite of other circumstances that have greatly moderated the excitement, industry and skill are largely remunerated in San Francisco. Mr. Kelly's observations on this point display so much good sense, and are obviously of so practical a character, that all people proposing to emigrate to California ought to read them attentively. He shows distinctly that delicate hands have no business in that country. The work of the miner is fit only for men accustomed at home to a life of hardship and exposure—such as the labourer who has shivered in rock quarries, or dug at canal making all day in the mud and water; all other classes of men, carpenters, clerks, smiths, and other handicrafts, unused to wet feet, and severe heats, or bitter colds, are recommended to go to the towns for employment, and leave the gold beds to those who are qualified to enter upon them. They will certainly not be so well remunerated; but it must be remembered that they will be enabled to live more cheaply, and will escape all risks and contingencies. The average income of a miner, taking the whole year round, is estimated at four dollars a-day; but he is exposed to such usurious exactions for all the necessities of life as to diminish very materially his apparent pecuniary advantages.

Another writer whose book has just appeared,* and who only touches at California in the course of his rambles, affords us the means of verifying Mr. Kelly's statement about the enormous price of the necessities

* *Roivings in the Pacific, from 1837 to 1849; with a Glance at California.* By A Merchant, long resident at Tahiti. 2 vols. Longman.

of life in the neighbourhood of the mines. A barrel of flour, he tells us, worth thirty dollars at San Francisco, will fetch at the mines two hundred dollars,—that is, a dollar a pound. These high prices are partly accounted for by the fact that nothing fit for food grows in these auriferous regions, and that consequently the necessaries of life have to be transported by the miners themselves, at an outlay which, we are told, would startle the most credulous. The miner, accustomed to such charges as these, looks upon the tariff of San Francisco as being remarkably reasonable; and accordingly, when he finds himself in the city, he flings about his 'dust' with a recklessness which leaves him an easy prey to the sharpers who abound in that place. Of this class, the author to whom we have referred gives us a few particulars in confirmation of Mr. Kelly's more general statement. Speaking of the towns at large, he says,—

'The number of 'hells' is frightful, and each one is provided with a bar for the sale of wines, spirits, and intoxicating cordials, and bands of music are in attendance to excite the passions and drown the conscience. Some of the gamblers pay as high as 1000 and 2000 dollars a month for their stands; and one wooden building, of no great extent [th' is in San Francisco] lets at the enormous rental of 120,000 dollars per annum. This is no exaggeration; neither is there any when I say, that day and night the gambling houses are thronged, and at nights almost to suffocation. As for walking in or out of any of these establishments, the feat is utterly out of the question; you have to sidle or squeeze your way through the crowd as you best may; and, astonishing as the fact may seem, it is nevertheless true, that, notwithstanding all the stimulants provocative of excitement, disturbances rarely ensue.

This writer also testifies to the 'inexhaustible' wealth of the mines. He says that there can be no exaggeration of the gold in Upper California, and that every man who has bone, muscle, and resolution, has at all times the means of carving out his fortune in this 'singularly favoured country'; consequently, he adds, 'labour and handicraft work is at an immense premium, whilst the services of those skilled in the

humanities are at a comparative discount.' General assertions of this kind are of no value, and may, perhaps, be considered open to suspicion, unless they are accompanied by data from which the reader can draw his own inferences. In this instance, we are supplied with the facts upon which the author has founded his statements:—

A cook is worth from 150 to 200 dollars per month, a day labourer 5 dollars a day, a mechanic 15 dollars, and a common sailor from 70 to 120 dollars per month; whilst a man of bookish knowledge and cunning in accounts is scarcely of the same value as a waiter at an hotel.

This is quite a picture in little of the actual condition of California. Everything is given up to the diggings, and all the kinds of labour that tend, directly and indirectly, to sustain exertion in that direction, are extravagantly paid for, while all other kinds, mental and physical, are held to be of no value whatever. No one thinks even of rearing stock, or cultivating the soil. These arts of peace are cast upon calmer continents, and the necessary supplies for the kingdom of gold are drawn from foreign sources. It must not be supposed, however, that in the midst of this abundance there is not much wretchedness of the most painful description. The pursuit of gold hardens men against each other; and the absence of women in this region (the proportion being, at a rough estimate, 1 in every 500 of the population) deprives the adventurers of those ameliorating influences which elsewhere soften the intercourse of life. This is very strikingly exhibited in the callousness with which the prosperous look on at the sufferings of the unfortunate, and the despair of sympathy, curiously shown in the following passage, which grows out of the habitual struggle of 'every man for himself.'

I have noticed houseless wretches shivering with the ague, wearing out life on their trunks, a blanket in addition to their body-clothing being their only protection from the elements. I have seen others, again, reposing on the bare ground, with the sky as a canopy, manfully struggling with their fate, till they could secure the opportunity of reaching the El Dorado, the 'land of promise,' to

'do or die.' No man seems to seek for sympathy from his fellow. It would almost appear that, in the absence of women, man sternly resigns himself to his destiny, as if intuitively persuaded that it were vain to seek for succour or compassion from his own sex. In some glances which I encountered, much suffering was painfully depicted; but no expression indicative of a wish to excite commiseration.

After the gamblers, the medical men appear to make the most profit out of their calling.

I have conversed, says our author, with those who have paid an ounce of gold for an ounce of Epsom salts; and poor wretches, received under miserable shelters called hospitals, have been compelled to pay 100 dollars per week for their accommodation. Two or three I fell in with, who had wrought hard, and suffered many privations, in the acquirement of 3000 or 4000 dollars' worth of gold, were glad to escape from the fangs of the disciple of Galen with the loss of two-thirds of their perilously-earned treasure.

The work from which we have extracted these passages is entitled *Roivings* (more properly 'Adventures') in the *Pacific*. Considered simply as a portfolio of sketches taken amongst the islands of the Pacific during many voyages and expeditions of mixed profit and pleasure, the volumes are worth perusal; but they possess an extrinsic interest, over and above that of mere travels, in the individual history which is interwoven through the narrative of events and observations.

In the year 1837, the author, then in the dawn of manhood, having no occupation, no prospects, and but slender resources, with the wide world before him to choose from, and a strong conviction that nothing was to be done in England, availed himself of an offer that was made to him to work out his passage to Australia. Arrived at Sydney, he took an appointment in a commercial house, but at the end of a few months removed to a more eligible situation. At the end of two years and a half, finding that he had made little progress towards the accumulation of an independence, he resolved to try his fortune in another quarter, and shipping some goods in a schooner bound for the Bay of

Islands, he steered his course towards New Zealand. His enterprise in this direction does not appear to have been attended with much better results. His opinion of New Zealand is unfavourable upon the whole. Speaking as a merchant, and not as an agriculturist, he thinks it will never become a place of importance; and that the unfortunate disputes about land, and the insecurity of the tenures, not merely as between settlers and natives, but between settlers in possession and purchasers at a distance, must always impede the prospects of the colony.

His next venture was a speculative voyage amongst the islands of the Pacific, one of the objects of which was to search for a shoal in which the brig *Rapid* was wrecked on her route to China. Six months had elapsed since she had been cast away, and the captain asserted that, for security, he had buried between four and five thousand dollars in the sand, which he believed would still be found there. Our author, jointly with other adventurers, purchased the wreck and the chance of recovering the dollars. The result was, perhaps, as prosperous as he had any right to anticipate from so mad a bargain. He discovered the wreck, and was even successful in his search after the dollars; but found that the captain had deceived him as to the amount, which was under three thousand.

In the midst of these practical and, at the same time, pleasurable trips, he looks back to his native country, and, thinking of its surplus population of idle and dainty hands, ashamed to work at home, and lacking energy and resolution to seek rough and remunerative labour abroad, he advises all young men so circumstanced, struggling for mere existence, or for the means of concealing that poverty which is blighting their souls, to quit England. 'Never mind,' he adds, 'in what capacity, or how humiliating for the time.' These are words of wisdom from one who has tested the soundness of the advice he gives.

England is too crowded with shabby gentility for it to obtain much trust; and to confess poverty is almost as good a

recommendation as a written discharge from Bridewell. But in a young man's going abroad, if there is no stain on his character, more sympathy is felt towards him by his countrymen, and the generous hand of assistance is much more promptly extended. Let him refrain from *abusing* any change in his fortune for the better, and ten chances to one but he succeeds in life. Too many, after finding themselves relieved from a life of pinching care and griping necessity, are apt to fall into excesses, by too freely indulging in those pleasures which were formerly beyond their reach.

May we not add, by forgetting too soon the poverty out of which they have lifted themselves, and by too much confidence in their prosperity, incurring the risk of being thrown back into it again?

In the course of our author's cruises in the Pacific, he appears not only to have visited almost every one of its islands, but to have embarked in all sorts of ventures upon, and even under its waters—pearl-diving being included amongst his speculations. It was natural enough that, in the progress of time, he should marry, and set up his flag somewhere on a height to which he could look back when he went forth on his wandering expeditions; and accordingly we find the adventurous merchant assuming, at last, the status of a husband and a father, establishing himself in headquarters at Tahiti; and after many years of industrious activity, becoming so attached to his new home and way of life, that, strong as the temptation is to visit his native land again, he confesses that the present claims upon him are paramount to the attractions of the old one. The moral of his book, and, indeed, of his whole career, lies in its touching close—

On the first of next month many of my personal friends are homeward bound, and great is my desire again to visit the land of my birth; but other ties and feelings draw me another way; and there is one tiny pair of hands tugging at my heart-strings with irresistible force. My little one—I come!

The writer of this work hopes that his example may stimulate many a youth whose energies are lying idle at home, to seek in the isles of the Pacific the home and the fortune which they are sure to find there, 'if

they faint not;' and no doubt the fact of having gone out without resources, and of winning a position after twelve or thirteen years of hard work, ought to stimulate others to follow the same course. But the work would have exercised a more efficient attraction in that direction if the author had gone into some practical details about the trade of the Pacific, for the purpose of exemplifying, not merely the value of industry in that quarter of the world, but the particular channels in which it may work with the best chances of success. In this respect, the book is by no means so useful as it might have been rendered; but, on the other hand, we know of no work which presents so complete a picture of the life of the Pacific islands, of the habits and usages of the people, and the mode of existence for which all adventurers on those waters should prepare themselves. Its revelations possess the advantage of being thoroughly trustworthy; there is no attempt at clap-trap or exaggeration; and the incessant movement through the book, from scene to scene, and from incident to incident, keeps the attention alive by the force of reality, rather than by any skill in the colouring; for our merchant, notwithstanding that he has enough of literary ambition to dedicate his production to Sir Bulwer Lytton, is by no means likely to make much reputation as an author. He must be content to be read for his facts, which is a satisfaction more in his way than the applause of the critics.

One of his great merits is, that he is entirely in earnest. This is, in some degree, a matter of temperament with him. He is constitutionally impulsive, perhaps rash and hot-headed; indeed, his anger is so quick and fiery, that he does not attempt to disguise it from the reader, who will, probably, be disposed to recognise his attack upon the author of *Typee* and *Omoo*, as an ebullition of temper. That gentleman's books may contain only a grain of truth to a bushel of fiction, but we confess we are slow to believe that he could have been guilty of the dastardly and murderous conduct of which our merchant openly accuses him; at least, we

think it due to Mr. Herman Melville to suspend our opinion upon so serious a charge until he has had time to put in his answer to it.

Amongst the most prominent points of interest in these volumes are the historical sketches of Queen Pomare—a lady who might have gone down to her grave in obscurity, if she had had only the good luck to have been prosperous, and who owes all her celebrity to her misfortunes—a rapid glance at China—and the rough, hasty, vigorous panorama of California. We were also struck with the first glimpses of Norfolk Island, as the author sailed past it at night—its shapeless bulk rising dimly out of the waters, and realizing in its gloom and isolation an image of terror, harmonizing with the purposes to which it is devoted:

Last night, shortly after the moon had risen, we observed land on our weather bow, which we knew to be Norfolk Island, an island rendered terrible to evil-doers from its being a penal settlement, escape from which is next to impossible. Many a hapless wretch, doomed as the penalty for his crimes to work the remainder of his days in irons, cut off from the society of all save abandoned outcasts like himself, has doubtless felt in its full force, as he approaches this prison, the words of that terrific inscription,—‘He who enters here, leaves hope behind;’ and of a verity, I never saw a spot better calculated to create such an impression. It appeared as if it were a desolate mural rock, its summit crowned with miniature hills, partially covered with a low, verdant scrub, a belt of rigid fir trees running along the topmost ridges.

The interior is somewhat more agreeable than the exterior, being scored over with pleasant valleys, filled with fruit trees and vegetables; but the social condition of the place transcends all ordinary notions of wretchedness and disorganization. When our author waited upon the commandant to beg for a supply of vegetables, that functionary received him in a state of evident alarm, assured him that they were short of everything themselves, and requested him to leave the island, declaring that he should not feel happy until he was gone. The reason was clear enough; the commandant was trying the policy of setting numbers of the prisoners

under his charge free from their manacles, in consequence of which, many of them had acted with great insolence, and some had attempted to escape. No wonder the commandant should be alarmed. There were one thousand eight hundred prisoners on the island, and only one hundred and fifty soldiers, including officers, and from the freedom accorded to the prisoners, it is quite a matter of astonishment that they did not make short work with their guards, and, seizing upon the first vessel that put into the landing-place—for port there is none—trust their fortunes to the waves. That they might have done so is evident from the account, we have of the perfect *dolce far niente* in which they appear to pass their lives under the rule of this benevolent commandant.

Many appeared to be seeking their own pleasure: some were idling about in apathetic idleness, and others were strolling apparently unrestrained; and long before the sun had made his *congé*, we could distinguish parties of eight and ten assembled on the rocks, fishing with rod and line.

There are no women on the island. The consequence is, that this pent-up, criminal population exhibits a spectacle of brutality which reflects a heavy disgrace on the government. It is due to society to punish crime, but is it essential to the process that all softening and humanizing elements should be carefully excluded, and that a collection of poor tainted human beings should be cast into a savage solitude like wild beasts into a den? So long as Norfolk Island was exclusively reserved for the detention of the most desperate felons, condemned under a double sentence, this dreadful system might have had some colour of excuse, although we can discover no palliation for it, under any circumstances; but since the island has been resorted to as a place of transportation direct from England, no just, or even prudential reason can be urged why it should not be thrown open to the reception of ameliorating influences, like all other penal colonies.

We must now turn to another part of the world, and to topics of a different cast and interest.

Lying on the coast of Guinea, inland between the banks of the Niger and the Volta, and commanding the whole of the land from the coast to the foot of the Kong mountains, is a kingdom known to Europe little more than a century, having undergone in the interval scarcely any visible change in its form of government, a strange military despotism, in which ceremony on the one side contrasts singularly with ferocious barbarism on the other. This kingdom, one hundred and eighty miles from east to west, and two hundred from north to south, with a scanty population, is called the kingdom of Dahomey, and its monarch may be regarded as the king of the slave-trade and of the merchants who traffic therein.

Commander Forbes, of the royal navy, having long had a desire to visit the interior kingdoms of Africa, for the purpose of witnessing the effects of the slave-trade at its sources, volunteered his services on a mission to the Court of Dahomey, to which he was at once appointed. The results of his observations he has placed before the public in two volumes, which contain matter more novel and startling than any romance of travel that has appeared since the Abyssinian marvels of Bruce.*

We will glance at a few facts about these Dahomans, and then send the reader to consult the narrative itself.

It appears that the sole business of the King of Dahomey is to go to war. He goes to war regularly every year, beginning in the month of November or December, when, descending upon some neighbouring town or state, he carries his victory by fire, slaughter, or treachery, within the walls. His life is a terror upon the earth to the surrounding countries, and such is the mystery of conquest in which he lives, that his own soldiers are kept in ignorance of the place against which they are marching until the day before they arrive at it. The whole population of the kingdom does not exceed two hundred thousand, of which only one-tenth

are free; the rest are slaves. The king keeps a regular standing army of twelve thousand troops, of which five thousand are Amazons. When he goes to war, he marches with nearly fifty thousand of both sexes, about one-fourth of the whole population. From these items, a tolerably accurate view may be obtained of the heroic occupations of the king and the people of Dahomey.

Now, if the reader supposes that these wars are undertaken for any of the ordinary objects that move kingdoms into hostility, he is mistaken. They are not wars—they are slave hunts. The King of the Dahomans lives upon the sale of slaves, just as the Hudson's Bay Company lives upon the sale of skins; and in the one case men are hunted, just as wild animals are hunted in the other.

But it must not be suspected that these slave hunts are carried on without all proper pomp of form and regality. The King of Dahomey is a gentleman, and declares that he never makes war on any country except to avenge an insult, or upon being invited to undertake it by three demands from his people, which he deferentially regards as an irresistible expression of public opinion. Fortunately, he is never at a loss for an insult; and, lest his people should lose their zest in the chase of blood, and forget to demand a new war, he keeps them up to the excitement the whole year round by a succession of festivals, dancing, singing, haranguing, firing, and cutting off heads, which preserves them in a condition of perpetual fury.

The way to honour, wealth, and power, in this martial territory, is to contribute prisoners or heads to the royal treasury. It might be asked,—of what value are heads? They are of the value of all trophies, and are here liberally displayed on the walls round the royal palaces, (the king has two, each of which is larger in circumference than St. James's Park, about a mile round!) and in squares and public places, as the chief grace and embellishment of the national architecture, and as a stimulus to

* *Dahomey and the Dahomans; being Journals of Two Missions to the King of Dahomey, and Residence at his Capital, in 1849 and 1850.* By Frederick E. Forbes, Commander, R.N., author of *Five Years in China*, &c. 2 vols. Longman and Co.

the heroism of the people. It is not very surprising, under such circumstances, that agriculture, and all other quiet industrial pursuits, should be discouraged, and that the first man in a country whose staple production consists of live slaves, and the heads of dead men, should be the chief executioner. The chief executioner, in fact, is prime minister of Dahomey, and the grand vizier is second to him. Similar offices are filled in the harem (where, we have no doubt, there is much need of them) by Amazons.

But touching these Amazons—is it a fiction that there exists, even in Africa, a race of women who literally carry arms, and go into battle? Hear Commander Forbes, who describes what he saw:—

The Amazons are not supposed to marry, and, by their own statement, they have changed their sex. 'We are men,' say they—'not women.' All dress alike, diet alike, and male and female emulate each other. What the males do, the Amazons will endeavour to surpass. They all take great care of their arms, polish the barrels, and, except when on duty, keep them in covers. There is no duty at the palace, except when the king is in public, and then a guard of Amazons protect the royal person, and on review, he is guarded by the males; but outside the palace is always a strong detachment of males ready for service. The Amazons are in barracks within the palace enclosure, and under the care of the eunuchs and the camboodee or treasurer. In every action (with males and females) there is some reference to cutting off heads. In their dances—and it is, the duty of the soldier and the Amazon to be a proficient dancer—with eyes dilated, the right hand is working in a saw-like manner round the neck, when both hands are used, and a twist is supposed to finish the bloody deed.

These pleasant ladies dress exactly in the same uniform as the soldiers, the tunic, short trousers, and skull-cap completing their toilet. Ladies who do not happen to be in the military profession dispense with the tunic and trousers, and wear a cloth from the waist to the knees. Hats are seldom worn—shoes never. To the king alone belongs the privilege of sandals. His majesty also enjoys that of having thousands of wives, while his nobles are allowed to indulge only in a few hundreds—

the number diminishing in the downward scale of rank and wealth.

It is curious enough, that amongst a people abandoned to such rude and violent excesses as these, there should be strictly observed much external ceremony, that drunkenness should be prohibited, and treason, theft, murder, adultery, and cowardice be punishable with death. Of course there is no end to cheating and extortions, and the ways and means by which the king sustains his exchequer, are certainly not very creditable to the political morality of the government. If a cock crows in the high-way, he is instantly forfeited to the tax-gatherer; in consequence of which, all the cocks are kept muzzled. If a man betrays an industrious disposition, or shows an inclination to advance his family's interests by his own exertions, the king seizes upon him, and either sells him to slavery, or puts him to death. In fact, the monarch exercises a supreme authority over the lives and property of his subjects, and as it is his interest to keep them in ignorance and subjection, so it is his policy to take every possible advantage of their weakness and debasement.

On his progress up the country to the capital, Commander Forbes was struck by the beauty of the scenery; and as he approached Abomey and the palaces, his surprise increased. The roads were as wide as any high roads in England, the cultivation on all sides was in the best order, the views were charming, and the dwellings clean, neat, and quiet. Not the least remarkable feature in the history of this country, is the tranquil prosperity of the capital, which has preserved an unbroken peace for upwards of 200 years, while it has poured out its myriads of troops to devastate the surrounding country.

The first appearance of the city is ghastly and revolting, from the display of skulls at the entrance, nor does the interior, which is eight miles in circumference, compensate for that painful impression. The houses are all one story high; there are no shops, no picturesque architecture or dresses to be seen, but a huddle of stalls and market-places, dingy red walls, with intervals of

waste lands, and enclosures dotted with trees. The aspect of the square of the palace as it appeared when Commander Forbes and his party, consisting of a hundred people, were received, was, however, peculiar and striking.

The square of the palace was filled with armed people, seated on their haunchs, the polished barrels of their Danish muskets standing up like a forest. Under a thatched gateway was the king, surrounded by his immediate wives; while on each side sat the Amazons, all in uniform, armed and accoutred; and in the centre of the square, squatted the males. Hundreds of banners and umbrellas enlivened the scene, and a constant firing from great guns and small arms increased the excitement.

As it is the delight of this king to play at soldiers, he thought of course that the highest compliment he could offer to his guests, was to give them a review of his Amazons. Three regiments were accordingly ordered out, and went through their evolutions with prodigious agility; after which his majesty drank to the strangers, tapping each of their glasses with his own; upon which there thundered forth a salute of guns, that drowned the shouts of the multitude. While the king was drinking, and the ministers dancing for joy, the eunuchs and the ladies held up cloths before his majesty, for it is a law in Dahomey, that men must not see the king eat or drink. That is a sight too sacred for human eyes.

At all their festivals the Dahomans are outrageously noisy. The only way they have of testifying their delight is by shrieking, shouting, and dancing; and one may readily imagine what an uproar they make when drums and trumpets and the roar of artillery swell the jolly chorus.

Commander Forbes having obtained an opportunity of communicating to his Majesty the substance of the mission with which he was charged, was referred to the season of the great Customs—certain grand ceremonials which are held at Court in the month of May—for the answer. The description of these Customs is very singular, and opens a scene of barbaric splendour, mixed with horrors of a kind which

could hardly be credited upon any less trustworthy authority than that of an eye-witness. The account of these ceremonials, running over a period of several weeks, occupies a large portion of the writer's journal, and constitutes a principal part of his narrative of the manners and lives of the people. But as we have not room for the details, interesting as they are, we must turn at once to the issue of the mission.

The question the king had to decide upon was, whether he would put a stop to the slave trade in his dominions, which he was urged to do by many arguments grounded upon policy, example, and humanity. To this request his majesty replied by going into a history of the trade, declaring that he thought the English the first of white men, and was desirous of being at peace with them; that his people were soldiers; and that his revenues consisted of the proceeds of the slave trade, which he could not give up unless other nations did so likewise. He then dictated a letter to Queen Victoria, embodying these views, and stating his willingness to enter into a treaty when the trade was stopped in the neighbouring chiefdoms; that he wished a British Consul to be sent to his kingdom, and missionaries to visit the port; and that the military habits of his subjects alone prevented him at present from cultivating the agricultural resources of his kingdom. With this ravelled and indefinite answer, the mission was brought to a close; not, however, without having accomplished some good in having explored and laid open the head-quarters of the slave-traffic, and in laying the secure foundation of more effective and decisive measures for its annihilation hereafter.

Until the publication of this work, little or nothing was known of Dahomey and the Dahomans. The journals which now bring them in their social and political lineaments for the first time before the world, may be regarded as an important contribution to the history of the slave trade, and as a new protest against its iniquity in an unusually effective form. Few men are better qualified by their experience than the writer of this book to speak upon

the subject. He has witnessed the horrors of the human traffic in every shape, from the baracoon to the hold of the slave ship and the broiling plantations of South America, and he declares that all these sickening sights yield in appalling terror to the tragic scenes through which the slaves, to use his own expression, are introduced to slavery. It is in Dahomey these scenes take place; and in drawing the veil from the springs of that ghastly commerce he has rendered an essential service to the cause of humanity. The Dahomans, in fact, are men-stealers and cut-throats upon a grand scale. They pursue their trade systematically, and with a regularity of movement and grandeur of effect that may well make Europeans wonder how such things can be within a few days' sail of civilization. They descend periodically, without fail, upon a peaceful neighbourhood, where the unoffending people, little dreaming of hostilities, are quietly engaged in industrial occupations, and sweeping away the entire population (for such is the policy and practice of these exterminators), butchering the old, who would fetch no price in the market, and carrying off the young for immediate sale, they literally obliterate the whole nation from the face of the map. The volumes before us contain all the details requisite to a full and clear understanding of these atrocities; and as the author rests exclusively upon his facts, which he judiciously leaves to make their own impression, the reader is placed in the best possible position for the formation of a dispassionate judgment.

That this horrible traffic must ultimately give way before the urgent and persevering demands of the en-

lightened powers that have already so materially narrowed its markets, is an issue to which we have always looked with confidence; but there is no doubt that that issue will be hastened by the disclosures contained in this work. We here see how and where the slave trade can be cut down at its roots; and we discern in the reply of the king of Dahomey, shuffling and evasive as it is, a disposition to turn his swords into ploughshares, if the opportunity be given to him of doing so on his own terms, which, all things considered, are not more unreasonable or exorbitant than, under similar circumstances, a Christian sovereign would feel himself justified in stipulating for. The revelations in this book cannot be too highly estimated in the influence they must inevitably exercise over the future fate of Dahomey and the slave trade.

There is but one point to which we must take exception. We allude to the hasty charge the author has brought against the African colony of Liberia, in asserting that it is guilty of dealing in slaves. He does not proceed upon this accusation with his usual candour, but seems to have adopted it, either from insufficient data, or from such flying reports as the colony, from the very nature of the effort it is making, is obviously exposed to. That slave-dealing and slavery are unknown in Liberia, and most rigidly prohibited alike by its laws and its usages, is capable, we apprehend, of the most satisfactory proofs; and we are quite sure that when Commander Forbes has convinced himself of the truth of this statement by personal inquiry, he will acknowledge his error, and promptly repair the injustice he has committed.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1851.

ROME AND ITALY, FROM 1815 TO 1850.*

IN the mind of the youth just budding into manhood—in the mind of the man of middle age, who has read, reflected; travelled—in the mind and memory of the old and the outworn, the name and the fame of Italy excite, by turns, sentiments of wonder, of pity, of regret, and of admiration. When one reflects on the ever-glorious past, one must remember, that in civilization, in arts, in literature, and in arms, Italy was one of the oldest and most mature of European countries. Her ruins of forums, of temples, and magnificent and classic structures of every kind, attest her tastefulness, her wealth, and her power; while the remains of her poets, her historians, and her orators, not merely in the Roman, but in mediæval times, prove that she has been twice nearly the mistress, and certainly twice the instructress and teacher of all civilized states. Once the centre and the queen of nations, Italy is now only remarkable for the remains of her former magnificence and power. But yet, midst the wrecks of religions, of systems, of governments, and of dynasties, there are hundreds and thousands of gifted men, who have ever looked to a possible regeneration of their country—who have ever believed in an approaching redemption, which has never yet come to pass. These men may be uncalculating, enthusiastic, and over san-

guine, but at all events they have looked with feelings of reverence and regret to the past, and with feelings of hopefulness to the future of their country; and these sentiments, indicating ideas of home, of freedom, of patriotism, of the worship of, and the aspiration for, glory and greatness long departed, are at least evidence of impatient and restless struggles, of throes worthy of manly hearts and independent natures. For a long while—indeed, from the days of Charles V. to the end of the last century—Italy, if not dead, remained in a state of passive endurance—in a state of long trance, resembling the sleep of death; but when the French of the days of the young conqueror, Napoleon, gave her a standard, and a sword, the Italians awakened from their lethargy,—they followed the standard bravely, and used the sword like men. Deceived by the voice of the enchanter with whom they fought and conquered, they found themselves, when the fabric of his power fell to pieces, cut up and parcelled into fragments, in defiance of political and geographical relations,—disposed of, without being consulted, as so much living stock, amidst the nations of the earth. Such an arrangement, though it might endure for a time, was sure in the end to be fruitful in hatreds, in discontents, and rebellions,—in

* *The Roman State, from 1815 to 1850.* By Luigi Carlo Farini. Translated from the Italian by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P. for the University of Oxford. London: J. Murray. 1851.

Italy in 1848. By L. Mariotti. Chapman and Hall. 1851.

Italy, Past and Present. By L. Mariotti. London: J. Chapman. 1848.

Narrative of Scenes and Events in Italy, from 1847 to 1849; including the Siege of Venice. By Lieut.-General Pepe. London: H. Colburn. 1850.

Two Letters to the Earl of Aberdeen on the State Prosecutions of the Neapolitan Government. By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P. for the University of Oxford. London: John Murray. 1851.

The Neapolitan Government and Mr. Gladstone: a Reply to Two Letters recently addressed to his Lordship by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. By Charles Macfarlane. London: Routledge and Co. 1851.

conspiracies, seditions, and secret confederations. Deceived by the French, deceived by the Austrians, bartered by Europe, weary, dejected, and hopeless, the Italians for years supinely lay down and complained; but the lethargy was not of long endurance, for, in 1820 and 1821, insurrection prevailed in more than one kingdom of the peninsula—insurrection which required foreign aid to put it down. Again, in 1830-31-32, there were open manifestations of discontent, which induced foreign interference and occupation, setting the diplomacy of Europe at work, and the tongues and pens of her orators and publicists in motion. The troubles of Romagna, the occupation of Ancona, the perturbations in the Two Sicilies, will occur to every mind. These were stifled and put down—put down chiefly by foreign aid; thus proving to the Italians that they had nothing beyond the Alps but enemies. It is true, our minister at Florence protested—uttered much good advice—proclaimed many sound principles in his correspondence with German, French, and Italian statesmen; but his wise words slept in the ears of foolish churchmen, and again was Italy relegated to the system that prevailed from 1815 and 1816. The country now became despondent, lethargic, and apathetic; but occasionally a national voice was heard abroad and at home, crying aloud, ‘Italians, think on what you were, and think on what you are! Think of the heroes, the poets, the orators, the law-givers, your country has produced, and reflect whether you ought now to be the slaves of masqueraders and monks! Are you now to be singers, fiddlers, scene-daubers, and cavatina composers merely, and not men and a nation as of old?’ These bitter and sleepless thoughts produced fruit, after many years. There was no Parliament, there was no Press, there was no open intercommunion in public, but Italians, rendered serious by oppression and sullen by disappointment, confederated and combined, affiliated themselves in secret societies, and spread their organization over the whole peninsula, and out of it into every land to which their countrymen were exiled. The

result was, that almost every thinking and feeling man became at once a conspirator and politician, for both characters were identified. Did the governments of Milan, of Rome, of Naples, of Florence, of Parma, of Modena, or even of Sardinia, take account of this? No; instead of observing the signs of the times and appreciating the wants of the country,—instead of directing their care to these outward symptoms of inward disease, and prescribing the fit constitutional medicines, they had recourse to caustic, the knife, and blood-letting, and the consequence was, a sanguinary, though not useless struggle, in which Italy was for the moment defeated. We say for the moment, for the seeds of a constitutional system are happily, because, we trust, securely and permanently, sown in Sardinia, whence they must spread and bear fruit to every portion of the peninsula. In this great experiment England is directly and indirectly interested. It must always be the desire of every man in this country pretending to the name of statesman, that Italy should be well governed. Without such a condition of things, there can be neither peace nor security in Europe; for France and Austria are sure to espouse the cause either of one party or the other, either of the governing or the governed. Hence struggles for superiority and dominion by two leading powers, to which England cannot be indifferent. The interests of her commerce, the repose of Europe, the balance of power, the desire that no one first-rate power should aggrandize itself at the expense of any second, third rate, or poor and puny state. It was considerations of this kind, doubtless, and partly, also, the accident of his having been in the country during the past year, that induced Mr. Gladstone to pay attention to Italian politics and history. We are not sorry that it has turned out so; for apart from the consideration that Mr. Gladstone had bestowed no more attention on foreign affairs than the late Sir Robert Peel, owing partly to his having given attention to other things, partly to an untravelled youth, there can be no doubt that his handling of the subject has directed public attention to the

Italian question in an extraordinary degree, and has caused men to reflect on the course of recent events in Rome, and, since the publication of his letters to Lord Aberdeen, on the conduct of the King and government of Naples. The first contribution of Mr. Gladstone to the general question was in the humble guise of translator. Towards the close of the past year, a young Italian, of considerable attainments, of moderate opinions, by name Luigi Carlo Farini, published a history of the Roman State from 1815 to 1850. The author is a subject of the Pope. Born at Russi, in the province of Ravenna, in 1812, he was bred to the medical profession, was twice in exile under Gregory XVI., and returned to his country under the amnesty of July, 1846. In March, 1848, he became Under Secretary of State for the Home Department, sat in the Council of Deputies, and retired from political office when Mamiani was minister. In October, he was appointed Director of the Board of Health, but was ejected by the Triumvirate of the Republic. He resumed his post on the entry of the French, but was again dismissed by the Triumvirate of Cardinals. Farini now holds an appointment under the government of Sardinia, and the first fruit of his leisure has been the publication, in three volumes, of this work, comprising thirty-five years of the history of the Roman State,—that is to say, from 1815 to 1850. Two only of the volumes have appeared in an English dress, translated by Mr. Gladstone; but the Right Hon. gentleman promises the third very speedily.

Beginning with the period of the Restorations in Europe, Farini repeats the observation with which we commenced our remarks, that no sooner had the potentates of Europe gained their point in awakening and stirring up the spirit of nationality which overthrew Napoleon, than they turned their minds and arms against their own subjects. It is, therefore true, as he remarks, that the powers, far from constructing on the basis of nationality in their respective countries a genuine and natural equilibrium, on the con-

trary, restored the old, the artificial, the forced, and the parasitical; they settled that the people were a property, and nations a patrimony, to be distributed and bargained with, according to the inclination and for the convenience of the great. The restorers of 1815 were, therefore, guilty of injustice to the nations; their work was inauspicious, as the terrible events of 1848 proved, and as possibly may still more be proved before 1860.

To Italy, the powers assembled at Vienna were not generous. Royal and Constitutional France showed no kindlier spirit to Italy than Republican France at Campo Formio. France did not resist the extension of the Austrian sway in 1815; and Lombardy, the whole Venetian territory, with some places and fortresses of the Papal States, fell under the yoke of the double-headed eagle.

When the Austrian power had been thus strengthened and extended, there did not remain a vestige of Italian policy in Italy, not even of that turbulent, but profound and vigorous policy through which Italian municipalities had grown great, and had given to the world men, not only distinguished, but unique. The commonalities, as M. Farini says, were in servitude; the states were fiefs; the sovereigns were Austrian prefects; any spirit that then showed itself appeared, strange enough, to proceed from the court of Rome, which made complaint of the abstraction of its territory beyond the Po, and of the occupation of its fortresses at Ferrara and Comacchio. The Roman court outwardly acquiesced, as is its wont, in this arrangement, but it did not forget or surrender its claim through length of time. *Nullum tempus occurrit ecclesie* has always been its maxim.

Pius VII., as Signor Farini truly says, brought back with him from exile an ample stock of personal influence, and the court of Rome enjoyed a rare and marvellous occasion to turn it to account, and establish a good and popular government. In the Roman people there was great acuteness of mind, a generous nature, a longing for repose, a love of civil equality, and an anxiety enhanced by military rule

for honourable freedom. The pontiff was a man of just and moderate character, and his minister, Gonsalvi, a person of good sense, fine temper, considerable experience of affairs, knowledge of mankind, and appreciation of the age in which he lived. But though pontiff and minister had both been schooled in adversity, and knew its uses well, yet the minister and pontiff were over-mastered by the hot-headed and fanatical clerical party, and these individuals, as M. Farini states, did and said the strangest and maddest things in the world. It could hardly be expected, in 1815, that churchmen should be altogether excluded from power in the States of the Pope, but nothing could be more unfortunate than that the extreme and bigoted ecclesiastical party should return to power. What could be more unfortunate, for example, than that such a man as Rivarola, a hot competitor for the palm in mediæval means of procedure, should be sent as commissary to the provinces? This man disturbed everything, and marred everything. Gonsalvi, on his return to Rome from London, Paris, and Vienna, endeavoured, as secretary of state, to stem the current of mediæval bigotry and slavish routine, but with incomplete success.

In some parts of the Italian peninsula, administrative and civil institutions had already been in part reformed before the French Revolution. In Lombardy, at Naples, and in Tuscany, the excess of encroachment by the church upon the state had been retrenched, nor did the sovereigns, when restored, think of destroying all that which they themselves or their fathers had effected. But at Rome, though there was talk and promise of civil and criminal codes, there came none of these things. There were proclamations of cardinals and papal bulls, but instruction was impeded and crippled; the censorship existed in full force; commerce and industry were discouraged by legal undermeddling; and all the men who had distinguished themselves in the time of the French occupation were suspected and held in disesteem. Gonsalvi felt the evil of this, and tried to check it. That sagacious and temperate minister was well aware,

that though, when society was in its infancy and education not general, ecclesiastics might fill civil offices with distinction and advantage, in 1815, the time was gone by for such a retention of public employments by mere privilege of caste. But the voice of the secretary was *vox clamans in deserto*, and it remained unheeded. In the first moments of its restoration, the court of Rome had an opportunity to resume the leadership of Italy, but did not appreciate her own destinies, those of the papedom, or of the nation. Rome did not, indeed, use great severity against those who sided with Murat, but she allowed Austria to prosecute the poets and men of letters who had innocently favoured the French occupation. According to the authority of Farini, who has had access to the best sources of information, Stefanini, an Austrian commissary, hunted for them through the Papal provinces, and some of them underwent great hardships. It was at this period that Pellegrino Rossi, whom M. Farini calls 'the ornament of the forum and university of Bologna,' saved himself by going into exile. As we shall have an opportunity, in a subsequent portion of this article, when speaking of the melancholy death of this man, we will not stop here to take exception to the words, 'ornament of the university and forum,' further than to say, that Rossi was in no other way remarkable as an ornament of the university and forum, than as having obtained the degree of Doctor of Laws at the early age of nineteen, and of Professor of Civil Law at the Lyceum, and Criminal Law at the University, at a period when he was not more than twenty. These honours appear extraordinary to one imbued with English notions, but in Italy such precocious success is by no means uncommon.

The Pope did not confine himself merely to an apathetic acquiescence in the policy of Austria. He condemned and smote the sect of Carbonari, who were spreading in the States of the Church, and as a counterpoise allowed the establishment of the sect of Sanfedists. The professed object of the Sanfedists was to defend the Catholic religion, and the privileges and jurisdiction of the

Court of Rome, with the temporal dominion and the prerogatives of the papacy, as well from the plots of the innovators as from the aggressions of the Empire. It thus reached all the points to which the hierarchical offshoots of the church so marvellously spread. It was, of course, retrogressive, aiming at an absolute theocracy. It was, or seemed to be, national, by opposing the influence of the Empire. It may be supposed that there were among the Sanfedists many well-disposed, and many devout and religious men; but there were also many dangerous fanatics, many knaves, many impostors, and, Farini says, many 'scoundrels,' who made use of the influence of the society for their personal advantage. As it grew older, Sanfedism grew worse. The Sanfedists could not brook that the Carbonari should be allowed to live unmolested and unpunished; and in 1817 the former gained this point, that the government began to condemn the latter to heavy punishments, the cause or pretext being a conspiracy, of which Maccrata was said to be the centre and the seat. Some were sentenced to death, but the penalty was commuted for that of perpetual imprisonment, a favour which awakened no gratitude, because the trials had been in secret, and the sentence had appeared vindictive.

No idea is more opposed to the idea of a government, or to a system of order or liberty, than a state of things like this. Sects formed in aid of the ruling powers, as Farini well remarks, drag the government into injustice. They attack the moral principle of authority, and render it so hateful, that men do not consider it as a guardian and arbitress, but as an enemy.

In reference to the condition of Lower Italy, the judicious author whom Mr. Gladstone has taken in hand makes a very just remark. It is, that conspiracy must remain a second nature so long as governments discountenance publicity and parliaments.

On the revolutions of 1820 and 1821—in Spain, at Naples, and at Piedmont—Farini does not much remark. But he observes, that though the Carbonari of the Ponti-

fical States became about this period intoxicated with hope, united in plots, and grew audacious, yet that they did not second the movement of Upper or of Lower Italy, and made no attempt at change. Not so the Sanfedists. They grew more unquiet and boisterous; and so vehement was in these men the rage of party, that some priests vented it even from the pulpit, and assassins were seen going the round of the towns to intimidate those citizens who were reputed liberal. The consequence was an aggravation of civil feuds. The seeds of lasting hatred were sown, and blood was shed.

The result of the congresses of Troppau and Laybach was—an Austrian intervention in the kingdom of Naples. The Imperial troops afterwards entered the States of the Church. The Sanfedists received them with open arms and festivities; so that not merely the opposite sect of Carbonari, but every patriotic and right-thinking spirit was indignant. The Sanfedists, however, went on in their bigoted and retrograde course, and acquired for themselves a hateful name and character, not only as an association hostile to social progress and to free institutions, but as a faction friendly to the Austrian. The temper of the sect became extreme, and was generally opposed to that of Gonsalvi, more especially in reference to foreign invasion. This is not hearsay, or mere vague report; for Farini states that he has had many of the Cardinal's private and confidential letters under his view, in which the Secretary openly declared his mind; and in one among the rest, addressed to the Cardinal Sanseverino, a Neapolitan subject of the king's party, who had been congratulating himself on the Austrian intervention, he wrote in reply, that the remedy was perhaps worse than the disease. In this Gonsalvi was perfectly right; for when Austria had assumed the position of patron and champion of all the absolute sovereigns of Italy, not only did she aim at cowing and scourging the spirit of liberty and independence in the provinces subject to her sway, but she got into her own hands the whole matter of political inquisitions throughout Italy, and incited

the Italian governments to severity, and the anti-liberal sects to vengeance. The Pontifical government was at this season in a condition to proceed with leniency, and yet not to be exposed to any charge of weakness; but whether overborne by Austria, or driven on by Sanfedism, the Court of Rome entered upon a system of political inquisitions and condemnations.

Two of the legates shielded their provinces from infliction; these were Spina of Bologna, a judicious and moderate person, and Arezza, Legate of Ferrara. Rusconi, Bishop of Imola, however, was both incapable and superstitious. Sauseverino, a man prone to excess, governed the province of Forlì, where numerous arrests and more banishments took place. Nor did the vicious system stop here: some inhabitants of Romagna, accused of complicity with Gonfalonieri and other distinguished Lombards, were condemned to the martyrdom of the Spielberg. This was a fatal error of the ecclesiastical government, for the liberals confounded in their hatred the foreign and the feeble ecclesiastical government, which appeared to be his tool. Some of the exiles from the Pontifical States found a refuge in Tuscany, where the Grand Duke's government was then distinguished by a temperance and moderation which it has since renounced, to follow in the wake of reactionary measures. The Roman exiles in their proscription painted the Papal government in the blackest colours. When unhappy and suffering, the victims of cruelty and injustice will always overcharge a picture. But it was undoubtedly true, notwithstanding the good intentions and amiable character of Gonsalvi, that there was in Rome, under Pius VII., no care for the cultivation of the people, no anxiety for public prosperity. Rome was, indeed, a city of corruption, of exemptions and privileges. The clergy were, according to the rather partial Farini, a compound of fools and knaves; the laity were steeped in slavery; the treasury was plundered by gangs of tax-farmers and spies, and all the business of government consisted in prying into the secrets of, and punishing the liberals. In the midst of this state

of things, Pius VII. died, on the 20th of August, 1823. His death was hastened by a fall, (though this is not stated either by M. Farini or his translator,) by which he fractured his thigh, on the 6th of July previously. He had, however, attained the ripe old age of eighty-one, and had been Sovereign Pontiff for twenty-three years, five months, and six days.

Gonsalvi soon after followed his master and sovereign to the tomb, and by his will directed (we are surprised not to find this fact mentioned by either Farini or Mr. Gladstone) that his private jewels should be sold to erect a monument to his benefactor, a monument which was subsequently executed by Thorwaldsen.

In September, 1823, Annbalile della Genga was elected Pope under the name of Leo XII. This man had previously filled several public employments. Pius VI. had made him his private secretary, and invested him with the prelature; then consecrated him Bishop of Tyre, and sent him as Nuncio to Lucerne and to Cologne. Pius VII. despatched him in 1805 to the diet of Ratisbon, to receive the complaints of the church of Germany against the Protestant sovereigns, and in 1808 to Paris, for the business depending between the Holy See and the Emperor Napoleon. After the removal of this pontiff, Della Genga proceeded to the parish of Monticelli, in the diocese of Fabriano, and there remained till 1814, exerting himself to destroy everything recent, and to restore everything old. In 1815, he came to Paris to present to Louis XVIII. the congratulatory letters of the Pope, who made him cardinal in the following year. When he entered the conclave, he was in his sixty-fourth year, and so infirm, that on his friends giving him to understand they were desirous to raise him to the popedom, he replied, 'Don't think of me, for you would elect a corpse.'

He was, however, elected, (as he had been in 1821, by a congress of Roman ladies, with whom, in his youth, from his handsome person, he had been a great favourite,) and he soon applied his confident and self-assured spirit to every depart-

ment of the civil government. A life of labour and excitement revived his strength. He resolved to change the policy of the state, and to bring it back to the ancient rules and customs. The authority of the Congregation of Cardinals was restored, and many ancient practices and methods of the Roman court were re-established. He gave countenance to every kind of religious congregation and confraternity. He directed that education should be brought entirely under the ecclesiastical hierarchy; he determined to have all the institutions of charity and beneficence administered and governed by the clergy; he confirmed and enlarged the clerical exemptions, privileges, and jurisdictions; he took away from the Jews the right to hold real property, hindering them to sell what they possessed within a fixed period; he introduced many offensive practices and barbarous customs of the middle ages in reference to the Israelites; he caused them to be shut up in Ghetti with walls and gates, and he put them in charge of the Holy Office.

Many honourable Jew merchants emigrated to Lombardy, Trieste, and Tuscany. He dissolved the board which superintended vaccination. He gave unlimited power to appoint mayorats and entails. He abolished the Collegiate Courts which administered justice, and instead of them instituted pretorships, or courts of a single judge. He made the municipalities dependent on the government, made stringent game and fishery laws, enjoined the use of the Latin language in forensic speaking and writing, and in the universities. He employed the notorious Cardinal Palotta, who committed all sorts of excesses, and the sanguinary Rivarola, who on the 31st of August, 1825, sentenced 508 individuals. Of the 508, 30 were noble, 106 landed proprietors or traders, 2 priests, 74 public functionaries, 38 militarymen, 72 doctors, advocates, engineers, or men of letters; the rest artisans. The sentence was grounded upon the simple presumption of belonging to the liberal sects, and it was pronounced by the Cardinal *a latere* without any sort of guarantee, whether of defence or of publicity,

and without any other rule than the mere will of a Cardinal sitting as judge.

The Pope and his minions did not omit to apply their will and mind to other cares. The vast landed possessions in the Marches, called the appanage, which Beauharnois when Viceroy of Italy had received by way of provision, and which his heirs had kept, were an eyesore to the clerical party. The Pope despatched to Munich a Count Troni, that he might devise some mode of resumption or composition, so that all vestiges of the fortune of Napoleon's family might disappear; but this was in vain. When Nicholas of Russia mounted the Imperial throne in November, 1825, the Pope sent Bernetti, governor of Rome (to whom he afterwards gave the purple in October, 1826), to St. Petersburg, to congratulate him. The Cardinal, who was a keen, clear-headed man, was named Secretary of State in 1827. As a public official servant, he dogged and hunted down the enemies of the throne and the altar, as the liberals were called, but not in such a way as to promote the aggrandizement of the imperial fortunes at the expense of the church. Under Bernetti's administration, nevertheless, some good and useful acts were done. Endeavours were made to set the hospitals and charitable institutions in order, some public works were completed, the land-tax was diminished, and the public debt was established on an adequate basis.

These were benefits which might have gained for the papal authority gratitude and love, if accompanied by institutions and civilizing laws. But the people could not appreciate the small amount of good the Government was effecting, because everything was carried on for the advantage of a caste and a clique. Tuscany was then well governed, and the Romans were made to feel the stroke of these evils the more, as the Grand Duke at that period, and for some years after, followed the path that his father and godfather had trod before him. In fact, the practice of clothing inquisitors with the long robe, and judges with the cowl,—the mixing up religion with politics, and eccle-

sastics with police officers,—the placing the throne upon the altar, rendered the government and the clerical party odious to persons of education—to the youth and to the laity in general, who revolted at the domination of the clergy.

In the midst of circumstances which kept alive the disposition to conspire, Leo XII. died, at the beginning of 1829, and bequeathed to his successor much more of discontent among the laity, and resentment among the liberals, than he himself had inherited from his predecessor. Leo XII. was tall of stature, and was, in his youth, of handsome, and even commanding presence. His manners were polite and affable; and he was a great favourite among the fair sex. On this account his reputation of sanctity somewhat suffered, for there were not wanting those who imputed to him many gallantries. He reigned but five years, four months, and thirteen days.

On the 31st March, 1829, Castiglioni di Cingali succeeded Leo XII., under the name of Pius VIII. He was then sixty-eight years old; and of his life and political opinions little was known. He had spent his career in the duties of the priesthood, and had a reputation for piety and devotion, with some propensity to superstition.

He was well disposed to the Sanfedists, and vigilant against the Carbonari, to a greater degree than seemed befitting the pastoral character. He named for Secretary of State Cardinal Albani, more a courtier than a churchman, and who was then called by the society of Rome the dancer of the Sacred College. Albani was devoted heart and soul to Austria; and before he entered on office, used to make a boast that he was the friend and confidant of Metternich. The reign of Pius VIII. was short; it lasted but twenty months, for he died on 20th November, 1830; and his pontificate was remarkable for its entire subserviency to the court of Vienna. Cesena still preserves a painful recollection of political inquisitions, while Romagna remembers the augmented power of Sanfedism, which governed in the Pope's name.

The French Revolution of 1830

greatly raised the spirits of the liberals in the Papal States. The Italian liberals made much of the promises of France, as she gave it to be understood that she would everywhere promote respect to the principle of non-intervention. They plotted with a hardihood they never before evinced. They held correspondence with the French, and with the Italian refugees in Paris; but yet there was no well grounded scheme, no well defined conception, no true or comprehensive idea of nationality.

At the time when the cardinals were collected in the conclave in February, for the election of a Pope, there were plots, not only in the provinces, but also in the capital. Napoleon and Louis Buonaparte, sons of the former king of Holland, were among the conspirators; some official men, and some students from the provinces, but few Romans, and these not of mark, likelihood, or character. The police got scent of these seditious practices, arrested a few, and warned others. It was possibly this disturbance that moved the cardinals to cut short all delay, and to raise on the 2nd February, 1831, to the pontifical throne Cardinal Mauro Capellari, of Beluno, formerly a Carmelite monk, and General of the order.

Capellari was a man of the church and the cloister. The reputation of scholarship—more especially in the Eastern tongues—and the character which he obtained as a profound theologian and a priest of pure life, caused the accession of the new Pontiff to be hailed with joy. But it was soon seen that a mere canonist and theologian, however distinguished, was not the species of temporal sovereign that Rome needed in 1831.

The agitation produced by the French Revolution extended itself to the States of the Church, where troubles, the result of just discontent and dissatisfaction, broke out in the early days of Gregory XVI. Instead of appeasing his people by administrative and organic reforms, the new Pope, yielding to the fatal advice of Bernetti and Albani, called in an Austrian army. This produced a counter-move on the part of the French, which resulted in the expedition sent to occupy Ancona,

in 1832. When the feeble movements in Central Italy had been brought to an end by the intervention of Austria, the representatives of the European powers who were interested in preventing new commotions in the Pontifical States, and in obviating any cause of war, became desirous to recommend modifications, in the way of reforms, to the court of Rome. On the 10th of May they presented a memorandum, recommending, among other things, that the laity should be generally admitted to administrative and judicial functions—that municipalities elected by the people should be appointed—that a better management of the finances and public debt should be resolved upon, &c. But even these small recommendations to reform were not attended to by the Pontifical government; for on the 5th of July was published a *motu proprio*, respecting municipalities, which, instead of the concessions proposed in the memorandum, decreed that the original nomination of the municipal councillors should belong to the government. Nothing, moreover, was to be discussed in the municipal councils without a previous approval by the government of the subjects and order of the debate. Thus Rome, ever wilful, or, as partisans of the system would say, ever infallible, followed her own bent, and not the wishes of the European powers.

In the middle of July, the Imperial troops retired from the legations. The English and French ministries now employed themselves, with much patience and prudence, in trying to bring the Roman court to concessions; but the clerical party advised the court not to yield an inch. Sanfedism began to threaten; and the Pope was busy in Switzerland with measures for taking two regiments into his pay. In October, indeed, some judicial reforms were promulgated, but nothing solid was done. Seeing this, our minister in Tuscany withdrew from the conferences which had been opened, foretelling that, without the substantial reforms recommended in the memorandum, neither the troops the Pope already possessed, nor the Swiss regiments he

was hiring, would suffice to keep the provinces in their allegiance, or to prevent new commotions and new attempts at revolution. It is not our purpose here to go over the events that passed in Romagna. We may, however, say, that Cardinal Albani, nominated commissioner extraordinary of the four legations, commenced his administration with acts of great severity,—published an edict against secret societies, which was an exaggeration of the famous proclamation of Rivarola,—imposed a forced loan,—dissolved bodies of magistrates and municipal councils, and took arms from every citizen, and offices and employments from many. The municipal councils nominated towards the end of 1831 were dissolved; those who made efforts to resist their dissolution were imprisoned. No person who was in bad odour as a liberal could keep an office, whether under government or municipal, or could obtain one if he asked for it, or could represent either municipality or province. Thus the government continued its malversations and repressions, and Sanfedism its bullying; and the liberals set to work with French conspiracies.

It was at this time that Guiseppe Mazzini, who, in 1831, put forth a publication dedicated to Charles Albert, urging him to undertake the liberation of his country from the stranger, and who had subsequently become suspected of conspiring, and was obliged to go into exile, conceived the idea of making a foreign country the centre of his operations on Italy. He erected a new clandestine association, intended not only to absorb and to recast the sects formerly existing, but to extend them, bind them to one another at home, and to himself as their head abroad. To this new sect he gave the name of *Giovine Italia*, as if in token of a new creed and new objects. He shut out of it every man that was more than forty years old. The society was a mixture of Germanism and of Christianity, of Romanism and mysticism. The emigrants and exiles of 1831 and 1832 enrolled themselves in the *Giovine Italia*. Those who, belonging to the Pontifical States, obtained leave to return home, became pro-

pagators of the institution, and found abundant materials for proselytism in the province of Romagna. At the beginning of 1834, Mazzini considered that he was in a condition to give effect to his designs. He had gathered in Switzerland about a thousand refugees, Italian, German, and Polish. These, commanded by Romarino, marched to Ancecy, but were dispersed by a troop of carabinieri and some custom-house officers. Such was the result of the efforts of 1834.

The errors of the Pontifical government, and the increased hatred of its subjects towards it, enabled Austria to get up a faction in her name in the legations. From a remote date, Austria wished to extend her sway in the four legations, and now, as the best means of achieving her ends, her official servants murmured against clerical government, and drew comparisons, to the extreme disadvantage of Rome, with the government of Lombardy. Soon the court of Vienna succeeded in removing Bernetti from office, and in placing Lambruschini, a Genoese, formerly a friar, and General of the Barnabites, in his place. Lambruschini was a man of irreproachable character, who had all the qualities of the cloister, except humility and gentleness. He encouraged both the spirit and the men of the church and convent. Imperious and proud, he sought to bear sole sway in the court and in the government. His administration was anything but popular; and during the years 1837-38-39, during which he and Mattei were pursuing their schemes of reaction and obscurantism, Young Italy was making progress. In Rome, indeed, the conspirators were few, nor were they very numerous in the surrounding provinces, or in Umbria; but in the Marches and in Romagna they were so. Men of the greatest credit agreed to take a part, supposing that succours should arrive, and that success should attend a revolutionary attempt at Naples. In Bologna there existed a small band of the secretaries of Mazzini, who would not conform to the plans of the rest, but followed the orders they received from Malta and from London. Their intention was, if the Neapolitan rising should be postponed or fail, to

rise at all hazards, and thus they hoped to drag with them the hesitating and uncertain, by entailing upon them all the suspicions and persecutions of the government. In Naples, however, there was no movement; but in Bologna a kind of guerilla movement commenced with the Papal carabinieri, into which it is not necessary to enter. Muratori, a young physician, who was at the head of this movement, being hotly pursued, slipped through the hands of the Pope's Swiss carabinieri and the revenue force, and passing from one mountain to another, with abundance of daring and skill, traversed Tuscany, and betook himself to France. Cardinal Spinola set a price upon the head, not only of Muratori and of the rest who had taken arms, but of their accomplices, actual or supposed, some of whom were residing quietly in their own houses, and were youths of most noble origin—such as Tanara, Mellara, and Zambecari. About this time there arrived, with a little money, some Italian officers from Spain. They were headed by one Ribotti. He conducted about two hundred men out of Bologna by night. Having armed them as he best could, he surprised and disarmed the feeble garrisons that he found along the *Via Emilia*, and marched them towards Imola, where he had agents and a correspondence. In the neighbourhood of Imola, he very nearly got into his hands Cardinal Amat, the legate; Falconieri, archbishop of Ravenna; and Mastai, bishop of Imola, and now Pope, under the title of Pius IX. Being, however, warned in time, they gained Imola in safety; the gates were closed, and the Papal troops manned the walls. Ribotti's men then disbanded; some were taken the same day, and others shortly after; others again, got across the Apennines. Ribotti prosecuted his journey in Romagna, promised, and tried new attempts, but unsuccessfully.

The efforts of Mazzini, though hitherto unsuccessful, raised him in the estimation of nearly all the Italian emigrants, and of great numbers of his countrymen at home. The personal persecution which he had undergone hallowed his name in the hearts of his countrymen. He

became the soul and guiding spirit of the revolutionary party, and of all its secrets, councils, and intrigues. Thus, in 1814, he organized, on the banks of the Thames, the unfortunate expedition of Calabria, in which the brothers Bandiera lost their lives, displaying so rash but so heroic a courage. The great lever, however, of Mazzini, was the retrograde spirit of the governments of Italy, and especially of the Pope. All the expectations which were at first conceived of Gregory XVI. now vanished: he had become the slave and tool of the Jesuits. To them he gave the supreme direction of public instruction—a stretch of authority which had not been attempted in the pontificate of either Leo XII. or of Pius VIII. The narrowest spirit of the *Soutane* governed every act of the pontiff. He addressed exhortations, framed on the plan of the most bigoted model of the middle ages, to the clergy, recommending them to see that their flocks should to the letter acquit themselves of their religious duties. Monks of every kind became the objects of the pontiff's solicitude. No attentions were too marked for these lazy confraternities, and the treasures of the state were spent in repairing their convents. From these circumstances, it was easy to see that Capellari was not the man of his age or time, but the Pope of an epoch long passed away, never to return. The papacy was now environed by domestic and foreign difficulties. Disaffection reigned in every quarter of the states of the church; and the holy see was further embroiled in a quarrel with the Spanish and Portuguese, and also with the Prussian government, in reference to the affairs of Cologne and Posen, the question of mixed marriages, and the conduct of the Bishops Droste de Vischering and Dunin. Differences had also arisen with Russia, in consequence of the return into the Greek church of three millions of united Greeks, weaned from the Roman-catholic faith by means which the Russian government is too prone to employ unscrupulously. In the discussion of these knotty external questions, the pontiff had recourse to arguments more suited to the thirteenth

and fourteenth than to the nineteenth century. In every state paper emanating from his chancery, in every act of his life, he showed a profound aversion for all modern notions, for all improvements, coming or to come. In all his allocutions there was a theologic, a dogmatic, and a controversial tone. He was the high priest of 1300 or 1400, who had been born just five centuries too late. A proof of this is afforded by his conduct in 1837. With a view to prevent the ravages of the cholera, he ordered, in that year, a public exposition of the relics of the apostles St. Peter and St. Paul; and two years later—i. e., in 1839—he afforded Europe the spectacle of a new canonization. Not content with these extravagances, he directed prayers to be offered up for the church of Spain, in consequence of what he called the anarchy and confusion into which the country had fallen—in other words, the progress of constitutional doctrines. The only commendable act of the pontiff's life we can recal was almost the last passage of it, wherein, on the occasion of the visit of the Emperor Nicholas to Rome, he profited by the occasion to utter to the Czar words full of nobleness, touching the persecutions the Polish Roman-catholics had endured. On the 1st of July, 1846, Gregory XVI. breathed his last. His death produced a profound impression in Italy, not that any human being cared for him personally, but because it was felt, or at least hoped, that it must lead to considerable, if not radical changes. There was great agitation at Rome. Preparations were immediately made for the holding of a conclave, with a view to nominate a successor. Meanwhile the Roman people congregated in the streets, demanding, with a loud voice, the secularization of the government, and reforms. The military authorities caused the people to be dispersed by an armed force, but order was not established till a sanguinary collision had taken place between the citizens and the military force. The fermentation in Romagna and the Marches increased from day to day, and troubles broke out at this juncture at Ancona. It was in the midst of these unquiet and sanguinary scenes that

the new Pope was elected on the 16th of June, and proclaimed on the 17th. The individual on whom the choice of the college fell was the Cardinal Mastai, a native of Sinagaglia, scarcely beyond the middle period of life, for he was born on the 13th of May, 1792, and was then only fifty-four years of age. Mastai had been but seven years a cardinal, and it appeared he was not among the number of those who were deemed to have a tolerable chance of success. But the troubled state and impatience of the people of Rome—the agitation of the legations—the urgent demand for reforms—the unquiet state of men's minds—and the fear of rendering inevitable and formidable a general rising of the people—all contributed to render the sacred college unanimous. It was also said the new Pope was chosen because in his relations with the other cardinals he had exhibited a spirit of conciliation, which they deemed fittest for the time. Though the election somewhat calmed men's minds, it did not put an end to the excitement and agitation. The country people continued to pour in addresses requiring reforms, and the inhabitants of Sinagaglia, in which the pontiff had been born, signed the petition adopted by Bologna. The first acts of Pius IX. gave indications of life and promise. The provisional committee of the government, composed of six cardinals, having agreed neither on the amnesty nor on the reforms to be introduced into the administration, dissolved itself. The partisans of the *statu quo* withdrew, to the general satisfaction, while the partisans of progress and improvement, Gizzi and Amat, were supported by the pontiff. The addresses sent to Rome by the cities of the legations principally required the convocation of provincial councils, the disbanding of the Swiss troops, and railways. Immediately after the death of Gregory XVI., the inhabitants of Bologna made a public demonstration of their opinions. Some were for proceeding to violent measures, whilst others preferred legal courses. It being feared that violent means would favour the views of Austria, and lead to a foreign occupation of the country, the party of legality

carried the day. An address was immediately drawn up and signed by sixty of the leading citizens. In a few days it was covered with several thousand signatures of persons of every rank and condition, several ecclesiastics being among the number. In the Marches the magistrates took the initiative in these addresses, those of Osimo giving the first example. But the delay in the amnesty, the dilatoriness in disbanding the Swiss, the maintenance of ancient abuses, excited the discontent of the populations—a discontent which chiefly exhibited itself at Ancona. The Austrian land and sea forces were on the alert, as if they expected some serious event, and wished to be prepared for it. In the middle of July, an amnesty was published, greatly to the general satisfaction, though to the displeasure of Austria and the retrograde party. The Cardinals Lambruschini and Mattei now withdrew from Rome into the provinces, and Bernetti retired to Fermo.

The publication of the amnesty was received with general demonstrations of joy. It was now the Sanfedists only who exhibited their ill-will towards the Pope. Some of the burghers of Faenza, a town well known for its obscurantism, cried out against Pius IX. as a Jacobin pope. At Cesena also there was an ill-feeling, and some disorders, said to be excited by the Austrians. On the 8th August, Cardinal Gizzi was named Secretary of State for Foreign affairs, as well as for the Interior. At this appointment, and generally at the aspect of affairs, the Romans manifested their joy; but a circular recommended to the authorities to place these exhibitions of feeling, as it were, under surveillance.

One might have hoped that under a pontificate commencing under such auspices, the congregation of the Index would modify its absurd system of censure; but this was not to be. The translation of the Bible by the Abbé Lamennais and two Italian publications were condemned soon after the accession of the new pontiff.

On the day of the great fête of the *Madonna del Popolo*, called the Triumph of the Pope, writers of incriminated books might hear the anathemas fulminated against them.

It cannot be denied that Pius IX. commenced by some small reforms. There was a reduction of the taxes upon corn and upon salt. A certain publicity was given to the consistorial sittings, so that the people might know the spirit which directed the government. But with all this, the retrograde party showed a bold front, and intrigued at right and at left. Aided and supported by Austria, this faction threw aside the mask in the month of October. Disturbances took place at Faenza and Russi, and generally in the Marches.

The population of Iano, in the delegation of Pesaro and Urbino, rose up against the Jesuits of that town, attributing to the disciples of Loyola a conspiracy against the Pope. They entered the convent of the order, flung the books and furniture out of the windows, and roughly handled some of the followers of Ignatius and Xavier. A demonstration against the Jesuits also took place at Perugia. On the 5th and 6th of December, there was great rejoicing at it being the anniversary of the expulsion of the Austrians by the people of Genoa, at Forli, at Rimini, and at Ravenna. On this, the cabinet of Vienna addressed several notes to the authorities at Rome, requiring that measures should be taken to repress every public manifestation.

From the first months of 1847, the hopes which the Romans had allowed to grow in their bosoms in 1846 began to wither and die within them. This is, indeed, glossed over by Farini, whose leaning to the Pope is acknowledged; but the fact is incontestable. Nor can this be wondered at. The Austrian influence was very nearly as preponderant as in the time of Gregory XVI.,—the convocation of any representative assembly was eluded,—patriotic meetings and demonstrations were seen with an evil eye,—the censorship existed in full force, and the secret action of the Jesuits was still everywhere traceable. These circumstances convinced the most favourably disposed that the changes so ardently desired would never be made by the Pope nor by the Church.

It was not till the cries of ‘Death to the Austrians!’—‘Death to Lam-

bruschini!’—‘Death to Bernetti!’—had been repeatedly heard on the *Piazza di Spagna* and on the *Piazza di Venezia*, where the Austrian ambassador lived,—it was not till Lambruschini, and other reactionary cardinals had left Rome, with a view to escape personal violence, that the Pope proclaimed an edict for a civic guard. On the 8th July, Cardinal Gizzi, the secretary of state, sent in his resignation, which was accepted by the Pope. Cardinal Ferretti, legate of Pesaro and Urbino, was immediately appointed his successor. Disquietude, nevertheless, continued; nor was tranquillity restored by the activity of the city guard, which probably over-acted its part. The Pope, however, was now prepared to go farther than he had hitherto done. He dismissed the cardinal governor of the police, Grassellini, and ordered him to quit Rome. Contemporaneously with these events, the Austrians entered Ferrara, an occupation against which Ferretti—of course, in vain—protested. It was remarked that his protest was not drawn up in diplomatic style. ‘Never mind,’ said Ferretti; ‘though it may not be diplomatic, the style is mine, and so are the sentiments too.’ In the month of August, the Pontiff dismissed some high functionaries suspected of connivance with the retrograde agitators. Thus Pallavicini was succeeded by Rusconi, and Frasinelli, director of the war-office, by a simple lieutenant-colonel. A more significant circumstance than any of these was the refusal of the Pope to appear at the Church del Gesu to celebrate the feast of St. Ignatius. This circumstance was generally regarded as an open rupture with the Jesuits. The latter, nevertheless, turned away public wrath from their order by the offering of money for the clothing of the national guard. Austria, meanwhile, was becoming day by day more aggressive as to Ferrara. The expression of English sympathy induced the Romans to think that an English squadron would soon be anchored in the waters of Ancona, and force the Austrians to retreat. On the 11th of September, Mamiani of Pesaro, minister of the interior in 1831, arrived in Rome; General Durando, a Pied-

montese, who had made the war in Spain, preceded him by a few days. On the 1st October, the *motu proprio* of the Pope was published on the municipal organization of Rome. It promised, undoubtedly, a great reform, for the paper was drawn up in a liberal spirit, and was generally approved of. No distinction was made between noble and citizen, as had always hitherto existed. Rome was henceforth to have a council composed of one hundred members, of which sixty-four were to be proprietors, thirty-two savants, advocates, artists, bankers, merchants, and four representatives of the ecclesiastical body. The municipal magistracy, to be called Senate of Rome, was to consist of a senator and eight conservators. It was now determined that each religious order should pay 10 per cent. of its revenues for covering the expenses of the state. But notwithstanding all these measures, the principal employments were occupied by retrogradists, and in the absence of Ferretti they commenced attacks on the press. These and other circumstances induced Morandi, Governor of Rome, to resign. He was replaced by a prelate, Savelli; and the charge of Preside di Roma et Comarca was conferred on a cardinal, Prince Altieri—two appointments which created dissatisfaction. On the 15th March, 1848, little more than a fortnight after the fall of Louis Philippe, the constitution was proclaimed at Rome. This was a great step in advance, for one of the bases of it was a representative system, giving a member for 30,000 souls. On the 1st May, the people of Rome were so excited by the events of Lombardy and the prolonged occupation of Ferrara, that they called on the Pontiff to declare war against Austria. Pius temporized, and offered his mediation to the house of Austria, on the condition of completely abandoning Italy. But this did not satisfy the Romans; the Pontiff was accused of duplicity, and emeutes took place in the capital and towns. It is not here our purpose to give a history of the Mamiani ministry—of the dilapidation of the papal finances—of the Pope's adhesion to the cause of Italian independence—of the efforts made by the Romans

to send a contingent to the common cause—or of the weakness, vacillation, if not culpable double-dealing of Pius IX. To treat all these subjects in detail would require a volume. But we conceive most of the errors of the Pope may be traced to his personal character—to that vacillation of mind which ever gives an appearance of insincerity.

The character and views of the man are so well given by Farini, that we extract the passage entire. The reader will observe that the style is somewhat stiff and rugged, a complaint that may be too often urged against all productions of Mr. Gladstone's pen, whether of original composition or translations.

To raise the popedom, not only to the propitious eminence of a supremacy for religion and civilisation, but to the pride of a temporal sway over kings and peoples, and to urge upon it the use of spiritual weapons in order to gain a primacy over the world, was nothing less than denuding the foundations of every modern state, and wishing to make the popedom turn, or return, to be a fountain of sedition. If, on the other hand, our minds were not capable of warming with the simple fire of patriotism, for the noble and also holy enterprise of liberating Italy from the stranger, it was vain to hope that hearts so frozen up in indifference, could kindle with religious faith; and hoping it was a proof of inadequate knowledge of the constitution of man and of modern society. Ill were they acquainted with the court of Rome, who thought it would dismiss its slow and circumspect habits, and head the movement of this venturesome age. Ill did they know Pius IX., who believed he would assent to doctrines which lead the people, intoxicated with the name of their sovereignty, only into sovereign excess. But, before proceeding with the account of the boisterous portion of the reign of Pius IX., it will be well to give the fairest account I can of the character, temper, and views of this Pontiff, overflattered and over-censured, ill understood and ill judged, by every party.

Pius IX. had applied himself to political reform, not so much for the reason that his conscience as an honourable man and a most pious sovereign enjoined it, as because his high view of the papal office prompted him to employ the temporal power for the benefit of his spiritual authority. A meek man and a benevolent prince, Pius IX. was, as a pontiff, lofty even to sternness. With a soul not only devout, but mystical, he referred everything to God, and respected and venerated

rated his own person as standing in God's place. He thought it his duty to guard with jealousy the temporal sovereignty of the Church, because he thought it essential to the safe keeping and the apostleship of the Faith. Aware of the numerous vices of that temporal government, and hostile to all vice and all its agents, he had sought, on mounting the throne, to effect those reforms which justice, public opinion, and the times required. He hoped to give lustre to the papacy by their means, and so to extend and to consolidate the Faith. He hoped to acquire for the clergy that credit, which is a great part of the decorum of religion, and an efficient cause of reverence and devotion in the people. His first efforts were successful in such a degree, that no pontiff ever got greater praise. By this he was greatly stimulated and encouraged, and perhaps he gave in to the seduction of applause and the temptations of popularity, more than is fitting for a man of decision, or for a prudent prince. But when, after a little, Europe was shaken by universal revolution, the work he had commenced was in his view marred; he then retired within himself, and took alarm. In his heart, the pontiff always came before the prince, the priest before the citizen: in the secret struggles of his mind, the pontifical and priestly conscience always outweighed the conscience of the prince and citizen. And as his conscience was a very timid one, it followed that his inward conflicts were frequent, that hesitation was a matter of course, and that he often took resolutions even about temporal affairs more from religious intuition or impulse, than from his judgment as a man. Add that his health was weak and susceptible of nervous excitement, the drops of his old complaint. From this he suffered most, when his mind was most troubled and uneasy; another cause of wavering and changeableness. When the frenzy of the revolution of Paris, in the days of February, bowed the knee before the sacred image of Christ, and amidst its triumph respected the altars and their ministers, Pius IX. anticipated more favour to the Church from the new political order, than it had had from the ineffectual monarchy of Orleans.

Another cause of the errors and backslidings of the Pope arose from the treachery and falseness of the King of Naples, which we find so succinctly and truly described by Farini, that we give the passage at length:—

During the time while the affairs of Rome were proceeding thus indifferently,

those of Naples grew worse. I have mentioned already that the Neapolitan ministry, presided over by Troja, which stimulated King Ferdinand to enter into the Italian enterprise, had sent deputies to Rome for that congress of the league, which was not to the mind of Piedmont. The Neapolitan deputies, who had been greeted courteously by the Pope, and boisterously by the clubs, returned to Naples after the Allocution of the 29th of April, which had caused great joy in that place among the partisans of absolute government. It seems that Pius IX., during the painful days about the end of April and beginning of May, among other thoughts which had occurred to his mind, had entertained that of repairing to Naples. Aware of this, the king and government had made suitable preparations to receive him, and the absolute party had laid its account upon the civil discords of Rome, for drawing the Pope over to itself, and commencing the work of its own restoration. The Neapolitan troops, when they had entered the Papal States, proceeded so slowly, that it seemed they must have orders never to reach Lombard soil; and old General Pepe, their commander, himself eager to get there, was obstructed by his subordinate officers, who were in the good graces and confidence of the King, now upon one pretext, and now upon another. It is said that, one day, when the King was conversing with his ministers, he allowed himself to say, that the Italian war against Austria was unjust; and it is known from documents that at the very time when he was sending Pietro Leopoldi, an honourable and liberal Italian, as his envoy to Charles Albert, he likewise sent round underhand emissaries and spies, and among the rest one Sponzilli, an officer of engineers, who was charged to find fault with Colonel Rodriguez, commanding the 10th regiment of the line, for having crossed the Po, and to require him to take his orders from the commander of the army *which was assembling on this side the Po*. It is also known, and should be stated here, that, on the 10th of May, the Neapolitan ministers settled with the king, that Leopardi should be instructed to negotiate an offensive and defensive alliance between the crown of Naples and that of Sardinia, in order that '*by the union of the strongest and most numerous Italian armies, victory might be rendered more expeditious and secure*;' but the letter, that carried this instruction, was retained in Naples by an unknown hand. It should also be stated, that Leopardi was reprimanded because he had replied to a letter from the Provisional Government of Milan, and was

admonished not to hold correspondence with it. These things were not known at the time; still, in Naples, mistrust of the king and court was so great and so rooted, that men's minds were agitated by incessant suspicion, and by restless misgivings. The tumults that frequently arose were serviceable to the retrogradism of the court, which derived from them an argument to show the deformities of freedom, and to illustrate the follies and bad faith of the party of the movement. The king was accustomed to lodge the staff, and the commander of the troops, in the palace, and to direct them himself, either in writing or by word of mouth.

It should also be considered that many of the men in the Roman Chambers and High Council were unused to public life, some of them exceedingly impracticable, and difficult to manage. Thus they are sketched by Farini:—

In the Council of Deputies Mamiani was, as a speaker, fluent and refined; Orioli was copious, sometimes harsh; Rodolfo Audinet spoke with ease and precision, Pantaleoni with learning; Borsari was wordy and insipid; Montanari was laboured, but judicious; Cicognani impetuous; Arnellini confused; Canino an uncontrollable talker; Mayr ready; Galletti inflated and empty; Lunati spoke with great perspicuity; De Rossi with affectation; Francesco Fiorenzi with difficulty; Giuliano Pieri spoke but once, copiously and with elegance; the advocate Giovannardi, who had entered parliament at the end of the session, showed himself clever in summing up a debate; Torre spoke rarely, but readily; Sterbini was a tribune in desire, in passion, and in gesture, not in eloquence, nor in courage. Potenzi, Mariani, Bofondi, Marcelli, Marini, and Raughiasci, used to deliver written speeches; the President Sereni several times descended from his seat, and spoke with success; he was a just and impartial man, but not sufficiently rigid with the interrupters in the public galleries. Sturbinetti, who succeeded him, was still more lax. In the debates upon offices and commissions, Fusconi, Simonetti, Lauri, Potenzi, Lorenzo Fiorenzi, the two Manzoni, Bevilacqua, Ferri, Fabbri (the professor), Marsigli, and Serafini, distinguished themselves for sagacity, learning, and diligence. The Council of Deputies had abundance of other modest, accomplished, and most upright members. At first the political parties were ill distinguished and defined; but in the course of a little time they

acquired both definitiveness and discipline.

It cannot be denied that the party of the *Giovine Italia*, though it roused the popular enthusiasm, was also a cause of fear and embarrassment to a timid and feeble pontiff, who was above all, and before all, a priest in feelings, in sentiments, and in opinions, rather than a politician. To this party of young Italy we do not think Farini is generally fair, candid, or considerate. To Mazzini he clearly is not fair. While allowing his talent and perseverance, he accuses him of self-love and selfish pride, as may be seen by the following extract:—

The true reason of so much outcry, so much resentment, and so much scandal, then, as now, was this: that Giuseppe Mazzini held his own self to be the man predestined to liberate Italy; and could not endure that any Italian competitor should be concluded, if he did not put to it his seal, and if the counties, armies, sovereigns, and pontiffs did not bow down before the new 'his majesty,' and 'his holiness.' Giuseppe Mazzini is a man of no common talent, remarkable for perseverance in his plans, for resolution under suffering, and for private virtues; but, in these latest crises of the Italian nation, he has confounded patriotism with self-love, or rather with selfish pride, and has chosen to risk seeing the temple of Italy burned down, because she would not dedicate to him its high altar. Sects have ready-made systems and oaths within which the mind abides in trammels, and the will hardens, in such a way that neither the one retains breadth for any large idea, nor the other continues open to any large affection. The leaders, accustomed to dream of empire in their secret cliques of a few hundreds of trusted visionaries and of fanatical hangers-on, do not submit to renounce the tiara and the sceptre in their kingdom of liberty; and their satellites, habituated to thinking and feeling through the nerves of the masters, will invariably swear to every syllable they utter, and, while boasting themselves the freest of the free, have even their thoughts enslaved.

There were also European considerations which would have interfered with the free action of the pontiff, supposing him to have been a politician or a statesman, and not a mere timid vacillating priest, as he ever was, and ever will be, which are adverted to in the following extract:—

At the end of June, Paris was the prey of a terrible intestine war, and the government passed into the hands of General Cavaignac, who had put it down. We shall see what were his views in regard to Italy.

When Monsignor Morichini was at Vienna to negotiate a peace, Austria, through the medium of Baron Hummelauer, asked the British ministry to mediate between herself and Italy; and, on the 23rd of May, she offered to acknowledge the independence of Lombardy, giving her the choice of governing herself, or of uniting with another state of Italy, provided she would bind herself to pay a part of the national debt of Austria. She agreed that the Duchies should be free to join with Lombardy; and she proposed to concede to Venice a separate administration, with an army of her own, under the imperial crown. On the 3rd of June, Lord Palmerston declared he could not accept the commission, unless Austria would likewise offer to cede certain Venetian provinces, and he instructed Lord Ponsonby, minister at Vienna, who then resided with the imperial court at Innsbruck, to use his very best exertions, and address himself towards inclining Austria to greater generosity. But public opinion at Vienna was greatly opposed to liberal and pacific counsels; and the military men stimulated the government to rely less on them, than on force of arms; so that, after a short time, it not only looked coldly on the English proposals, but was cool even in regard to those which Baron Hummelauer had broached. As early as the beginning of July, Vienna was in good heart, from the knowledge that she could bring into the field a force exceeding those of the Italians, from the victory over the papal troops in Venezia, and from our intestine quarrels. Baron Wessenberg told Lord Ponsonby, that France, governed at that time by General Cavaignac, had engaged to enter into those affairs, so that, consequently, it would be improper to proceed in them without her concurrence; and it would be best not to venture for the moment on any new step. At that time, the Sardinian government seemed inclined to treat upon the basis originally laid down. But Vienna had already broken her resolution to try the fortune of arms, and Lord Ponsonby wrote to Lord Palmerston, on the 7th of July, that the Austrians were persuaded King Charles Albert 'had great difficulties to apprehend' (such are the words of the letter) 'from other causes besides the Austrian army.' The French government, according to what Lord Normanby wrote to Lord Palmerston from Paris on the

22nd of July, had a strong desire to avoid war both in Italy and elsewhere, and, with this view, was anxious for a cordial understanding with England.

We now come to the period when the first attempts were made to form a Rossi ministry—attempts which we must ever consider unfortunate. The history and antecedents of Rossi were well known to all Romans. A native of Carrara, in the Duchy of Modena, he had studied and practised law at Bologna, and had been in early life a partisan of the French domination in his country. Indeed, when Murat subsequently attempted, after the disembarkation at Cannes, to deliver Italy, as it was called, Rossi had entered into the rash enterprise, had been named Prefect at Bologna, and had been invested with extraordinary powers between the Trent and the Po. The Ex-Prefect and actual professor was then obliged to go into exile at Geneva, in which city he married a Protestant lady, became a naturalized Swiss, was named a deputy to the Representative Council, and by intrigues, acquired a notable influence. On the overthrow of the aristocratic governments in Switzerland, in 1830, Rossi was chosen by Geneva as its representative to the Constituent Diet of Lucerne, and elected Reporter of the Commission charged to revise the federal pact. But his project, which was a compromise between the popular and the catholic parties, satisfied neither, and the result was, that the intriguer, who wished to steer clear betwixt wind and tide, emigrated to France. In Paris he became a disciple of Guizot, and an enrolled member of the *juste milieu*. Notwithstanding the indignant protest of the lawyers, the law students, and the literary men of France, this born Modenese, this naturalized Swiss, was installed in a professor's chair to teach the French youth French law. Nor did the man's good fortune end here. *Omnia serviliter pro dominatione* was his motto. He was appointed a peer of France, and ambassador at Rome, to negotiate with Gregory XVI. the suppression of the Jesuits. At the period of the Revolution of February, 1848, Rossi still represented, at the Papal court, French interests.

He did not return to France, but affected to feel, or felt a desire, for the independence of Italy. It is of a man of such a questionable career that M. Farini thus speaks:—

At that juncture it occurred to a certain person, that the paralysed government might be invigorated by the distinguished name and the wise exertions of Pellegrino Rossi. Since the creators of the republican paradise of February had stripped him of every employment, he had resided in Rome as a private individual—liberal of his advice to the ministry of the 10th of March, to the Duke of Rignano, his intimate friend, and to as many deputies and magistrates as consulted him. The people of Carrara, his fellow-townsmen, elected him deputy to the Tuscan parliament. Gioberti wished him to have citizenship, honours, and a seat in the legislative assemblies of Upper Italy. The Roman constitutionalists were desirous that he should fix his abode in Rome. At that time Rossi had sent to the press certain letters on politics, in which, with profound knowledge, he discussed the affairs of Italy, and the recent circumstances of France and of Germany; but having accepted the commission to form a ministry in Rome, he stopped the publication. He undertook that charge with reluctance. He told his friends, who urged it on him, they should reflect, that he had lived long out of Italy, had no knowledge of persons, and was conscious of being in bad odour with the popular party. He suggested to the Pope the propriety of considering whether he was not probably odious to the court, on account of his previous employments and of his writings; that some would, perhaps, look more than coldly on a minister of the Pope who had married a Protestant wife; and that the French Republic might be displeased at his getting an high post in Rome. But as the Pope persisted in pressing him, Pellegrino Rossi set about forming a ministry with these views: to take for colleagues men of temperate opinions, but genuine appreciators and favourers of the liberal system; to carry into effect and constitute the statute, in all its parts, according to constitutional doctrine and usage; to counteract and repress both the parties opposed to the statute; to abolish exemptions, restore the finances, and reorganise the army; to conclude a league with Piedmont and Tuscany, even should it be impossible with Naples; to fix the contingent of troops the Pope was to supply, so that he need not in any other respect mix in the war. He sought for his colleagues in the

ministry, Minghetti, Recchi, Pasolini, and others of that party, but did not gain his end; his communications with them transpired, and murmurs began.

In September, however, Rossi accepted the task of forming a ministry. His first anxieties were about the taxes and the army. He sought to meet the wants of the treasury by convincing the Pope it was time to obtain help from the clergy and of the army by proposing Zucchi as minister of war.

He procured aid for the treasury from the clergy, by a provision of the Pope, that the cardinal-vicar should lay a tax of eighty bajocchi for every hundred crowns rated on all ecclesiastical property, and that the clergy itself, which had already granted a charge of 2,000,000 crowns in return for treasury bonds, should bind itself to make a gift of 2,000,000 more. A commission was also nominated for fiscal arrangement and the organization of the army; the reform of the monetary system, and other useful measures were adopted. But several functionaries, magistrates and administrators, whom Rossi admonished and constrained to activity, began to murmur, as did the clergy whom he had taxed.

On the 15th of November, the Chambers were to meet, and Rossi, according to Farini, had penned a speech, in which he set forth the beauty of free institutions, his resolution to strengthen and secure them by rectifying the finances, organizing and enlarging the army, promoting public wealth, and diffusing instruction. In the same speech he enforced and eulogized the benefits of all national union and independence. But that speech Rossi was never to deliver. Warned from four different sources that there was a conspiracy against his life, he proceeded to the palace of the Quirinal, where the sittings were held. Advancing to the peristyle, he found himself surrounded by a menacing group, one individual of which pushed roughly against him. Turning sharply round, as if to reprove the rudeness of his assailant, he received from another hand a poniard-wound in the throat, which was at once pronounced mortal. No effort was made by the civic guard to arrest the assassin, and in the

Chamber of Deputies, to which the news was hastily conveyed, no voice was raised to cover with execration the cowardly assassin. Thus perished, on the 15th of November, 1848, a man of considerable learning, of great cunning and astuteness, who might have made a good professor of law in Italy, but who never ought to have been a professor of law in France, much less a peer of France or one of the ambassadors of that great nation. Rossi was an unpopular man everywhere; and giving him credit for the best intentions, he was not the man for the crisis in which he appeared. Nine days after the assassination, the Pope fled from Rome to Gaeta, where an asylum had been provided for him by the king.

The second volume of Farini's work brings down the history of Pius IX. to almost the period of his flight. The rest is soon told. After having remained several months at Gaeta, (the Republic, meanwhile, having been proclaimed at Rome,) a French army laid siege to the capital, and after a prolonged and heroic resistance, succeeded in making themselves masters of the city and restoring the Pontiff.

Such is a short and succinct history of five popes,—of Pius VII., Leo XII., Pius VIII., Gregory XVI., and Pius IX., and the question, as Mr. Gladstone says in his preface, now arises, whether the temporal power of the popes can be perpetuated on its old and defective traditional system. And every one who knows anything of Italy will at once say that it cannot be so perpetuated. Another question is this,—whether it be possible to remove the crying oppressions and abuses of the old system, and to maintain an effective sovereignty in the papal chair. That the oppressions and abuses ought to be removed, *coute que coute*, and no matter what the consequences, all political moralists will agree. The price, however to be paid for their removal must unquestionably be the destruction of the temporal sovereignty of the Papacy.

We agree with Mr. Gladstone in thinking that there is no evidence to show that Pius IX. desired to establish anything like what we

understand by constitutional freedom. Our belief is, that he had no such idea in his mind, but that he yielded to circumstances and to the impulsion given to the Italian movement of 1847 by the French Revolution of 1848. Since the French occupation, another question has been asked, and it is this,—whether the temporal power of the Pope has had life enough in it to reconstruct and improve its external forms, and to strike such roots into the soil as might again give it a substantive existence. It is our firm belief that it has not such vigour and vitality, and that as a temporal engine it is worn out. In fact, during the sixteen or eighteen months the Pope has had his capital garrisoned by French, and other portions of his dominions by Austrian troops, he has reformed or re-modelled nothing in the manner of a wise sovereign, a prudent statesman, or even an astute politician. Italy is, in fact, on the eve of great changes, as is demonstrated in the remarkable volume entitled *Italy in 1848*, by L. Mariotti. We are indebted to this gentleman, who writes under a pseudonyme, but who is well known as the celebrated Piedmontese Gallenga, at present professor of Italian literature in University College, for the best book on recent events in Italy it has been our fortune to see. In 1848, he rendered us essential service in publishing *Italy, Past and Present*, but he has greatly enhanced the obligation this year by publishing *Italy in 1848*. He is a man of far more mind and imagination, of infinitely more learning and book knowledge of every kind, than Signor Farini, and his volumes are admirably translated. Mariotti, or rather Gallenga, is no admirer of the doctrines or opinions of Mazzini, but he does the man and the reformer justice in the following passage, which is the only one we have space to extract from his most interesting volumes. He thus speaks of Mazzini:—

We owe the chief of Young Italy this justice, that he was by no means exaggerated or uncompromising on his first appearance at Milan. Whatever may be thought of his ambition or tenacity of opinion, Mazzini, like all high-minded

Italians, loves his country far better than himself, and sets its union and independence far above all other political considerations. He clings to his ideas, because he sees no possible redemption for Italy except through them only; and he aspires to power because he has faith in no other man under the sun,—because no one, he thinks, can wield power so as to work out his own purposes therewith. He has made an idol of his system, such as it is, and deems himself alone competent to minister to its altar. He stands friendless, companionless, among the high-minded and generous. No man was ever allowed to graft a single thought in the conception that sprang up complete and mature in his brains. His faith is in ‘God and the people’—he alone God’s interpreter—the people his blind instruments! Had he had faith in royalty, in aristocracy, in an armed power, in other men—had he reckoned the odds like other political gamblers, he would have felt the necessity of seconding Charles Albert with all his powers; at least until the close of the war. But Mazzini himself, with all his uprightness and consistency, was not, however, keen-sighted enough to escape the common delusion of the times. He also seemed to think slightly

of the chances of that unfortunate war. He seemed only apprehensive that the Piedmontese would conquer too easily, and conquer without him. After having achieved so much for the emancipation of Italy, it was rather mortifying to see it accomplished by other means than his own, in obedience to views he had so long denounced.

We have left ourselves scarcely space to speak of Naples, or of the large debt of gratitude which humane and enlightened men of every nation owe to Mr. Gladstone for his interference on the Neapolitan question. By the publication of two letters to Lord Aberdeen, detailing most horrible scenes of cruelty, oppression, and the application of torture, he has aroused civilized Europe, and dedicated the government of Naples to infamy. An answer has been attempted by Mr. Macfarlane; but the advocacy of the Neapolitan government by so *mal-adroit* a pamphleteer, has only served to confirm these first opinions and impressions derived from the pamphlet of the hon. and learned Member for Oxford University.

ENGLISH SYNONYMS.

THERE is scarcely any expression more common in ordinary conversation than that such and such words are ‘synonymous,’ implying that they bear exactly the same meaning, and are, so to speak, convertible terms. This is, no doubt, the strict etymological interpretation of the word synonymous. It means, as the dictionaries inform us, ‘of the same signification.’ Nothing can be more accurate. Yet it is only one instance out of hundreds that might be cited of the errors we are liable to fall into when we attempt to determine the actual current meaning of words by reference to their roots. Synonymous, instead of expressing the precise agreement of words, actually indicates the existence of slight but marked differences between them.

The late Mr. Hamilton held it as an elementary maxim, which he found of great practical value in his literal and interlineal translations, that each word had but one abso-

lute meaning; and, without going the whole way with a dogma which ignores the existence of synonyms altogether, we are inclined to think he was right in the main. An instrument so elastic as language, exposed to such constant and careless use, must be expected in time to lose here and there something of its force; but we suspect that every departure from a system of exact and undeviating significations, is a concession, not to necessity, but to caprice or convenience. In fact, the examples of two words conveying precisely the same meaning are very rare, while the number of words that approach each other so closely in purport as to be frequently confounded in use, is very considerable. It is to this large family of words the term synonym is applied.

Every attempt to settle accurately the significations of words, to check the advance of corruptions and loose usages, and to preserve a certain fixity of expression, without inter-

fering with that comprehensive variety which is necessary to impart colour and richness to a language, deserves to be received with attention. There is no great danger of setting up limits that shall be too narrow for the popular genius, which delights in philological excursions and vagrant novelties. Let philologists do what they may to curb erratic tendencies, they never can succeed in reducing the general use of language to a uniform standard. But they may keep its fountains pure. It is of the last importance that there should be an authority resident somewhere, and that, in the midst of the fluctuations consequent upon the progress of knowledge and the changes of manners, we should occasionally pause to examine and correct any errors or abuses that may have crept into common practice. Too much rigour is, perhaps, as undesirable as laxity. It tends to produce a severity of diction which imparts coldness to the expression, or a fastidiousness which dilutes and weakens it. But of the two extremes, it is better there should be a strict system than no system at all.

The arguments and illustrations by which the uses and significations of words are usually enforced, have an inevitable downward tendency towards the abolition of fixity, and the institution of a sort of sliding-scale in its place. Thus, for example, when any new use of a word, or any new word, comes out, and the strict philologist objects to its employment in that sense or form, he is met by the conclusive answer that there is but one guide in these matters—custom—which, whatever eccentricities it sanctions, is competent to over-ride all law. Now, there is a certain amount of truth in this which only renders the actual fallacy it conceals the more dangerous. It is true that custom is the final appellate jurisdiction in all questions of verbal usage; but it is necessary, before we bow to the decision of the court, that we should clearly understand of what elements it is composed, and under what authority it acts. To say that custom has established a particular use of a word, is a ready way of settling a dispute; but unless we have some definition of what is

meant by custom, the reference is not only vague and unsatisfactory, but very likely to commit us to an infinity of errors, adopted and persisted in out of a belief that they are sound law. Who makes the custom? The educated few?—the half-educated many? And what length of time does the popular use of a word constitute what is called custom? It is evident that the competency of the tribunal depends upon the settlement of these conditions. Everybody admits the authority of custom, but nobody seems to flunk it necessary to insist upon some common test by which its validity may be tried and confirmed. The consequence is, that the most irreconcilable notions prevail as to what is custom, and in the confusion that ensues, a variety of loose and objectionable terms find their way into circulation under its sanction.

Custom, as the expounder of the law of words, should be established on similar principles to other legal tribunals. The propounders of the law should be, at least, educated for the functions they are called upon to discharge, and when we look to usage for the determination of doubts, it should be the usage of the best informed, and, in the most comprehensive sense of the term, the best bred circles. Fashionable society, which has the right not only of expounding, but of making laws in other directions, must be trusted to some extent with the interpretation of language; but the 'fashionable' sense or use of a word is not always to be implicitly received. Conventional significations and cant phrases get into vogue in fashionable *coteries*, just as that peculiar jargon called *slang* obtains currency lower down the scale; and some caution should be exercised in discriminating between general assent and the special acceptance of an exclusive circle. There never can be any difficulty in drawing a distinction of this kind; and the necessity of drawing it decisively is obvious from the rapidity with which words spread into common use when they have once received the hall-mark of the upper classes.

But it is not enough that we should go direct to the best educated and most refined people for our

authority. The mere fact that a change or novelty has been introduced in certain quarters is not sufficient to authenticate its universal adoption, unless it also comes down to us with that prescriptive sanction which is indispensable to give it the force of law. It must not only be in use amongst the classes that are qualified to take the initiative, but it must have been in use amongst them long enough to justify the faith without inquiry of the multitude: that is to say, ample time should be allowed to impart stability to verbal revolutions before the public at large should be required to tender their allegiance to them.

Custom, then, seems to repose on two very simple conditions—that the people who make the law should be of the properly qualified order, and that before the law receives the popular assent, it should be subjected to an experimental trial of reasonable duration. These conditions have the effect of giving due weight and authority to an appellate jurisdiction, which is at present often brought into contempt by being made responsible for what it does not really sanction; while they afford abundant opportunity of arresting the progress of crude and ill-judged innovations.

The force of custom is paramount; but it is paramount only within the recognised limits of the constitution of the language it governs. Custom is not an absolute despotism, although it approaches very nearly to that character. There are things it cannot sanction without doing violence to elementary laws, whose maintenance is necessary to the purity and fixity of language; as there are things which even oriental despots cannot carry into effect without endangering the safety of their possessions. Custom, for instance, cannot convert one part of speech into another, metamorphose a noun into a participle, or insist upon making an adjective do duty for a noun. We may be supposed to put an extreme case; but if the reader will stop to collect examples, he will be surprised at the extreme cases that have actually passed into common use; some of which he has, probably, become so familiar with himself, that he has ceased to be conscious of

their enormity. Thus, to take an example with which everybody is acquainted, which is constantly heard in ordinary conversation, and, still further, sanctioned by frequent use in print, what vindication, on any ground of expediency, grace, or structural propriety, can custom furnish us with for the word *talented*? This word has, undoubtedly, found its way, inexplicably, into very good society; and although it is never employed by writers who cultivate a pure or correct style, yet nevertheless it is to be met with in print in places where we should hardly expect to find a coinage so false and outrageous. The only way in which it is possible to account for the use of such a word is, that it happens to be a singularly convenient one: and that people in general are so lazy as to be glad to avail themselves of the first short cut that offers to the expression they want. It is easier, and trips more glibly off the tongue, to say, 'a *talented* man,' than 'a man of talent.' It saves the trouble of thinking, or of beating about the bush for a longer and more accurate turn of phrase. But the absurdity does not stop here; people are not content with merely applying this ingenious coinage to the only conceivable purpose its origin will justify, they must needs apply it with a most commodious sense of its utility to every possible object that comes within the range of their admiration. Like Mr. Softhead in the play, having got hold of a duke, they never know when they have got enough of him. It is by no means uncommon to have one's attention drawn to a very '*talented* picture,' or to be told that such a book is a remarkably '*talented* production,' or even to be required to bear testimony to the involved fact, that a certain invention is a decidedly '*talented* discovery.' This slipshod mode of expression, which not only misrepresents the things it undertakes to delineate, but which has the pernicious effect of implanting habits of idleness and slovenliness in the mind (words being regarded as signs of ideas and implements of thought), cannot be too earnestly discouraged. In order to be enabled

to think with precision, people must speak with precision. The two processes act and re-act upon each other. Loose thinkers are, of necessity, incoherent speakers; and carelessness and inaccuracy in the utterance of thoughts, by which their subtlety is suffered to escape, and their sequence and relation are impaired, or obscured, must generate mental carelessness and inaccuracy in the end.

As for this famous word *talented*, the radical objection to it is so obvious, that we need not trouble the reader with a learned dissertation on the subject. It is unnecessary, for the purpose of exposing its illegitimacy, to dissect a word which has a substantive for its basis, and is turned all at once into an adjective, without any other alteration than the affix of a termination, which is the sign of the past participle of a verb! The process is as curious as it is complicated; and the individual by whom it was originally conceived must have been a person pre-eminently distinguished either by the most daring ingenuity, or unconscious ignorance. We may fairly contend that custom is endowed with no royal privilege to commit freaks of this kind; if it were, language would not be safe for four-and-twenty hours from the inroads of clever or uneducated people, who, for the gratification of singularities in their tastes, or because they did not know better, would engraft all sorts of fantastical eccentricities upon the pure vernacular. The inadmissibility of a formation so repugnant to our usage will become evident by trying a similar experiment upon other words of the same class. If we consent to the grammatical discord of saying, a '*talented* man,' instead of a '*man of talent*,' there can be no reason why we should not say, a '*tacted* man,' instead of a '*man of tact*,' or a '*geniused* man,' instead of a '*man of genius*.' The absurdity may be pushed a little farther by heightening the expression in rigid accordance with the precedent before us: thus, as it is commonly said that such a person is a '*very talented* man,' so we may say that he is a '*very tacted* man,' or a '*very geniused* man.' All

this, no doubt, looks ridiculous and puerile, but the cases are strictly parallel; and people who consider themselves justified in employing vicious terms, must submit to the logical consequences that ensue upon their use. The speaker or writer who talks of '*highly talented* men,' cannot offer a syllable of objection to his neighbour who chooses to describe them as '*remarkably geniused* individuals.'

In point of structure, the word *talented* is clearly a participle. We have no instances of adjectives formed in that way; and for homogeneous words we must look exclusively to the table of verbs, where alone we shall find them—such words as *accredited*, *hunted*; the correspondence in these instances being in all respects complete. Now if we were to treat *talented* as a participle (which a foreigner, at first sight, would be justified in doing by one of the earliest rules he picks up in our grammar), could anything be more ludicrous than the effect it would produce? Imagine such a sentence as this:—'*A* has just been speaking to me about our friend *B*; he *talented* him to the skies!' If ridicule be not a legitimate test of truth, it may assuredly be admitted as a very efficient test of the proprieties of language.

A catalogue *raisonnée* of the inelegancies and inaccuracies that have crept into common use would supply a fund of amusing and uncomfortable speculations for the living generation—not that we are worse in this particular than our progenitors, but that, in proportion to our opportunities, we ought to be much better. Nothing is more frequent in conversation than to hear the word *farther* confounded with *further*, and *latter* with *later*, although the distinction between them is wide and unmistakable,—*further* having application to place and distance, and *further* to quantity or addition; while *later* refers to time, and *latter* to place only. In the same way you sometimes catch the phrase '*seldom or ever*,' the speaker evidently meaning '*seldom if ever*;' and the still more palpable impropriety of '*the two first*,' instead of '*the first two*.' Such slips of speech as '*see if they're*

gone,' instead of 'whether they're gone,*' and 'I *had* rather,' instead of 'I *would* rather,' are of constant occurrence. A still more flagrant violation of verbal correctness is committed by the misuse of the very common phrase *as well as*, which means exactly what it says, and no more; but which is perpetually employed to express something else;—thus: 'she is witty *as well as* handsome,' whereby we are to understand that 'she is witty and handsome *also*.' This subject is fruitful of bizarre attractions for the ripe scholar who has leisure and inclination to cultivate it; but for our present purpose it is enough to indicate the negligences and errors which it is the express business of the educated classes to expunge and correct.

The authority next in force to that of custom, and even more despotically quoted, is the authority of our standard English authors. The compiler of a dictionary, or the writer of a critical essay, takes it for granted that he has conclusively established the signification or use of a word, when he can cite in its favour the example of Shakespeare or Milton, Addison or Pope. We shall not certainly be suspected of the crime of *lèse majesté* if we say that this authority is by no means to be considered final. On the contrary, such authorities must always be received with caution, and with increasing caution as time removes us farther and farther from the age in which they flourished. The changes that have taken place since the days of Shakespeare, and even of Addison, are sufficiently startling to show that we cannot refer to the writings of the eighteenth, and still less to the writings of the sixteenth

century, as safe guides for the nineteenth century, unless they are corroborated by contemporary usage. A multitude of the old words have become obsolete; and as the only means we have of ascertaining that fact is by a reference to existing customs, so, in effect, we practically determine the question, not by the evidence of the writer we quote, but by the authority which decides upon his admission as a witness. Nor can we even then allow that his testimony is above appeal. He can only speak to the custom of his own time, which is not binding upon us; and it is only when that custom happens to agree with our own, that we accept it as law.

The aberrations to which we have cursorily referred, and the uncertainties attendant upon custom and literary authority, furnish strong reasons, in addition to those we have already pointed out, for endeavouring to attain fixity in the language. The diffusion of scientific knowledge, the constant creation of new words to express new wants and new agencies, and the consequent importations from the continent, make it still more necessary to protect the integrity of the language against undigested changes and hasty innovations. The only safety is in fixity; and the most direct road to that desirable end is through the class of words we have already described as synonyms. To avert the laxity which arises from ignorance or indifference, and to rescue words of common and every-day use from a vagueness of import which has the ultimate effect of deteriorating and weakening a language, it is as indispensable at intervals to explore the region of synonymy for the purpose of fixing

* Instances of these common errors might be collected in abundance amongst writers of the highest reputation. We must content ourselves with a single example. The following lines are taken from one of the most popular of Moore's *Irish Melodies*:—

'I know not, I ask not *if* guilt's in that heart;
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.'

It should obviously run thus:—

'I know not, nor ask whether guilt's in that heart,' &c.

We shall be told that this is very petty criticism; and it would be very petty if it were criticism; but it is not criticism,—it is simply the correction of a trifling negligence belonging to a class which, if permitted to pass unnoticed, would spread with rapidity, till it infected the language like a leprosy.

the accurate meaning of words, as it is to compile dictionaries to record their existence.

In this important department of philology we have not done as much as we ought to have done. Although we are by no means deficient in crude treatises of an elementary character, we can show but slender results in this field of inquiry. It is now between eighty and ninety years since the first work upon English synonyms appeared. The title affords us a curious proof that the author, or compiler, Dr. Trusler, thoroughly understood the demands of his subject, and is in itself a sample of the precision we have a right to look for in the book. Instead of taking a general title, for ease and popularity, he calls his work '*The Distinction between Words esteemed synonymous.*' This is, at least, abundantly explicit, and sets out at once with a warning to the reader that the accepted signification of the word synonymous is erroneous, and that it is the purpose of the book to place it in its true light. But Dr. Trusler, although he was so impressively conscientious on his title-page, was only a bookseller's hack after all. The bulk of this publication consisted in an ingenious adaptation of the original labours of the Abbé Girard (at that time half a century old), translated and adapted, with more tact than knowledge, to our native tongue. That a book of English synonyms concocted upon such a receipt should be of little value, is not very surprising; and, accordingly, Dr. Trusler's volume went speedily into oblivion.

That was the only attempt which had been made to direct attention to the subject down to the middle of the last century. From that time until the year 1813, when Mr. Taylor, of Norwich, published a little book, which he called *English Synonyms discriminated*, no further investigation appears to have been undertaken in that direction, unless we are to concede to Mrs. Piozzi's preposterous volumes, entitled *British Synonymy*, the honour of a place amongst the works of the philologists. Good, bustling, lively Mrs. Piozzi was much better qualified to defend her husband, and vindicate the rights of an imprudent

love-match, in long letters to dreary Mr. Lysons, than to compile a guide to British synonymy; and if her evil genius had prompted her to do something to justify the charge of flippancy and shallowness flung so coarsely upon her by Dr. Johnson, she could not have more effectually responded to the temptation than by giving these foolish volumes to the world.

Mrs. Piozzi was absolutely ignorant of the nature of the task she had undertaken, and evidently thought that the business of synonymy was 'to direct the choice of phrases in familiar talk,' and 'that while it is the province of definition 'to fix the true and adequate meaning of words and terms,' synonymy, on the other hand, 'has more to do with elegance than truth.' These are her own words, which we give as we find them, lest the reader might fear that we had misapprehended her meaning. Her volumes are specially designed to help foreigners in 'the selection of words in conversation and elegant colloquial language,' an office for which she is of opinion, a woman is properly qualified, leaving to men the more responsible duty of teaching 'to write with propriety,' as if there were a generic difference between spoken and written English.

The work is composed exactly after the manner that might be anticipated from this warning of its contents. It is utterly destitute of any governing principle. Mrs. Piozzi runs in amongst words like a child at romps, and tosses them about apparently more in sport than earnest. The want of earnestness is in her, as in multitudes of others, simply the want of sense and information. Shallow people never can be in earnest; and Mrs. Piozzi is a shining illustration of shallowness. She believes she is doing something very instructive to foreigners, when she is really only leading them astray. For instance, she frequently introduces definitions of words as being synonymous terms with the words themselves; thus, one of her chapters is headed, 'Blameless, Guiltless, Exempt from Crime,' another, 'Incredulous, Unbelieving, Hard of Belief,' and a third, 'Kalendar, Almanac, Register of Time.' In-

dependently of the absurdity of this loose method, or rather this lack of method, she commits the graver error of bringing together as synonymous, or nearly synonymous, words that, in reality, mean totally different things. For example, what a clatter of terms we have here, the incongruities of which a schoolboy could detect at a glance,—‘Knowledge, Science, Wisdom, Scholarship, Study, Learning, Erudition.’ We are only astonished Mrs. Piozzi did not press Art, Information, Skill, and twenty equally admissible words, into the service of a catalogue which she describes as ‘a lovely, though perplexing labyrinth, with Wisdom, a Sophic, enthroned in the midst!’ Her style of treatment is all throughout in keeping with this sample. When she should define or explain, she merely rhapsodizes, and instead of furnishing examples of the legitimate uses of words, she dances off into flimsy anecdotes about Dr. Johnson, sentimental soliloquies, and criticisms upon anything and everything in the world except the thing she has undertaken to expound. How well she was qualified to write a work on Synonyms may be judged from two or three very brief specimens:—

ADVICE, COUNSEL, DELIBERATION.—Of these I know not whether it might not be justly affirmed, that the first chiefly belongs to the science of medicine, the second is appropriated by the law, while political subjects require cool deliberation. .

To make this clear to ‘strangers,’ she follows it up by an example even more entertaining than the above classification, showing how a minister of state is prevented by the *advice* of his physicians from attending the *deliberations* of a committee, where things go on so perversely in his absence, that he is obliged to seek *counsel* of the judges concerning the result! Again:—

VESTURE, CLOTHES, RAIMENT, are synonymous in books, but not in conversation, whence the first and last are totally excluded, unless the discourse turns upon very serious subjects indeed.

In this slipshod way Mrs. Piozzi continually confuses herself. When she says that ‘vesture’ and ‘raiment’ are not synonymous in conversation,

she obviously means that they are not in common use.

For a pleasant, desultory, nonsensical manner of dealing with a precise topic, take the opening of a lively dissertation on ‘ENTERTAINMENT, AMUSEMENT, DIVERSION, RECREATION, PASTIME:—

These *agreeable* substantives, never in such use as now, are of various descriptions, though still approaching to synonymy. The first has a metaphorical reference to hospitable treatment, and the fourth to a restoration of the body’s exhausted particles by food, &c.

One sample more:—

DESPONDENCY, HOPELESSNESS, DESPAIR, form a sort of heart-rending climax rather than a parallel,—a climax, too, which time never fails of bringing to perfection. The last of these words implies a settled melancholy, I think, and is commonly succeeded by suicide!!

If we have shown in these extracts one class of the abuses arising from sheer irrelevancy, want of thought, and a kind of accomplished feebleness of mind, to which words are exposed even under the hands of a person of Mrs. Piozzi’s literary taste and reputation, the space devoted to them has not been altogether wasted. In fact, it is necessary to see something of the follies that are committed by incompetent persons in their experiments upon a subject which requires the closest discrimination and exactitude, in order to be able to appreciate the advantages we derive from the labours of the learned and judicious.

Mr. Taylor’s book is entitled to be regarded as the first original contribution to the study of English synonyms. Unfortunately, however, it was too brief to do much more than indicate the author’s capacity for his undertaking, while it lies under the additional disadvantage of raising all definitions on a groundwork of etymology—a plan to which we have already stated our objections. Etymologies are of high value in assisting us to trace the radical meanings and subsequent changes of words, and Mr. Taylor brought sound erudition to their investigation, notwithstanding that he fell into the temptation common to all etymologists, of occasionally substituting speculation and fancy when nothing better could be found; but

excellent as his work is in that respect, it is impossible not to feel that his researches into roots and expired significations constitute a serious impediment in the way of the current information we want, and which few writers could have supplied more accurately. We should be sorry to lose the very curious and interesting inquiries into which he carries us in the region of derivations, and can only regret that they should have been mixed up with another inquiry which they have a direct tendency to complicate and confuse. But we must not be understood to depreciate Mr. Taylor's work; it is a remarkable example of united subtlety and grace. There are passages in it no less distinguished by their beauty than their force of illustration; and readers who do not examine such works in a rigorous spirit of criticism will be thankful to find its pages enriched by the very learning which we think might have been more advantageously displayed in a separate and independent form.

The next publication on the subject of synonyms was Mr. Crabb's well-known work, a massive volume, called *English Synonymes explained in Alphabetical Order*. This is the standard authority, partly because it is very full and explanatory, but chiefly because it is the only full and explanatory book of the kind we possess. Mr. Crabb had been long engaged in philological studies, and so early as 1808, had published a *brochure* on familiar synonyms, which preceded by five years the more ambitious little book of Mr. Taylor. So far he is entitled to the credit of precedence. His larger work followed some years afterwards, and ran rapidly through several editions. He was openly charged with having borrowed extensively from Mr. Taylor; but it is only justice to him to add, that he had generally acknowledged his obligations, and, as so sensitive to the accusation of piracy, that in his subsequent editions he had thus availed himself of, substituting other matter in their stead, so that the double-columned volume which now passes under his name, and may be found in most libraries,

has little or nothing in common with any other dictionary of synonymous definitions.

The first great, and we are afraid insuperable, objection to Mr. Crabb's book is its bulk; and as this bulk is attained by means which expose the author to a palpable imputation of want of judgment, there is the less reason for dealing very tenderly with it. If the stuffing were taken out of this dense volume, and nothing left behind but the actual substance announced on the title-page, it would yield us an excellent but small (and for that reason all the more useful) guide-book to a considerable collection of English synonyms. This stuffing consists of various foreign ingredients, which, for the most part, have as much to do with the especial branch of philology the reader is invited to explore, as if Mr. Crabb had scattered snatches of music, or skeleton maps, amongst his definitions. Etymology occupies a space which might have been much more profitably employed; nor is it treated with that profundity which in Mr. Taylor makes some compensation for the obstruction it causes. Not content with resting upon his etymological researches, Mr. Crabb aims also at enforcing his definitions by extracted passages from a variety of English authors, so that the book is literally weighed down by quantities of what Mr. Crabb calls authorities, the real value of which, as proving anything except that certain words were used in certain senses by certain writers, is extremely doubtful. It would be a great relief to cut the whole of them out, and send them to *limbo* with the etymologies. But it would not be so easy to get rid of the other incumbences—namely, the opinions, observations, criticisms, and dissertations on an endless diversity of topics, which Mr. Crabb makes this book of synonyms the medium of communicating to the public. These moral and political episodes may show Mr. Crabb—which we are happy to affirm they do—to be a virtuous gentleman and a loyal subject; but as we cannot by any process of ratiocination connect them with an inquiry into English synonyms, it appears to us that the work would be signally benefited by their

expulsion. Nor is it our only objection to them that they are *de trop*. Mr. Crabb is a circuitous writer, except when the antithetical necessity of the subject crushes his exuberance into curt sentences; and the consequence is, that the redundant matter is made additionally prominent, and, we must add, sometimes painfully so, by the prolixity of the style.

Yet, notwithstanding these drawbacks, the book is valuable, from the extent of the resources it opens up. Availing himself freely of the labours of his predecessors in most of the modern languages, Mr. Crabb has successfully condensed into his volume the essence of their researches, profiting especially by the elaborate productions of the French and German synonymists. His taste and discretion are often at fault, but his industry is unimpeachable.

For upwards of a quarter of a century, Mr. Crabb enjoyed undisputed possession of the field. Within the last few weeks a small treatise has been issued, in which the subject is again taken up.* This work is too brief to supply the want of a complete collection—at present filled by Mr. Crabb's volume, in lack of a better; but if the author of these specimens (for they are too slight to constitute a book) of English synonyms possess leisure and inclination to undertake the task, his exact discrimination and chaste judgment justify us in anticipating from his hands a publication of incomparably greater value than any that has hitherto appeared. Not alone are the definitions extremely just and lucid, but this is the only selection of synonyms in which the author, instead of making a vain display of his learning, has strictly confined himself to the one legitimate object of showing, as Trusler expresses it—the distinction between words *esteemed* synonymous. Archbishop Whately, under whose editorship the little volume is ushered into the world, has by no means overrated its merits when he says, that 'though far from presuming to call it perfect, it is

very much the best that has appeared on the subject.' It is not perfect, because there is not enough of it, and because, being rather a fragment than a whole, even so far as it goes, it does not always exhaust the groups of words it embraces.

We have observed that this is the only treatise on synonyms which is strictly confined to the one legitimate object. The author shall speak to this point for himself. First of all, he excludes etymologies, except in rare cases, and gives his reasons, which are ample and conclusive:—

We have seldom in the following pages introduced what are usually considered so closely connected with the subject of synonyms as to demand a prominent place in a work of this kind—namely, etymologies, which are generally appended to every group of synonyms as an almost essential part of it. But it may be doubted whether this procedure does not tend to confuse the subject it was intended to clear. The history of the *derivation* of words is, indeed, one which offers a most interesting and important field of inquiry, and one which may accidentally throw light on their meanings; but the two questions are, in themselves, completely distinct; and, in inquiring into the *actual* and *present* meaning of a word, the consideration of what it originally meant may frequently tend to lead us astray.

For similar and equally cogent reasons he declines to heap up authorities, after the manner of Mr. Crabb, preferring to go direct to the existing usage:—

All these variations of meaning—[he observes, alluding to the changes that have taken place in the course of time]—help to elucidate national manners and habits of thought, and, as such, are valuable and curious; but though they may occasionally help us, they must not be allowed to influence our decisions with respect to the significations of words. * * * * Language has undergone such changes even within the last sixty or seventy years, that many words, at that time considered pure, are now obsolete; while others, (of which the word 'mob' is a specimen,) formerly slang, are now used by our best writers, and received, like pardoned outlaws, into the body of respectable citizens. The standard we shall

refer to in the present work is the sense in which a word is used by the purest writers, and most correct speakers of our own days.

It will be seen at once that the author proceeds upon the method which we hold to be the true one—that he liberates the subject from all extraneous illustrations, however valuable or interesting in themselves, and is governed in his definitions by the usage of ‘the purest writers, and most correct speakers of our own days.’ Here all the requisite conditions are fully recognised; and it only remains to be shown with what amount of success they have been fulfilled. Our space is limited, and our examples must be few and scanty: but the close texture of the matter will be apparent in the briefest specimens.

ALSO, TOO, LIKEWISE, BESIDES. — ‘Too’ is a slighter, and a more familiar expression than ‘also,’ which has something in it more specified and formal. This is the only difference between the two words. ‘Likewise’ has a rather different meaning. Originally it meant ‘in like manner;’ and it has preserved something of that signification; it implies some connexion or agreement between the words it unites. We may say, ‘He is a poet, and likewise a musician;’ but we should not say, ‘He is a *poet*, and likewise a musician,’ because there is no natural connexion between these qualities; but ‘also’ implies merely addition. ‘Besides’ is used rather when some additional circumstance is named *after* others—as a kind of after thought, and generally to usher in some new clause of a sentence—as, ‘*Besides* what has been said, this must be considered,’ &c.

This is very clear, and meets all possible contingencies, except, perhaps, that the word ‘besides’ might have been further elucidated as being used not only to introduce something additional, but something remote and unexpected; as when, having exhausted all the arguments arising directly and naturally out of a subject, sudden recourse is had to some distant example, or train of reasoning, wholly unconnected with the subject. All this is, no doubt, included under the general term, ‘additional circumstances;’ but additional circumstances *may* be linked with the main subject by ‘too,’ or

‘also;’ while it is the exclusive province of ‘besides’ to bring in additional circumstances of a foreign character.

As an instance of subtle distinction, the following is admirable:—

SINCERE, HONEST, UPRIGHT.—‘Sincerity’ *may* be used in two senses; and this leads to much ambiguity in reasoning. It may either mean, on the one hand, reality of conviction, and earnestness of purpose; or, on the other, purity from all unfairness or dishonesty. Many people overlook this; they will speak of a man’s being ‘sincere,’ when they mean he has a real conviction that his end is a good one, and imagine this must imply that he is ‘honest;’ whereas he may be ‘sincere’ in his desire to gain his end, and *dishonest* in the means he employs for that end. ‘Honest,’ on the other hand, is not an ambiguous term; it implies straightforwardness and fairness of conduct. ‘Upright’ implies honesty and dignity of character; it is the opposite of ‘meanness,’ as ‘honesty’ is of ‘cunning.’

It might be questioned whether honesty and cunning are opposed with the writer’s usual acumen; but, with that exception, this comparative view of words constantly confounded, and seldom employed with accuracy, is distinguished by its perspicacity.

It seldom occurs that we have occasion to dissent from the interpretations of the author; but had it been our intention to have examined the book for the purposes of criticism, we should have found it necessary not only to exhibit its merits, in greater detail, but also to point out some passages which, we think, require reconsideration. Here is one:—

FAITH, BELIEF, CERTAINTY.—‘Belief’ is merely an assent of the understanding; ‘faith’ implies also an acquiescence of the *will*. One who holds an opinion in theory, without following it up in practice, cannot be said to have ‘faith’ in it.

Hence a mere assent to the truths of Christianity, such as we give to any mere historical fact, and which does not affect the conduct, cannot be called ‘faith.’ It is often supposed that ‘faith,’ to be perfect, requires that reason should be put aside, or kept in subjection; but this is credulity, not faith. The real test of faith is, not assenting to anything against our *reason*, but against our *prejudices* or *interests*, which are the chief agents in the belief of the majority.

The word 'certainty' is generally applied to a firm conviction of the truth of any proposition ; but when opposed to 'belief,' or 'faith,' it describes more correctly that conviction, which is only produced by demonstration, or the evidence of the senses.

The distinction here drawn between 'belief' and 'faith' is curiously inexact, and, at least, requires to be more satisfactorily made out. It is quite true that 'faith' influences our conduct, while 'belief' is the mere passive assent of the understanding ; but to say that the real test of faith is assenting to things against our *prejudices* or *interest*, is to assert something more startling and obscure than accurate or philosophical. That *prejudices* and *interest* are the chief agents in the belief of the majority may be quite true ; but what has that to do with a book upon synonyms ? It is not assumed by the author that *prejudices* and *interest* are really chief agents of 'belief ;' and this allusion to the unreasoning selfishness of the majority is only calculated to confuse, if it do not mislead, the reader.

The main distinction between 'belief' and 'faith' is surely more profound than that which lies upon the surface between theory and practice ? There is something more than the assent of the understanding, and its development in action. Perhaps it might be stated somewhat in this way : 'Certainty' is the conviction of the truth, or existence, of a thing upon actual demonstration, amount-

ing to personal knowledge of the fact ; 'belief' is assent to the truth, or existence, of a thing upon testimony, or analogy, or other evidence short of demonstration ; and 'faith' is assent to the truth, or existence, of a thing founded in a firm reliance on authority in the absence of proof. To believe a thing of the existence of which you have no evidence whatever, merely on the assertion of some person in whose veracity you repose implicit credit, is not, properly speaking, to 'believe' it, but to have 'faith' in it. You have 'faith,' for example, in a certain system of medicine ; your reliance on it is not a matter of belief, limited by the 'assent of your understanding,' but takes a wider range of entire confidence over things to which your understanding never had an opportunity of assenting.

Before we dismiss this little book (which, from internal evidence, we suspect to be the work of more heads than one), we must add a word upon the clearness of its method. The words are examined in groups of verbs, adjectives, nouns, &c., instead of being thrown indiscriminately together, or buried under an alphabetical arrangement, which, in the early editions of Mr. Crabb's publication, served only as a symmetrical disguise for a heap of disorder. By this excellent plan, simplicity and perspicuity are imparted to the divisions of the work, while a complete index at the end of the volume enables the reader to get at any particular word he wants in a moment.

CREBILLON, THE FRENCH ÆSCHYLUS.

ABOUT the year 1670, there lived at Dijon a certain notary, an original in his way, named Melchior Jolyot. His father was an innkeeper; but of a more ambitious nature than his sire, the son, so soon as he had succeeded in collecting a little money, purchased for himself the office of head clerk in the *Chambre des Comptes* of Dijon, with the title of *Greffier* of the same. During the following year, having long been desirous of a title of nobility, he acquired, at a very low price, a little abandoned and almost unknown fief, that of Crebillon, situated about a league and a half from the city.

His son, Prosper Jolyot, the future poet, was at that time a young man of about two-and-twenty years of age, a student at law, and then on the eve of being admitted as advocate at the French bar. From the first years of his sojourn in Paris, we find that he called himself Prosper Jolyot *de Crebillon*. About sixty years later, a worthy philosopher of Dijon, a certain Monsieur J. B. Michault, writes as follows to the President de Ruffey:—‘Last Saturday (June 19th, 1762), our celebrated Crebillon was interred at St. Gervais. In his *billets de mort* they gave him the title of *ecuyer*; but what appears to me more surprising, is the circumstance of his son adopting that of *messire*.’

Crebillon had then ended by cradling himself in a sort of imaginary nobility. In 1761, we find him writing to the President de Brosse: ‘I have ever taken so little thought respecting my own origin, that I have neglected certain very flattering elucidations on this point. M. de Ricard, maître des comptes at Dijon, gave my father one day two titles he had found. Of these two titles, written in very indifferent Latin, the first concerned one Jolyot, chamberlain of Raoul, Duke of Burgundy; the second, a certain Jolyot, chamberlain of Philippe le Bon. Both of these titles are lost. I can also remember having heard it said in my youth by some old inhabitants of Nuits, my father’s native place, that there formerly

existed in those cantons a certain very powerful and noble family, named Jolyot.’

O vanity of vanities! would it be believed that, under the democratic reign of the *Encyclopædia*, a man like Crebillon, ennobled by his own talents and genius, could have thus hugged himself in the possession of a vain and deceitful chimera! For truth compels us to own that, from the fifteenth to the end of the seventeenth century, the Jolyots were never anything more or less than honest innkeepers, who sold their wine unadulterated, as it was procured from the black or golden grapes of the Burgundy hills.

Meanwhile Crebillon, finding that his titles of nobility were uncontested, pushed his aristocratic weakness so far as to affirm one day that his family bore on its shield an eagle, or, on a field, azure, holding in its beak a lily, proper, leaved and sustained, argent. All went, however, according to his wishes; his son allied himself by an unexpected marriage to one of the first families of England. The old tragic poet could then pass into the other world with the consoling reflection that he left behind him here below a name not only honoured in the world of letters, but inscribed also in the golden muster-roll of the French nobility. But unfortunately for poor Crebillon’s family tree, about a century after the creation of this mushroom nobility—which, like the majority of the nobilities of the eighteenth century, had its foundation in the sand—a certain officious antiquary, who happened at the time to have nothing better to do, bethought himself one day of inquiring into the validity of his claim. He devoted to this strange occupation several years of precious time. By dint of shaking the dust from off the archives of Dijon and of Nuits, and of rummaging the minutes of the notaries of the department, he succeeded at length in ferreting out the genealogical tree of the Jolyot family. Some, the most glorious of its members, had been notaries, others had been innkeepers. Shade of Cre-

billon, pardon this impious archaeologist, who thus, with ruthless hands, destroyed 'at one fell swoop' the brilliant scaffolding of your vanity!

Prosper Jolyot de Crebillon was born at Dijon on the 13th of February, 1674; like Corneille, Bossuet, and Voltaire, he studied at the Jesuits' college of his native town. It is well known that in all their seminaries, the Jesuits kept secret registers, wherein they inscribed, under the name of each pupil, certain notes in Latin upon his intellect and character. It was the Abbé d'Olivet who, it is said, inscribed the note referring to Crebillon:—'*Puer ingeniosus sed insignis nebulo.*' But it must be said that the collegiate establishments of the holy brotherhood housed certain pedagogues, who rather abused their right of pronouncing judgment on the scholars. Crebillon, after all, was but a lively, frolicsome child, free and unrestrained to excess in manners and speech.

His father, notary and later *greffier en chef* of the 'Chambre des Comptes' at Dijon, being above all things desirous that his family should become distinguished in the magistracy, destined his son to the law, saying that the best heritage he could leave him was his own example. Crebillon resigned himself to his father's wishes with a very good grace, and repaired to Paris, there to keep his terms. In the capital, he divided his time between study and the pleasures and amusements natural to his age. As soon as he was admitted as advocate, he entered the chambers of a procureur named Prieur, son of the Prieur celebrated by Scarron, an intimate friend of his father, who greeted him fraternally. One would have supposed that our future poet, who bore audacity on his countenance, and genius on his brow, would, like Achilles, have recognised his sex when they showed him arms; but far from this being the case, not only was it necessary to warn him that he *was* a poet, but even to impel him bodily, as it were, and despite himself, into the arena.

The writers and poets of France have ever railed in good set terms

against procureurs, advocates, and all such common-place, every-day personages; and in general, we are bound to confess they have had right on their side. We must, however, render justice to one of them, the only one, perhaps, who ever showed a taste for poetry. The worthy man to whom, fortunately for himself, Crebillon had been confided, remarked at an early stage of their acquaintanceship, the romantic disposition of his pupil. Of the same country as Piron and Rameau, Crebillon possessed, like them, the same frank gaiety and good-tempered heedlessness of character, which betrayed his Burgundian origin. Having at an early age inhaled the intoxicating perfumes of the Burgundian vines, his first essays in poetry were, as might be expected, certain *chansons à boire*, none of which, however, have descended to posterity. The worthy procureur, amazed at the degree of power shown even in these slight drinking-songs, earnestly advised him to become a poet by profession.

Crebillon was then twenty-seven years of age; he resisted, alleging that he did not believe he possessed the true creative genius; that every poet is in some sort a species of deity, holding chaos in one hand, and light and life in the other; and that, for his part, he possessed but a bad pen, destined to defend bad causes in worse style. But the procureur was not to be convinced; he had discovered that a spark of the creative fire already shone within the breast of Crebillon. 'Do not deny yourself becoming a poet,' he would frequently say to him; 'it is written upon your brow; your looks have told me so a thousand times. There is but one man in all France capable of taking up the mantle of Racine, and that man is yourself.'

Crebillon exclaimed against this opinion; but having been left alone for a few hours to transcribe a parliamentary petition, he recalled to mind the magic of the stage—the scenery, the speeches, the applause; a movement of inspiration seized him. When the procureur returned, his pupil extended his hand to him, exclaiming, enthusiastically, 'You have pointed out the way to me, and

I shall depart.' 'Do not be in a hurry,' replied the procureur; 'a *chef-d'œuvre* is not made in a week. Remain quietly where you are, as if you were still a procureur's clerk; eat my bread and drink my wine; when you have completed your work, you may then take your flight.'

Crebillon accordingly remained in the procureur's office, and at the very desk on which he transcribed petitions, he composed the five long acts of a barbarous tragedy, entitled, 'The Death of Brutus.' The work finished, our good-natured procureur brought all his interest into play, in order to obtain a reading of the piece at the *Comédie Française*. After many applications, Crebillon was permitted to read his play: it was unanimously rejected. The poet was furious; he returned home to the procureur's, and casting down his manuscript at the good man's feet, exclaimed, in a voice of despair, 'You have dishonoured me!'

D'Alembert says, 'Crebillon's fury burst upon the procureur's head; he regarded him almost in the light of an enemy who had advised him only for his own dishonour, swore to listen to him no more, and never to write another line of verse as long as he lived.'

Crebillon, however, in his rage maligned the worthy procureur; he would not have found elsewhere so hospitable a roof or so true a friend. He returned to the study of the law, but the decisive step had been taken; beneath the advocate's gown the poet had already peeped forth. And then, the procureur was never tired of predicting future triumphs. Crebillon ventured upon another tragedy, and chose for his subject the story of the Cretan king, Idomeneus. This time the comedians accepted his piece, and shortly afterwards played it. Its success was doubtful, but the author fancied he had received sufficient encouragement to continue his new career.

In his next piece, 'Atrée,' Crebillon, who had commenced as a schoolboy, now raised himself, as it were, to the dignity of a master. The comedians learned their parts with enthusiasm. On the morning of the first representation, the procureur summoned the young poet to his bedside, for he was then stricken

with a mortal disease: 'My friend,' said he, 'I have a presentiment that this very evening you will be greeted by the critics of the nation as a son of the great Corneille. There are but a few days of life remaining for me; I have no longer strength to walk, but be assured that I shall be at my post this evening, in the pit of the *Théâtre Française*.' True to his word, the good old man had himself carried to the theatre. The intelligent judges applauded certain passages of the tragedy, in which wonderful power, as well as many startling beauties, were perceptible; but at the catastrophe, when Atreus compels Thyestes to drink the blood of his son, there was a general exclamation of horror—(Gabrielle de Vergy, be it remarked, had not then eaten on the stage the heart of her lover). 'The procureur,' says D'Alembert, 'would have left the theatre in sorrow, if he had awaited the judgment of the audience in order to fix his own. The pit appeared more terrified than interested; it beheld the curtain fall without uttering a sound either of approval or condemnation, and dispersed in that solemn and ominous silence which bodes no good for the future welfare of the piece. But the procureur judged better than the public, or rather, he anticipated its future judgment. The play over, he proceeded to the green-room to seek his pupil, who, still in a state of the greatest uncertainty as to his fate, was already almost resigned to a failure; he embraced Crebillon in a transport of admiration: 'I die content,' said he, 'I have made you a poet; and I leave a man to the nation!'

And, in fact, at each representation of the piece, the public discovered fresh beauties, and abandoned itself with real pleasure to the terror which the poet inspired. A few days afterwards, the name of Crebillon became celebrated throughout Paris and the provinces, and all imagined that the spirit of the great Corneille had indeed revisited earth to animate the muse of the young Burgundian.

Crebillon's father was greatly irritated on finding that his son had, as they said then, abandoned Themis for Melpomene. In vain did the

procureur plead his pupil's cause—in vain did Crebillon address to this true father a supplication in verse, to obtain pardon for him from his sire; the *greffier en chef* of Dijon was inexorable; to his son's entreaties he replied that he cursed him, and that he was about to make a new will. To complete, as it were, his downfall in the good opinion of this individual, who possessed such a blind infatuation for the law, Crebillon wrote him a letter, in which the following passage occurs:—‘I am about to get married, if you have no objection, to the most beautiful girl in Paris; you may believe me, sir, upon this point, for her beauty is all that she possesses.’

To this his father replied:—‘Sir, your tragedies are not to my taste, your children will not be mine; commit as many follies as you please, I shall console myself with the reflection that I refused my consent to your marriage; and I would strongly advise you, sir, to depend more than ever on your pieces for support, for you are no longer a member of my family.’

Crebillon, for all that, married, as he said, the most beautiful girl in Paris—the gentle and charming Charlotte Peaget, of whom Dufresny has spoken. She was the daughter of an apothecary, and it was while frequenting her father's shop that Crebillon became acquainted with her. There was nothing very romantic, it is true, in the match; but love spreads a charm over all that it comes in contact with. Thus, a short time before his marriage, Crebillon perceived his intended giving out some marshmallow and violets to a sick customer: ‘My dear Charlotte,’ said he, ‘we will go together, some of these days, amongst our Dijonnaise mountains, to collect violets and marshmallow for your father.’

It was shortly after his marriage and removal to the Place Maubert, that he first evinced his strange mania for cats and dogs, and, above all, his singular passion for tobacco. He was, beyond contradiction, the greatest smoker of his day. It has been stated by some of the writers of the time, that he could not turn a single rhyme of a tragedy, save in an obscure and smoky chamber, surrounded by a noisy pack of dogs

and cats; according to the same authorities, he would very frequently, also, in the middle of the day, close the shutters, and light candles. A thousand other extravagances have been attributed to Crebillon; but we ought to accept with caution the recitals of these anecdote-mongers, who were far too apt to imagine they were portraying a man, when in reality they were but drawing a ridiculous caricature.

When M. Melchior Jolyot learned that his son had, in defiance of his paternal prohibition, actually wedded the apothecary's daughter, his grief and rage knew no bounds. The worthy man believed in his recent nobility as firmly as he did in his religion, and his son's *mesalliance* nearly drove him to despair: this time he actually carried his threat into execution, and made a formal will, by virtue of which he completely disinherited the poet. Fortunately for Crebillon, his father, before bidding adieu to the world and his nobility, undertook a journey to Paris, curious, even in the midst of his rage, to judge for himself the merits and demerits of the theatrical tomfooleries, as he called them, of his silly boy, who had married the apothecary's daughter, and who, in place of gaining nobility and station in a procureur's office, had written a parcel of trash for actors to spout. We must say, however, that Crebillon could not have retained a better counsel to urge his claims before the paternal tribunal than his wife, the much maligned apothecary's daughter, one of the loveliest and most amiable women in Paris; and we may add, that this nobility of which his father thought so much—the nobility of the robe—which had not been acquired in a Dijonnaise family until after the lapse of three generations, was scarcely equal to the nobility of the pen, which Crebillon had acquired by the exercise of his own talents.

The old greffier, then, came to Paris for the purpose of witnessing one of the said tomfooleries of that unhappy profligate, who in better times had been his son. Fate so willed it that on that night ‘*Atrée*’ should be performed. The old man was seized with mingled emotions of terror, grief, and admiration. That

very evening, being resolved not to rest until he had seen his son, he called a coach on leaving the theatre, and drove straight to the Faubourg Saint Marceau, to the house which had been pointed out to him as the dwelling of Crebillon. No sooner had the door opened than out rushed seven or eight dogs, who cast themselves upon the old greffier, uttering in every species of canine *patois* the loudest possible demonstrations of welcome. One word from Madame Crebillon, however, was sufficient to recal this unruly pack to order; yet the dogs, having no doubt instinctively discovered a family likeness, continued to gambol round the limbs of M. Melchior Jolyot, to the latter's no small confusion and alarm. Charlotte, who was alone, waiting supper for her husband, was much surprised at this unexpected visit. At first she imagined that it was some great personage who had come to offer the poet his patronage and protection; but after looking at her visitor two or three times, she suddenly exclaimed: 'You are my husband's father, or at least you are one of the Jolyot family.' The old greffier, though intending to have maintained his incognito until his son's return, could no longer resist the desire of abandoning himself to the delights of a reconciliation; he embraced his daughter-in-law tenderly, shedding tears of joy, and accusing himself all the while for his previous unnatural harshness: 'Yes, yes,' cried he, 'yes, you are still my children—all that I have is yours!' then, after a moment's silence, he continued, in a tone of sadness: 'But how does it happen that, with his great success, my son has condemned his wife to such a home and such a supper?'

'Condemned, did you say?' murmured Charlotte; 'do not deceive yourself, we are quite happy here;' so saying, she took her father-in-law by the hand, and led him into the adjoining room, to a cradle covered with white curtains. 'Look!' said she, turning back the curtain with maternal solicitude.

The old man's heart melted outright at the sight of his grandchild.

'Are we not happy?' continued the mother. 'What more do we require? We live on a little, and

when we have no money, my father assists us.'

They returned to the sitting-room.

'What wine is this?' said the old Burgundian, uncorking the bottle intended to form part of their frugal repast. 'What!' he exclaimed, 'my son fallen so low as this! The Crebillons have always drunk good wine.'

At this instant, the dogs set up a tremendous barking: Crebillon was ascending the stairs. A few moments afterwards he entered the room escorted by a couple of dogs, which had followed him from the theatre.

'What! two more!' exclaimed the father; 'this is really too much. Son,' he continued, 'I am come to entreat your pardon; in my anxiety to show myself your father, I had forgotten that my first duty was to love you.'

Crebillon cast himself into his father's arms.

'But *corbleu*, Monsieur,' continued the old notary, 'I cannot forgive you for having so many dogs.'

'You are right, father; but what would become of these poor animals were I not to take compassion upon them? It is not good for man to be alone, says the Scripture. No longer able to live with my fellow-creatures, I have surrounded myself with dogs. The dog is the solace and friend of the solitary man.'

'But I should imagine you were not alone here,' said the father, with a glance towards Charlotte, and the infant's cradle.

'Who knows?' said the young wife, with an expression of touching melancholy in her voice. 'It is perhaps through a presentiment that he speaks thus. I much fear that I shall not live long. He has but one friend upon the earth, and that friend is myself. Now, when I shall be no more——'

'But you shall not die,' interrupted Crebillon, taking her in his arms. 'Could I exist without you?'

Madame Crebillon was not deceived in her presentiments: the poet, who, we know, lived to a patriarchal age, lived on in widowed solitude for upwards of fifty years.

Crebillon and his wife accompanied the old greffier back from Paris

to Dijon, where, to the great surprise of the inhabitants, the father presented his son as 'M. Jolyot de Crebillon, who has succeeded Messieurs Corneille and Racine in the honours of the French stage.' Crebillon had the greatest possible difficulty in restraining the enthusiasm of his sire. He succeeded, however, at length, not through remonstrances, but by the insatiable ardour he displayed in diving into the paternal money-bags. After a sojourn of three months at Dijon, Crebillon returned to Paris; and well for him it was that he did so; a month longer, and the father would indubitably have quarrelled with him again, and would have remade his will, disinheriting this time, not the rebellious child, but the prodigal son. Crebillon, in fact, never possessed the art of keeping his money; and in this respect he but followed the example of all those who, in imagination, remove mountains of gold.

Scarcely had he arrived in Paris when he was obliged to return to Dijon. The old greffier had died suddenly. The inheritance was a most difficult one to unravel. 'I have come here,' writes Crebillon to the elder of the brothers Paris, 'only to inherit lawsuits.' And, true enough, he allowed himself to be drawn blindly into the various suits which arose in consequence of certain informalities in the old man's will, and which eventually caused almost the entire property to drop, bit by bit, into the pockets of the lawyers.

'I was a great blockhead,' wrote Crebillon later; 'I went about reciting passages from my tragedies to these lawyers, who feigned to pale with admiration; and this manœuvre of theirs blinded me; I perceived not that all the while these cunning foxes were devouring my substance; but it is the fate of poets to be ever like La Fontaine's crow.'

Out of this property he succeeded only in preserving the little fief of Crebillon, the income derived from which he gave up to his sisters. On his return to Paris, however, he changed altogether his style of living; he removed his penates to the neighbourhood of the Luxembourg, and placed his establishment on quite a

seigniorial footing, as if he had become heir to a considerable property. This act of folly can scarcely be explained. The report, of course, was spread, that he had inherited property to a large amount. Most probably he wished, by acting thus, to save the family honour, or, to speak more correctly, the family vanity, by seeking to deceive the world as to the precise amount of the Jolyot estate.

True wisdom inhabits not the world in which we dwell. Crebillon sought all the superfluities of luxury. In vain did his wife endeavour to restrain him in his extravagances; in vain did she recal to his mind their frugal but happy meals, and the homely furniture of their little dwelling in the Place Maubert; '*so gay for all that on sunny days.*'

'Well,' he would reply, 'if we must return there, I shall not complain. What matters it if the wine be not so good, so that it is always your hand which pours it out.'

Fortunately, that year was one of successive triumphs for Crebillon. The '*Electre*' carried off all suffrages, and astonished even criticism itself. In this piece the poet had softened down the harshness of his tints, and while still maintaining his 'majestic' character, had kept closer to nature and humanity.

'*Electre*' was followed by '*Rhadamiste*,' which was at the time extolled as a perfect *chef-d'œuvre* of style and vigour. There is in this play, if we may be allowed the term, a certain rude nobility of expression, which is the true characteristic of Crebillon's genius. It was this tragedy which inspired Voltaire with the idea, that on the stage it is better to strike hard than true. The enthusiastic auditory admitted, that if Racine could paint love, Crebillon could depict hatred. Boileau, who was then dying, and who, could he have had his wish, would have desired that French literature might stop at his name, exclaimed, that this success was scandalous. 'I have lived too long!' cried the old poet, in a violent rage. 'To what a pack of Visigoths have I left the French stage a prey! The Pradons, whom we so often ridiculed, were eagles compared to these fellows.' Boileau resembled in some respect old 'Nestor' of the *Iliad*, when he said to the Greek

kings—'I would advise you to listen to me, for I have formerly mixed with men who were your betters.' The public, however, amply avenged Crebillon for the bitter judgment of Boileau; in eight days two editions of the '*Rhadamiste*' were exhausted. And this was not all: the piece having been played by command of the Regent before the court at Versailles, was applauded to the echo.

Despite these successes, Crebillon was not long in getting to the bottom of his purse. In the hope of deferring as long as he possibly could the evil hour when he should be obliged to return to his former humble style of living, he used every possible means to replenish his almost exhausted exchequer. He borrowed three thousand crowns from Baron Hoguer, who was the resource of literary men in the days of the Regency; and sold to a Jew usurer his author's rights upon a tragedy which was yet to be written. He had counted upon the success of '*Xerxes*;' but this tragedy proved an utter failure. Crebillon, however, was a man of strong mind. He returned home that evening with a calm, and even smiling countenance: 'Well!' eagerly exclaimed Madame Crebillon, who had been awaiting in anxiety the return of her husband. 'Well,' replied he, 'they have damned my play; to-morrow we will return to our old habits again.'

And, true to his word, on the following morning Crebillon returned to the Place Maubert, where he hired a little apartment near his father-in-law, who could still offer our poet and his wife, when hard pressed, a glass of his *vin ordinaire* and a share of his dinner. Out of all his rich furniture Crebillon selected but a dozen cats and dogs, whom he chose as the companions of his exile. To quote d'Alembert's words—'Like Alcibiades in former days, he passed from Persian luxury to Spartan austerity, and, what in all probability Alcibiades was not, he was happier in the second state than he had been in the first.'

His wife was in retirement what she had been in the world. She never complained. Perhaps even she showed herself in a more charm-

ing light, as the kind and devoted companion of the hissed and penniless poet, than as the admired wife of the popular dramatist. Poor Madame Crebillon hid their poverty from her husband with touching delicacy; he almost fancied himself rich, such a magic charm did she contrive to cast over their humble dwelling. Like Midas, she appeared to possess the gift of changing whatever she touched into gold, that is to say, of giving life and light by her winning grace to everything with which she came in contact. Blessed, thrice blessed is that man, be he poet or philosopher, who, like Crebillon, has felt and understood that amiability and a contented mind are in a wife treasures inexhaustible, compared to which mere mundane wealth fades into utter insignificance. No word of complaint or peevish expression ever passed Madame Crebillon's lips; she was proud of her poet's glory, and endeavoured always to sustain him in his independent ideas; she would listen resignedly to all his dreams of future triumphs, and knew how to cast herself into his arms when he would declare that he desired nothing more from mankind. One day, however, when there was no money in the house, on seeing him return with a dog under each arm, she ventured on a quiet remonstrance. 'Take care, Monsieur de Crebillon,' she said, with a smile, 'we have already eight dogs and fifteen cats.'

'Well, I know that,' replied Crebillon; 'but see how piteously these poor dogs look at us; could I leave them to die of hunger in the street?'

'But did it not strike you that they might possibly die of hunger here? I can fully understand and enter into your feelings of love and pity for these poor animals, but we must not convert the house into a hospital for foundling dogs.'

'Why despair?' said Crebillon. 'Providence never abandons genius and virtue. The report goes that I am to be of the Academy.'

'I do not believe it,' said Madame Crebillon. 'Fontenelle and La Motte, who are but *beaux esprits*, will never permit a man like you to seat himself beside them, for if you were of the Academy, would you not be the king of it?'

Crebillon, however, began his

canvass, but as his wife had foreseen, Fontenelle and La Motte succeeded in having him black-balled.

All these little literary thorns, however, only imparted greater charms to the calm felicity of Crevillon's domestic hearth; but we must now open the saddest page of our poet's hitherto peaceful and happy existence.

One evening, on his return from the Café Procope, the resort of all the wits and *litterateurs* of the eighteenth century, Crevillon found his wife in a state of great agitation, half-undressed, and pressing their sleeping infant to her bosom.

'Why, Charlotte, what is the matter?' he exclaimed.

'I am afraid,' replied she, trembling, and looking towards the bed.

'What folly! you are like the children, you are frightened at shadows.'

'Yes, I am frightened at shadows; just now, as I was undressing, I saw a spectre glide along at the foot of the bed. I was ready to sink to the earth with terror, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I could muster strength enough to reach the child's cradle.'

'Child yourself,' said Crevillon, playfully; 'you merely saw the shadow of the bed-curtains.'

'No, no,' cried the young wife, seizing the poet's hand—'it was Death! I recognised him; for it is not the first time that he has shown himself to me. Ah! *mon ami*, with what grief and terror shall I prepare to lie down in the cold earth! If you love me as I love you, do not leave me for an instant; help me to die, for if you are by my side at that hour, I shall fancy I am but dropping asleep.'

Greatly shocked at what he heard, Crevillon took his child in his arms, and carried it back to its cradle. He returned to his wife, pressed her to his bosom, and sought vainly for words to relieve her apprehensions, and to lead back her thoughts into less sombre channels. He at length succeeded, but not without great difficulty, in persuading her to retire to rest; she scarcely closed an eye. Poor Crevillon sat in silence by the bed-side of his wife praying fervently in his heart; for perhaps he believed in omens and presentiments even to

a greater degree than did Charlotte. Finding at length that she had dropped asleep, he got into bed himself. When he awoke in the morning, he beheld Charlotte bending over him in a half-raised posture, as though she had been attentively regarding him as he slept. Terrified at the deadly paleness of her cheeks, and the unnatural brilliancy of her eyes, and sensitive and tender-hearted as a child, he was unable to restrain his tears. She cast herself passionately into his arms, and covered his cheeks with tears and kisses.

'Tis all over now,' she whispered, in a broken voice; 'my heart beats too strongly to beat much longer, but I die contented and happy, for I see by your tears that you will not forget me.'

Crevillon rose hastily and ran to his father-in-law. 'Alas!' said the poor apothecary, 'her mother, who was as beautiful and as good as she, died young of a disease of the heart, and her child will go the same way.'

All the most celebrated physicians of the day were called in, but before they could determine upon a method of treatment, the spirit of poor Charlotte had taken flight from its earthly tabernacle.

Crevillon, inconsolable at his loss, feared not the ridicule (for in the eighteenth century all such exhibitions of feeling were considered highly ridiculous) of lamenting his wife; he wept her loss during half a century—in other words, to his last hour.

During the space of two years he scarcely appeared once at the Théâtre Française. He had the air of a man of another age, so completely a stranger did he seem to all that was going on around him. One might say that he still lived with his divine Charlotte; he would speak to her unceasingly, as if her gentle presence was still making the wilderness of his solitary dwelling blossom like the rose. After fifteen years of mourning, some friends one day surprised him in his solitude, speaking aloud to his dear Charlotte, relating to her his projects for the future, and recalling their past days of happiness: 'Ah, Charlotte,' he exclaimed, 'they all tell me of my glory, yet I think but of thee!'

The friends of Crevillon, uneasy

respecting his future destiny, had advised him during the preceding year to present himself at court, where he was received and recognised as a man of genius. In the early days of his widowhood, he quitted Paris suddenly and took up his residence at Versailles. But at Versailles he lived as he had done in Paris, immured in his chamber, and entirely engrossed with his own sombre and lugubrious thoughts and visions; in consequence of this, he was scarcely noticed; the king seeing before him a species of Danubian peasant, proud of his genius and his poverty, treated him with an almost disdainful coldness of manner. Crebillon did not at first comprehend his position at Versailles. He was a simple-minded philosopher, who had studied heroes and not men. At length convinced that a poet at court is like a fish out of water, he returned to Paris to live more nobly with his heroes and his poverty. He retired to the Marais, to the Rue des Deux-Portes, taking with him only a bed, a table, two chairs, and an arm-chair, 'in case,' to use his own words, 'an honest man should come to visit him.'

Irritated at the rebuff he had met with at Versailles, ashamed of having solicited in vain the justice of the king, he believed henceforth only in liberty. 'Liberty,' said he, 'is the most vivid sentiment engraven on my heart.' Unintentionally, perhaps, he avenged himself in the first work he undertook after this event: the tragedy of 'Cromwell,'—an altar, as he said, 'which I erect to liberty.' According to D'Alembert, he read to his friends some scenes of this play, in which our British aversion for absolutism was painted with wild and startling energy; in consequence thereof, he received an order forbidding him to continue his piece. His *Cromwell* was a villain certainly, but a villain which would have told well upon the stage, from the degree of grandeur and heroic dignity with which the author had invested the character. From that day he had enemies; but indeed it might be said that he had had enemies from the evening of the first representation of his 'Electre.' Success here below has no other retinue.

Crebillon was now almost penniless. By degrees, without having foreseen such an occurrence, he began to hear his numerous creditors buzzing around him like a swarm of hornets. Not having anything else to seize, they seized at the theatre his author's rights. The affair was brought before the courts, and led to a decree of the parliament which ordained that the works of the intellect were not seizable, consequently Crebillon retained the income arising from the performance of his tragedies.

Some years now passed away without bringing any fresh successes. Compelled by the court party to discontinue 'Cromwell,' he gave 'Semiramis,' which, like 'Xerxes,' some time previously, was a failure. Under the impression that the public could not bring itself to relish 'the sombre horrors of human tempests,' he sought to arm himself as it were against his own nature, to subdue and soften it. The tragedy of 'Pyrrhus,' which recalled the tender colours of Racine, cost him five years' labour. At that time, so strong in France was the empire of habit, that this tragedy, though utterly valueless as a work of art, and wanting both in style, relief, and expression, was received with enthusiasm. But Crebillon possessed too much good sense to be blinded by this spurious triumph. 'It is,' said he, when speaking of his work, 'but the shadow of a tragedy.'

'Pyrrhus' obtained, after all, but a transitory success. After a brief period, the public began to discover that it was a foreign plant, which under a new sky gave out, but a factitious brilliancy. In despair at having wasted so much precious time in fruitless labour, and disgusted besides at the conduct of some shameless intriguers who frequented the literary cafés of the capital, singing his defeat in trashy verse, Crebillon now retired almost wholly from the world. He would visit the theatre, however, occasionally to chat with a few friends over the literary topics of the day; but at length even this recreation was abandoned, and he was seen in the world no more.

He lived now without any other friends than his heroes and his cats and dogs, devouring the novels of La

Calprenède and relating long-winded romances to himself. His son affirms having seen fifteen dogs and as many cats barking and mewing at one time round his father, who would speak to them much more tenderly than he would to himself. According to Freron's account, Crebillon would pick up and carry home under his cloak all the wandering dogs he met with in the street, and give them shelter and hospitality. But in return for this, he would require from them an aptitude for certain exercises; when, at the termination of the prescribed period, the pupil was convicted of not having profited by the education he had received, the poet would take him under his cloak again, put him down at the corner of a street and fly from the spot with tears in his eyes.

On the death of La Motte, Crebillon was at length admitted into the Academy. As he was always an eccentric man, he wrote his 'Discourse' of reception in verse, a thing which had never been done before. On pronouncing this line, which has not yet been forgotten,—
Aucun fiel n'a jamais empoisonné ma plume,—

he was enthusiastically applauded. From that day, but from that day only, Crebillon was recognised by his countrymen as a man of honour and virtue, as well as genius. It was rather late in the day, however; he had lost his wife, his son was mixing in the fashionable world, he was completely alone, and almost forgotten, expecting nothing more from the fickle public. More idle than a lazzarone, he passed years without writing a single line, though his ever-active imagination would still produce, mentally, tragedy after tragedy. As he possessed a wonderful memory, he would compose and rhyme offhand the entire five acts of a piece without having occasion to put pen to paper. One evening, under the impression that he had produced a masterpiece, he invited certain of his brother Academicians to his house to hear his new play. When the party had assembled, he commenced, and declaimed the entire tragedy from beginning to end without stopping. Judging by the ominous silence with which the conclusion was re-

ceived, that his audience was not over delighted with his play, he exclaimed, in a pet—

'You see, my friends, I was right in not putting my tragedy on paper.'

'Why so?' asked Godoyu.

'Because I should have had the trouble of throwing it into the fire. Now, I shall merely have to forget it, which is easier done.'

When Crebillon seemed no longer formidable in the literary world, and all were agreed that he was in the decline of his genius, the very men who had previously denied his power, now thought fit to combat Voltaire by exalting Crebillon, in the same way as they afterwards exalted Voltaire so soon as another star appeared on the literary horizon.

'With the intention of humbling the pride of Voltaire, they proceeded,' says a writer of the time, 'to seek out in his lonely retreat the now aged and forsaken Crebillon, who, mute and solitary for the last thirty years, was no longer a formidable enemy for them, but whom they flattered themselves they could oppose as a species of phantom to the illustrious writer by whom they were eclipsed; just as, in former days, the Leaguers drew an old cardinal from out the obscurity in which he lived, to give him the empty title of king, only that they themselves might reign under his name.'

The literary world was then divided into two adverse parties,—the Crebillonists and the Voltairians. The first, being masters of all the avenues, succeeded for a length of time in blinding the public. Voltaire passed for a mere wit; Crebillon, for the sole heir of the sceptre of Corneille and Racine. It was this clique which invented the formula ever afterwards employed in the designation of these three poets—Corneille the great, Racine the tender, and Crebillon the tragic. One great advantage Crebillon possessed over Voltaire: he had written nothing for the last thirty years. His friends, or rather Voltaire's enemies, now began to give out that the author of '*Rhadamisto*' was engaged in putting the finishing hand to a tragedy, a veritable dramatic wonder, by name '*Catilina*.'

Madame de Pompadour herself, tired of Voltaire's importunate ambition, now went over with all her forces to the camp of the Crebillonists. She received Crebillon at court, and recommended him to the particular care of Louis XV., who conferred a pension on him, and also appointed him to the office of censor royal.

'Catilina' was at length produced with great *éclat*. The court party, which was present in force at the first performance, doubtless contributed in a great measure to the success of the piece. The old poet, thus encouraged, set to work on a new play, the 'Triumvirat,' with fresh ardour; but as was Voltaire's lot in after years, it was soon perceptible that the poet was but the shadow of what he had been. Out of respect, however, for Crebillon's eighty-eight years, the tragedy was applauded, but in a few days, the 'Triumvirat' was played to empty benches. Crebillon had now but one thing left to do: to die, which, in fact, he did in the year 1762.

It cannot be denied that Crebillon was one of the remarkable men of his century. That untutored genius, so striking in the boldness and brilliancy of certain of its creations, but which more frequently repels through its own native barbarity, was eminently the genius of Crebillon. But what, above all, characterizes the genius of the French nation—wit, grace, and polish—Crebillon never possessed; consequently, with all his vigour and all his force, he never succeeded in creating a living work. He has depicted human perversity with a

proud and daring hand—he has shown the fratricide, the infanticide, the parricide, but he never succeeded in attaining the sublimity of the Greek drama. And yet J. J. Rousseau affirmed that of all the French tragic poets, Crebillon alone had recalled to him the grandeur of the Greeks. If so, it was only through the nudity of terror, for the 'French *Æschylus*' was utterly wanting in what may be termed human and philosophical sentiment.

There is a very beautiful portrait of Crebillon extant, by Latour. It would doubtless be supposed that the man, so terrible in his dramatic furies, was of a dark and sombre appearance. Far from it; Crebillon was of a fair complexion, and had an artless expression of countenance, and a pair of beautiful blue eyes. It must, however, be confessed, that by his method of borrowing the gestures of his heroes, coupled, moreover, with the habit he had acquired of contracting his eyebrows in the fervour of composition, Crebillon in the end became a little more the man of his works. He was, moreover, impatient and irritable, even with his favourite dogs and cats, and occasionally with his sweet-tempered and angelic wife, the ever cheerful partner alike of his joys and sorrows, who had so nobly resigned herself to the chances and changes of his good and ill-fortune; that loving companion of his hours of profusion and gaiety, when he aped the *grand seigneur*, as well as the devoted sharer of those days of poverty and neglect, when he retired from the world in disgust, to the old dwelling-house of the Place Maubert.

SKETCHES OF AMERICAN SOCIETY.

BY A NEW YORKER.

A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN AT-HOME.

IT was a lovely October day; the temperature perfectly Elysian,—not half a degree too hot or too cold,—and the air moister than is usual in the dry climate of the Northern States, altogether reminding one of Florence in early autumn, only less enervating. Ashburner and the Harry Bensons were gliding up the

* Hudson in a 'floating palace,' which is American penny-a-liner for a north-river steamboat. Gerard Ludlow was on board, handsome and *distingué* as ever, but a little thinned and worn by numberless polkas. He had got rid of his wife by a mighty effort, and was going to play *le Mari à la Campagne*,—

not at Ravenswood, however, but with some of the Van Hornes who lived higher up the river. While the young exquisite was rattling on in a sort of Macaronic French to Mrs. Benson about the mountains of Switzerland and the pictures of Italy, the ascent of the Nile and 'that glorious *Celos-Rougeol Blanc Mousseux* at the *Anglais*,'—every topic, in short, that had not the least connexion with America,—Ashburner was witnessing for the third time, with unabated admiration, the magnificent scenery of the classic American river,—for classic it is to a New-Yorker since Washington Irving has immortalized its legends.

'I am glad to see you are not ashamed to show a little enthusiasm,' said Benson, as he marked his friend leaning over the forward railing, absorbed in the view before him. 'Some people don't care much for this sort of thing. There's my cousin Ludlow, how supremely indifferent he is to it all! He is talking to my wife about the last comic opera he saw in Paris, which represents Shakespeare and Queen Bess getting very jolly together.'

'Certainly one would hardly be able to tell what countryman Ludlow was, without previous knowledge. He seems, like many of your fashionables, very much out of place here.'

'That's true enough; and the man the most out of place among them all is my brother Carl, whom we are just going to visit.'

Ashburner's recollection and knowledge of Carl Benson were pretty much comprised in a certain luncheon at Ravenswood, which he had found very much in place, and a very good place for. Henry went on to explain himself.

'He prides himself on a regard for two things—sincerity and equity,—two very estimable virtues, no doubt, but capable of being ridden to death like all hobbies.'

Benson further proceeded to state that he was afraid they would find his brother in no very genial mood,—that, in fact, he had two special

reasons at that time for being in bad humour. The anti-rent epidemic had broken out in the vicinity, and his place was threatened with perforation by a railroad. The former, however perilous to some of his acquaintances, was no very terrible danger to Carl himself, he having as many tenants in the country as his brother had in town—to wit, just one. The latter was considerably more serious in itself, and rendered particularly aggravating by attendant circumstances. An equally convenient and much safer inland route for the railway had been originally proposed; but Mr. Jobson, the chief engineer, started the project of a new one close along the shore, running through the beautiful private grounds that lined the whole east bank of the river for a hundred and fifty miles. The true motive for this change was, that the company would thus have to pay less for right of way, since the inland route would have passed through the corn-fields and vegetable-grounds of farmers, to whom they must have made full compensation at the market value of the land, whereas by cutting through a private lawn, they could take the ground at a merely nominal rate, the damage caused to a gentleman by the destruction of his place for all the purposes of a country seat being a 'fancy value,' which jurors and commissioners chosen from the mass of the people, and regarding the aristocratic landholder with an envious eye, would never pay the least attention to. But, either from a lingering regard for outward decency, or from some other motive, this, the real reason, met with only a passing allusion in Mr. Jobson's report. He came out boldly, and recommended the river route as calculated to improve the appearance of the shore, by filling up bays and cutting off sharp points.* What made it worse was, that the majority of these very gentlemen proprietors had been induced to subscribe largely to the road under the solemn assurance from leading

* A literal fact. Washington Irving's residence was among those disfigured by this operation, which made havoc of all the oldest and most beautiful properties in the State.

members of the company (which took care not to make itself officially and corporately responsible) that the inland route would be adopted, this assurance was thrown to the winds as soon as the books were filled up. Carl was not to be taken in so; he had refused to subscribe to the road, and opposed it to the extent of his small influence from the first; he might be the victim of such people, but he would not be their dupe. This was one consolation to him. Another was, that the railway, when it did come upon him, which would not be for two years yet, would not absolutely ruin his place. It would not go through his house, or across the lawn in front of it, or break down his terrace, for which Nature was to be thanked, and not Mr. Jobson. Ravenswood was partly within one of the to-be-improved bays, and, consequently, the rails would cut it close along the water and under the terraced bank. It merely stopped his access to the river, which, as he did not yacht, and had room for the little boating he wanted in the adjoining bay, was no great deprivation. At any rate, the danger anticipated by Harry turned out all moonshine. When they stopped at Van Burenopolis (the landing nearest Ravenswood), Carl's rock-away was on the ground, and in ten minutes their host received them at his front door, both his hands outstretched, and his face lighted up with unfeigned pleasure.

Carl Benson was an unflattered likeness of his brother, with a larger nose, large feet, that got into every one's way, coarser hair, and narrower chest; altogether a rougher and inferior type of form; but he had a fresh and ruddy complexion, and though he was Henry's senior by six years, there did not seem to be more than a twelve-month between them. In dress he was as quiet as Harry was gay; never cared how old his clothes were, so long as he had plenty of clean linen; was often two years behind the fashion; affected black coats and grey trousers; eschewed enamelled chains, jewelled waistcoat-buttons, and other similar fopperies of Young New York; preferred shoes (not of patent leather) to boots, and usually

tied his cravat in the smallest possible bow. Nor was the contrast in manner between the two brothers less marked; the elder was shy and retiring before strangers, and would have been called a very awkward man anywhere but in England. You might easily guess from his way of behaving himself on a first introduction, the uncertain style of his movements, and his 'butter-finger' fashion of taking hold of things, that he had none of that dexterity in the little every-day occasions of life which distinguished Harry; who, for instance, could harness a horse about as soon as his groom, while Carl would have been half the day about it, and not have done it well after all: Harry could carry out a complicated affair of business at one interview, without coming off worst; but his elder brother would have potted about it three days, and probably been cheated in the end. This inaptitude for small business, this want of promptitude and dexterity, of presence of mind and body, so to speak, is not very detrimental in Europe, where a gentleman with a tolerably well-filled purse can have so much done for him; but in America, where the richest man has to do so much for himself, it is a constantly recurring inconvenience, and it struck the Englishman almost immediately that this, though not especially alluded to by Henry, was one of the things that made Carl out of place in his own fatherland.

The mansion at Ravenswood, which had braved the storms of eighty-five winters (a venerable age for an American house), was pitched on a hill commanding a view of the Hudson for forty miles. Without, it was built of rough stone, with an ample wooden *sloop* running all round it, and a great variety of vines and creepers running round all the pillars of the stoop;—within, it branched off into large halls and spacious rooms, filled with antediluvian furniture, and guiltless of the ambitious upholstery attempts of Young New York, which in such matters goes ahead of Paris itself. The library alone, in which Carl lived,—that is to say, he did everything but dining and sleeping there,—was fitted up in modern style, furnished with luxurious arm-chairs

and sofas, the walls and ceiling neatly painted in oak, and the principal window composed of one oval pane of glass set in a frame, to which the external landscape supplied an exquisite picture. The hill swept down to the water's edge almost, where it terminated abruptly in a lofty terrace, ninety feet above the level of the shore. The woodlands all about—on Benson's place, on the places adjoining, on the opposite bank—would have been beautiful at any time of the year; now, when the foliage was changing colour, in anticipation of the coming frost, they were surpassingly so. As the trees change not all at once, but different ones assume different tints successively, the natural kaleidoscope is varied from day to day. The sumach leaf is one of the first to alter; it becomes a vivid scarlet; then the maple assumes a brilliant red and gold; then others put on a rich sienna, and others a warm olive. Here and there were interspersed patches of evergreens, pines looking almost blue, and cedars looking quite black from the contrast of the gorgeous and fiery colouring that surrounded them. The river water was deep blue; in the little bay north of Ravenswood it shaded off into a soft olive from the reflection of the foliage and grass about it; while beyond the further bank of the Hudson rose the Kaatskill* chain, richly wooded to their summits, and painted with the myriad dyes of autumn,—a fitting background to the landscape. Of course the finest part of this view was beyond the limits of Ravenswood, but so much of it as belonged to Carl (and his grounds covered some two hundred acres) was cleverly disposed with the help of an ingenious landscape-gardener; the trees were cut into picturesque clumps and vistas, opened at the desirable points. Henry, who bragged for all the family as well as for himself, took care to inform Ashburner how, when the place came into Carl's possession (or rather into his wife's, for by the laws of New York, the wife's property is absolutely hers, and out of her

husband's control) by the demise of his father-in-law, there was hardly a carriage-road on it, and how he had devoted all his spare income to it for seven years, 'and made it what you see it.'

As the Englishman had nothing to do for some days but to ramble about Ravenswood, and talk to the owner of it, he had full opportunity of ascertaining how far his brother's estimate of him was correct, and also how far the difference between the two, particularly in their practical aptitude for business, was attributable to the fact, that one of them had finished his education in England, and the other in America, which, for a New Yorker, means in Paris, in Germany, half over the continent of Europe, in short. His conclusion was, that some of the qualities which made his host so 'out of place' were natural, and that others had been superinduced upon these by his English education.

Harry Benson had truly stated, that his brother's prominent trait of character was sincerity. He used to say of himself, that the fairy had bestowed on him true Thomas's gift, 'the tongue that ne'er could lie,' and that the consequent incapacities predicted by the Scottish minstrel had fallen upon him; he could neither buy nor sell, nor pay court to prince or peer, (that is, in America, to the sovereign people,) nor win favour of fair lady. Certainly this is a dangerous quality in any country, unless tempered with an exquisite tact, which was not among Carl's possessions; but it is peculiarly dangerous in America, for there is no public (not excepting the French or Irish) that feeds so greedily on pure humbug as the American. *Populus vult decipi* there with a vengeance; and when the general current of feeling has set towards any show or phantasm, moral, political, literary, or social, woe to the individual who plants himself in its way!

Equally correct was the assertion that equity was a leading idea of his mind. 'Give the devil his due,' was one of his favourite proverbs; and when he said that a thing 'was

* Commonly written *Catskill*; but I believe the above is the genuine Dutch orthography.

not fair,' it seemed to him a conclusive argument against it. His conception of the virtues was the genuine Aristotelian one—a medium between two extremes. Not that he was a lukewarm partisan on all subjects; but of the people he most disliked—and he was a really 'good hater' of some classes, Romanists, for instance, and Frenchmen, and Southern slaveholders—he could not bring himself to take any unfair advantage. Now it is no news to any one who knows anything of the Americans, that they are a nation of violent extremes; the different political parties, theological sects, geographical divisions—the literati of different cities, even—vituperate and assail one another fearfully, hardly respecting the laws of the land, much less the principles of natural justice. Add to all this, that Carl had a naturally elegant and fastidious taste, certain to make him aristocratic in sentiment, however democratic he might be in principle, and it will be seen that he had a tolerable stock of incompatibilities to start with before having anything to do with England.

But, as if to settle his business completely, and prevent him from ever becoming a contented and contenting citizen of his own country, it chanced that just at the period of his youth, when, according to the wont of Young America, dress and billiards formed the main topic of his conversation, and he was aspiring to the possession of a fast trotter, accident took him to England, and a series of accidents kept him there, and caused him to make it his home for several years, and his standpoint for all his continental excursions. He grew up to mature manhood among and along with a generation of Englishmen. He acquired a taste for classical studies, and for that literary society, and those habits of literary and ethical criticism which are nowhere else found in such perfection. His life had always been strictly, even prudishly moral; and while casting off the frivolities and fopperies of his boyhood, he also parted with much of the impulsive and imperfectly understood religion of his younger days, and replaced it by a more sedate and permanent feeling, which

never rose to ecstasy of emotion, but was always present to him as a daily habit, and was deeply earnest, with little outward show.

Such a man's tendencies were visibly towards the church; and had Carl been an Englishman, or continued his sojourn in England, he would have taken orders naturally and inevitably, and might have made a tolerable parson. But at home he soon found it impossible to assimilate himself to that Evangelical party which constitutes the great bulk of the American religious community.

The three leading tendencies of his character already alluded to, fostered as they were by his residence abroad, had ended by making him very eclectic and very unconventional. He took what seemed good to him from every quarter, without reference to antecedents; and the fact that all the world about him were going one way, was just the reason to make him go the other. The Puritan denunciations of all who differed from them on points of transcendental theology, or of social institutions, seemed to him illiberal and uncharitable. His religion acted upon him somewhat like the Socratic Dæmon; it restrained him from actions, rather than prompted him to them. He abhorred all parade of godliness, and shrunk from disclosing his religious experiences, as he would have done from disclosing his loves to a mixed assemblage. There were many things about these people besides their abhorrence of the fine arts, that shocked his æsthetic sensibility, and their inquisitive censoriousness he deemed ungentlemanly in point of manners, and little short of persecution in point of principle. What most of all repelled him was their unmitigated 'seriousness.' A certain notorious personage, whom it is no scandal to call the greatest of living charlatans, is reported to have taken for his motto, 'Praise God, and be merry.' Now this was exactly what Carl wanted to do, to praise God, and be merry; and he did not think the latter clause of the device implied any necessary incompatibility with the former. He held strongly to the '*neque*,' and thought that a man was all the better man, and better Christian, for an occa-

sional season of healthy enjoyment. He did not think 'teetotalism' necessary to prevent gentlemen from becoming drunkards, and he took his regular exercise on Sunday as well as on other days. His sincere nature revolted equally from the idea of dissembling a merriment which he felt, and from that of simulating a religious enthusiasm which he did not feel. With all personal respect for such men, and all reverence for the service they had done to the cause of vital religion, and civil, no less than religious liberty, he very soon found that he could not amalgamate with them, and gave up all intention of going into the church. Thus it came to pass, that letting himself slide into the place which his fortune and connexions had marked out for him, he became a man of society, and a gentleman of the world. It proved that he was not entirely free from the national error of quitting one extreme for another: it could only be said in his defence, that his new *rôle* rather came to, than was sought for by him. Perhaps his fastidiousness partly led him into it; but this trait of his mind showed itself more in intellectual criticism than in material Sybaritism, and more in the choice of companions than either. Certainly he had no great qualifications for the part, especially in New York, and very wild work he made of it with his peculiar ideas, some of which were rather English, and all of which were considerably the reverse of American.

The first offence that Carl gave was by getting married in church as quietly as anything can be done in New York, and going out of the way immediately afterwards, instead of standing his bride up for eight hundred people to look at. He was shamefully negligent of his duties to society in not having given 'a reception.' Carl said that he married for the present happiness and future comfort of himself and his wife, not for the amusement of society; and that was all the explanation he deigned to give his fashionable acquaintances.

His next eccentricity was refusing to read *The Sewer*, to let it enter his house, or to talk about it. He said, that in Europe, scandalous newspapers were not taken in by respect-

able families, that even young men read them at their clubs and by stealth, and never mentioned them before ladies; that people making pretensions to superior morality and decency ought not to patronize an immoral and blasphemous print—and more to the same effect. Men and women who referred to France as the standard of half the things they did, taunted him with referring to England. Benson did not think it worth while to discuss the merits of that case, but answered by a quotation from Aristophanes, how 'clever folks learn many things from their enemies,'—which he had to translate before his auditors understood it,—and by another of like purport from a Latin bard, which they were less slow to comprehend, as it has become part of the stock in trade of our public speakers, and even the editors know what it means. Then one man liked *The Sewer* because it had the best reports of trotting matches; and another, because it published the news from Washington half-an-hour sooner than any of its contemporaries; and they all said, that all the papers were so bad, it was merely a question of degree, and not of kind. Nobody agreed with Carl, not even the people who were abused by *The Sewer*, and he made no converts out of his own family—his wife, brother, and sister.

But his great crime was blaspheming the polka, for which I believe Young New York thought him absolutely insane, and would gladly have put him into a strait-jacket. He thought that a *matinée* which lasted from noon to midnight was an absurd and wicked waste of time; that even six hours a day was too much for a reasonable being to devote to the Redowa; that at a ball or party there should be some place for people who like to converse, and a non-dancing man should not be stuck into a corner all the evening on pain of being knocked over by the waltzers; that the tipsy excesses of the young gentlemen who lorded it in the ball-room rendered their society not the most edifying for ladies; and as whatever he thought he gave utterance to in pretty plain language, he made himself prodigiously unpopular, and was a great nuisance to the exclusives.

On the other hand, he found things

enough to annoy him. He had no like-minded, and it seemed no *like-bodied* men to associate with; no gentlemen to converse with on classical subjects, no acquaintances to join him in his long walks and drives. He was not over-fond of the French. 'They make the best coffee and gloves in the world,' he used to say, 'but coffee and gloves, after all, are a very small part of life.' Therefore it was irksome to him to hear the French always appealed to as the standard of dress, furniture, and manners. Above all, it worried him to find their language the recognised one of the *salon* and the opera. That two or three persons, whose native tongue was English, should go on talking imperfect French, (for the knowledge acquired by a two years' residence in Paris must be comparatively imperfect,) though no foreigners were present, struck him as a mischievous absurdity, and directly calculated to hinder mental growth. But all these were petty troubles compared to the misery he endured from the gossiping and scandalous propensities of his fashionable acquaintance. He now found his error in supposing that there is any peculiar illiberality and uncharitableness in a religious community, as distinguished from a worldly one; and discovered, that in avoiding the Evangelical connexion, he had not escaped the spirit of inquisitive censoriousness. A common error of young men is this: they fancy, that because people of the world talk of their liberality, and parade it ostentatiously, they must possess an extra share of it. And doubtless they are more charitable towards their favourite propensities; the 'jolly good fellow' will judge leniently of his bottle companion's trippings, and so on through the calendar of vices: though even this proposition is not to be received absolutely. Catiline will sometimes be found complaining of sedition; most offenders have some lingering sense remaining of original right and wrong; not enough to keep them straight, but enough to blame others for the self-same obliquities. But to try the question correctly, we should examine the worldly, not in their judgments of one another, but in their judgments of the religious, and see

how much liberality they show them. We should watch the hatred of virtue and purity, and the envy of fair fame, developing themselves in every form of slander and detraction, from the sly inuendo to the open falsehood. All merely fashionable society has a necessary tendency to be scandalous; fashionable people must talk a great deal without any definite purpose, and personal topics are always the readiest at hand for small talk, in a momentary dearth of others—this one's dress and appearance—that one's style of living—who is attentive to whom—and so on; so that besides the gossip which springs from deliberate wickedness, there is a great deal that is the result of mere thoughtlessness and vacuity. And New York fashionable society is probably more scandalous than any other, because there are fewer public amusements for persons of leisure than in the continental cities of Europe, while the men have not that vent in political life, or the women in out-door exercise, which Londoners find.

Now Carl was imbued with the idea (I believe it was one of his acquired English ones,) that the first duty of a gentleman is to mind his own business. He had a horror of interfering with any one's private affairs, and an equal horror of any one interfering with his. It sickened him, therefore, to be among people who were always speaking ill of one another, and fetching and carrying stories. He grew tired of every one in the not very large circle of his acquaintance, which his fastidiousness, before adverted to, had always kept small; for he hated immoral people, and had a very imperfect sympathy for vulgar ones; and the man who begins by excluding these two classes, will make a large hole in his visiting list. He was in danger of becoming morbid and misanthropic. The natural and proper resource for a person so situated, is to take up some active and steady occupation—ride some hobby, if he can do nothing better,—at any rate, give himself enough to do. Carl was not a man of hobbies, and all the available ones were ridden to death already. The first resort of a young Englishman, with good fortune and connexions, is politics; it is the very last resort of a New

Yorker similarly situated. He usually has enough of it at college; is a violent politician at sixteen, and by nineteen gives up all thoughts of shining in that way. *Why* this is so, I will not stop to explain at present, as I have no intention of writing a treatise *à la De Tocqueville* on the working of democratic institutions in America. I only mention the fact; perhaps you will find some further light thrown on it before we get to the end of this paper.

Two refuges lay open before him—business and literature. 'Business'—banking, or commerce of some sort, is the shortest way for a New Yorker to dispose of himself; but Carl had neither taste nor ability for trading or finance, and was too frank and unsuspecting to make his way profitably in a very sharp mercantile community. To literature his ideas naturally turned; and in some countries a productive literary life might have been his happy destiny. He was not necessitated to write for a livelihood, and was just the sort of man to write for reputation. It was the occupation for which his tastes and his education fitted him.

But he had been too well educated for an American *litterateur*. His standard of excellence was pitched too high. The popular models provoked his criticism, not his emulation. The exaggerated flattery of newspaper pulls, and the Little-Peddling-tonism of sectional cliques disgusted him. He would not toady others, and disliked being toadied himself. He had too correct an appreciation of newspaper editors, and too much candour to disguise this appreciation. His accurate taste was shocked by little mechanical deficiencies—the carelessness of compositors and proof-readers—the impossibility of getting a Greek quotation set up correctly. He wrote for elegantly and thoroughly educated men, such as had been the associates of his youth, and found few of his countrymen to read, and fewer to understand him; consequently, after a brief experience, he gave up all writing for publication except one species of authorship, which had only a semblance of doing others any good, and which did himself a great deal of harm.

This was the controversial and

satirical, to which he was prompted by an honest abhorrence of shams, and in which he was encouraged by the morbid public appetite for anything savouring of personality or approaching to a 'row' upon paper. Carl had a knack of saying disagreeable things in a disagreeable way, with some point and smartness—was clever in prose parody, in the *reductio ad absurdum*, in quoting a man against himself,—in short, up to all the 'dodges' of belligerent criticism, and had a lively sense and keen perception of the ridiculous; but not priding himself as a gentleman and a Christian on these accomplishments, he did his best to keep them down, just as he did to keep down any tendency to say ill-natured things in social intercourse, and only gave them play when provoked by any flagrant exhibition of imposture. But having once found by experiment how this sort of writing took, how an hour's ebullition of sarcasm would command attention, when two months of research and polish were unheeded, and having no lack of material to tempt him, he was seduced into it again and again. If a sciolist undertook to put forth a new theory of the Platonic philosophy without having mastered his Greek grammar, Carl Benson was at hand to turn him inside out, and show up his pretensions. If a demagogue took up the formulas and watch-words of other times and countries, to malign his betters, and stir up one class against another, Carl was the first to dissent from the popular voice of panegyric, and demonstrate in plain terms what mischievous nonsense the lecturer had been uttering. If a Radical magazine blazoned out the discovery of some prodigious mare's nest—some awful conspiracy of England against American liberty or letters, who was so ready as Carl to point out that the editor could not spell the most ordinary foreign name straight, and did not exactly know the difference between *Fraser* and the *Edinburgh*? Booksellers and periodicals were glad enough to publish these squibs, and the reading public read them fast enough, with considerable amusement, and no profit or intention of

profiting by them; it was *parvis componere magna*, like Aristophanes and Cleon; the bystanders cheered the exposé, and followed the exposed as fast as ever. Carl began to set up for a professed satirist,—one of the worst things that can befall a man, for the benefit he confers on others is very problematical, and the evil he inflicts on himself positive and inevitable.

He who had been the merriest of young men found himself growing ill-natured and morbid when he should have been in the prime of life. It was hard to say which he disliked most, the exclusives or the democracy, and he uttered his mind about both pretty freely. He was sick of the newspapers, with their bad print and worse principles—of the endless debates about the same old questions in Congress—of literary pretenders, and the thousand and one 'most remarkable men among us,'—of all the continuously-succeeding popular delusions of the gossiping young men in illimitable cravats, and all the personal intelligence about Mr. Brown and Miss Jones. Still he clung to old Gotham for a reason that influenced few people in it. He had strong conservative feelings and local attachments; his childhood (unlike his brother's) had been spent in the city, and the scenes of his childhood were dear to him, however little interest he might feel in the new characters that peopled them. But when in the rapid march of 'up town' progress, the house which his father built, where his parents had died, and he and his brother and sister played as children, became so surrounded by shops, and stores, and manufactories, that he was fairly driven out of it, then he withdrew from the city altogether, and established himself for all the year round at his—that is to say, at his wife's—place on the Hudson. His contemporaries speedily forgot him, or if they ever thought of him, it was only as an unhappy recluse, Bellerophon-like, eating his own heart, and shunning the ways of men.

He was nothing of the sort. In quitting the town, he quitted most of his sources of discontent. He had great capacity of self-amuse-

ment when fairly left to himself, and could always find interesting occupation in his library. He now reaped the fruit of his early studies, though not exactly in the way he had once hoped and anticipated. His place, too, amused him greatly, and, not keeping up two establishments, he had money in abundance to spend on it. He revelled in out-of-door exercise; it was a constant pleasure to him to gallop his blood mare (a taste for horses ran in the family) over fresh grass, where there were no omnibuses or fast trotters in his way. Nor was he without society; those who are unpopular with the majority can generally boast a few of the warmest personal friends, and it was so in his case. They came to visit him by intervals and relays,—real worthies of literature, who had been his father's friends before they were his,—quiet men of general tastes and accomplishments, like Philip Van Horne; now and then a like-minded stranger, such as Ashburner, or his sister and her husband, a good-natured, gentlemanly, ornamental Philadelphian; or his brother Harry. But most of all was he happy in his family circle: a man of the warmest domestic affections, he rejoiced in the society of his children and the cheering presence of his wife. We owe this lady an apology for not bringing her forward sooner: it would have been more in accordance with the grammar of gallantry to 'put the more worthy person first.' And yet, reader, may it not be better to keep the good wine till the last, and after telling you a great deal about a man whom you may not like, then to tell you something about a woman whom you must, or, at least, you ought to like? So let me present you to Mrs. Carl Benson.

Henry Benson used to say that Carl had carried out his eclectic principles in the choice of his wife, for she was something between a blonde and a brunette, and had dark eyes and light hair. She was a tall woman (according to the American standard of female height—I am not sure that she would have been considered so in England), and her figure rose up straight and springy as a reed. Altogether, she

was in beautiful preservation, which is more than can be said for every American woman who has mounted into 'the thirties,' and is the mother of three children. Her shoulders were magnificent, her bust good, her arms and hands exquisitely moulded, her feet and ankles neatly turned, her features regular, yet not wanting in expression, and her complexion almost perfect. Still, with all these elements of beauty, and though of good family (she was one of the Van Hornes) and sufficient worldly prospects, she had never been a great belle, and this was an additional charm in her husband's eyes, who would never have deeply loved a woman that all the world ran after. Indeed, she had not belle accomplishments or tastes, preferred singing English ballads to Italian arias, and galloping over the county all the morning to dancing at a ball all night. And she was so insensible to the advantage of a cavalier *per se*, that she would rather talk to an amusing woman than to a stupid man, however handsome and fashionable. Of toilet mysteries she knew enough to keep her from dressing badly, but not enough to make her dress well and effectively. Her talents were not of the showy order, and did not fit her for shining in a *salon*. She had good (not extraordinary) natural abilities, and had been beautifully 'coached,' first by her father, and afterwards by her husband, so that without any pedantry or *bas-bleu*-ism, she displayed an extensive acquaintance with literary topics, but she was not brilliant in small talk, in playful railery, or cut-and-thrust repartee. When she was in Paris (as Miss Louisa Van Horne), the French could make nothing of her; they thought her a handsome bit of marble, cold, unimpassioned, and uninteresting. And when more lately Vincent Le Roi came, as Henry's *umbra*, to pass a few days at Ravenswood, the Vicomte went away saying that Madame Carl Benson was undoubtedly an angel, but, for his part, he didn't like angels; they were very misty and insipid; he much preferred *les filles d'Eve*. And all who knew Le Roi

agreed that he would not know well what to do with an angel. On the other hand, it must be set off against the deficiencies above mentioned, that she was a true and loving wife, a fond mother, a benevolent lady, and a sincere Christian.

Such was—no, such was not the mistress of Ravenswood. I feel the attempted portrait is inadequate. A passing description cannot do justice to the woman any more than a passing interview. Her superficial blemishes—want of ease in her conversation, or of crinoline in her dress,—were obvious to the casual observer; but the sterling qualities of her character, her truth and honesty, her constancy of affection, her unworldly disposition, her loftiness of soul—all these, as they could only be properly appreciated by those who had known her for years, so can they only be generally and vaguely hinted at in a brief sketch like this. The great mystery was, how she came to marry Carl. Every one said she was too good for him, and he would have been the last man to deny it. Perhaps she was pleased with his simple integrity, and foresaw that he would make a most affectionate husband, though it was not in his nature to be a passionate lover. Perhaps she pardoned his awkwardness in regard for his honesty.

After all, I would not claim that she was morally perfect; very few of us are. I am afraid she was rather censorious, and judged harshly of sinners; that in her own comfortable position she did not always weigh accurately the temptations of others. It is a common practice of very good and moral people to indemnify themselves for their virtue by depreciation of others; 'tis an error that lurks at the heels of Christian duty; for are we not *commanded* to hate sin? and the transition from the abstract to the concrete is so easy.

I fancy, too, she did not harmonize altogether with Mrs. Henry Benson. Indeed, the two sisters-in-law made little secret of their mutual incompatibility. Clara said that Louisa was very proper and very stupid, regular as a machine, and with no fun or frolic in her—that the only man she ever had about her, her

cousin Philip, was as dull as herself,—that she dressed badly, and talked bad French,—that she went to church in the morning, and gossiped in the afternoon, and was more charitable to the bodies of her inferiors than to the souls of her equals. Louisa looked down upon Clara as a worldly and frivolous little creature, who fostered her beauty to attract admirers and worried her husband to death by her caprices, who wasted her time in dancing and flirting, and her money in Parisian nick-nacks, or in giving parties to people who did not care for her. In short, the two ladies said many hard things of each other when separate, and were painfully amiable when together.

But these bickerings did not greatly impair the happiness of our party at Ravenswood. The brothers loved each other as much as if they had *not* been brothers, and had not had to divide a large family estate between them. Even their wives' quarrels could not make them quarrel.

Many a jolly turn had they and their guest, lounging with their cigars after breakfast on the vine-trellised stoop, or under the spreading horse-chesnuts at one corner of the house, watching the white sails that glided by on the sunny water, and the fantastic cloudlets that floated in the clear sky; strolling through the winding walks, or across the terrace at evening, when the setting sun had piled red clouds like a huge volcano over the Hudson, and the Kaatskills looked like great blocks of lapis lazuli, their summits half veiled in fiery mist; riding through the adjacent country in bright moonlight nights, now threading their way among the uncertain bridle-paths of a dense wood, and anon startling a village with their clattering hoofs and boisterous merriment as they swept by it at full gallop; driving four-in-hand a live-long day to visit friends who lived north or south of them on the rivers, by roads that rose up over the hills and showed all the glorious panorama of the Hudson, and then dipped down inland among picturesque glens and water-courses and mill-streams. Capital game breakfasts they had,

which the women were not too sentimental to help them in doing justice to; and excellent plain dinners, with oceans of iced champagne; and when the cloth was drawn, Carl would chirp over his claret with as comfortable a melancholy as ever any 'ruined' Protectionist gentleman in Old England gave utterance to.

At a very early period of their acquaintance, Henry Benson had put Ashburner up to the way of getting at the dark side of things in America. 'Never assail anything,' he said; 'if you do, the people will tackle you, from the highest to the lowest. *Let an American gentleman talk*; give him his head, and he will soon lead you on the track you want.' Acting on this hint, the Englishman let his host talk; what little he said himself would come in the form of a query or suggestion. 'You lead a very nice life here,' he would say, 'but it is rather quiet. I should think an active man like yourself would choose some more stirring form of existence.' Then Carl blazed out.

'Go into politics, I suppose! A nice business that for an honest man and a gentleman! Why, Ashburner, the democracy of our State, who are always in fear of being reduced to vassalage by a few thousand easy and unambitious rich men, have lost their liberties without perceiving it to hundreds of thousands of alien settlers with their foreign priests. A successful politician here is either a hack lawyer of thirty years' standing, who has had opportunity enough of getting used to the devil's work in his first business, or an upstart demagogue, who has made his way by dint of slyer brass; either a blind partisan, who knows nothing outside of 'the regular ticket,' or a 'non-committal' man, who says everything to everybody, and never gave an intelligible, manly, straightforward opinion in his life. One party would sell us body and soul to the Slaveholders, and the other to the Anti-renters, and both to the Irish. If I could bring myself to enter the lists with such people, I should have to start with the dead weight of being a 'millionaire' (as they call every man here who has two or three hundred thousand dollars) and an 'aristocrat'

(as they call every man who has the habits and education of a gentleman). There is not a voter in this country has less influence than I have;—to be sure, I don't try for any, because I well know that by doing so, I should only make myself more unpopular, without becoming any more influential. Or be a leader of fashion, perhaps—one of those people who talk scandal about one another all day long when they are not dancing, who try to pursue pleasure in a place where every one else is at work, and are so destitute of resources, that they quarrel for pure want of something to do. See what they have made of my brother, who is a clever fellow and a well-educated man, though I say it. He is becoming a third-rate dancer—one of Tom Edwards' *corps*; is growing frivolous and scandalous, and getting his earnest honesty knocked out of him every day. Or profess literature, possibly—Henry does a little of that too; you may see him in the magazines sandwiched between the last learned cobbler and the newest Laura Matilda of the West. No, I don't want to belong to any 'Mutual Admiration' Society, and if I did, it's too late now. My mind has been spoken so often and so freely, that were I to write a book as good as one of Fenimore Cooper's, (if you can imagine the possibility of a thing even in hypothesis,) no editor would notice it, and no one read it—unless it contained something personal. Here I shall stay and amuse myself in what one of our ex-great men used to call 'dignified reticacy'; and if this railroad drives me out, why, then, *ingens iterabimus aquor*—to England, were I a bachelor, but my wife couldn't live there; no American woman can, after the attention she has been used to at home, except the ambassador's wife—so it will probably be to Italy, or perhaps to Paris, for a man can find occupation there, whatever be his peculiar bent, and fill up his time well in the place without knowing or liking the people.'

'It does surprise me,' said Ashburner, 'that the terminus of a refined American's dream should always be Paris,—that whenever a man has means and leisure, he runs off thither, and stays as long as he can; and if not there, in

some other place—anywhere but at home.'

'Come now,' broke in Henry Benson: he had retired with the ladies after dinner, and now rejoined the men to have some more claret,— 'don't you English run over to Paris perpetually, and all around the continent? Don't we meet you everywhere in the four quarters of the globe? You don't like to stay at home any more than we do; only we are franker than you, and avow it.'

'We go away from home, but we don't like to stay away,' replied the Englishman.

'Exactly; and if we had a *pied-à-terre* close to the continent as you have, we should not like to stay away from home either—more than half the year. Here has Carl been making his moan to you about our unappreciated condition: it's always his way over the decanters—one of his amusements merely. (Carl, old fellow, pass the Laffitte this way). Well, I think,' and he paused to fill a brimming glass, 'that we are very jolly victims; and for my part, I am quite disposed to play, regardless of my doom. Look at our wives and children, our houses and horses, our whole style of living. Ponder well on this *Bourdeaux*; ruminate on those woodcocks we have been discussing. What miserable misused fellows we are! We *do* live in a great country—we have such civil and religious liberty as is enjoyed in only one other country in the world; and if we don't have the management of the government, why no one here or abroad holds us responsible for what the government does, and that is just the condition Plato thought a philosopher should pray for. Fill up again, brother mine, and thank your stars that you have your time to yourself, and are not a parliament man, as Ashburner is going to be, and are not set to work twelve hours a day among blue books and red tape.'

And now, reader, these papers, which have been running on for a year or more, are wound up. I did not begin them intending to give you anything marvellous, or new, or profound about the aspect, prospects, and destiny, political, religious, or literary, of the great

people among whom I am a small unit. I only intended to present you with some phases of outward life and manners—such things as would strike or interest a stranger in our beloved Gotham, and in the places to which regular Gothamites—American cockneys, so to speak—are wont to repair. For I am but a cockney in my own country; I have never travelled far in it,—good reason why, when they are apt to hang up a man at one end of the Union for what is a sort of religion at the other. They did not aspire to be ‘Sketches of American Society’ (that was an honorary prefix of yours, Mr. Editor), nor even Sketches of New York Society, but only of a very small class of persons in New York; and therefore I had originally headed them ‘The Upper Ten Thousand,’ in accordance with a phrase established by Mr. Willis, though even that is an exaggeration, for the people so designated are hardly as many hundred. In truth, I began the series chiefly to amuse some Cantab friends of mine, who were curious to know how the gentlemen that were their contemporaries and representatives in our Atlantic cities, lived, and eat, and dressed, and amused themselves; what their habits and pursuits and propensities were. The last thing that I expected was that any of them should be read, much less republished, on my side the water. To a New Yorker, many things which they contain must necessarily appear stale, stupid, and commonplace. For instance, in one number half a page is taken up with the description of a trotting-wagon; to an American I should as soon think of describing a pair of boots; the one is as familiar an object to him as the other. But at the very first number, some clever folks took it into their heads that they were to be very personal,—that every character described or even alluded to in them was to represent a real living prototype; that was enough to make them sought after. And it really did happen that in that first number I had described a sleigh which actually existed in real wood and iron somewhere about the city; and the inference above detailed was obvious. It is not every story in Gotham that has so much founda-

tion; in fact, they get them up frequently without any foundation to speak of, only unfortunately the narratives don’t fall to the ground as readily as the houses do. It is hardly worth while contradicting such idle rumours, but to my American readers (since I have some, much to my own amazement) I wish to say one thing once for all—that Harry Benson is not meant to represent any living individual whatsoever, and that his wife, house, horses, and other necessities, are not designed after the corresponding appurtenances of any real person. And the same remark applies with equal force to all the appendages of Carl Benson, as delineated in this very sketch.

Still, I suppose I ought to be obliged to the members of ‘our set’ who got up this idea; for the factitious interest thus communicated to these papers has caused them to be reprinted (in the cheap and multitudinous style of American reprints), and thus to become known to the outsiders both of our own city and of other parts of the country, who could perhaps judge them more fairly on their own merits, from having no knowledge of, or interest in, the local celebrities supposed to be portrayed in them. Some have been disposed to accept them as what they were really meant for—light sketches of life and manners in a certain circle; some have had the bad taste to wax furious at them. I understand that a few southern editors have departed from their usual stoical calmness and dignified reserve on the subject, to assail me for my occasional allusions to ‘the peculiar institution;’ and am told (life is too short, and time too precious, to read such things oneself, but there are always good-natured friends to put you up to them) that a correspondent of the *Ochlocratic Review and No Government Advocate*, who probably never wore a decent coat in his life, and regards every man in a clean shirt as an oppressor of the people, has seriously taken me to task for representing some of my characters as elegantly dressed! If this individual could find nothing worse to say of my papers, *after nine months’ examination of them*, methinks he

might have continued to hold his tongue; but I suppose any trash will do for the *Ochlocratic*.

Whether the abuse of these persons, or the praise of others, or my own inclination, may tempt me hereafter to essay something more

definite and connected, I will not say at present. Of the things that 'lie on the knees of the Gods,' it becomes no man to speak prematurely. Meanwhile, make a long arm across the Atlantic—So—shake hands, and good-bye!

FRANK MANHATTAN.

EPISODES OF INSECT LIFE.

PART III.

THE economy of nature, considered in any one of the organized sections, would fill volumes; nor is it less worthy of admiration in the inorganic department. Listen to the voice of the waves proclaiming the overwhelming majesty of the sea and its sway over the greatest portion of the earth's surface even now. That its domain was once far more extensive we have the most conclusive evidence. How is this vast reservoir replenished? It is evening. Look at the misty exhalation rising like a snowy fog from the valley, towering above which the more lofty and branching trees show like islands floating on its bosom. That mist will soon be careering in clouds, which, condensed in the lower region of the atmosphere, will fall, principally upon the mountainous regions that attract them, in rain, feeding the springs, which as they increase break out into rushing torrents, and receiving tribute from other naiads as they advance, become mighty rivers till they are lost in the ocean, where this evaporating process is constantly going on. Thus water parted from the sea, returns to the source whence it drew its origin, again to continue in the same revolving circle.

The vicissitude of the seasons has been compared to the age of man, which, like all sublunary things, has its beginning, its progress, and its end. To the winning helplessness of the cradle, succeeds the happy artlessness of childhood, till that blessed period passes into the active golden age of youth. Then comes the firm, severe, iron age of manhood; and then, leaden senility creeping on, gradually debilitates the tot-

tering man, till death, his best friend, leads him to the narrow house.

The seasons of the year proceed in the same way. Spring, the jovial, playful infancy of all living creatures, represents childhood and youth; for then plants spread forth their luxuriant flowers, fishes exult, birds sing, every part of nature is intent upon generation. The summer, like middle age, exhibits plants and trees everywhere clothed with green—it gives vigour to animals, and plumps them up; fruits then ripen, meadows look cheerful, everything is full of life. On the contrary, the autumn is gloomy, for then the leaves of trees begin to fall, plants to wither, insects to grow torpid, and many animals to retire to their winter quarters.*

A day may be considered as the epitome of a year; for it proceeds with the same steps.

The morning makes everything alert and fit for business; the sun pours forth his ruddy rays, the flowers which had, as it were, slept all night, awake and expand themselves again. The birds, with their sonorous voices, and various notes, make the woods ring, meet together in flocks, and sacrifice to Venus. Noon tempts animals into the fields and pastures; the heat puts them upon indulging their ease, and even necessity obliges them to it. Evening follows, and makes everything more sluggish; flowers shut up, and animals retire to their lurking places. Thus the spring, the morning, and youth, are proper for generation; the summer, noon, and manhood, are proper for preservation; and autumn, evening, and old age, are not unfitly likened to destruction.†

But in nature, that very destruction contains the principle of renovation. Plants, as the same thoughtful observer remarks, spring up, grow, flourish, ripen their fruit, then wither, and at last, having finished their

* Biberg.

† Ibid.

course, die, returning to the dust from whence they sprung. The black mould or humus, which everywhere covers the earth, for the most part owes its origin to dead vegetables. The root descends into the sand and there throws out its fibres. This root, it is true, remains after the stem has decayed; but the root obeys their irrevocable law, and rotting at last, changes into mould, which is thus mixed with the sand much in the same way as manure thrown upon the fields is wrought into the earth by the industry of the husbandman. Thus prepared, the *justissima tellus* offers again to plants the pabulum which it derived from them:

For when seeds are committed to the earth, they draw to themselves, accommodate to their nature, and turn into plants, the more subtle parts of this mould by the co-operation of the sun, air, clouds, rains, and winds; so that the tallest tree is, properly speaking, nothing but mould wonderfully compounded with air and water, and modified by a virtue communicated to a small seed by the Creator. From these plants when they die, just the same kind of mould is formed as gave birth to them originally; but in such a manner, that it is in greater quantity than before. Vegetables, therefore, increase the black mould, whence fertility remains continually uninterrupted. Whereas the earth could not make good its annual consumption unless it were constantly recruited by new supplies.

But everything must have a beginning. A rock emerges from the sea so wave-polished, that not even the seed of a moss could vegetate upon it. But if mosses cannot, certain of the liverworts can, deriving their support principally from the rain and air. These crustaceous liverworts die and turn into a very fine earth, in which the imbricated liverworts find room enough for their roots. Their death-turn comes, and they are reduced to mould. Then follow the mosses finding a home and nourishment. They await the inevitable hour, and in their decay afford such a supply of new formed mould, that

first herbs, then shrubs, and lastly trees, in the fulness of time, have ample room and verge enough to strike their roots into the rich soil.

How often do we see the hawthorn — with his locks of silver gray, Where like an aged man he stands at break of day, beset with lichens and mosses. They are the first agents of destruction, and are quickly succeeded by more rapid executioners. Biberg has not forgotten this, and points out how trees when they are worn out, dry, or cut down, are prevented from long remaining useless to the world, and lying as it were melancholy spectacles. First, the liverworts begin to strike root in them. Those parasites decay, and the fungi then assist in the work of corruption. A host of insects, among which the beetle called the *dermestes*, the musk-beetle, the copper-tale beetle, and the great caterpillar of the cossus, are pre-eminent, detach the bark from the withered trunk, or bore the stem in all directions. Then come the woodpeckers, and while they tap the hollow tree, wear its corrupted substance away; till the whole passes into earth.* Such industry, adds Biberg, does nature use to destroy the trunk of a tree.

But we must quit this fascinating subject at the very commencement, to consider some of the industrious agents employed in this work of ridding the earth from its encumbrances, and turn again to Acheta, who, no less fascinating, opens her third series with a scene in which the 'Lovers of pleasure' are revelling.

These, however, are all employed in keeping down a too great luxuriance. That tapster, the tree-hopper,† and the grasshopper, sing or rather play at their work of destruction; for though of both it may be truly said that they are

Fed with nourishment divine,

The dewy morning's gentle wine,
'the one from the emerald salver of a leaf, the other from the golden chalice of a buttercup,' they require and consume something more sub-

* Wood immersed in water is equally liable to destruction, as the shipman and engineers know to their cost. The teredo, pholas, and other boring molluscs, soon perform the work of disintegration.

† Some cicadæ are said to bore holes in the bark of the Sicilian ash-trees, and when the manna has oozed out, to return and carry away the same. Hence their specific name, *mannafera*.

stantial, vegetarians though they be. Look at that grasshopper, if you can steal near enough to catch him at his meal—no easy task—observe

— the juicy leaf to which he clings,
And gnaws it like a file;
The naked stalks which wither by
Where he has been erewhile.

Both are instrumental performers. The cicada, which the Athenian or Arcadian wore in his hair as a symbol that the insect like himself was a child of the sacred soil of his fatherland, or peradventure as a sly hint to his better half,* is the louder of the two, and, indeed, Dr. Shaw and others, somewhat discourteously, and not very physiologically, have called this performer 'the squaller.' Acheta, herself, who is more free from the acerbity of criticism than most of those who stain paper with ink, describes our own grasshopper as a shepherd with his Pandean reeds, or pipe and tabor, and the tree-hopper as a deafening bagpiper, whose shrill clamour is audible at a mile's distance.

These performers are not only fit for playing a part in the great opera of Nature, but for executing a grand *pas* in the ballet. In this saltatory department, the foreigner, though no mean dancer, must yield to our verdant native, who, gifted with legs far more lithe and muscular, can execute a vault two hundred times his own length, a feat that would puzzle M. Charles, and even St. Leon himself.

We call the cicada of the ancients a foreigner, for though it has been seen in England, and has a place among our insects, it is very rare with us. But those who would like to know the form of that Grecian τέττιξ may easily satisfy themselves by using their eyes in a country walk in the pretty spring time.

Who has not noticed, about the time of the cuckoo's welcome advent, the leaves of hawthorn, hazel, woodbine—the leaves, in short, of almost every common shrub and plant in hedge and garden—beginning to be besprinkled with frothy masses, which they know, probably, by the familiar appellation of

'cuckoo-spit'? Pinning on this *name* their faith as to its *nature*, few people, perhaps, have ever taken the trouble to ascertain, as to the latter, the accuracy of their notions. Let such do so now by examination for themselves, and they will find, imbedded in the centre of each frothy '*flocon*,' a little green, black-eyed insect,† from whose body the froth is none other than a secretion, intended, it would seem, to cover and protect its wingless infancy. If removed by violence, this frothy veil is gradually renewed; but as its little wearer approaches maturity, it becomes curtailed and thinner. Then is our time if we wish to acquire from this Tom Thumb of tree-hoppers some slender notion of his comparatively gigantic relative, the Grecian Singer, to pluck him, with leaf and branch, from his native tree, and set him up under a glass for inspection or exhibition. The veil of froth having shrunk to a film, we shall then discern, as each part of the insect emerges from a previous skin, first, a large, flat, frog-shaped head, with eyes set wide apart; then a triangular neck- or shoulder-piece, flanked by small protuberances, which might seem apologies for wings; and, lastly, a short, annulated body, pointed at the extremity. Six legs, of which the hinder pair, more strong and lengthy than their fellows, bespeak endowments of a leaping character, will complete, to all appearance, the somewhat grotesque figure of our little tree-hopper, or frog-hopper, as he is more generally called. But, though thus unveiled and thus uncased (his skin, perfect even to the legs, left behind him in silvery emptiness, like a shadow of his former self), we shall yet have to wait a little longer before we can behold him altogether a thing complete. He lacks not wings, only his wings want expansion; but, after about ten minutes, occupied in their unfolding from out the little shoulder-knots which yet encase them, will appear, in readiness for flight, two large transparent pinions, defended outwardly by a pair of less delicate texture. When the latter have put on their colours, most often variegated brown and white, behold a final and ample finish to the exterior of our frog-hopper, who, as soon as released from crystal durandee, will afford, in an agile spring, half-flight, half-leap, an ocular demonstration of the fitness of his name.

Those who have come across the

* Happy the cicadas' lives,
Since they all have voiceless wives.

† *Tettigonia*, or *Cicada spumaria*, Cuckoo-spit Frog-hopper.

large green grasshopper* in some moist valley, and have had opportunities of studying its habits, believe that it occasionally varies its diet. Our great green friend, though grass is its staple, is more than suspected of snapping up small insects, as all grasshoppers are, now and then.

Grasshoppers are, decidedly, croppers of the grass; but we are assured, on good authority, that they now and then are nothing scrupulous in the variation of such Brahminian fare, by taking, as a relish, some innocent little insect of a kind differing from themselves; still worse, that when made fellow prisoners (hard pressed by hunger or confinement), they have been known to commit the cannibal enormity of devouring one another—an example being given wherein one of the gentler sex (which, by the way, among insects is usually the fiercer) was the doer of the deed. But, worst of all!—horror of horrors!—we have it on excellent evidence, how that a certain great green grasshopper (one of the sort just described) on being bottled up together with his own leg (accidentally detached), did make a hearty meal off that late portion of himself. The reverend naturalist by whom this unnatural act is recorded, performed, himself, what in some prejudiced opinions might appear a crowning feat of horror. He followed the example of the *Acridophagi*, and pronounced, on experience, the large green grasshopper of England to be ‘an excellent condiment.’

When left to themselves, these merry fellows go on eating, drinking, and playing on their musical instruments, till the scythe and the sickle come down upon them, and their place knoweth them no more.

The crickets domestic, field and mole, follow. Of these *Achetidæ* the mole is the rarest and most curious. Read good Dr. Kidd’s anatomy of him, and see how wonderfully he is made. Difficult is he to be got at in his subterranean dwelling. The delightful author of the *Natural History of Selborne* probed the windings of their penitentialia with a straw, or a pliant bit of grass. The French children are said to angle for them with horse-hair lines, baited with an emmet; but we have found a cold bath, administered by pouring water into their holes,

rarely fail in bringing them out. Whether the mole-cricket be luminous or not, we cannot positively say; but erratic night lights have been seen in the neighbourhood of his haunts, hardly to be accounted for naturally by any other supposition.

Of the *Locustidæ* we fortunately know little as depredators, though the great migratory locust has occasionally appeared in these islands, as well as in the environs of Paris, and in Southern Europe. But let us with *Acheta* follow rapidly a locust march of destruction:—

Let us see their troops in terrible array (though as yet in their wingless youth), pressing forwards—forwards—running like mighty men—climbing the wall like men of war—marching every one on his ways, and not breaking their ranks†—entering houses—filling up streams and water-trenches, the dead bodies of their vanguard serving as bridges for the rear of their army to pass over—and putting out fires lighted in vain to oppose their progress. A temporary halt ensues; then, in a more perfect form—still of destructiveness—the now winged legions rise, darkening the sun, and again forwards—forwards with the wind—rapidly pursue their course, ‘the land as the garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness.’‡ On, on they go, seeming to follow only the instinct of their own voracious appetites or the force of the driving wind; but an unseen power—the power that guides alike the sweeping whirlwind and the puny insect—is conducting their course, and leading them to self-destruction. Impelled seawards, they fall, and perish in the waters.

Turn we now to the chapter on the lethal ‘Parasites.’ Their name in the insect, as well as in the moral world, is legion; and their value as checks to caterpillar-devastation may be imagined, when we reckon in Europe alone thirteen hundred species of these Ichneumon flies, some of them so minute that the egg of a butterfly suffices for the support of two individuals until they reach maturity, while others are so large, that the body of a good plump, full-grown caterpillar is not more than sufficient for one. There is something amusing in the idea of the two chums who find board and lodging in the same Lilliputian re-

* *Acrida viridissima*.

† Joel, ii. 7.

‡ Joel, ii. 3.

ceptacle; but Bonnet asserts that the same confined accommodation shelters and feeds several of these tiny interlopers.

These insect-cuckoos stand indicted with lazily, intrusively, dishonestly, cruelly, and with malice aforethought, depositing their eggs not only within the egg-shell of strangers, but within their bodies, either in their infancy, or when they have attained the maturity of grubhood.

Mark how one of these cuckoo-flies is fitted out for her deadly commission:—

For execution of these her nefarious practices, the female ichneumon is provided with a very conspicuous instrument, tail-like, seeming composed sometimes of one, sometimes of three divergent hairs, but consisting, in fact, of a single ovipositor, or borer, with a sheath longitudinally divided, and opening like a pair of compasses. The nicest adaptation marks this curious instrument, which, according to the different species and habits of its possessor, is employed to pierce, sometimes only an exposed egg, sometimes the skin of a grub, caterpillar, or chrysalis, and sometimes through defences strong and deep, coverings of silk, or wood, or clay; and, according to these varied requisitions, it is shorter or longer, thinner or thicker, stiffer or more pliant. In one large and common ichneumon,* easily known by her black body, red legs, and smoke-coloured wings, spotted at the base, this tail-like appendage reaches unto *inches*, sometimes nearly three—a length, extreme, as longer than the body, but not *superfluous*, seeing that its office is often to penetrate, and that through a barrier of clay, down to the very bottom of deep nest-holes in walls or sand-banks, those, usually, of the mason wasp, wherein, to the destruction of the hapless nestling, its rightful occupant, it leaves behind the fatal deposit of a parasitic egg.

Observe Mother Ichneumon's *modus operandi* upon the large white.†

While stuffing its variegated doublet of green, black, and yellow with vegetable pulp, a small ichneumon, a little four-winged imp, with black body and yellow legs, pounces on its back, flourishes her tremendous egg-inserting weapon, and seeking therewith the caterpillar's most vulnerable part, plunges it, now here, now there, between its rings, leaving, with every puncture, a 'thorn in the flesh,' soon to

be the living prey of a brood of devourers.

The victim of this infliction bears all with a most astonishing degree of quietude; and, without any outward signs of the visitation which has befallen it, continues to discuss its cabbage with apparently the same relish as before, and utterly unconscious that, while seeming to feed only itself, it is in reality supporting the surreptitious progeny which Mother Ichneumon has so cunningly committed to its involuntary keeping.

Thus strangely supported, the infant or grub cuckoo-flies attain their growth, and so, to all appearance, does their unfortunate fosterer, the caterpillar. According to instinctive custom, the latter, then deserting its cabbage, betakes itself, perhaps in July or August, to the sheltering coping of a garden wall, or cross-bar of a paling; places where, in the common course of nature, it is accustomed to discard the caterpillar and put on the chrysalis form. But Nature has, in this case, been overruled (we may be certain, as always, by the wise permission of her Great Master), the tiny ichneumon having been employed as the agent of her defeat.

We have happened, perhaps, to see a caterpillar visited as just described, ascend its wall or paling. In a day or two, perhaps in a few hours, we see it again, still a caterpillar, and alive, but reduced almost to an empty skin, while heaped around it is a mass of little oval cocoons of yellow silk. By some people these might be taken for the caterpillar's eggs; by others, for a specimen of its own spinning; and they might suppose, moreover, that it had worked so hard as well-nigh to work itself to death; but no such thing—the yellow silken cases have been spun by the little brood of parasites, which, having simultaneously deserted the poor, shrunken body of their fosterer, have thus shrouded themselves for safe attainment of the winged perfection which she (poor blighted promise of a butterfly!) is never to attain.

One law by which the ichneumon-flies, or rather grubs, are governed, is as curious as it is infallible. The grub continues to devour the substance of the caterpillar, carefully abstaining from any vital part of the devoted being, whose *living* juices are necessary for the support of its undermining parasite.

But the ichneumons are not the only checks ordained to thin the butterfly hosts. Hear Acheta's evidence:—

During last August, we had six of the golden chrysalides of the little tortoiseshell butterfly all suspended to a cluster of nettles which we had planted in a flower-pot for the provision of their caterpillars. From two of the number appeared duly, in all their bright array of black and scarlet, blue and gold, the insects to be naturally expected; from the third issued a brood of small ichneumons. Of the fourth, fifth, and sixth, the 'gold coats' assumed a questionable blackness, and being hence led to examine how they might be filled, we found, instead of the wrinkled wings and folded members of butterfly occupants, three little brown barrels within each, which we presently recognised for the pupæ of two-winged flies, and from these accordingly came forth nine as ordinary-looking little animals of that description as were ever set eyes on, buzzing in a window,—distinguished, however, by their parasitic origin from the household herd.

Nor are the *Lepidoptera* the only objects of these parasitic attacks—their own order, *Hymenoptera*, is assailed by the ichneumons, as the mason-wasp, deep as its nest-hole is, knows to its cost. Nay, there is a parasitic wasp appointed to sponge upon the carpenter-bee, whose industrious care is often rendered nugatory by the malevolent cunning of the invader:—

The waspish lady (in this case the aggressor) is, however, we can tell you, Reader, a wasp of no common order; but one which, for beauty and splendour, has never met her match in the waspish world, nor her superior, perhaps, in the whole world of British insects. You must surely have sometimes seen her, a perfect living jewel as she is! with head, breast, and shoulders all thickly set with emeralds, outshone only by the ruby-red and burnished gold which mingle in her fiery tail. You must have seen, and certainly have noted, such a notable as this, when alighted, according to her wont, in the hottest summer sunshine, upon posts and railings; but you may not know her by the names either of '*Chrysis*,' of '*Golden Wasp*,' or of '*Ruby-tail Fly*;' or even if you know her names, you may not be acquainted with her business—her business, that is, upon posts and railings. Never suppose that she so often visits these uninviting flowerless, dry localities, merely to bask in the sultry sunbeams, or challenge them to outshine her golden splendour. No; this creature, in her glorious array, is bent on glorious mischief. You may, one day, happen to perceive, on the same post as that chosen for her station by the golden wasp, a hole bored in the

wood, and you may also possibly see its borer, in the shape of a little bee mother, of the carpenter craft, who with infinite pains and labour has chiselled out with her jaws a nursery tunnel, divided it into cells, and stored it with provision for her young. But, ah! that bejewelled, ruby-tailed pryer has also watched her in her tender labours, which she will take good care to convert, if possible, to the benefit of her own waspish offspring. Only behold her (like a fiend in angel's guise) lurking to effect her purpose. She has deserted her sunny post, and hides her glittering form under the covert of some neighbouring leaves,—her glowing eyes fixed, though, all the while, upon the nest of her humble cousin bee. She has seen her return, her thighs laden with the golden pollen which she has been collecting for her nestlings' store; but still it wants completion, and she (poor busy mother!), meaning shortly to return, repairs once more to a neighbouring garden, to load herself again with sweet provision. But no sooner does she issue from her nest-hole, than the wily parasite darts from behind her screen, her dazzling body and glittering wings flash for a moment in the sun, then suddenly are lost in the dark perforation of the tunnelled bee's nest. Woe then to its hapless tenants! They may feast awhile upon the sweets provided by maternal care; but they will feast and fatten only to be devoured by a grub of the golden wasp, who, in her visit to their nest (fatal as it is brief), has deposited an egg or eggs, from whence will issue all this murderous mischief.

Those who relish a churchyard story, and doubt the luminosity of the mole-cricket, will find amusement in the chapter headed, '*Jack O'Lantern in armour, or Tombstone Tim*.' But the '*instincts of maternity*' call us, and we obey.

Among the nurseries of these insect-mothers, that of the poppy-bee stands pre-eminent. Rennie shall describe her imperial nursery-chamber, rich with scarlet hangings:

One of these holes is about three inches deep, gradually widening as it descends, till it assumes the form of a small Florence flask. The interior of this excavation is rendered smooth, uniform, and polished, in order to adapt it to the tapestry with which it is intended to be hung, and which is the next step in the process.

The material used for tapestry by this insect upholsterer is supplied by the flower-leaves of the scarlet field-poppy, from which she successively cuts off

small oval pieces, seizes them between her legs, and conveys them to the nest. She begins her work at the bottom, which she overlays with three or four leaves in thickness, and the sides have never less than two. When she finds that the piece she has brought is too large to fit the place intended, she cuts off what is superfluous, and carries away the shreds. By cutting the fresh petal of a poppy with a pair of scissors, we may perceive the difficulty of keeping the piece free from wrinkles and shrivelling; but the bee knows how to spread the pieces which she uses as smooth as glass.

When she has in this manner hung the little chamber round with this splendid scarlet tapestry, of which she is not sparing, but extends it even beyond the entrance, she then fills it with the pollen of flowers mixed with honey, to the height of about half an inch. In this magazine of provisions for her future progeny she lays an egg, and, over it, folds down the tapestry of poppy petals from above. The upper part is then filled in with earth.*

Such an insect baby-house may be difficult to find in Queen Victoria's homedominions: though the eloquent author last quoted seems almost certain that he has seen the poppy-bee's nests in Scotland. Those astute and accurate sages, Kirby and Spence, however, doubt whether they are ever found in Britain. But we need not leave our own green isles for specimens of the craft of one of the most ingenious of these leaf-cutting upholsterers. How often from June to August do we find on our rose-trees leaves out of which one or more pieces have been circularly or ovally cut with as much precision as a pair of scissors, guided by a human hand, could have performed the operation. With these pieces the leaf-cutter bee lines in her hole in the ground, in a post, or in a wall, several cells of the shape and about the size of a thimble, inserted successively the one into the bottom of the other. From nine to twelve pieces of leaf are required for the completion of a single cell. As each is finished, Mother Bee stores with it a rose-coloured conserve, made of pollen and honey, rich as ever red-tipped humble-bee collected from the top of a thistle. She then deposits the egg from which is to spring

the consumer of this magazine of sweets, and covers in the whole with three more pieces of leaf cut in a faultless circle—a pair of compasses could not describe one better—leaving room above the cover for the insertion of the succeeding cell. No wonder that the poor gardener whose story was told in our last paper, came to the conclusion that some witch had wrought and concatenated the work.

Bee carpenters, bee masons, and bee miners, all ply their tasks with maternal views. Nor are they without their parallels in the wasp tribe; but the ogress of a wasp-mother, instead of pollen, usually provides a larder of flies or gnats, and sometimes, as in the case of the mason-wasp, coops up a string of living caterpillars, or a brace or two of live spiders.

On these, the number of which is nicely calculated to meet his wants, the young cannibal is nourished up to perfect wasp-hood, unless, spite of his mother's labours so cunningly protective, he himself fall a prey to the usurping off-spring of some ichneumon fly, who, more clever still, has contrived, cuckoo-like, to lay her egg within the nest he occupies.

One species of mason wasp, mentioned by Bonnet, approaches nearer than any of the above to the feathered race in her mode of supplying her young, for instead of enclosing at once within her nursery larder a store sufficient to supply the future exigencies of its inmate, she, from time to time, carries thither a living caterpillar, opening and reclosing the nest for her entrance and exit.

Acheta considers the prospective skill and care of solitary bees and wasps and similar maternal architects, as entirely of an instinctive character; but assigns one of a higher description to certain other features of insect maternity. The *στροφή* of insects, as in mammiferous animals, is developed even more strongly in the predatory races, than in the mild and gentle tribes. The cruel spider, the devouring water-scorpion, the murderous wasp, and the occasionally cannibal carwig, are noticed as fully bearing out that assertion. (p. 91.)

It might not, we agree, excite our wonder, to find the large mealy wings of the soft and beautiful butterfly,

or those of the downy moth, spread dove-like over their eggs or young broods to hatch or cherish them, though we must look elsewhere among insects for those hen-like propensities. We also grant that those butterflies and moths are not without their maternal instincts, but we do not share in Aetheta's wonder, that the butterfly should desert 'her delicate repast among the flowers, to deposit her eggs on the (to herself) uninviting cabbage which is to support her progeny.' Nature has so wisely accompanied every act connected with the continuation of the species with pleasure—except that to which the primæval curse clings, and even that curse is softened into a blessing, that we doubt whether the perfume of the most delicious floral nectar and ambrosia is more inviting to the butterfly in the morning of her winged existence, than the odour of cabbage for which she longs in the gravid evening of her days.

The gipsy and gold-tail moths, will, like the duck, strip the down from their body to defend from the winter's cold, the brood which the insect-mothers will never behold; but if we would seek for a parallel to that pattern of motherly love and perseverance, a sitting hen, we must turn our eyes to the florist's worst enemy. The harsh, wiry, lengthy earwig sits upon her eggs, guarding them with the greatest care. Inade her nest and scatter them, she will collect them again, and then resume and maintain her sitting. Her nestlings when hatched, creep under her as chickens creep under a hen, and are sometimes brooded over by her for hours.

All this has been observed and noted by De Geer and others, and Aetheta had an opportunity of watching one of these insect Partlets which had been transported from her nest behind a stone, with half-a-dozen of her still white progeny into the translucent prison of an inverted glass. A blossom of daudelon was

introduced, and Mother Earwig was seen to commence at once upon one of the yellow petals, the bitten edge of which was directly afterwards attacked by the tender jaws of one of her brood. The field bug is said to lead her large family of thirty or forty abroad as a hen does her chicks. Where she goes, there they must be, and where she stops, they assemble in a cluster around her: as for the water-scorpion, she never leaves her eggs for a moment, but always carries them in a cluster upon her back. Kirby will tell you, and you may easily yourself of the fact, that no miser clings to his treasure with more solicitude than a species of spider common under clods of earth, to the silken bag that contains her eggs. 'She carries it with her everywhere. If you deprive her of it, she makes the most strenuous efforts for its recovery. If you restore it, her actions demonstrate her joy. She seizes it, and with the utmost agility runs off with it to a place of security. When the proper time arrives, she makes an opening in the bag for the young to come forth, when they run in clusters on her back and legs; she carries them about with her, and feeds them till able to help themselves.' The American opossum takes no better care of her much-loved young, nor carries them on her back more cleverly or tenderly than this despised insect.

Bonnet put one of these Arachnian mothers to a severe test. He threw her into the pit of a large ant-lion. The ogre seized her bag, but she held on till its fastening gave way, and then regained it with her jaws, but his superior strength prevailed, and he pulled it into his sand-pit, into which rather than forsake her treasure, she suffered herself to be dragged also. Then Bonnet forced her from it; but, though repeatedly pulled away, she would not leave the spot.

And now Sir Cranion,* for you and your family; whether you rather rejoice in the name of crane-fly, tailor,

* Cranion, in the fairy tongue, appears to be the appellation of this fly.

Four nimble quarts the horses were,
Their harness of gossamere,
Fly Cranion her charioteer,

Upon the coach-box getting;—DRAYTON.

Mortals, too, have been made to talk of 'Sir Cranion legs.' Poor Dikey Suett—
'Oh, la!'—spindled through the world upon extremities of that description.

or daddy longlegs, and your lady in the humble appellation of Jenny Spinner, or choose to wrap yourself in the dignity of your Linnaean title, *Tipula*. Oh, thou destroyer of grass in thy grubhood, and pertinacious flier into candle-flame, when, like an ancient beau, thou hast come to what should be years of discretion—thou who leavest, apparently without pain or sorrow, two or three of thy spindleshanks in my hand as I endeavour to save thee from a fiery death, by carrying thee to the open window, and then closing it against thy reiterated insane suttee attempts with those two or three legs minus—what shall I say of thee that is not far better said by Acheta, who will lay open to you, gentle reader, all the mysteries of this grass and wheat destroying clan.

In the chapter on the 'Scarabæus and its modern worshippers,' Acheta is rather hard upon the devotees of Mammou—'muckworms and scarabs bred in the dung of peace'—and would lower Gresham's grasshopper, now registering the wind on the Royal Exchange, to hoist in its stead the churchyard beetle* as the vane of the 'Bourse,' that the anxious merchant may be reminded of the sure ship, death; for a passage by which, sooner or later, he is booked. But such mementoes soon cease to have more effect upon the human biped, than the stuffed figure, or 'dudman,' as it is called in some counties, has upon the birds in the arable fields. The Egyptian never drank one cup the less, nor with bated relish, on account of the presence of the ghastly† guest, all stiff and stark, that regularly appeared at the banquet to remind him of his mortality. Nay, after a sufficient acquaintance with the defunct monitor, he seems to have been stimulated to greater enjoyment:

Do not then when I am dead,
Flowers and wines and odours shed—
Rather in these present hours,
Bring your odours, wines, and flow'rs.

But of all the beetles, sacred or profane, commend us to those industrious undertakers, the burying beetles.† *Gleditsch*, who had laid some dead moles upon the beds in

his garden, whether as examples of retributive justice for their defacement of his borders and walks, or for other good and sufficient reasons, or for none at all, does not appear, observed that the bodies of the little gentlemen in velvet disappeared mysteriously. He watched, and found that the agents were beetles, which, having first deposited their eggs in the carcasses that were to be the provision for their larvæ, buried the bodies, so that they might be safe from predatory birds and quadrupeds. Into a glass vessel he put four of these insects, having half filled it with earth, on the surface of which he placed two dead frogs. His sextons went to work, and one frog was interred in less than twelve hours—the other on the third day. Then he introduced a dead linnet. The beetles soon began their labours, commencing operations by removing the earth from under the body, so as to form a cavity for its reception. Male and female got under the corpse and pulled away at the feathers to lower it into its grave. A change then came over the spirit of the male, for he drove the female away, and worked by himself for five hours at a stretch. He lifted the body, changed its position, turned and arranged it, coming out of the hole, mounting on the dead bird, trampling on it, and then again going below to draw it down deeper and deeper still. Wearied with his incessant efforts, he came out and laid his head upon the earth beside the object of his labours, remaining motionless for a full hour, as if for a good rest. Then he crept under the earth again. On the morning of the next day, the bird was an inch-and-a-half below the surface of the ground, but the trench remained open, the body looking as if laid out upon a bier, surrounded by a rampart of mould. When evening came, it had sunk half-an-inch lower. The next day the burial was completed, the bird having been completely covered. More corpses were now supplied, and in fifty days, twelve bodies were interred by the four beetles in this cemetery under a glass-case.

Acheta winds up her *Scarabæus* chapter by a general and conclusive

* *Blaps mortisaga*.

† *Necrophorus vespillo*.

view of the worshipful company of beetle-scavengers, and the benefits conferred by them on mankind.

We must have seen already the importance of their operations, even as we have slightly sketched only a few of them, and as performed only on the narrow theatre of our native soil, and must have noticed also the wondrous order observable in their sanitary works. But it is requisite to look further—to cast a glance over the whole habitable globe—before we can perceive, in anything like its true extent, the magnitude and method of insect agency,—that, especially, of beetles, as assistant to carrion birds in the business of removing offensive objects. In this survey there becomes apparent one beneficent provision of Nature (more properly of Nature's God), which cannot but excite our admiration,—that, namely, of the geographical distribution of insect scavengers, as observed always to be in exact accordance with the need for their services. In temperate climates, where decomposition from atmospheric causes moves at so slow a rate as to require adventitious aid, their number is large; in hot and arid atmospheres, as in the Pampas of South America, where a carcase becomes dry almost before putrefaction, and where travellers can make a fire of a dead horse, they are comparatively rare.

But there are, it would seem, some of the sepulchral fraternity, who do not wait till death has done his work before they begin theirs. The author of the *Voyage to the Mauritius* paints the following scene with his pen:—

Although cockroaches abounded inconveniently at the Mauritius, it was not without pity that I saw them consigned, as they frequently were, to a living grave, by a wicked-looking insect much resembling a Spanish fly. It was impossible to witness his proceedings, combined with his glittering blue and green dress, without imagining the elfish demon of a pantomime leading an innocent victim to perpetual entombment in some haunted cavern. Let the cockroach be moving never so briskly across the wall, he has no sooner caught sight of the fatal insect—not a quarter of his size—not all energy leaves him, and he stands stupidly resigned. The fly then walks up to him, looks him hard in the face, and presently, putting forth some apparatus which stands him in place of a finger and thumb, gently takes the cockroach by

the nose, and leads him daintily along for a foot or two. Leaving him there, he commences a thorough examination of the neighbourhood, beating the ground up and down like a well-trained setter, and not finding what he wants, returns to the cockroach and leads him on a little further, when the same process is gone through, sometimes for hours, till the whole wall has been examined. Chinks there are in plenty, but they do not suit him; he has taken the measure of the victim's bulk, and means to lodge him commodiously. Presently a suitable hole is found, and the fly, moving backward, gently pulls the cockroach after him into his last home. What horrors are perpetrated in this dark recess cannot be more than surmised. The object undoubtedly is to engage him as a wet-nurse. No doubt the poor cockroach is bored in some part not vital, and eggs laid in him; a purpose, indeed, for which his succulent and motherly frame seems peculiarly adapted. And, not improbably, during this vicarious incubation, he is supplied with food, until the young, of whom he is pregnant, being hatched, commence, in return for his services, to 'gaww his bowels, their repast.' It is in vain that during the scene above described you urge the cockroach to seek safety in flight. The poke of a stick is disregarded; he seems dead to all hints; nay, move him to another part of the wall, he waits there with the same stolid indifference the return of his tormentor. Probably a sly thrust is given him in the first meeting of noses, or some 'leprous distilment' dropped in his ear; for he has entirely the air of being hoecussed.

But hark to the wailing sound in the air. The insect dirge-players, fit minstrels for

— the dark midnight hour, when bad spirits have power,
are upon us with their mortuary music for a dance of death, where
Phantoms foot it to the death-watch drum,
and the tune of that Benshee, the death's-head moth.*

Come, Atropos, I say!—

By thy visage fierce and black,
By the death's head on thy back.

Ah! time was when thy advent perplex'd nations with fear; but the well-sifted case of Science v. Superstition has told upon thy terrifying power, and it is only in some quiet nook, as yet undisturbed by the

* *Acherontia atropos*.

tramp of the thundering locomotive, and the ear-piercing shriek of its whistle, that thy appearance and cry, not unlike that of a feeble infant, are regarded as the harbingers of pestilence and general calamity.

Yes, it cannot be denied that a whole convent of nuns were at their wit's end with terror by the apparition of one of these ominous fliers in darkness. Nay, no longer ago than the year 1730 a curé of Bretagne improved the occasion of its appearance by impressing on his flock the terrors of which this mournful messenger—'*revêtu de tout ce qu'une pompe funèbre offre de plus triste, with pinions marquetées comme une espèce de drap mortuaire*'—was the outward and visible sign. So deleterious was it considered in the Isle of France, that there, if we are to believe St. Pierre, the dust scattered from its wings as it flitted through a room was surely held to cause blindness.

• Let not the educated bigots who kiss the plial containing the blood of St. Januarius with base rapture, smile at the holy horror of the nun or peasant who shuddered at the shrill warning of the death's-head moth. Their prostration of soul, if they be sincere, is inetrable. We quite agree with Acheta, however, that it was impossible for those who lived in the days of Réaumur not to have been comparatively enlightened as to the natural causes which produced the so-called shower of blood at Aix in 1608, and to which we have alluded in a former number:—

But nothing made these tyrants of the soul more angry than the boldness of advancing science, threatening, as it did, to rob them of a monopoly of bugbears, sprung of ignorance,—to wrench from their grasp a variety of rusty weapons, such as they had been used to wield for the subjugation of minds yet darker than their own. Thus wrote, in 1735, the journalists of Trevoux, in comment on another shower of sanguine hue, like the one of 1608, and occasioned, like that, by discharges from butterflies on emergence from their chrysalides. '*Le public a toujours droit de s'alarmer; il est coupable: et tout ce qui lui rappelle l'idée d'un Dieu vengeur n'est jamais un sujet faux, de quelque ignorance philosophique qu'il soit accompagné.*' Truly a precious doctrine of darkness and dis-

tortion! and who can read it without being thankful that with us, at least, the reign of superstition, as a reign of terror, is near its close? Some superstitions one may venerate, others one can scarce help loving; but such as the above—such as would derive, even from the most beautiful and innocent of God's creatures, ideas of an avenging Deity, instead of an all-merciful and beneficent Creator—thank Heaven, such *incubi* have nearly taken flight!

And now for the description of this gigantic Sphinx, the 'wandering bird' of Poland; and bird-like in size it is:—

In the upper wings, which, when expanded, cover an extent of nearly five inches, the prevailing hues are very dark, but elegantly disposed in waves and shades of brown and black, broken by a few lighter clouds, and one small white spot near the centre. The secondary pinions, of less sombre colouring, are of a deep ochreous yellow, barred with black; a livery in which the massive body is also attired. The head and thorax are dark, and it is on the back of the latter that the insect bears its dreaded badge, the death's head, to which it owes its name, figured in yellowish grey upon a sable ground.

Such is the insect whose cry confirms the supernatural character with which it has been invested. Loud, shrill, and wailing, it well fits the character of the grinning skull impressed upon its scapulary, and the sombre hues of the tabard of this boding herald. Its loud lament seldom ceases. Réaumur will assure you that when shut up in a box, it cries; when caught, it cries; and when held between the fingers, it never ceases crying.

But how is the cry produced? Ay—who shall decide, when doctors so completely differ? One will tell you, that it comes from the body; another, that it is emitted by friction of the chest upon the abdomen, the wings having nothing to do with the sound; a third finds, or thinks he finds, the noise in a pair of scales at the base of the wings, played upon by the action of the pinions themselves. Passerini, Duacril, and others, declare that the origin of the sound is in the interior of the head, from which, one says, that the sound continues to proceed after separation from the body—after the fashion of the severed heads in the

Mille et une Fantômes of A. Dumas. Réaumur, too, placed the seat of sound in the sphinx's upper story, considering that the immediate source was the friction of the palpi against the tongue.

Mr. Denny is of opinion that the organs producing the melancholy strain are two large, moveable, horny scales, at the bases of the upper wings, fixed on the thorax, and covering each a small aperture, which is also a horny substance. It is declared that, during the emission of the sound, they only are in a state of strong vibration, while all the other parts of the insect may be at rest.

But if the superstitious of the olden time had been aware of another of its peculiarities, they would have undoubtedly added it to the catalogue of its funereal characteristics. The chrysalis is always buried in the earth, and Mr. Curtis saw one bursting its cerements. It was enveloped to the head, limbs, and antennæ, by a fine membrane like tissue paper, which dropped as these gradually unfolded from its shrouded body. When it first emerged, the wings were not larger than a human finger-nail. The insect placed itself in a position to favour their hanging down, their injection was soon completed, and, in two hours, they were perfectly expanded.

The caterpillar is of goodly size, and its brilliant yellow and green colouring strongly contrasts with the lugubrious livery of the perfect insect. Even in this state it is said to have a voice, or, at all events, the power of emitting sound. If disturbed, it draws back rapidly, and makes a loud noise, which has been compared to the crackle of an electric spark. Jasmine, hemp, elder, and woody nightshade, are among its esculents; and Mr. Denny took twenty off a tea-tree, growing on the top of a house at the back of Downing-terrace. All these he reared, and splendid sphinxes did they become. But it is to the potato, probably, now as generally diffused as it was formerly neglected,—in France especially, till Louis XV. appeared in the midst of his court with a bouquet of its flowers,—that we principally owe the comparative increase of the numbers of this insect, now no longer

rare; though not easily found. For, during the day, the caterpillars take refuge from the burning rays of the sun and the watchful ichneumon-flies, not merely under the leaves of the plants on which they feed, but in the ground itself. To the same earthy bed they retire towards the end of August or beginning of September, doffing their gaily-coloured coats for the sombre chrysalidian attire of the grave, from which they emerge in the autumn to be a real terror to bee-masters.

Hence this terrible sphinx derives one of the appellations in which he rejoices; and we will now watch the movements of this 'bee-tiger.' Look at his short, stiff pump, so unlike the long, pliant sucker of the other sphinxes. 'This,' as poor Mathews used to say in his inimitable portrait of the showman in *Bartlemy Fair*,—'This is what the vulgar calls the trunk, but we call the preposterous:' and with this proboscis—not, perhaps, very convenient for extracting the pure nectar of flowers, but admirably adapted for pumping up honey,—he makes no small havoc in the hive.

The bold burglar, trusting to his courage and the paralysing power of his formidable voice, braves the dangers of all the poisoned daggers of the terrified household. His approach to a hive by twilight, or the glow of a harvest moon, and the consequent alarm and commotion are vividly described in the first part of these *Episodes*. (p. 308.)

'Tick, tick, tick, tick'—ever and anon, and not even interrupted by the bell of the old manor-house clock beating 'one!' Whence does it come? From the watch-pocket of that grim old portrait of the squire, or from the girdle of that ghostly-looking lady in the sacque? 'Tap, tap, tap, tap'—has the demon drummer left Tedworth to take up his quarters here?

No; this death-watch and that drummer are beating a call upon the old waincoat to their mates, and if you listen attentively, you will hear them from May to October, by day as well as by night.

There are various species of these ticking, or more properly beating, beetles, of the genus *Anobium*, of which a marked characteristic is the conceal-

ment, nearly, of the head beneath the thorax. Amongst these, two noted drummers are distinguishable by their uniforms—in other words, by the markings of their wing-cases,—which in one* are striated, in the other† tessellated. Another, of a plain dark brown (*Anobium pertinax*), frequent in holes of old wood, has long been famous for its pertinacity in simulating death, and for displaying a seeming indifference to torture, comparable only to the American Indian. De Geer affirms, upon experiments which it needs not to repeat, that 'you may maim, pull limb from limb, or roast over a slow fire this pertinacious creature, and not a joint will move in token that it suffers. A curious instance, this, of the unconquerable power of an instinct implanted for self-preservation.'

But it must not be supposed that these fear-exciting visitants are harmless: chairs, tables, chests of drawers, wainscot, have been reduced to powder where they abound. They have been formidable even to buildings, by their long-continued depredations. The roof of King's College, Cambridge, was seriously damaged by *Anobium tessellatum*; and Curtis hints that the same species will cut through sheet-lead: he can answer for tin-foil from personal experience. The roof of the venerable hall of Gray's Inn was attacked by some of these borers, but luckily the dust which fell on the floor in consequence of their operations, attracted notice, and the evil was stayed.

Poor insect, what a little day
Of sunny bliss is thine!

Ah, but how long has that insect been living in another state? The great goat-moth‡ flutters for a few weeks only in the summer moonlight, but in its larva and pupa state it has lived three summers and as many winters. Eight or nine successive evenings, in the merry month of May, are as much as are allotted to the cockchafer§ in its winged state, but for four years it carries its destructive work under ground, when the plough and the rook that follows the furrow have not cut its grubhood short. Look at those ephemera dancing up and down in the beams of a sun whose

rising and setting few of them live long enough to see. They have lived for two years in their earth-caverns in the bank of yonder river. And which life is the happiest? Let him who has well tried and weighed the difference between living long and living much, answer.

Réaumur showed what could be done in forwarding insect life and retarding insect death. He enclosed his chrysalids in an egg-shaped glass, and put them under a sitting hen, whose maternal heat hatched them into butterflies in four days, a fortnight being the usual time required for their exclusion. He varnished the skins of other unfortunate chrysalids, and retarded their appearance in the imago state for two months; and thereon built a theory, that the duration of human life might be prolonged by checking perspiration,—suggesting, with a gravity worthy of an entomologist, that the experiment might be tried on condemned criminals. And so much for the amusing chapter on 'Short Lives and long.'

Those who would uphold or deny the luminosity of insects will do well to study the chapter on 'Stars of the earth'—a degree which Acheta has taken away from flowers to confer it on insects; but here is a whole theatre of gymnastics opened before us in the chapter of 'Insect Movements.' Of these, after stating that a dragon-fly has been seen to distance a swallow, we leave Acheta to speak.

In the power of stationary suspension, or hovering in the air, the hawk-tribe has its insect representative in that of the Splinxes or Hawk-moths, which are accustomed, as elsewhere noticed, to hang suspended on quivering wing, while, with their long tongues unfolded, they rifle, like the humming-bird, the sweets of their favourite flowers.

Besides the above, which are seldom abroad except at evening or at early morn, there are to be seen throughout the summer and the livelong summer's day, hovering over flower-borders or flowery hedges, a scattered company of two-winged flies, which, as somewhat resembling, may be taken on a cursory view for four-winged bees. These are the *Syrphii*, whose prowess, while in

* *Anobium striatum*.

‡ *Cossus ligniperda*.

† *A. tessellatum*.

§ *Melolontha vulgaris*.

their grub estate, as clearers of aphid-covered leaves—those especially of the rose-tree—we have celebrated in another place. Contributing thus, through the carnivorous appetite of their growing youth, to the health and preservation of the plant, these aphidivorous flies, in their active and elegant maturity, heighten the beauty of the flower by adding to the number of its prettiest frequenters, as they now hover over the enamelled beds in suspension, seeming motionless, but maintained, in reality, by fast vibration of their pinions—then dart with rapidity to some other wing-poised station.

Contrast with these sylphs—

The great burly body of a humble bee when he is 'tipping freely in a flower;' few would suspect him of out-cutting, when on wing, all the other high-fliers, and swift-fliers, and far-fliers of his order (*Hymenoptera*), including, as it does, all other bees, wasps, ichneumons, and saw-flies. Yet such is his reputation in the field (of air), or in the sporting calendar of the naturalist; and while it outstrips its kind, the humble-bee (by no means humble in this particular) far exceeds, says Kirby, in proportion to its size, the flight of any bird.

Then revel in all the wonders of the 'flight of butterflies,' 'insect swimmers,' 'insect leapers,' which outdo the salmon, 'insect climbers,' 'walking under water' and upon it, to say nothing of the other varied and complicated modes of progression in which insect life rejoices. But always remember that an illustration, even with Acheta, is dangerous, and that though the man may march erect, the monkey, without support, cannot; his whole build forbids it. (p. 178.)

There is a chapter 'For those who are not over-nice,' with a strange tradition of the origin of the insect-preyers upon man, to which we shall only add, that, according to Mr. Curzon, the king of the fleas lives at Tiberias, in the Holy Land; and deputations of illustrious fleas from other countries visit him on a certain day in his palace, situated in the midst of beautiful gardens, under the lake of Genesareth.* Then comes the story of an ogre of an ant-lion, which reminds us that Hasselquist neglected the pyramids to observe the pits of these preda-

tory insects in the sand that surrounds those awful monuments. This, we think, was being entomological over-much.

Unwillingly passing by 'Painting, carving, and gilding;' a most interesting discussion concerning 'Spiders in their analogies with other orders of creation;' and 'A new gallery of practical science,' Acheta's Polytechnic, we come to the consideration of the springs of action that regulate the habits of insects. Do these springs depend upon instinct, reason, or a combination of both? This question, as has been well observed, can never be resolved with absolute certainty, except by the person who should be permitted to reside some time within the head of an animal without assuming its identity. Of some of the senses of insects, we have not the slightest notion. But what shall we call that faculty which is exercised by insects, as well as by other animals, under unusual circumstances, to modify or control them, if we are forbidden to call it reason? The very terms of one of the best definitions of animal instincts proclaim our ignorance. Instincts, according to the acute and venerable Kirby, are unknown faculties implanted in the constitution of animals by their Creator, by which, independent of instruction, observation, or experience, and without a knowledge of the end in view, they are impelled to the performance of certain actions tending to the well-being of the individual and preservation of the species. Addison views instinct as an immediate and constant impulse of the Deity; but we must not forget that there are mistaken instincts, exhibiting an erroneous application of the faculty, as when meat-flies lay their eggs on the flowers of stapelia and other rank vegetable productions. Let Descartes and his followers say what they will, animals cannot be regarded by any close observer as mere machines. Machines to a certain extent they may be, but they are something more.

We will now follow Acheta in a brief review of a few of the workings of the mysterious faculty in insects.

Through *Instinct*, that endowment

* *Visits to Monasteries in the Levant.*

which is usually as perfect in the insect's creeping infancy as in its soaring adolescence, all caterpillars are directed to find, or more properly to appropriate, the food *instinctively* provided by the mother's instinct, while some, even before that provision is attacked or cared for, are bidden by the same imperative power to shape and clothe themselves with garments made generally out of the same material as that to be employed for food. Of this we have seen examples in the clothes-moth in its state of infancy, with others of the same tribe (*Tineidae*) which make to themselves cases, or moveable tents (whence they are called tent-makers), out of leaves, bark, and other substances.

The weaving, most ingeniously, of variously-formed cocoons, more or less solid, according usually to the period of their occupation,—the suspending themselves no less cleverly, and in places of security, for the process of transformation, are performances no less admirable of the caterpillar crew; and the instinct which directed them, dormant for awhile, with other faculties, in the chrysalis, wakes again in the winged insect. Thereby directed, the moth or butterfly, perhaps guided also by her taste and smell, repairs directly to the flowers whereon she loves most to take her pleasure; and then, in opposition to those very senses, proceeds, at Instinct's bidding, to the flowerless shrub or vegetable, for deposit of her eggs on the leaves best suited to support her unthought-of progeny.

Again—

With bees, ants, and other social insects, Instinct would not appear, as with the *Lepidoptera*, to spring from the egg in full maturity, not at least with the active and varied powers afterwards acquired. In bee grubhood, also in that of wasps and ants, the instincts of imbibing nourishment and of spinning their cocoons, would seem the only ones in activity, the place of all others being supplied by that watchful assiduity, also instinctive, with which the labourers of the hive or ant-hill tend upon the young of their communities. But no sooner does the bee attain to maturity, than Instinct in full development, like the form over which it is to bear rule, impels the wings, untried, to carry their possessor by the shortest cut to the flowery fields of her earliest labour; then re-conducts her to her straw-built home as unerringly as though she, the tyro-gatherer, were the most veteran collector of the hive. With

this, the bee's first expedition, memory can have nought to do; if it had, the feat in question could no longer be attributable to instinct—instinct, it would seem, of a peculiar character; a wondrous tact, an occult faculty or sense, of which we, as not possessing, can form no conception. By animals of almost every other kind it is exhibited on occasion. It re-conducts the salmon, after a long sea-voyage, to the spot where it has once spawned; it guides the returning flight of the carrier-pigeon and the bird of passage; and that this pilot sense is the gift also of various quadrupeds, is attested sufficiently by facts, of which almost every individual could vouch for one, relative to some canine or feline favourite.

But returning to bees, it is to instinct in its operative form that these winged artificers are indebted for the plan of their 'waxen palaces' and hexagonal apartments, which for adaptation, for saving at once of material and of space, could not be improved on by mathematical calculation. The grand proportion, in short, of all labours and proceedings in the insect world, would seem clearly referable to Instinct, a lamp of Divine light which, shining with peculiar lustre in this department of the animal kingdom, decreases, though still powerful, amongst birds and quadrupeds, and dwindles in man, in him, as observed by Coleridge, growing proportionately 'dimmer, as his reason shines more bright.'

Granted; but does reason shine for man alone? Among the *vertebrata*, we could adduce pregnant proof to the contrary; but our business is now with insects. Look at that humble bee trying to wedge himself between the lips of the flower of that snap-dragon.* He finds that his burly body is too big, and descending, cuts a hole in the pipe of the flower, to enable him to rifle its sweets. An eye-witness declares that he saw an ant pulling with its mouth a piece of wood. The rest were busy in their own way; but when he came to an ascent, and the load became too much for him, three others came immediately behind, pushed it up to level ground, and then left him. The end he pulled was the smallest, and as he drew it between two things, it stuck there. After several fruitless efforts, he went behind, pulled it back, and turned it round.† Ray saw a sphex

* *Antirrhinum*.

† Quoted by Acheta from the *Imperial Magazine*.

drag a green caterpillar three times its own size for about five yards, and place it near the mouth of a little burrow previously made in the ground; then removing a ball of earth with which it had covered the orifice, it first went down, and after staying a short time, returned, and seizing the caterpillar again, drew it down with him; then leaving it there, came up, and taking some small globules of earth, rolled them one by one into the burrow, scraping the dust in by intervals with its fore-feet in the manner of a dog; thus alternately rolling in pieces of earth and scraping in dust, till the hole was full; sometimes going in, as it seemed to Ray, to press down the earth, and once or twice flying to a fir-tree which grew near, perhaps to get turpentine to glue it down and make it firm. Few workmen could go about their work more rationally. But this is not all. 'The hole being filled and equalled with the superficies of the earth, that its entrance might not be discovered, it took two fir-leaves which were near, and laid them by the mouth, most probably to mark the place.' Avelin, who notices this observation,* states that it was confirmed by Rolander. Dr. Darwin saw a wasp with a dead fly, whose wings obstructed its transportation. The wasp alighted with its burthen, cut off the wings, and then flew away with the carcase without impediment. Kirby, upon this, asks a question which a Cartesian would find it somewhat difficult to answer—'Could any process of ratiocination be more perfect?'—and he adds, that instinct might have taught the

wasp to cut off all the wings of all flies previously to flying away with them; but in this case it attempted the feat with the wings on, was impeded by a certain cause, discovered what that cause was, and alighted to remove it.

Such instances pave the way for thoughts of another world for animals; and, accordingly, we find that Acheta leans towards the idea of the 'equal sky' of Pope, Southey, and Lamartine.

The year is wound up with a Christmas tale, full of gentle but sad pictures of the past, among which a ghost-story looms darkly and tragically. This last chapter, as, indeed, is made manifest throughout these volumes, proves that Acheta has a heart under her bodice, and can touch every reader blessed or cursed with sensibility; nor do we envy those who can read the simple narrative with dry eyes. We give her credit for her declaration, that, like a fertilizing spring, now hidden underground, now re-appearing, her early-awakened love for things of nature has often since been buried, lost, to all appearance, beneath the earthly weight of worldly care and forced distasteful occupation; but, like the same refreshing stream, has burst forth again at every interval of freedom, and now broadly irrigates the level and else, perhaps, barren plain which borders on 'the better country.' (p. 410.) And so we close our imperfect notice of an instructive and delightful book, which will be laid down by every reader of well-regulated mind with regret, and taken up with renewed pleasure.

THE REVELATIONS OF A COMMON-PLACE MAN.

PART III.

CHAPTER VIII.

MUCH was still a mystery to me; I soon heard it explained. Let me briefly rehearse the events of that week. Colonel Thornton, it appeared, had not only approved of my suit to his daughter, but had

lately become singularly anxious for its prosecution. My conduct, on his last visit to us, had induced him to fear that we had been betrayed into a love quarrel. He could not resist questioning Kate when she returned home, and great was his dismay when she told him that she had no

affection whatever for me. He urged my merits; she replied that (no one spoke the sentence, but I knew the parrot-phrase too well!) I was so common-place. He reproached her with having coquetted with me; he insisted upon her acceptance of me. She passionately answered that she would far sooner die.

As was his custom, when enraged, Colonel Thornton forgot all rules of decorum or prudence. He hurried to Ripplestone, and opened his grievances to my father. It was not the first time they had discussed this matter. My father was at first too much surprised to conceal his disappointment, but by degrees he recovered himself, and reminded Colonel Thornton that this was a very premature catastrophe, since I had never hinted to them my sentiments towards Miss Thornton. He begged that her inclinations might not be forced in any way, and that here the subject might drop for ever. They parted rather coldly, and the Colonel must have received some hints as he proceeded home, which further enlightened him, since his anger knew no restraint when, on his return, he found Kate in tears, and Gerald consoling her in a manner far from befitting the friend of her rejected lover. The old soldier reproached him with perfidy; heard with scorn the avowal of their attachment; forbade him to enter his house; and wrote a violent account of the whole to Ripplestone. Meanwhile, Clair had returned thither,—had removed his luggage, and retired to the Alderbury hotel, leaving a short note of explanation for Aunt Maddalena, who, with her friend and my father, were taking a quiet drive, unconscious of the events taking place so near them.

Much as my aunt disliked the Cliffords, she was glad to call them in to her aid—glad to give Mr. Clifford the unpleasant task of communicating these facts to me. Hence his note, intended to spare me the very accident which had occurred—an encounter with Gerald Clair.

I scarcely could recal afterwards how I performed the rest of my journey to the cottage. I believe I walked it, dragging my horse languidly after me. I remember that I repeated often to myself that I

must be still and firm, and let no one see my anguish, and that I talked thus to myself as a mother would to a sick child. Yet though I was so still, and firm, and silent when I entered the cottage, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford seemed to read at the first glance that I knew all.

I did not attempt to speak; I sat down quietly, and laid my hat beside me on the ground. I felt then that it had been pressed upon my brow like a vice, until the pain was severe, although I had not remarked it. Mrs. Clifford rose from her sofa, and drew near me. Suddenly she passed her thin hand over my burning forehead, and brushed back the thick curls from it, as if I were a boy still. She looked at me, and then she stooped gently and kissed that forehead, saying, as her tears fell upon it, 'God comfort you, my dear boy!' In another moment she was gone, but the influence of her tenderness remained. It told me that she at least did not despise me—that to these true friends I was still dear. I needed some such assurance, for indeed I was very miserable. Years have fled since then, and I have learned to thank God that He so ordered those very events—to see that His plans were wiser and more conducive to my ultimate happiness than my blind desires would have been; yet though those were boyish sorrows, I cannot own that they were not sincerely to be pitied, as they were in them—yes sincere and most acute. That first unsealing of grief's bitter fountain,—that first plunge into the gulf of despair, was not to be lightly derided.

Are we right to mock in our maturer years at the sufferings of our youth? Because we may have since grown callous to the buffetings of fortune—because our hearts are colder and our sensibilities well nigh blunted, is it well to scorn the agonies of our own boyhood, or of others as tender and as inexperienced as we were then.

I confess I am not yet manly enough for that. When the biting jest glances at the folly of some youngster, I cannot join the laugh which greets it, for I go back in memory to that morning ride, to the gentle kiss, the pitying tears of that kind woman, and the remembrance

of my anguish pleads with me for others. I thought then, I think now, that I could better have borne my trials, had they been secret. Had I myself discovered Kate's love for Gerald, I could have crushed my hopes within my breast and gloried in the self-sacrifice. But here there was no opportunity for dignity or heroism. I had been every way outraged. Why was I to be held out to public contempt as a betrayed friend—a rejected lover, ere I had disclosed my unhappy passion? The very hirelings in my father's house were even now amusing their leisure with their marvel at Clair's departure and the affray at Colonel Thornton's.

'I must go abroad,' I exclaimed to Mr. Clifford, when at length we spoke together of all which had occurred. 'I cannot possibly remain to encounter *her*, to undergo my father's regrets, my aunt's philosophy, Ella's taunts. I shall arrange everything to-morrow for my departure, and start next day for London.'

Even my father, when he arrived in the afternoon, approved of this proposal. I did not return to Ripplestone with him. It was agreed that for this day at least I might be spared meeting my aunt. He wrote to Ravenly to tell Ella that circumstances would prevent my returning there, and I remained for the night at the cottage. I said little to my father of my annoyance; I carefully avoided all reproaches. He thought I bore it very well. Perhaps I did—I scarcely know. It seemed to me as if the rest of the day would never pass. I paced the study all the afternoon like a lion in his den,—I went to dinner, ate, talked, and even laughed. How horrible my own voice sounded in my ears. Afterwards I held a book, turning the leaves and fancying that I read, though not a syllable did I comprehend. Later in the evening, Mr. Clifford left me with his wife. There is no comforter like a woman. She will not turn your sufferings into ridicule—she will not urge you to fortitude at the wrong moment; she watches tenderly the natural course of your emotion, and knows exactly when the proper instant comes to say, 'Be a man,—cast all this aside,—arm and go forth to battle with

your destiny, and conquer!' Before her my sullen sense of wounded pride melted.—I told her of my past follies, of my present regrets. And she wept for me even whilst she bade me rouse myself and hope. When her husband returned, I could speak to him more calmly. There was one speech of his which startled me then. We were standing together after Mrs. Clifford had retired for the night: the fire was almost out, and we both seemed to be watching the decaying embers, although in truth I heeded them not.

'His errors wound me most deeply,' I said, musingly. 'Of *her*, I might have cherished many fears, but of *him* none.'

'The more hope, then,' he replied, 'of your speedily recovering from the blow. Your love for Kate Thornton, believe me, is not *the* love of your life, or you would care little for any other loss.'

I suppose I looked reproachful, for he smiled.

'Do not answer me,' he continued; 'do not tell me, as you wish to do, that never again can you feel such attachment for any one else. It is natural that you should think so now, but do not pledge yourself to it. When a light was first applied to this fire to-day, it refused to ignite properly,—the flame flickered and expired. Look at it now, the fire in both cases is out, but how differently! In the first, the materials lay still fresh, though ill-arranged: we lighted it up again, and it responded with a cheerful blaze; but now how fruitless would be all efforts to revive it! Nothing remains but dust and ashes. Your heart is like the first simile. God grant I may never live to see it like the last. Pardon me such a homely illustration in compliment to its truth.'

My father joined me next day, and we occupied ourselves until late in the afternoon by a ride to a distant farm. Then we went home and saw my aunt. Nothing could be more stiff than her reception. I recognised her aim instantly. She regarded all evidence of painful emotion as unphilosophical, and stone itself is not colder than her manner proved. She found me as cold and stately as herself, nor did I deign to appear aware of the tears which shone in

Miss Gainsborough's eyes: I replied to many questions concerning my visit to Ravenly. 'It was very pleasant,' I observed.

Miss Gainsborough heaved a sigh, and uttered the aspiration,

'Would it had ended more auspiciously!'

'Theresa!' said Aunt Mad, with becoming severity, 'this weak allusion to an unpleasant topic is unlike you. Since it has unhappily been made, I shall remark upon it once, and then I believe we shall all agree it had better be forgotten. Fortunately my nephew's sensibilities are not great. Characters like his do not retain the impression of sorrow long, which is a happy thing, where strength of intellect to outbrave it is deficient. My nephew, I should hope, never had the vanity to expect (as his father seems to have done) that Kate could favour him. He must feel that where Mr. Clair was his rival, he could not fail to lose. The most sad part of the matter is, that for the present Mr. Clair's further abode here is undesirable. In a few months, I doubt not, all will be well, and we shall be as good friends as ever. Poor Colonel Thornton will probably be most to be pitied, since he may feel a delicacy as to continuing his visits. Even that discontinuation may be for the best,—they were, perhaps, becoming too frequent. He—I could not but perceive, was forming—I mean cherishing hopes which—it is possibly as well that accident should dispel, as—'

My aunt paused, looked down, adjusted her bracelet, and simpered. So then she flattered herself the Colonel admired *her*, and she had pity at least to bestow upon him, a regularly got-up dandy, little short of sixty, but not one tinge of compassion for my honest sufferings. I involuntarily turned to Miss Gainsborough. Her face was flushed, and the faintest suspicion of a sneer lurked upon it for an instant.

'It may be disagreeable,' continued Miss De Vaincy, 'but the whole affair is perhaps desirable. Miss Thornton is not the sort of person my nephew should dream of marrying, if, indeed, he must so far forget himself. As he is unlikely to attain by his own efforts any brilliant posi-

tion, matrimony is his only chance, and, it would be essential that he should select some lady of superior mind, who might supply—in short, to whose intellect he could naturally look for support in situations of any difficulty. Indeed, it would be as well that she should not be so juvenile as himself. Such, my dear nephew, are my sentiments as to the wife you should choose—not formed, I assure you, without mature consideration. And now let us forget this little storm in our hemisphere, and resume our calm.'

'I should be sorry,' I replied, 'if I had in the least disturbed yours; but such is, I am glad to see, impossible. I am grateful to you for your kind and considerate advice.'

I looked at her with a smile. Yes, I was so far improving in hypocrisy that I could smile, and then I walked off—inwardly choking with indignation. Friend of a woman, instead of soothing, or even forbearing to remark my anguish, she had done her best to lacerate me.

I needed nothing fresh to torture me. It was enough to go up stairs and pass the door of Gerald's room ere I could reach my own. Of course, that I might be spared no single association with the past, it was left open! How many happy hours of brotherly intercourse that scene recalled! But I *would* be firm, and so resisted the temptation to loiter, look, and grieve.

CHAPTER IX.

I WAS not prepared for the trials which awaited me when I joined our family circle again. Afraid, I conclude, of any uncomfortable confidential conversation, my aunt had assembled in the drawing-room three of her pet friends—Mr. and Mrs. Batterby, and Mr. Spoonley—Erasmus Spoonley, as he was generally called, on the received principle that great men need no distinction of mere social rank.

Erasmus Spoonley was a 'rising' man! All Ripplestone, nay, Alderbury itself, our great county town, and its environs, were proud of Erasmus Spoonley. He was the incipient immortality of the neighbourhood. Not that he always illumined us by his presence; no, it

was enough that he had done us the honour to be born amongst us, and to attend the Alderbury High School. He was now removed to a wider arena. In fact, he was 'at the Bar'—that mystical term, which accounts for a man's haunting London, and acquiring a vast reputation in private society without anything to show for it. We always asked every one who came from London, if he knew Erasmus Spoonley; and if he answered in the negative, which 'augured himself unknown,' and met us by a counter inquiry, as to who Mr. Spoonley might be, the invariable reply was, 'One of the most rising young men at the Bar.' It takes so long to rise there, that it scarcely surprised any one that years passed on, and still Erasmus had not *risen*. But how great was his fame as an author;—understood to contribute all the best articles in the Quarterly Reviews, and to be one of the severest critics of the day! He openly avowed that he 'dabbled in literature;' but 'anonymous—anonymous!' he would add, significantly. However, it may be doubted if his local reputation were not the greater on that very account—'*omne ignotum pro mag-nifico*.' Whenever any Alderburian met with a clever magazine article, he said, 'Quite Erasmus Spoonley's style—Ha! ha! not a possibility of mistaking it.' And though Erasmus never owned to the fact, yet these suspicions received unexpected confirmation on several occasions, thus—Mr. Spoonley, in his letters to his family and friends, would observe, 'Have you seen a certain article in the *Quarterly*?' 'I am curious to know your opinion of a paper in *Fraser* this month.' Now, why should he be anxious to know what people thought of these productions, if he did not write them? Erasmus also dabbled in wit, as well as literature. His *bon-mots* circulated even better than our country bank-notes. When Erasmus came home to repose from his severe studies, the grateful town received him with rapture, and fêted him perpetually.

Mr. Erasmus Spoonley was thin, pale, short-sighted, but in all else decidedly *sharp*. His nose was sharp; his teeth were sharp; his voice, his gesture, his manner sharper

still. Young ladies called him 'a dear, singular looking creature, but so clever.' Mrs. Batterby was the reverse of Mr. Spoonley in appearance and mind. She was ponderous in person and in intellect; she read ponderous books, and affected ponderous sciences. Her conversation was solid—her enemies said, *heavy*; but then, as a sort of diversion, she ever and anon paused, and trotted out Mr. Batterby for the amusement of the party. He followed up her cannonading like a scattered volley of musketry. Perhaps my aunt had this worthy couple in view when she recommended me to marry a woman older and wiser than myself. Mr. Batterby stood in just such a position: he was remarkable for nothing except his love of gossip, until he was taken under the care of that learned woman; and then she fostered in him a talent for relating anecdotes. He told a story well, in a measured tone, and with nicely chosen words; moreover, he was a good mimic. Generally, he was silent, keenly observant of any occurrence which could be manufactured into an anecdote. But there invariably came a point when Mrs. Batterby would close an harangue with—'Mr. Batterby will relate the event better than I can. Tom, my dear, tell them about Professor Tongue's visit to us.' Whereupon Tom would dive into his memory, and bring forth a neatly compiled record of the transaction in question. If he told it better than common, his wife inclined her large head heavily, and drawled out, 'Very good—very well done,' to his complete satisfaction.

What exquisite raw material for his skillful workmanship would my late trials present, could he but pick them up! Such was my first thought when I beheld him.

'Pon my word, now, why do you suspect me of being the author? Ah! how d'y'e do'—(this and three fingers as a greeting to me). 'Anything severe is always laid at my door—a regular *battledore* you all seem to think it. I suppose you want me to bear away the palm always, that you *palm* every stray article upon me!'

This imbecile joke reached my ears

as I bowed low to Mrs. Batterby; it was, of course, from the jocund lip of Erasmus Spoonley. 'A most unexpected pleasure,' I said, as I looked round; and I darted a glance of rebellion at my aunt.

'A parting réunion,' she replied, 'to celebrate dear Theresa's last evening. She leaves us to-morrow morning!'

'Does she, indeed!' I exclaimed, with, I fear, anything but an expression of sorrow.

Theresa caught the intonation, for she turned a mournful, upbraiding glance upon me.

'She is very unkind,' remarked my aunt; 'she assures me that urgent matters of business necessitate her instantaneous presence in the metropolis; and all *my* urgency cannot induce her to do more than promise that I shall welcome her soon again at Ripplestone!'

'Now really, Miss Gainsborough, it is too bad of you to go away before I do,' cried Erasmus, wheeling round to her eagerly; 'one will have scarcely a congenial mind left in the neighbourhood. You should not go before I do.'

'I do it,' said Miss Gainsborough, coolly, 'that this rural world may not be simultaneously deprived of two such luminaries.'

Erasmus looked at her very sharply, uncertain as to the spirit in which she spoke, so '*aigre-doux et malin*' was her tone. But dinner being announced, he deemed it best to laugh, and offer his arm to her; she, meanwhile, continuing as quiescent as usual.

I followed the three couples, feeling myself exceedingly *de trop*.

My poor father was too much annoyed by this unexpected party to enjoy even his ordinary spirits; and with Mrs. Batterby beside him, the conversation was by no means brilliant.

Partly that she might select a topic on which he was at home, and partly because she was herself studying agriculture at that time, she soon plunged into farming, ploughing, subsoil-draining, the feeding of cattle—such were the airy subjects she selected.

My father was not literary, but neither was he fond of farming. In the agonies of carving and drinking

wine with his guests, it taxed him severely to reply correctly to her magisterial queries. Worst of all, his attention was distracted by a sudden attack upon *me*, by Erasmus, who, struck by the necessity of showing some civility to me, dullard as I was, turned his eyeglass in my direction, and said, condescendingly,—

'Clair has left you, I see!'

I bowed my assent.

'I suppose you miss him,—he—ah—seems a pleasant young fellow,—rather clever, I should imagine?'

Even now it galled me to hear the puppy speak thus lightly of Gerald.

'His abilities are most unquestionable,' I replied.

'Indeed!—but—' (here Erasmus turned to Miss Gainsborough) 'it is astonishing how far a little talent will go in the country, or even at college. We men of the world learn better. Measured against the practised intellect of the giants of the age, how those rural tyros shrink into insignificance.'

My aunt confirmed his opinion by a compassionate sigh; but Mr. Batterby had been studying my countenance for a few minutes, and evidently detected some secret there.

'Your friend left you rather hurriedly?' he said, fixing me with his small, twinkling eye.

'Batterby, a glass of wine!' interposed my father, precipitately.

Mr. Batterby bowed, but resumed his question immediately—

'I understood he was to remain with you some weeks longer?'

'Certainly,' I nerved myself to reply; 'but he was obliged to take his departure suddenly, whilst I was absent at Ravenly.'

'Mr. Clair gone—Miss Gainsborough going—a sad break-up of your happy party. And, by the way, did not you say, Mrs. Batterby, that Miss Thornton was ill?'

Mrs. Batterby came to a standstill in her discourse, and composed herself to an attitude of attention, so successfully, that after two repetitions of the question, she comprehended and prepared to answer it.

'Most certainly I was induced to suppose Miss Thornton not in her usual health, since when I called upon her this morning, the servant asserted that she was not at home,

although I had perceived her retreating from the window as I approached. Colonel Thornton, whom I afterwards encountered, looked depressed, and informed me his daughter was suffering from temporary indisposition.'

'Miss Thornton is quite the village belle, I perceive,' cried Erasmus. 'Certainly she has some attractions, and something which in the country passes, I suppose, for *tourture*. But no mind, I think—no mind! Her mother had none, I recollect,—none whatever. She always talked to me, when I was a boy, about marbles, and tame rabbits, and abominations of that nature; and I, who never was young enough for nonsense, used to be horribly weary of her.'

'Tom,' said Mrs. Batterby, 'what is your anecdote about Mrs. Thornton?'

I did not listen when Tom told it. I was inwardly chafing at the slowness with which dinner was removed. Oh! that it were over.

By and bye, my aunt tittered, and Erasmus applauded, and Mrs. Batterby said, 'Capital.'

'I wonder the old Colonel never married again!' exclaimed Erasmus. 'He's a fine-looking fellow still, though frivolous. A *ci-devant jeune homme*!'

'He would never, I trust, so far forget his duty as a parent,' said Mrs. Batterby. 'I have recently studied deeply the subject of duty, as between domestic and employer, child and parent, husband and wife, friend and friend.'

I heard no more; for Miss Gainsborough addressed me across the table,—'I had an amusing letter from town to-day, containing an anecdote which I am assured is true.'

Mr. Batterby started at the word 'anecdote,' and held his breath to listen. Erasmus paused, prepared to allege that he had heard it before. Mrs. Batterby floundered in her harangue, and ceased.

Never had I felt before so inclined to like Miss Gainsborough. Her deepening colour, her compressed lips during the past conversation, had betrayed her sympathy with my vexation; and what was this pretended letter but a diversion from the topic of the Thorntons? Doubtless the anecdote was amusing; but

how much did it owe to her inventive genius! I was confirmed in this suspicion by a gleam of sly merriment in her glance at me when Mr. Spoonley observed that he knew all about the affair in question.

The dessert being placed upon the table, Mrs. Batterby solemnly appealed to Mr. Spoonley for his opinion upon divers grave subjects, which comprising the nature of various manufactures, and requiring a tolerable knowledge of machinery, proved not a little puzzling to the learned barrister—who was no practical man—and wearied my aunt inexpressibly. My aunt thought all such things unintellectual and utilitarian. She was glad, therefore, to cut it short, and carry off, or rather drag away, Mrs. Batterby.

'An amazing woman!' as her husband remarked, returning to his chair, and evidently revolving in his own brain all her arguments.

'Such *volume* of intellect!' exclaimed Erasmus, suppressing a yawn.

'The very word—the very word!' cried the enraptured Tom. 'Sir, if my wife does—as I am proud to say all acknowledge that she does—exceed most of her fellow-creatures—in height and depth and force—'

'And breadth!' suggested Erasmus, drily.

'And breadth (as you justly observe) of mind, you, Spoonley, are first of all in keenness of perception—readiness of appreciation; yours is the delicate talent of the critic; yours, the——But do I need these epithets to establish your merits in your native county? Not at all. Our friends here feel, I am sure, with me, that to name your name is enough! It lacks no epithets, though it may attain titles. Toasts are unfashionable, but I must drink one—The health of Erasmus Spoonley,—shall I add?—our future Lord Chancellor!'

Of course we drank it. Though I would far rather have thrown Erasmus and the wine out of the window, I resisted the tempting liend within, and pledged him. Nay, when he had delivered a neat speech in return, in which the most conspicuous and frequent word was the first personal pronoun, I imitated my companions by rapping my knuckles

(would they had been his!) upon the table, and crying 'Bravo!'

How I envied my father dropping gently to sleep at the head of the table after a short time. But at length we rose, and sallied into the drawing-room, where my aunt had prepared some of Ella's writings for display. Truly it disgusted me to see my sister's thoughts laid bare, for the purpose of letting Erasmus exert his powers of criticism,—to hear him prating of broken metaphors, of superfluous feet, of 'a too abundant with richness—overflowing imagination'; even though he confessed that Ella was very clever.

'Did she ask you to show these to Mr. Spoonley?' I could not resist saying, at length.

'No,—only aware of his exquisite taste, and his interest in literature, I went to her writing-table drawer, and found these stray effusions.'

I looked at my aunt steadily, but she frowned me down. She knew that I disliked her present act, but she defied me. The room grew oppressive to me. I stalked gloomily away. I went out to the garden, but the night was raw and damp. I was too miserable mentally—why make myself physically so? I repaired to the library, and there, collecting a few of her own books, stood Miss Gainsborough. Softened by her consideration for me at dinner time, I resisted my inclination to escape, and advancing, began to express civil regret at her departure.

She looked up, and smiled archly.

'Do not depart from your usual sincerity by affecting regret for what actually affords you pleasure!'

'Hang that woman's penetration!' thought I, quite disconcerted.

'I have stayed here sadly too long,' she continued, good-humouredly. 'But Miss de Vaincy is so hospitable.'—(I groaned in spirit)—'and time flies unnoticed in agreeable society. Even now I can scarcely believe I have been with you so long,—even now that the spell is broken!'

How sad she looked, standing with her hands pressed together, her eyes raised, and her hair rather disturbed from its ordinary braid. My eye wandered from her to the books before her. Amongst them was the one brought by Colonel Thornton. I

had supposed it to be a loan, but it was evidently to be included in the packing. She saw my glance, and apparently misconstrued it.

'Do you remember that morning?' she said—then immediately checked herself.

'I am not likely soon to forget it,' I replied.

There was an awkward pause. More in order to break it than anything else, she asked if she could take any parcel to town for me?

'No, thank you; I shall be there very soon myself.'

'Shall you?' she inquired, hurriedly. 'Then I may see you—perhaps we may meet—but no! before that time you will have—what am I saying?—what a strange person you must think me. I know you do not like me,—I know—'

'My dear madam!' I exclaimed, terrified and astonished by her emotion, 'what do you mean? How can you fancy that I dislike you? I was not aware—(here I drew myself up and tried to look proud)—'that my manners were so different from those of a gentleman as to afford you reason to form such conclusions as to my sentiments. I believe I do all in my power to be polite and courteous to my aunt's guests.'

'Oh, yes!' faltered Theresa; 'but there are tones and gestures and looks which speak to the heart only too plainly the secret feelings of another. I have been so happy here, I have learnt to love you all so well, that I cannot bear to leave this without seeking to remove the contrary sentiments with which you regard me. If this is denied me, at least let me tell you that I fervently sympathise in your present sorrows,—earnestly pray that they may soon be effaced from your heart. Think of me more kindly when I am gone, and—and if you should ere long hear me blamed and ridiculed, forbear at least to swell the outcry.'

She held out her hand to me,—I shook it somewhat hesitatingly,—tears ran down her pale cheeks, and hastily collecting her books, she vanished. I never once saw her run, or walk, or rush from a room; she always appeared to melt into thin air. I was transfixed with amazement. The whole scene was an enigma. From any woman such

words would have been singular, but from the composed, cautious Theresa they were like an evidence of insanity. Reflection may unravel much, but there are some webs which it can only tangle more. This was a case in point. Many minutes of musing brought me to this conclusion. 'Pshaw!' I muttered, walking back to the drawing-room. 'After all, perhaps, it was only a piece of fine acting; yet—' here I turned the handle of the door,—'yet it was marvellously like real emotion. She was pale,—she wept,—she must have been sincere.'

'Hush!' said my aunt; 'shut the door gently, Theresa is going to sing.'

I glanced at the piano, and saw Miss Gainsborough smiling before it. Another moment and the walls rang with the clear tones of her finest Bravura.

Next morning she departed.

Ella was still at Ravenly. I was therefore to quit home without seeing her. No blame on this account attached to her. I had no courage to write and explain to her what had occurred. I fixed my departure for the morning after Miss Gainsborough left us, because I was persuaded that I had no chance of peace until I tore myself from the old scenes and old vexations.

My father saw me off very early on the top of the mail. We went gaily through Ripplestone, and past Colonel Thornton's well-known house. How often, as I went back to Oxford, I had gazed at it fondly from the same seat! Now, I was afraid to glance in that direction. After a time, we saw in the distance the wood where I had parted with Clair. My fellow-passengers laughed and jested: I could not. Then we skirted Ravenly Park—more painful associations, with a sunny morning just like this, and sad reflections on Ella's unconsciousness of my being so near her, and so sorrow-stricken. Would she, I wondered, pity me, or only feel pride in the discernment which had penetrated Clair's dissimulation, and tried, vainly, to warn me? Even when she afterwards wrote to me, I could not be certain of her sentiments. She was still ambiguous,—nay, half resentful of my silence with regard to my movements.

One little incident of my journey startled me. As the coach dashed up to the door of the 'Griffin,' the third stage from Ripplestone, I saw the blooming hostess dive into the house, return, run down the steps, and immediately I was accosted by name—'Mr. Black, sir, I am so glad to see you!'

I fancy I showed surprise, never having been aware of the worthy lady's esteem, and being certain I had paid my bill honestly on my last visit to her house.

'Excuse my asking, sir! but can you tell me the owner of a snuff-box which was left here yesterday by a gentleman from your neighbourhood—a soldier-like, thin man?'

'When was he here?' I asked.

'Came in the mail, sir, with a lady—a very dark young lady—who went on by it to London. I knew they came from your neighbourhood, because he asked when the coach went down to Ripplestone, and returned by it.'

'Let me see the box.' Yes! as I had suspected, it was that of Colonel Thornton,—one which he prized highly as a family heirloom.

So, then, he had joined the mail the previous day, to travel with Miss Gainsborough! Many, many strange incidents, hitherto unheeded, recurred to my memory. I remembered how often the Colonel had shown himself conversant with affairs in our household, which could have reached him by no channel I could discover, but might easily have been communicated by Theresa, if, as it would seem, they were more intimate than we had imagined. Even her own peculiar appeal to me might have referred to this occurrence. But the mystery was too deep for me to solve on my journey to town.

CHAPTER X.

I WAS furnished by Mr. Clifford with various letters to Mr. De Lorme and other favourite friends, but could not find courage to deliver them in person. Seriously depressed, and more than ever humbled in my self-estimation, I was convinced that I should only be *endured*, not really welcomed by those in question. I saw myself in

fancy a clog upon their intellectual conversations; heard them in fancy whisper among themselves—'What a stupid country fellow he is! I must, however, be civil for Clifford's sake.'

I could not subject myself to such an ordeal; accordingly, I procured a passport, and dated my next letter from Paris. To this step various considerations urged me: I wished to see other countries, and to avoid effectually certain persons in England. Perhaps, also, I had some hope that travel might benefit me; that if I could never distinguish myself by natural genius, careful self-cultivation might at least improve my dull mind, for in no way do we acquire information and experience more rapidly or more pleasantly than in travelling. I expected to find, and I did find, my solitary tour rather melancholy. I was unused to being alone; yet, too diffident to intrude myself upon strangers, I journeyed from place to place in a desolate manner. I went religiously to see every celebrity that hand-books or cicerones pointed out. I wearied mind and body by my researches; and if I profited less than I hoped to do by my toil, it was because I dragged about with me so many regrets. How many a beautiful painting resolved itself, as I gazed, into the likeness of Kate Thornton! How worthless and unexciting seemed all I heard or saw, without Gerald to sympathize with my emotion.

From home my letters were scarcely inspiring. Ella, when she wrote, was, by fits and starts, affectionate or cold, the old constraint mingling with a little regret and pity for me. With the Cliffords I carried on the most satisfactory correspondence; but with all my care to repress my repining, something of my joylessness crept into it; and Mr. Clifford answered me thus:—

'How often do I not wish we could leave Kipplesstone, and join you, not as mere personal companions, but to share your thoughts and feelings. Though you do not say so, you need a friend; this I discover as much from what is not in your letters as from what is.

'If you were careless and happy, your enjoyment would burst forth

into ejaculations of gaiety when you write. Happiness, like wealth, is independent, and steps boldly forth, sunning itself and rejoicing, rather indifferent as to whether others respond to it or not. Sorrow shrinks into herself, and would not be betrayed except to those of whose sympathy she is well assured. I mean this when I tell you I see you are sad, as much from what you do not say as from what you do.

'You are indefatigable in your sight-seeing; you describe to me minutely every place you visit, but where is the delight you should feel? Where is the boyish gaiety which should be prominent at your age, and which, if churches and pictures bored you, might be expected to revive, and grow buoyant when you roam, as you are now doing, through some of earth's freest and fairest scenes?

'I hoped that change of country would help to cure your late heart-wounds; but now I am convinced that you need rousing by intercourse with your fellow-creatures. Man bears but a small proportion to Nature and Art in your descriptions; and where persons, not things, are depicted, it is always from a distance. You 'saw an acquaintance on the Rhine,' or you 'met such a singular looking-student.' But did you address them? Do you ever tell me that you have fallen in with a merry family, or an agreeable fellow, and spent a few hours pleasantly with them or him? Apparently you move along without making new friends, and I fear, I greatly fear, without forgetting some of the old ones, who deserve no such fond remembrance. Do not acquire this taste for solitude; it is too like Ella; she even when with others, is not of them. Your aunt gives sundry hints that her niece is about to immortalize herself: it may be so. She looks more dreamy and more delicate than ever, as if her mind were too much on the stretch.

'I do not give you much news of those around us. If you wish me to mention them, tell me so.'

I knew to whom he alluded. It might be weakness, but though I could not endure the idea of meeting them again, I now began to wish to hear of Gerald and Kate. It was

fearful to have them thus in an instant blotted out from my world.

I begged him, when I wrote again, not to enter into details, but to mention both casually.

Mrs. Clifford was the one from whom I heard next. She talked of a party to which she had ventured.

'We met there Miss Thornton. She looks more subdued, paler, and decidedly less pretty. I greeted her very civilly, of course, but avoided any confidential discourse. We call on each other occasionally, but both feel a little constraint. She knows we disapproved of her conduct, and, as is natural, resents our censure.

'I hear that the Colonel has softened down sufficiently to permit her to correspond with Mr. Clair, although his forgiveness is not yet hearty enough to allow him to seek for himself, and promote for her, any personal meeting.

'Of course, as Mr. Clair has very little indeed beyond his Fellowship, their union is for the present impossible. I understand he is busy with his pen,—one more added to the tribe who subsist upon no kindlier diet than sharpened quills.

'The Colonel has been from home for several weeks. His daughter, meantime, is staying at —.'

A note from my aunt accompanied this letter, from which I cannot resist copying a paragraph:—

'Would that your delightful rambles fell to the share of your sister, who could really appreciate and profit by them! Let me guard you against one dangerous error. Do not imagine that because you have seen so much, you are at all entitled to describe it. What can be more trite than the Tour of a Common-place Mind? Do not, therefore, bring us home a dry volume full of prosy notes, and expect us to read it. I would far rather trust to Erasmus Spoonley's 'Notes from the Niger,' though I know he has never seen the Niger. Still the dreams of Genius are more interesting than the observations of Dullness.'

Did she actually suppose I was about to favour the world with an account of how many dishes I tasted in Paris; or with the astonishing information that 'Mont Blanc is a

superb mountain covered with snow;' or that 'at Lucerne is a lovely lake.' No, of one merit I may fairly boast. Considering how much I saw during my travels, and how anxiously I explored all sources of information, few persons ever exhibited to society so little of what they had gained. I am almost like my friend, of whom it is said, that he journeyed all through the East, and only learned from it how to cook rice. One incident I must mention, because it relates to some of our old acquaintances; but true to my resolution of following my aunt's advice, I shall not even say *where* it took place. Mysteriously, then, let me commence thus:— One lovely day I went on board a steam-boat. Many passengers were already assembled there,—others continued to follow me. There were travellers of all nations, and a hubbub of strange tongues greeted me, which would have greatly confused me some months before, but was now heard without emotion. Still true to my misanthropical habits, I soon wearied of gazing at the fresh arrivals, and walked away to a less crowded part of the vessel. I was looking wistfully on the broad, majestic river,—on the picturesque beauty of its banks, where the spoils of Time enriched Nature's treasure-house by many a stern ruin. Pshaw! I promised not to describe the scenes I saw. How fortunate that I am not thus debarred from depicting living Nature as it shone forth in the face which suddenly encountered my dreamy glance when, roused by the sound of some one approaching, I turned my eyes from crag and castle, and met those of a lady, who seemed rather to lead than to be led by an old gentleman, her father, as I had learned by the sentence uttered ere I looked round.

'Here, papa, we may read our letters in peace.'

He sat down near me, and presently I heard (for I had instantly withdrawn my gaze) the breaking of seals and rustling of papers. I cannot help it; I am always interested in seeing others receive letters. It is almost better to me than receiving them myself. I like to watch the changing expression of the features as joy or grief predominates in the page perused. I

could not help glancing furtively at this happy couple, just in time to see the lady bend anxiously over her father as he opened a bulky packet, and to hear her utter, in a suppressed voice, the words,—‘from Australia!’ Had it indeed travelled so far? What strange pictures of a wild bush-life probably filled those sheets of paper; what longings for home, and for the dear ones left behind!—what buoyant hopes of independence, or what black truths of disappointment and regret! In sympathy with the supposed sad heart which dictated it, I hoped that it came to no cold and negligent hand. I was almost sure it did not, for the colour deepened on the daughter’s cheek, and though she did not look over his shoulder now, she scanned her father’s countenance eagerly, as if to read the news there. He hastily unfolded the letter, and shook it: another fell from the folds, which she picked up.

‘For you!’ he said, with troubled surprise, holding out his hand for it. But she drew back rather coldly, and inquired in a low tone, ‘Cannot you trust me to read it?’ He half smiled, rather sorrowfully, shook his head, and then nodded and resumed the examination of his own letter. She, with a calm aspect, seating herself at a little distance, began to read.

Thus far I have related their actions, but not spoken of their appearance. The father had been a remarkably handsome man, but seemed prematurely aged and infirm. His features were worn, and there were deep wrinkles on the brow, which told a history of long suffering, probably bodily, for the expression was more that of peevish nervousness than of mental depression. Something in his look was strangely familiar to me. I felt convinced that I had never before beheld him, and yet I knew the face perfectly. The daughter produced a little of the same impression on me. I never saw any one who so thoroughly inspired me at the first glance with the conviction that she was ‘elegant.’ How often the word is misapplied! A frigid, artificial person is generally honoured by the application of the term: my aunt had wearied my life out with

it, and I always disliked her models of this perfection. Yet the stranger suddenly stood before me as the true embodiment of elegance, and my former types as base imitators. Her figure, her movements, her air, her dress, all breathed forth the one quality; were so in unison with each other, and with the clear, low voice, the pure complexion—one tint more or less of permanent colour would have broken the harmony of the picture. There had been a certain coldness in her manner when she withdrew the enclosure from her father’s scrutiny, which did not please me; but now, as she sat apart and read it, her looks were grave, but gentle; and once, I almost fancied that a tear trembled upon the dark fringe of eyelash which veiled her eyes from my impertinent curiosity. ‘No doubt,’ I said to myself, ‘he who penned that letter had before him a very fondly remembered image of this elegant girl. I wonder if it is a brother. At all events, no doubt he loves her: yet to me, despite her graceful bearing, she is not lovable. No! not my style at all.’ And here I heaved a sigh, as a small figure and a laughing face flitted across my memory. I turned again to watch the windings of the river, impatient of the revival of these painful thoughts. They were sufficiently vexatious to engross me for a long time. I forgot the letter-readers; I fear I forgot even the beautiful scenery before me. I had a vague idea that the strangers moved away whilst I was musing, but when I aroused myself, I found that though the father was gone, the lady remained in her former position, but with her eyes fixed upon me. The stare was unpleasant, and would have been particularly rude, had I not been instantly certain that though she was mechanically gazing at me, her thoughts were far distant. And so it proved: I had only just time to confirm my previous conviction, that she was not *my* style of beauty, when consciousness suddenly flashed into her eyes; she bit her lip, blushed, and turned her head away immediately. I began to consider whether I had not better change my quarters, even at the risk of rushing into the crowd; but I had no sooner taken

one step towards it than I was transfixed by astonishment. Within a few yards of me, coming towards me, were two well-known figures,—the one in a brilliant costume, her white veil only half concealing her dark visage; the other attired with an affectation of youth more conspicuous than ever. The recognition was mutual.

‘Mr. Black!’ exclaimed the lady.

‘Miss Gainsborough!’

‘Not so,’ interposed the gentleman, triumphantly,—‘Mrs. Thornton!’

If he had suddenly flung me into the river, I could not have been more surprised, and assuredly would not have testified it by such petrified silence. This was the solution of the enigma, the key to many mysteries. How deluded we had been! My poor aunt! and poor, unhappy Kate! In spite of my own disappointments, I recoiled at the news of hers. But I had no leisure for much emotion. There was shaking of hands to be gone through, and congratulations, in which the lips only took part, and which I could not but imagine were scarcely agreeable to the bride, although she did her best to summon up her usual smile, and to respond graciously. The Colonel, in the freshness of his joy, had apparently half forgotten all which had occurred to obscure mine since we parted. When, at length, some allusion was made to the previous autumn, and the matter thus forced upon his attention, he shook my hand again vigorously, moved his head ominously, and heaved a meaning sigh of regret and condolence. I had not courage to ask impertinent questions as to the length of time they had been married, and the knowledge of the great event prevailing at Ripplestone. Some very trite observations, therefore, were exchanged concerning the scenes before us, in the midst of which I became again aware that the fair correspondent with Australia was intently surveying the group, and I greatly fear, listening to what was said. No! she was not *my* style of beauty at all. There was a keenness in those observant eyes, which quite eclipsed, in my opinion, the beauty of their shape and colour. I could *feel*, without

absolutely looking towards them, that they turned restlessly from Colonel Thornton to his bride, but that they generally centred the whole force of their scrutiny upon me. I, unhappily, knew too well that there was nothing remarkable in my appearance, therefore could ascribe this attention to nothing but unladylike curiosity. ‘All the elegance of person in the world cannot compensate for the want of elegance of mind!’ thought I, highly disgusted with everybody,—with the strange lady, with the old fop before me, with his artful wife, with myself most of all, for being sensible of annoyances so trifling.

I rejoiced that I had previously intended to land the next time the vessel approached the shore. Meanwhile, on divers pretexts, I avoided both the bridal pair and the starrer; mingling with the other passengers, I even ventured to try my German on a party of students, and devoted myself to a serious contemplation of an artist, who was making rapid little sketches as we glided along.

Once more I addressed the Thorntons,—it was to bid them farewell.

‘Shall you be long abroad?’

‘Ah, no!’ returned the bridegroom, playing gracefully with a curl which I suspect owed its jet to other skill than Nature’s; ‘only a fortnight—only one blissful fortnight in this Elysium, and then home; but home will be enchantment also now to us—will it not, my Theresa?’

Still her old honeyed smile, as the sole reply to his coaxing words. How it palled on me from repetition, and it was always exactly the same! I turned from it in time to see a little—just a *very* little wicked curve on the lips of the strange lady, who retained her watchful post.

‘And you, Mr. Black, how far do your travels extend?’ asked Mrs. Thornton.

‘Perhaps to Italy,’ I answered, quickly, for it was almost time to go.

‘Adieu, then,’ sighed the bride.

‘Adieu!’ echoed the bridegroom.

I cast a parting glance of defiance on the stranger, and to my amazement, she met it by a firm, open look, her lips were severed by a smile; she said nothing, she did not even move her head; but never did

eyes or mouth more eloquently indicate a good-humoured good-bye. 'I never knew any one so cool,' I mentally exclaimed, as I departed.

My next letters from home brought the following:—

'Do not hint at what I tell you, when you answer this; but nothing can be more singular than my aunt's conduct since this strange news arrived in the form of wedding-cake and cards. She has been in violent hysterics,—nay, I verily believe would tear her hair, but for the excellent reason that it is too scarce a commodity to be rashly wasted. She raves of perfidy and outraged friendship, until I am led to reflect rather bitterly upon the events of last year, and the little emotion which, I am told, was *then* manifested for *real* griefs. I am thoroughly out of conceit with all earthly things—disgusted by this weakness in a person under whose sway I continue,—humbled to find my discernment, with that of every one else, was so effectually blinded by that artful Theresa,—shocked that one of my own sex could act so badly,—full of contempt for Colonel Thornton's folly,—and half tempted to pity *even* Kate, who is, I believe, quite overwhelmed by the news, and who, ill as I think she has behaved, may almost say that her punishment is greater than she can bear. Oh, heavens! *what* a step-mother!'

CHAPTER XI.

As I am not to give any account of my travels, and as they occupied many months after that steam-boat excursion, there must be a blank in my history until the early spring of the following year,—a blank to others, but not to me, since my memory owes half its stores to that year of rambling. Yet it was not a happy time to me; nor could I banish a slight suspicion that I was selfish in so long deserting my father. He mentioned Ella with more satisfaction when he wrote, which rather reconciled me to my own neglect.

When I arrived in London, I found two pieces of news awaiting me—one, that Gerald had brought out his book, and won as much admiration as even I (in former days) could have coveted for him;

the other, that, as the death of our cousin Reginald De Vaincy, in the preceding autumn, had left his daughter to dispose, according to her pleasure, of her time and means, she was now paying her first visit to Ripplestone. She was the possessor of Vainton Hall, the De Vaincy's family estate; but living there alone could scarcely be agreeable to so young a person.

I was not at all pleased to find Ripplestone thus occupied. She was one of a family I never could love; it was, moreover, aunt Mad's habit to boast of her; and the note in which she announced her visit, prejudiced me still more against her. Ella did not write, which looked like having nothing delightful to communicate.

If anything could have added to my discontent, it would have been the surprise of discovering Erasmus Spoonley a passenger by the same coach to Ripplestone. He was, of course, still rising, and had, at least, the 'Notes from the Niger' to exhibit, as a proof of his abilities; although the general impression even at Alderbury seemed to be, that this work was inferior to those famous magazine contributions of which we were all so proud. There had been a period when Erasmus would scarcely have acknowledged me, but I was new from the continent, and he received me graciously. Never communicative about my travels, I was more than ever reserved when I suspected that he was trying to draw me out, doubtless with a view to the manufacture of such alliterative articles as 'A Race through Rome,' 'Breakfasts in Bavaria,' 'Matins at Madrid,' or 'Vespers at Venice.'

I was assuredly much improved. I could now parry Mr. Spoonley's attacks; and had the doubtful satisfaction of finding him retreat upon Gerald's book, as a topic more appropriate. He first praised it in compliment to my former friendship for the author, and then proceeded to point out where it *possibly* might have been better. Warming with the subject, and receiving neither check nor encouragement from me, he went on to dissect it skilfully, leaving scarcely a misprint unno-

ticed, or a slightly obscure sentence without blame. The general impression on the mind of a stranger would infallibly have been, that the book was a failure, and that the subject would have been infinitely better handled by Mr. Spoonley himself. But I knew the two men; I knew also the distorting power of envy.

It was a lovely evening as we approached Ripplestone; the hedges were beginning to put forth little green sprouts, and some of the fruit-trees in the orchards were covered with blossom. Even the vivid remembrance of Italian skies could not prevent my heart from leaping with joy as I recognised the dear, well-known scenery. As we whirled rapidly along, we met a lady walking slowly upon the footpath, which was raised considerably above the level of the road. Spoonley's hat was off instantly, and my hand went mechanically to mine ere I could fully realize the fact of its being one I had reason to know well. A pale face turned towards us for an instant, and our salute was returned. We were past in an instant, and I dared not look round at her. Could it be Kate Thornton? Good heavens! how changed.

'That girl's abominably gone off — excessively altered,' observed Erasmus, removing his cigar from his mouth; and, as he often did, translating his first slang sentence into a more literary phrase—'She used to be a little, round, rosy nymph, and now she's altogether *passée*,—worried to death, I suppose, by her step-mama.'

I think I made some reply; but I was more occupied by wondering if the change were entirely in Kate, or whether time had not rubbed off the magical ointment which made me see such rare beauties in her, as the anointed eyes of the man in the fairy tale descried all the marvels of Elfland.

The sun is going down; the cool evening breeze springs up; there is a golden haze in the air which foretells the near approach of summer; the rooks are flying straight home to the tall trees behind my father's house, and I am following them fast. I have shaken hands with Erasmus, and swung myself to the ground;

there is the lodge, old Hannah curtseying and smiling before the ivy, greener than ever. A joyous word to her, the gate is flung open, and I rush towards the house, a day before my time, and glorying in the thoughts of the surprise all will exhibit. I steal round to the dining-room window, and try the sash. It yields—I enter softly to behold, as I hoped, my dear father, asleep in his arm-chair, the invariable rule after dinner. I am cruel enough to put my hands on his shoulders and awake him. He feared at first it was a vision, but soon becoming quite himself, received me with great rapture, and urged my invading the ladies as I had done his solitude. But I stood too much in awe of Miss Constance de Vaincy, to follow his advice, and accordingly walked soberly across the hall and into the drawing-room, as if I had been at home for days. My aunt had apparently changed her philosophy, and taken up the demonstrative line, for a musical shriek rang through the apartment, and she threw herself into my arms ere I had leisure to look round. Ella had flown towards me also, and as soon as I could tear myself from my aunt, I warmly embraced her. In my haste and confusion, it seemed to me as if she had scarcely drawn back, when another hand was extended to me, and a voice said, 'Cousin Constance, Mr. Black,—I see I must after all introduce myself.' She stood there in her deep mourning, her graceful throat and well turned head uncovered, but there was no mistaking the air, the figure; above all, the penetrating eyes;—it was the lady of the steam-boat.

It was scarcely a pleasant surprise, and so I suppose my face betrayed, for the elegant girl moved away with a more reserved air, and sat down quietly. I felt that it would not do to begin as enemies; so I said, after a moment's hesitation, 'Pardon me, Miss de Vaincy, I am bewildered; have we not seen each other before?'

'Certainly we have,' she replied, good-humouredly. 'Ah! what a lovely day it was, and what a scene! But I ought to blush at the recollection, for I see you remember me as a strangely forward person.'

Ella interposed. 'Constance knew who you were, which will account for any intelligent look she may have given you.'

My new relative laughed. 'Oh! I have before me still the grave, astonished, reproving glance with which you received my mute farewell. As I went so far, I might as well have introduced myself at once, but I had scarcely impudence enough for that, and I—was at the instant alone.'

Her smile vanished as she thus referred to her father.

'But how did you recognise me?' I asked.

'Have you forgotten,' she said, archly, 'your meeting with a young couple, and their loud greeting of you as Mr. Black, and the mention of Ripplestone? I must have been deaf had I not heard them, and blind to have resisted the temptation of watching one whom I knew to be my own cousin.'

'No! she is not in my style, I invariably reiterated, contrasting her frank loquacity with Kate's little blushes and broken sentences. It did not occur to me then that the latter proceeded less from bashfulness than coquetry. I was in those days apt to confuse cordial, candid manners with boldness, and so used to affected timidity, that the open, sensible, self-possessed manner

of a woman of the world jarred upon my sensitive feelings.

Constance regarded me wistfully for a moment, and then pushed her chair further into the shade, resuming the work she must have laid down as I entered. As she did so, however, I saw her glance at Ella solicitously. Ella did not look well; she was thinner than ever, and if possible paler. Ere long, I perceived that my aunt was less kind in her manner to her than formerly,—there was less adoration, less boasting about her. In the course of the evening, various hints fell from her once flattering lips, which considerably surprised me. Allusions to wasted talents, to the empire of indolence, to fame thrown away,—and whenever these mysterious topics were agitated, Ella's cheek grew crimson, although she never lifted up her eyes or ventured on a retort. Once or twice, Miss Constance De Vaincy turned away the conversation from this dangerous subject in a careless, laughing mode, which I scarcely knew whether to ascribe to thoughtlessness or consideration; and several times, when Ella spoke to her, there was a tender intonation in her voice unlike what I had ever heard in it before. My sister evidently liked her new friend as much as the rest of the family.

BISHOP COPLESTON.*

THE familiar letters of its distinguished men are among the most interesting records which an age can preserve for its own instruction and amusement, and transmit to posterity as a monument of itself. If the writers have been prominent actors in the great drama of the national history, their correspondence with their friends and acquaintance will often take us behind the scenes of political life, and reveal to us the springs of those proceedings which are sometimes unintelligible when viewed by themselves, and

merely by the light of public policy. Even when no facts properly belonging to history are thus disclosed, yet the characters of public men, of which the general public has so vague and partial a knowledge, come out in so much fuller detail, stripped of official reserve and that sort of acting which belongs by a sort of necessity to political life, that the facts which were known before assume a new interest and a fresh significance as we regard them in their true relation to the men through whose opinions and passions

* *Memoir of Edward Copleston, D.D., Bishop of Llandaff; with Selections from his Diary and Correspondence, &c.* By William James Copleston, M.A., Rector of Cromhall, Gloucestershire; and Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. London: John W. Parker and Son, West Strand. 1851.

they were retarded or developed, of whose minds and feelings they are at once the discipline and the exponents. Biography gives vitality to history, which becomes, without the aid of its humble coadjutor, abstract and colourless, actuated by general laws, and issuing in general results, which need translating into motives of individual action and effects upon individual life, before they gain their hold on the interest and affections necessary to make the study of history popular and fruitful. And when the writers of letters are not in the foremost ranks of statesmanship, but occupy such a position as to observe the conduct and discern the motives of the leading men, the value of the information to be gained from them is second to none in historical importance, and is indeed only to be limited by the sagacity and honesty of the informants. But besides this political source of interest in published correspondence,—and which, except in the case of professed literary men, is its main attraction for contemporary readers,—posterity will find here an inexhaustible store of facts to be depended on, from which to draw conclusions as to the social state of the age and country wherein the correspondence was carried on. And from this point of view, there is only one condition necessary to render the correspondence interesting, and philosophically serviceable, and that is, that the writers should have common sense, at least in such a degree as to qualify them to stand as representatives of the mass of their countrymen at the time. Probably the more nearly they do this, the more valuable will their correspondence be to posterity. There is, then, no branch of literature in which criticism may be so justly tolerant; for the folly, or the prejudice, or the ignorance, which is *per se* reprehensible, may be properly considered worth preserving, as an indication of the state of public feeling and public intelligence at 're time, or a landmark from which posterity may calculate their progress or their decline. We hold it, therefore, a justifiable and even a praiseworthy act, to publish the letters of any man,—not relatively to his times a madman or a dunce

—who has had activity of mind, and sympathy or business with his fellow-men, sufficient to have caused a voluminous correspondence. This is especially true of our own country, where, happily, the administration of affairs is not concentrated in a class of government officials subordinated in a rigid system and to an unchanging rule, but where the public functions of social life are so distributed as to call out for every citizen in his station, something of that conjoined responsibility and energy, which form together the two elements of the political training, by which we English have arrived at the enviable condition of enjoying freedom without anarchy and government without despotism. Here, then, it is especially necessary to the complete comprehension of our social state, that the fullest records of the lives and characters of those who are leading men in their respective classes, types of all that is excellent and defective in those classes, should be furnished to posterity. Our only regret is, not that so many biographies are published, the subjects of which have not been very eminent in their time, but that the range of biography has hitherto been too exclusive—confined, with few exceptions, to men of literary or political eminence, and these exceptions being chiefly religious biographies of a thoroughly unwholesome tendency. We confess that in this country, the greatness of which depends immediately upon its material wealth and those who are engaged in producing or distributing it, literature, science, politics, and theology seem to us to have monopolized too large a share of those personal records, an abiding place in which is an honourable object of ambition. We have had the Napoleon of Peace,—when are we to have the Plutarch of Commerce?

The point of view indicated is, we feel assured, the true point of view for all biographies of other than first-rate men; by which we mean of men, either of remarkable genius, or whose achievements have modified the course of the world's history. The Wellingtons and the Peels, the Shelleys and the Scotts, are in themselves, and to the men of their own

times, as interesting as they will be to posterity. But the other men who are lucky enough to get their lives written, either from having had admiring friends to preserve their letters, or from leaving relatives to whom their reputation is a kind of property, have but a slight interest for their contemporaries, who knew nothing of them personally; and so their memorials in most cases drop out of sight, and are valued but as so much waste paper. If, however, the compilers or editors would but keep definitely before their minds the plain fact, that as individual men, their subjects can awaken lasting interest, neither in their contemporaries, nor in posterity, but that, as specimens of a class, as types of those who have to perform definite functions in the commonwealth, they may be extremely valuable, and of the highest interest to posterity, the result would be a series of memoirs, histories, and collections of letters, presenting to future ages the social life and progress of the times which preceded, with the same clearness as the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii present us, in the nineteenth century, with the domestic habits of the Italians of the first century, and far greater fulness of detail.

These remarks, sufficiently obvious in themselves, have been immediately called forth by a memoir of the late Dr. Copleston, Bishop of Llandaff, published by his nephew. His was a career of remarkable success; not that he rose to a very lofty eminence, or had the largest functions of the State to discharge, but that he discharged remarkably well those to which he was called, and filled some of the most important and influential offices of his profession. He was admirably fitted to convey to posterity a notion of the sort of man a good college tutor and master was during the earlier part of the nineteenth century—to figure as the centre of a group, and the hero of a dramatic story, which should have told to our great-grandchildren what Oxford was in the times immediately preceding our own. The whole interest attaching to the man belongs to him as Fellow, Tutor, and Provost of Oriel. If posterity remember him, it will be as having tradition-

ally done more than any other man to raise Oriel to an eminent position in Oxford and England, and as having manfully fought for Oxford against calumniators without, and against bigots within. Yet of all this, which was the man's real life, the thing he came into the world apparently to do, the biographer gives us but a meagre account; and we have instead, letters, extracts from journals, and remarks of his own, little connected with the main business upon which his uncle was employed. It is not to the presence of these things that we object, but to the comparative importance given to them; as if one should write the life of the Duke of Wellington, and omit his campaigns. It would be idle to answer that the aim of the biographer is to depict the man as man, and not as official; to show to us the humanity that is in him, not to describe the mechanical routine in which his days pass under the division of labour imposed by social life; though we have little doubt that some such feeling lies at the bottom of the mistakes of this sort made by biographers. The truth is, that the character of the man, what he really is, manifests itself in what he does, in the zeal and effectiveness with which he discharges his daily tasks. In this lies what the man is worth to the community, though, of course, the influence of a good and wise man extends far beyond his routine business, into his social intercourse with his friends, into his amusements, into his self-imposed occupations, into his opinions on the various topics of politics, literature, science, in which he takes interest; and all these are necessary to complete the portrait. But to throw into the background all that upon which half a man's life is spent—that which is peculiarly his business—into which his best energies are continuously directed—with the success or failure of which the man himself may be said to succeed or fail, surely this is a mistake in art, and seems to us connected with a mistake in morals; the feeling conscious or unconscious that there is little worth in the business of life, that a man is only truly cultivating his humanity when he gets away

from this business. Mr. Stanley knew better than this when he wrote Dr. Arnold's life. How the school-master stands there—how one sees all the fine sides of the man's character coming out under the hopes and fears, anxieties and pleasures of the station in which God had placed him, as we see a mountain revealing its universe of beauty under the lights and shades of the sky. And again, in the same writer's memoir of his father, the late Bishop of Norwich, the admirable individuality of the portrait is produced by the same true feeling of the effect of a man's business in life in bringing out his character, if he have one. And this leads us to remark, that though almost any man's life is worth writing, it is by no means any one who can write it—a fact, of which the relatives of distinguished men seem unfortunately in general ignorant. The requisite qualifications of a biographer vary, of course, in reference to his subject, but two or three leading conditions seem essential to a good biography. The writer should have known him of whom he writes during the effective part of his career; have been familiar with his aims, his difficulties, both from within and without; his previous training. This, it is plain, can seldom be attained, except by a contemporary; and this, among other reasons, is one of the principal objections to the now common practice of entrusting the task of writing the lives of distinguished men to their younger relatives. That the objections may be overcome by an intense sympathy, and by peculiar advantages of knowledge, is seen in Mr. Stanley's case, before referred to. Then, again, acquaintance with the duties of the profession of the man whose life has to be written would in most cases seem an essential. But, above all, any antagonisms of religious or political party, except in the rarest cases, utterly unfit a man for writing a life of another. A Protectionist must be a wonderful man who would not make a strange melodrama of Sir Robert Peel's political life; and, with all our love and reverence for Dr. Arnold, we scarcely think he would have acquitted himself satisfactorily as the biographer of John Henry Newman.

We are afraid that Bishop Copleston has suffered somewhat from this latter cause. He was a prominent opponent in his later life of the Tractarian movement, on which question his nephew seems to be not altogether at one with him. We doubt whether a reader previously unacquainted with the Bishop's opinions on this point would have gathered even a hint of them from the book. There is one omission in connexion with this matter which, for our parts, we cannot too strongly censure. We will simply state the fact, and leave the reader to draw his own conclusion. The only occasion on which the Bishop of Llandaff took an active part in any Oxford proceedings after he ceased to be Provost of Oriel, was on the degradation of Mr. Ward, for the publication of *The Ideal of a Christian Church*. On that occasion, Dr. Copleston exerted all his great influence in Oxford against Mr. Ward. Now, on the wisdom of these proceedings against Mr. Ward, there was at the time, and has been ever since, great difference of opinion, and no one would have quarrelled with Mr. Copleston for stating his objections to the part taken by his uncle. But to ignore the whole matter is, to say the least of it, absurd; as the omission was sure to be pointed out, and attract in the end more attention than if it had been mentioned with other facts in the course of the biography. We cannot help tracing to a similar motive the very scanty selection that appears in this volume of the letters of the Bishop to his intimate friend of forty years, Dr. Whately, Archbishop of Dublin. A correspondence between two such men on the literary and political topics in which we know them both to have been interested, and to have been competent judges, would have been a welcome exchange for the unimportant matter of which a large portion of Mr. Copleston's volume is made up. We feel the more angry at this omission, and the public has the more reason to regret it, as Bishop Copleston's correspondence with Lord Dudley, which, from his lordship's published letters, would have

been most interesting, has either been destroyed or suppressed by his lordship's executors; and causes unknown to us have prevented his correspondence with Lord Grenville and the late Lord Lyttelton, and letters of importance to the late Sir Robert Peel, from seeing the light.

In spite, however, of all drawbacks, the memoir is pleasant reading, and one travels through it with the consciousness of being in the company of a clear-headed, well-read, kind-hearted, conscientious man, who did admirably well the special work given him to do, and took a by no means unimportant part in the larger concerns of the great world out of Oxford. There is, besides, an air of prosperity, a tone of contentment about the book, which is very cheerful in these times, when most of the thinking men are probing the wounds and uncovering the sores of the body politic, in a way that one feels to be necessary, but which makes one very uncomfortable, as though the thin crust of earth were to become suddenly transparent, and make visible and audible the roaring, heaving mass of central fire. The following extract from a letter to Dr. Whately, written in 1824, involves a principle invaluable in practical life, and tends to settle on a basis of thorough good sense and sound reasoning a question which must continually be perplexing sensitive, conscientious people:—

Even the sense of duty must be satisfied in permitting many things to go unattended to, which, if the means were in our hands, we should be glad to regulate. It seems absurd to mount to metaphysical principles for a guide in the common familiar concerns of life. Yet I have frequently been led to reflect on the wide prevalence of evil in the world, as a proof that God cannot expect us to harass ourselves incessantly in resisting it. He doubtless permits it, as affording an arena for our energies, directed as they should be in obedience to his will. But it could never be meant that our own enjoyment is to be nullified by it.

These reflections used to occur to my mind when engaged in active duties as a college officer; and it often appeared to me the most difficult question, with what degree of evil existing under one's eyes one might fairly indulge a feeling

of complacency, and a desire for repose or enjoyment. No one will say that these feelings are not to be indulged at all, while any degree of evil exists around us which we may by possibility counteract. Our Saviour himself was not always teaching or relieving distress, and much both of moral and physical evil he must have witnessed without interfering to correct it.

Whenever, therefore, a service of this kind exceeds the measure of our health or spirits, we ought to be satisfied that another duty withdraws us from it, and endeavour to forget, by diversion to other objects, the imperfections and blemishes which are inseparable from earthly things.

It is seldom, indeed, that one has occasion to inculcate this sort of duty, but the best motives require a moderating hand; even benevolence itself may grow up into asceticism.

To a philosophic temper Dr. Copleston united intellectual accomplishments of an unusually wide range. He is one of the few instances of a home education turning out a distinguished man, though in his case Oxford possibly supplied the usual training of a public school, for he was elected a scholar of Corpus Christi College in his sixteenth year, and within four years was specially invited to become a fellow of Oriel, of which college he became tutor in his twenty-first year. In his probationary year he gained the English essay, the subject being agriculture, and treated it in so masterly a fashion as to obtain the singular compliment of a vote of thanks from the Agricultural Society. As tutor of Oriel, he became captain of a company of volunteers raised among his undergraduates, on the anticipation of a French invasion in 1797. The year 1800 was the era of the new examination statute at Oxford; Mr. Copleston took a leading part in promoting the change against a vehement opposition, and when the statute passed, undertook with five other colleagues the delicate and difficult task of conducting the first examinations. We find him in the same year admitted to priests' orders, and instituted to a small vicarage, the duties of which he could perform without interfering with his collegiate functions. In 1802, he was elected Professor of Poetry, a

post which he held for some years. The results are given to the world in a series of 'prælectiones,' which, being written in Latin, are, of course, read but by few, but his biographer tells us they 'will never cease to delight those who can appreciate clear development of principles, just criticism, discriminating delicacy of taste, and, perhaps, above all, Latinity of such pure and brilliant water, that when, in our recollection, we compare it with Ciceronian gems, it loses none of its lustre.' The versatility of his power and the variety of his pursuits are shown by some vigorous researches into his own genealogy, and by his election, in 1804, as a fellow of the Antiquarian Society. In 1806 he was made senior treasurer of his college, and his financial talents are exemplified by a passage in his diary referring to this appointment:—

Obtained the consent of the college to a plan for improving the revenues, by borrowing fines instead of taking them from the lessees at renewals, and increasing the reserved rents instead.—N.B. Being continued six years in the office, contrary to the usual custom of electing for one year only, succeeded in establishing this plan, by means of which the income of the college has been trebled, all its debts liquidated, and the estates better tenanted.

In 1807 appeared the 'Advice to a Young Reviewer,' suggested, we believe, by a critique in the *British Critic* upon *Mant's Poems*, and exposing in so forcible and effective a style the low arts and malicious devices of reviewers, that though a mere *jeu d'esprit*, it remains to this day a most useful warning, both to critics what to avoid, and to the public, to be on their guard against the critics. Coming at the moment when criticism of the slashing impertinent kind was more attended to than it is now, it must have been a real relief and a hearty relish to insulted authors. Flushed with his triumph over impertinence out of Oxford, he next assailed it nearer home, and a pamphlet, entitled *The Examiner Examined*, administered tremendous castigation to a rash member of the University, who, being in gross ignorance both of logic and of facts, had published, and got puffed into notoriety, a work called *Logic made*

Easy. In both these pamphlets, as afterwards in the replies to the Edinburgh Review calumnies upon Oxford Education, Mr. Copleston unites with his sarcasm and wit the clear enunciation of such important principles. that, like Sydney Smith, he seems to have only pointed his argument to make it go further home, and do its useful service more thoroughly. His is no mere holiday jesting—the edge and polish of his weapon are for use, not for show.

Towards the close of 1809 the Chancellorship of the University of Oxford became vacant by the death of the Duke of Portland. The candidates were Lord Grenville, Lord Eldon then Lord Chancellor, and the Duke of Beaufort. Mr. Copleston warmly espoused the cause of the first mentioned nobleman, who was successful in spite of his advocacy of catholic emancipation, and the immense influence which the church patronage of the Lord Chancellor naturally gave to one of his opponents. The connexion thus formed, ripened into a friendship between Lord Grenville and Mr. Copleston, and the latter was thenceforth a welcome guest in the polished and intellectual society of which Lord Grenville was the centre. Mr. Copleston's motives for his choice are given in a letter to his father, in which he says, 'We have now at our head what we ought to have—the ablest and the most learned nobleman in the kingdom—a firm friend to the Established Church—a sincere Christian—a man of the most correct private life, and a determined anti-gallican and anti-philosophist.'

In 1810 Mr. Copleston resigned his college tutorship, after holding it thirteen years. The only record of this office afforded us by his biographer, consists of a letter to himself from Mr. Hughes, of Donnington Priory, who was a pupil of Mr. Copleston. The following extracts present the main points of the summary:

As far as I can judge of the public opinion entertained in Oxford at the time of my first residence, I believe that, if graduates and undergraduates collectively had been called to name their one 'Pentanthlus,'—the man among them best adapted, according to the definition

of some English sage of the old time, to discharge well any given office of peace or war,—they would have unanimously named your uncle. His manly and practical habits of mind pervaded both his lectures, and his opinions as to the true ends of an university education. The latter he held to consist, not so much in the quantity of books read, and systems learned in a half-digested manner, as in the acquired power of dissecting and investigating a subject, of whatever given sort, with sustained attention, and in that logical and common-sense way by which it becomes incorporated with the mind. Things rather than words, and quality rather than quantity, were the tests of proficiency to which he looked. Both during his college career, and in after life, his mind appeared at the same time to grasp the main gist of a question, and to classify all its minute details with a just appreciation of the relative bearing and importance of each. It was not his nature to make the most trifling thing a sinecure which came under his notice, even down to the planting a forest-tree, or the proper orthography of a name; and on subjects on which he conversed to get information, so mercifully pertinent were his queries and cross-questionings, that the examined at once discerned his own deficiency in matters on which he had thought himself fully prepared, and the right method of remedying it; while at the same time he perceived that whatever he had said to the purpose was from that moment stored for use in the mind of the querist.

It may be well imagined how favourably this analytical habit of mind, seconded by his known and extensive scholarship, and a patience and accuracy which passed over nothing, told on Mr. Copleston's efficiency as a lecturer. Under his system, and that of his friend and colleague, Mr. Bishop, (a sound instructor, and a man of many virtues, whom our roughest hands regarded with a sort of filial feeling,) the college studies embraced only one lecture a day; but to prepare this lecture so as to satisfy your uncle's zeal and accuracy, fully taxed the industry and scholarship of those who gave him their full attention. Of the necessity of the modern system of getting up books for a degree, styled by the young men 'coaching,' or 'cramming,' I cannot presume to form an opinion; all I can say is, that Mr. Copleston's mode of lecturing rendered it a work of supererogation, provided his instructions were noted and stored up at the time.

A despairing freshman, after one or two previous failures, and much laudable plodding, had stuck fast in the middle of the *Pons Asinorum*.

Mr. C.—'Do you really think, Mr. * * * *, that you can master this fifth proposition?'

Mr. * * * * (in a deep positive tone).—'No, sir, I CAN NOT!—but (emphatically) I'LL TRY.'

Mr. C.—'I respect the manliness of that answer, Mr. * * * *: and, let me tell you, I am convinced you have it in you not only to try but to succeed.'

The effect of this timely tact showed itself at the next lecture; the neophyte took heart, got through the dreaded problem with perfect accuracy, and very soon found out for himself what his subsequent high honours in the schools demonstrated, that he had one of the clearest and soundest heads of his standing.

A successful evasion of the discipline maintained by Mr. Copleston was considered as no great matter of good taste or triumphant ingenuity, and the sympathy felt for those who had come into unpleasant collision with him, was usually of the nature of what you or I should feel for a friend passing through the process of the Insolvent Court, or sued for 'breach of promise' before an impartial judge.

I may truly say that I never knew any professed man of letters from whom I heard, in the way of familiar conversation, such sound and discreet maxims as to that art of society in which Parr and Porson certainly were novices, and those business-like habits which qualify a man to take care of himself and other people. I fear that if a German eruditissimus had made a third at our private lectures, he would have held Mr. Copleston's occasional '*prolusiones de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*,' as something almost unholy; though somehow or other I seem to recollect them better than most other things which occurred so long ago. You will smile, I think, at the following characteristic trait of a relative whose turn of mind you knew so well. A note was delivered to your uncle while we were 'enucleating' (as our excellent friend and olim socius, T—, used to style it) a tough part of the *Agamemnon*. Having opened and perused it, Mr. Copleston tossed it indignantly to me, pointing to the direction.

'Now, look there—as if that man, who ought to know better, and has called here half-a-dozen times, could not recollect that my name is Cop-les-ton,

as you may see it over my door, and that I was baptized Edward, which he must know also, or might have found out.'

H.—'He indulges you, I see, sir, with two superfluous letters.'

C.—'Yes—the Rev. Mr. Coplestone! Now, I cannot recommend a better habit to a young man, like yourself, entering the world in good society, than to ascertain the exact prefix, spelling, and pronunciation of every man's name with whom you have intercourse: such, I mean, as he and his family choose habitually to adopt. Depend upon it, that people in general infer a sort of *ολιγωρία* from such lapses; as if you took so little interest in their identity, as to forget the minor characteristics of it.' * * * *

A remarkably astute elderly man of business, who had made a large fortune on the Stock Exchange, was asked by a neighbour how he had sped as to the renewal of the lease of an important part of his estate, held under Oriol College. 'Why, not so well as I expected,' was the answer. 'I thought I should get a pretty easy bargain with a mere learned, bookish fellow, like Copleston; but I was rather taken aback, I confess: he is as well up to the value of land and money as I am myself, and seems acquainted with every acre of the property.'

About this time appeared the three replies to the calumnies of the *Edinburgh Review*, which, as coming from one who had himself played a leading part in the correction of abuses, and the supply of deficiencies at Oxford, may be taken as the opinions of the wisest and most thoughtful churchmen of this time on the important question of university education. He became shortly afterwards a contributor to the *Quarterly Review*, though he did not habitually devote himself to article-writing, his contributions altogether amounting only to six, and spreading over a space of fifteen years. From this date, evidences begin to appear in his letters and journals, of the interest he took in questions of finance and political economy; his clear intelligence leading him even thus early to recognise the superiority of Huskisson, and the merits of Malthus. Little occurs during the next two or three years of Mr. Copleston's career, to break the quiet stream of academical life—in his case so pleasantly varied by visits to houses

where virtue, intellect, and rank, united to make the owners distinguished. In 1813 he declined the offer of the headship of Magdalen Hall, made him by Lord Grenville: probably, from the consciousness that the apparently approaching vacancy in the provostship of his own college could scarcely fail to raise him to a still higher post. The summer of 1814 he spent, for the first time, on the continent; and the letters written on this tour, as well as on subsequent ones, are well worthy to take place beside those of his friend Lord Dudley, which he afterwards published. Shortly after his return to Oxford, the expected vacancy occurred, and the Fellows of Oriol unanimously selected Mr. Copleston for their head, and the University heightened the compliment, by conferring upon him the diploma degree of D.D.—'the highest honour the University can bestow.' We wish that the biographer had given us something by which we could have enabled our readers to form a definite estimate of Dr. Copleston's merits and services in his new and influential position, but he has not; so we must pass on to his successive literary productions. In 1819 he published two letters to Sir Robert Peel, *On the Pernicious Effects of a Variable Standard of Value, especially as it regards the Condition of the Lower Orders, and the Poor Laws*; and, *On the Causes of the Increase of Pauperism, and on the Poor Laws*; the former of which, received striking testimony from Mr. Tierney and Sir J. Mackintosh in the House of Commons, and two years subsequently from that eminent authority, Mr. Baring—afterwards Lord Ashburton. From this time forward we find him on terms of intimacy with, and referred to as an authority by, the most eminent statesmen and financiers of the day. But, probably, the work by which Dr. Copleston has become most widely known, is the *Inquiry into the Doctrines of Necessity and Predestination*, consisting of sermons preached before the University, with appendices, and published in the year 1821. The work will ever remain valuable, as showing the sources of confusion on this subject which lie in the ambiguous use

of words, and as carrying out the great argument of Bishop Butler, on the analogy between natural and revealed religion, which always must weigh most powerfully with candid inquirers; inasmuch as its essence consists in demonstrating the supposed inconsistencies and impossibilities of revealed religion, to be the commonly received facts of natural religion, the result equally of cultivated reason and spontaneous consciousness. The error of the Fatalist and the Predestinarian or Calvinist, (who is nothing but a Fatalist, whose theory arbitrarily confines itself to the future life,) consists in pushing one side of an harmoniously combining truth to the destruction of the other side; in asserting that of two apparently contradictory propositions, one is necessarily false. The answer, in short, is, that our principles of practical life are seen to consist of propositions severally found by experience and reason to be true; but which, in our imperfect state of knowledge, and the limited faculties with which we are endowed, are not logically reconcilable; and that this is what might be *à priori* expected, where truths affecting the conduct and interests of finite beings have their source and ultimate harmony in the being of the Infinite. We are sure that our readers will be gratified by a correspondence arising out of this work, between Dr. Copleston and Mr. (afterwards Sir D. K.) Sandford, who had recently attacked Oxford, and Oriel in particular, with great acrimony in the *Edinburgh Review*. These frank acknowledgments of error on the one side, and the readiness to forgive on the other, are among the rare but choicest pleasures of literary and religious controversy. Nor is it a very common thing for a book to produce on the mind of men as clever and accomplished as Mr. Sandford, an effect so complete and convincing.

College of Glasgow, December 22, 1823.

SIR,—Though I have too much reason to fear that a letter with my signature may not be acceptable to you, I cannot refrain from giving the simple expression of my gratitude for a very essential service you have rendered me. My mind (as I suppose, at some season or another, must be the case with all serious thinkers

on religious subjects) had been much agitated by the mysterious questions of predestination and election. Till lately, I confess with shame, I had not read your book on this topic. Its recent perusal has put an end to my doubts and hesitations—I hope for ever. The very work which, when unknown to me, I dared to mention in a slighting manner, has thus, under Providence, been the happy instrument of removing all my hesitations, and yielding peace to my disquieted thoughts. You will, perhaps, receive with indifference this tardy atonement for former petulance and error. But great will be my satisfaction if to the other members of the university, with whom my sincere confession of a heavy fault has reconciled me, I shall be enabled to add the name of Dr. Copleston.

I am, with much respect,

Your most obedient, humble servant,
D. K. SANDFORD.

Oriel College, December 28, 1823.

DEAR SIR,—It was far from a feeling of indifference with which I read your letter. A testimony so frank, and so powerful to the usefulness of a treatise, must naturally give its author sincere pleasure. But besides this, I should be sorry and ashamed to be thought insensible to the kindness of your communication.

Whatever pain may have been caused by any former exercise of your pen, be assured that this letter has had all the healing influence you could have intended or desired. In common with your academical friends, I had always admired your talents, and this proof you have given of a generous heart, makes me hope that I may hereafter be included in that number, and that some time or other I may have an opportunity of testifying my esteem in person.

Believe me, dear Sir,

Yours faithfully and sincerely,
E. COPLESTON.

College of Glasgow, January 3rd, 1824.

DEAR SIR,—I have no words to express the heartfelt pleasure with which your letter has affected me. Unless you could know the pain and sorrow inflicted on me by a long estrangement from all that is eminent and dignified at Oxford, you cannot appreciate the joy of a reconciliation now sanctioned by the person whom I had most wantonly, causelessly, and, I had feared, unpardonably offended. A nature generous as yours requires, I am well aware, no further acknowledgment of error and of penitence. I will add only the expression of my confident hope, that, though I may never do anything to merit much praise, I shall for the future avoid giving

reason for the censure of the virtuous and the wise. . . . It is quite uncertain when I may again visit Oxford, but it delights me to know that, whenever I may have that happiness, I shall be permitted to number you with my reconciled and only too indulgent friends,

Ever, with much respect,

Gratefully and sincerely yours,
D. K. SANDFORD.

For some years Dr. Copleston's life appears to have flowed on as pleasantly as the combination of high intellectual powers, large attainments, and a social position whose duties and pleasures were alike calculated to sustain and call them forth, can secure to a mortal. Occasional ill health seems the only interruption to this felicity. He mixed freely in the most distinguished circles of English society, enjoyed the friendship of the wise, the active, and the good; and the eminent persons who from time to time came to Oxford, found their natural attraction and a kind reception at Oriel Lodge. He had, too, his retirement from the busy world at his native place, Olfwell, in Devonshire, where he purchased an estate, and amused himself with planting and improving, and recruiting his health and spirits amid the scenes of nature, to which, in her wilder or her softer mood, in Switzerland or in Devonshire, he was enthusiastically sensitive. In the middle of 1826 he received from Lord Liverpool the offer of the deanery of Chester—a compliment the higher, as Dr. Copleston belonged to an opposite political party; and had, indeed, been hitherto debarred from ministerial preferment by that cause. Moreover, it was a stranger thing then than it would be thought now, thanks mainly to Sir Robert Peel, for a minister to offer church preferment to a distinguished man, who was opposed to his party on important political measures. Lord Liverpool soon passed away from the political scene; and Canning's premature fate raised Lord Goderich, for a brief period, to the helm of the state. This nobleman, on a vacancy occurring in the see of Llandaff, with which, at that time, the deanery of St. Paul's was held in *commendam*, offered it to Dr. Copleston; and with this preferment

his Oxford career naturally came to a close. On the great question of that time, the removal of the civil disabilities of the Papists, Dr. Copleston's opinions had been long decided; and of three parliamentary speeches which he published, one was in support of the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, and another in favour of the Catholic Emancipation Act. On the question of parliamentary reform which immediately followed, the Bishop of Llandaff shared the apprehension of his friend, Lord Dudley, and others of our most thoughtful statesmen, both with respect to the excessive enlargement thereby given to the democratic element in our constitution, and to the revolutionary agitation by which the bill was ultimately carried. The journals and letters contain many interesting allusions to the occurrence of that anxious time. Two letters, one from the Earl of Ripon to the bishop, and the bishop's answer, which we subjoin, are so full of sound sense, and so illustrative of the position and opinions of the moderate party, as to be valuable historical documents.

Llansanfraed, November 27, 1831.

MY DEAR LORD,—Most willingly do I avail myself of your lordship's inquiry, to explain what my motives were in voting as I did against the second reading of the Reform Bill, and what my present views are with regard to that measure.

* * * * *

Sensible as I am of the use of close boroughs, in uniting the two houses of parliament, and giving to the Lords and to the King an unseen influence in the assembly, which now virtually possesses the whole power of the State, I still feel that this reasoning could never be made intelligible to the people at large; and that we must, for the sake of public opinion, remodel this part of the representative system, as well as enfranchise some of the principal towns hitherto not included in it.

But it seemed to me that in *this* plan there was too much of theory and too little of constitutional principle, and that there was an attempt to do too much at once. If the ancient prerogative as to issuing and discontinuing writs had been revived, I thought it would have been an equally efficient and a safer course; and I dreaded the precedent of founding representation upon

numbers, as likely to lead to a farther and to an indefinite extension. As to details, my objection chiefly lay against the division of counties, and the low qualification of householders.

Having, therefore, frequently expressed these opinions, it seemed hardly honest to vote for going into a committee, on the pretence of contending for some modification of the bill, when we were plainly told, in the course of the debate, that that must not be expected. I went to town fully resolved to vote for the second reading, and was diverted from that resolution only by the consideration I have just mentioned, added to a persuasion (which I was encouraged in holding) that Lord Harrowby, or some leading member of opposition, would move a formal declaration, pledging the House to support a measure of the same kind, somewhat different in form. In this expectation I gave my vote, and was grievously disappointed a few days afterwards at finding that nothing of the kind was to be done. Had I known this beforehand, I believe my vote would have been different—so nicely balanced was my mind upon the precise question then before the House.

Of the expediency, and, indeed, of the indispensable necessity, of some measure of the kind, my conviction is so strong, that I should not hesitate in voting for a bill substantially the same, if no modification can be obtained, rather than throw it out again, although I might strenuously endeavour to alter what appears to me objectionable. But the state of public opinion is such, that I think it would be madness to resist the disfranchisement of decayed and close boroughs; and if many of the former opponents make this avowal, I hope it will induce the framers of the bill to meet that disposition by such concessions as will lessen their scruples, and take off the appearance of inconsistency in their conduct as much as possible.

One thing I will frankly acknowledge, that I was in error as to the degree and the extensive prevalence of public opinion on this subject, not understanding, as I now do, what a strong hold the question has acquired in the minds of the middle classes, and of those just above them. But I see much that alarms me in their forgetfulness of the example of the French revolution; and I am more than ever anxious to avoid a theoretical basis of representation, whether of numbers, taxation, or property, as leading to republicanism, and on that account should be glad to retain a great variety (as we always have had) of qualifications in our representative system. I lay great stress upon the word *retain*, be-

cause I believe it is hardly possible to create them anew, and their importance, upon that very account, seems not to have been sufficiently estimated.

* * * * *

Your lordship's most obliged and faithful servant,

E. LLANDAFF.

The bishop's parliamentary career, as is usual, and as seems to be considered decorous by most of his order, was not conspicuous after the passing of the Reform Bill. The only circumstance of which his nephew makes special mention is his speech and protest, with four other bishops, and three lay peers, against the third reading of the Maynooth Bill. We do not think the view taken by Dr. Copleston a wise one; but no intellect in England appears capable, as yet, of grasping this Romanist question either in principle or detail, and dealing successfully with its manifold difficulties and daily growing embarrassments. Our sole reliance in this matter is in the determination of the country not to be prevented by names from taking measures against practical overt evils, combined with the evident intense anxiety of the wisest of our statesmen, herein at one with the wisest of the nation at large, not to violate the spirit of religious liberty. The bishop necessarily resided a great deal in London, both as a member of parliament and Dean of St. Paul's; and his diaries bear frequent evidence of the zest with which he enjoyed the social intercourse open in London to such men, with all that is distinguished in rank, literature, science, and social talent. He was himself eminent as a conversationalist, and had that hearty sympathy with all that adorns and makes delightful the daily life of great cities, which enables men to be much in society without becoming triflers, and to be students without becoming pedants. But much as he enjoyed the society and intellectual excitement of London, his attention to the duties of his diocese was exemplary and effective. We are enabled, by the aid of a memoir by Sir Thomas Phillips, distinguished for the interest he has taken in the education of Wales, to present our readers with a summary of the

leading results of Bishop Copleston's episcopate, so far as such results can be measured by figures and facts.

The diocese of Llandaff embraces a population of a twofold character—the native Welsh inhabitants, and the colonies of English, Irish, and Scotch, which the immense development of the iron trade has attracted thither, and mainly through which the population has increased from under 100,000 in 1800, to more than 300,000 at the present time. A double difficulty has hence arisen in respect to the ecclesiastical arrangements of the diocese—a deficiency of church accommodation and clerical superintendence, and a necessity of employing two languages in the services of religion and parochial ministration. To add to the difficulty, the revenues of the clergy are unusually scanty:—

The net income of the bishopric	£924
The net income of all the members of chapter	690
Average income of parochial benefices	177
(Sixty-four being of less value than £100 a year.)	

The bishop had, moreover, no residence; but from the year 1821, following the example of Bishop Van Mildert, the bishops of Llandaff rented houses within the diocese at their private cost. It may be added, that the bishop's staff was imperfect, the one archdeacon neither holding visitations, nor discharging other archidiaconal duties, but the oversight of the fabric of the churches being entrusted to the chancellor of the diocese.

To meet some of the evils arising from this state of things, Bishop Copleston directed his attention to the erection of new churches, and of glebe houses, and the enforcement of residence. For the promotion of the first of these objects, he took the lead in the formation of a Diocesan Church Building Society, subscribing £100 yearly to its funds, in addition to liberal subscriptions to each separate work of church-building and church restoration in the diocese. Indirectly and directly, through this Society, something like £22,000 had been spent in the diocese, on the publication of its last (fifth) annual report. Bishop Sumner complained, in 1827,

that 100 parishes only in the diocese possessed glebe houses, while 132 were without them. Bishop Copleston added between fifty and sixty parsonages; and though, owing to the increase of benefices, there still remained about 100 without parsonages, the improvement, considering the wealth of the diocese, is very considerable, and is evidence of great exertion on the part of the bishop and his clergy.

With respect to residence, Bishop Sumner states, that in 1827 only 97 parishes enjoyed the advantages of clergymen actually resident, while 137 cures were without a resident minister. In 1850, the number of resident clergymen amounted to 162, while 53 parishes were still served by non-residents. Of course, the decrease in pluralities corresponds to the increase of resident clergy, the number of those who held more than two benefices having dwindled to nine, and of those who held two, to twenty-seven, thirteen of these having been appointed before Bishop Copleston's institution. So again of double services. In 1827 there were only twenty-six churches in which two services were performed on Sundays, while at the death of Bishop Copleston the number had risen to 100. In 1827 there were only thirty-nine daily and sixty-six Sunday-schools; in 1847, it appears, from returns published by the National Society, that there were 176 daily, and 228 Sunday-schools; while the number of scholars had in the same time increased from 2793 to 14,937. A no less cheering indication is afforded by the fact, that the number of persons confirmed by Bishop Sumner but slightly exceeded 1700; the number confirmed by Bishop Ollivant in 1851 amounted to 4221. These figures represent a great and continuous zeal on the part of the Bishop and his coadjutors, and to those who value the civilizing influence of religious education in connexion with the Church of England, speak volumes in favour of the clergy, which it might do men like Mr. Horsman and Sir Benjamin Hall some good to peruse. It would be unfair to the bishop in these days not to state distinctly, that he spent more upon his diocese every year

than his whole episcopal income amounted to. The reflection forces itself upon us, on the review of a life so honourably active, and an episcopate so useful to the Church as Bishop Copleston's, whether we should get better bishops if their election were transferred from the Crown to the clergy, or the members of the church in general. Anomalies there no doubt are in our present system. Probably few churchmen would defend it in its entirety; fewer still, we think, would like to see these important appointments in the hands of the clergy; while to give a deciding voice in such a matter to the great body of church members, would be introducing an element of confusion and misjudgment that might do incalcu-

lable discredit and injury to the church. It is peculiarly the business of the leaders of political parties to know the most eminent members of the learned profession, and these leaders are themselves, more than any men in the community, subject to public opinion. Still we should not be sorry to see a veto on the appointment of bishops given to the clergy of a diocese, in conjunction with a fair representative lay body. Till that can be effected, and the laity take their legitimate share in church government, as they do in every other function of civil life, we shall feel well contented to remain as we are, and shall be obliged to our prime-ministers if they continue to give us bishops as able, upright, and zealous as Bishop Copleston.

THE AGE OF VENEER.

THE SCIENCE OF DECEPTION.

THE science of deception has of late years attained an immense importance in this good realm of Britain. In other lands,—as, for example, in France or in America,—it is practised with more or less of success and perfection; but the inherent superiority of the Anglo-Saxon race has asserted itself even in this sinister and questionable pursuit, so that we may fairly claim as decided a pre-eminence in the arts by which fools are gulled and ruled, as in those more honourable and useful ones by which we have attained a moral dominion over the opinions and tastes of mankind. There may be more *finesse* in the system of the French deceivers, or the American ‘lumbag’ may, like the other indigenous productions of that remarkable land, be a very monster in the grandeur of his conceptions, and the enormous force brought to bear on their development; but for real, sound, profitable, business-like work in this peculiar line, we back the Britishers against all the world. Like everything done in the country, their operations in the art of deception are steady, systematic, and sure.

We conceive that we have a right to speak of the ‘science’ of decep-

tion, for it has all the dignity, symmetry, and order of the nobler sciences. It has its mysteries, which are utterly unknown to the uninitiated; it has also its professors, who are men very often raised by the admiration of their own dupes to positions of high honour and great profit. The organization and regulation of its minor ministrants are also complete, and ere a man can hope to reach the high places and carry off the rich prizes, he must go through many grades, and master many secrets, both in theory and practice. Once initiated, he is able to effect results, by comparison with which the glory and the honours reaped by successful soldiers or great discoverers sink into insignificance.

In a former number of this series, an attempt was made to explain some of the means resorted to for the manufacture of public opinion in England, through the journals and other agents by which the public ear is monopolized. We showed that almost any desired ‘public opinion’ might be made to order; that there were great contractors, who would not only undertake the duty, but who would also fulfil their undertakings. That similar pro-

cesses exist in other countries cannot admit of a doubt, but it is questionable whether the corresponding effects in France or America are not produced upon a much lower and more ignorant class of the community, and whether there are in those countries such masses of wealthy, intelligent, and educated persons willing to be cajoled, fleeced, and laughed at, as those we find in our own dearly beloved country. It might, perhaps, be proved that the arts of which we speak succeed with the superior classes of our countrymen in a much larger proportion than with similar classes elsewhere. This science of deception has, of course, for its basis the production of particular 'opinions, and the creation of peculiar preferences in the public mind; but although the great contractors for political opinion are, of all the practitioners the most perfect adepts, their *modus operandi* is far more difficult, and the secret of their power far more occult than in the case of the general professors or the charlatans.

It was recently stated, before a Committee of the House of Commons, by a gentleman eminently qualified to offer an opinion, that the articles in the French journals are far superior to those published in England. In this opinion we agree, in so far as the mere art of writing is concerned, and the greater depth and subtlety of the reasoning employed. But that they are superior for the purposes of journalism as exercised by the professors of the science of deception, we beg leave to deny. A Thiers or an Emile Girardin with, perhaps, a greater command of dialectics than his anonymous English contemporaries, is utterly belated them in the art of concealing the object with which he writes, or the hidden goal towards which all his efforts are tending. The English journalist plays a more bold and successful game, because he knows that he writes for a public unused to think for themselves; and the talent which the more accomplished artist bestows on his periods or his reasonings is employed by the Englishman in laying the trap and disguising the bait. Except for the lower class of Frenchmen or Americans, these tactics are un-

availing: all the rest have enough penetration to see through the whole scheme; but in England it is possible to lead by the nose persons who not only ought to know better, but who in all the other transactions of life evince the utmost shrewdness and aptitude. We should be curious to know the real opinions of an honest and intelligent foreigner on the superficial aspect of our society, in place of those smart and brilliant essays which appear in the Paris and Brussels papers, written by men who seek only to pander to the lowest prejudices of the people in their own country, and who systematically misrepresent everything they see. We strongly suspect that our social system has long since been anatomized and mapped; and if the Great Exhibition shall have led any competent man to communicate his observations and conclusions to the world, that will be among the most useful results it has produced.

Such an observer might already have perceived how very far a love of show and display has made its inroads on the native simplicity and truthfulness of the British character; how a nation long and rightly celebrated for a devotion to the real, even to the exclusion of many of the graces of life, has of late years begun to sacrifice to the superficial and the unreal; how the hospitality which once was not a virtue merely, but a religion with the people, is now at least among too many of the superiorem classes, 'mockery, a delusion, and a snare;' how the money which at one period in the nation's social history, was systematically and cheerfully spent in sacrificing to the sacred duties of friendship, in loading the groaning board and brimming the foaming ale-pot, is now begrudgingly reserved from those fruitful uses, to be bestowed upon the selfish and barren pleasures derivable from fine houses, fine clothes, fine equipages; now the frank, hearty, open welcome with which the indigenous John Bull received his guests, his friends, ay, or even in some cases his 'honourable' enemies, is but poorly exchanged for a cold, calculating courtesy, a freezing politeness born not of refinement but of selfishness, and intended to force to

a distance all comers who may trench upon the narrow enclosure which fences round the modern social man. If he attended our places of public amusement, he would see that genuine artistic acting or singing is passed over by the well-dressed public in favour of puffing charlatan-ism; that our opera-houses exist not so much from an appreciation by the public of their musical merits or demerits, as from a blind faith in a factitious *prestige* working with the compensatory aid of a magnificent *mise en scene*, and a multitudinous vocal ensemble, or, on the other hand, from incessant and unscrupulous puffing of mere names that have rung in men's ears until they have acquired a talismanic power over the contents of their purses; that the theatre in which is to be found the most perfect company, where all the nuances of acting, costume, and decoration, are observed with the nicest and the most cultivated taste, and where both the performers and the pieces performed approach the nearest to the high standard of the French stage, that the fortunes of this establishment have been sustained, not by this fine taste, not by this artistic acting, not by the admirable fitness of all the things there congregated for the public amusement and comfort, but by the magnificent and gaudy if still graceful splendours of two 'last scenes,' whose brilliancy and glitter have dazzled the eyes and chained the imagination of hundreds of thousands of persons, blinded thereby to the superior and more sterling attractions afforded by the place. If he tried to penetrate the smooth and placid surface of social life, he would find that it frequently but skins over a vital machine disorganized and impure; that, throughout the superior ranks, with many noble exceptions, form has usurped the place of reality; that the utmost austerity covers too often the least virtue; that the affectation of conventional piety cloaks indifference if not something more; that violent oscillations of religious profession, some of which have startled this contemporary period, may very frequently be taken as the indication of repugnance in virtuous souls to the hollow and artificial system in which they live;

and the blind excesses of faith as only the clutching despair of unbelief.

That the British people are, if not the most intelligent, at least among the most intelligent, on the face of the earth, may be safely affirmed, without our incurring the imputation of national vanity. The acts of the nation in the aggregate bespeak greatness, and the steadiness with which the peculiar institutions of the country and the ideas of the people have been propagated, wherever the British race have migrated, attests the existence of a latent moral strength, and a unity of purpose, without parallel in modern history. It involves, therefore, no slight risk to maintain that with all this intelligence and with all this inherent soundness, they are more easily misled than many nations much inferior. If we attempt to penetrate this mystery, we must look for causes operating beneath the surface, and not easily discovered. As a general proposition, it might be suggested that many of our social phenomena arise from the fact of our being in a transition state. The subtlety of a foreigner long since detected that the time-honoured, free constitution of England, however well it might have worked for the advancement of the national glory, was, in some of its essential conditions, a fiction; and that although king, lords, and commons combined, in a formal and technical sense, to make the laws, the actual power rested with the aristocracy. Still more recently, one of the most brilliant and successful of our parliamentary leaders stigmatized the government of this country as a Venetian aristocracy, and he evinced no slight ingenuity in maintaining his parallel even after changes had been made, which to his French predecessor would have appeared revolutionary. The real state of things would seem to be, that the people, after having long submitted to be governed by the aristocracy, in the belief that they were governing themselves, have been somewhat suddenly called upon to do that in reality which had before existed only as a fiction. Although the fundamental laws remained the same, and were efficient

for the protection of public liberty, the *personnel* of the law-makers was changed. It seemed that the education of the public was only beginning, at the time when they were called upon to exercise the functions for which a perfected political education was necessary. To this cause may be attributed the adoption by those who had previously ruled through constitutional fictions, of certain arts of statesmanship, without which they found it impossible to perpetuate their power. It is not surprising, therefore, that we find even in the legislature, and among the governing class, some of the most accomplished adepts in the science of deception.

It is a singular anomaly, that English statesmen are compelled to resort, for the good of the nation, to Machiavellian and Jesuitical arts, which in other countries are used to injure the people or enslave them. Spoilt children, or froward, vixenish women, are managed on the same principle, the only different result being, that the people of England are not so perverse towards their cajolers as the others instanced are to those who correct or rule them for their good. Under the old system of constitutional government, when the minister regularly hired the votes which gave him his majority, he could initiate a scheme of policy, and carry it by numerical force, even against the wishes or the prejudices of the people. It was only on very great occasions, such as the French or the American war, that he was obliged to put any arts in practice to work up the public mind to the required tax-paying pitch. But matters are now essentially changed. Every man has more or less a voice in the legislation of the country; every buyer of a fivepenny paper contributes to the maintenance of the chief power by which the state is ruled; every voter has not a nominal and an indirect, but a direct and real influence upon the legislature and the government; there are so many class interests, so many fixed ideas, so many prejudices, so much religious and political fetishism,—in short, the tools the statesman has to work with are so ill-placed to his hands and so unmanageable when grasped, that

he is compelled to resort to expedients and manœuvres not far removed above those which very clever 'mad doctors' adopt in order to manage their lunatic patients. The whole British public now resembles a patient who is under delusions 'not dangerous.' Nay, every separate 'interest' or 'class' may be considered as subject to some special hallucination. To say nothing of such obvious cases as that of Cobden and his universal peace mania, or his disarmament delusion, or that of Mr. G. F. Young and his harmless hankerings after middle-age commercial legislation, there are hundreds of milder and less palpable instances. There is, for example, the vast herd of people who are mad about taxes; hot vestrymen crazy about house-tax or window-tax; crazy colonels mad about insurance-tax; desponding shipowners, wild about light-dues; deluded farmers, desperate about land-tax, county-rates, lunatic-tax; everybody crying against some tax or other, the removal of which is to save the county and silence him, the patriotic grumbler, for ever. Then there are those who are mad about education; the philosophers who want everybody to be taught nothing; the clerical moralists, who insist that nobody shall be taught anything, or something that comes to about the same; there are the voluntaries and the involuntaries, the orthodox and the heterodox; all forming a mass of antagonistic force seemingly incapable of organization or combination, and presenting to the straightforward statesman of enlarged views and liberal principles, almost insuperable obstacles. Sometimes, indeed, a great chance occurs; sometimes an accidental whirlwind of opinion, or an organized plan of agitation, enables the statesman who is lucky enough to be at the head of affairs to seem to direct the policy of the nation,—in the phraseology of the euphuistic school, he 'goes down to posterity, his name associated with the glorious triumph of such or such a cause,' when, perhaps, he is of all men in the nation the most opposed to the policy which it is his fate to carry, and he merely acts as the unwilling mouth-piece or the reluctant puppet of others. But

such chances as Roman Catholic Emancipation, Abolition of the Slave Trade, Reform, and Free Trade, do not occur very often; indeed, it is a question whether one such movement in a quarter of a century is not quite enough for a nation with such predilections for illusions, who are only not so violent in their madness as their neighbours, because they are by nature slow and unimpressible, and who are observed never to do anything rationally or well for a considerable time after having been subjected to one of these fever fits.

Under such an infliction of unmanageable, irrational, and incongruous elements of opinion, the statesman is obliged to resort to the art of cajolery. If he would obtain any control over the public, he must 'fool them to the top of their bent.' If he have to attain any great public object which ought to be secured by the consentaneous opinion and action of the whole people, deliberating upon it long and in the open day, he must commence by studiously concealing such object or purpose, if even he do not ostentatiously proclaim some other. For some years past, this has been so systematic, that we are not only entitled to notice it, but are absolutely forced to do so. It is only by discovering the causes and analysing their operation, that we can satisfy ourselves of the possibility of acquitting many, if not nearly all, our public men, from the charge of deliberate tortuosity of action and double-dealing. The case resolves itself into one of necessity, and this policy of pretexts, of masked batteries, of alternate pandering and deprivation, is, perhaps, more repugnant to those who practise it than to those who reluctantly watch its progress. And yet, it cannot but have an evil effect on the character of our public men, it cannot but be injurious to the permanent reputation of the country, that its rulers, in their desire to work the machine of the state at all, are obliged to resort to the duplicities of foreign diplomacy. If there be one thing more than another which ought to characterise a British statesman or British legislators individually or in the abstract, it is good faith, a scrupulous and

chivalrous regard to the plighted word,—not merely the individual and personal word, but the public and official promise. Such considerations are, we think, in many instances, too lightly weighed; and the habit of obtaining absolution from the multitude when the detection of any political manœuvre has been contemporaneous with its success, engenders other evils, in the struggle to obtain that absolution.

One instance is as good as a hundred, if it establishes the case contended for. We will choose one which seems to us at once the most important and the most conclusive. Does the reader remember the circumstances under which the great measure of commercial emancipation was passed some few years since? Guarding ourselves against being suspected of any argument on the merits of that policy, we are entitled, in a paper of a non-political character, to comment on the mere *modus operandi* of the minister, in obtaining the assent of the legislature to that measure. The records of that day point to the tactics of Sir Robert Peel as a masterpiece of skill: in any other hands the result would have been scarcely possible without a serious convulsion of the state. But Sir Robert Peel disdained no expedient that could advance his cause. When proposing catholic emancipation, he had boldly announced that it was done against his will, and in fear of a formidable physical resistance in Ireland. Not so with repeal of the corn laws. The future historian will attach its due weight to the then position of the territorial aristocracy of England, menaced directly with an inroad on the county franchise, and more remotely by the forecast and ominous shadow of famine, pestilence, and furious struggles abroad; and he will not fail to render to Sir Robert Peel his meed of praise, alike for having thrown his shield over the order that or hated or despised him, and for magnanimously abstaining from a confession of his motives. In his hands, the new policy became divested of this grand political significance, and dwindled to the minor proportions of a commercial experiment, or a fiscal ma-

nœuvre. And in the progress of the measure, the same tactics were visible. The country witnessed, without any apparent feeling of astonishment or anger, the spectacle of a minister, of the highest character for probity, private and public, standing up deliberately, and night after night making opposite representations to opposite parties. To the one side of the House he guaranteed nearly all the promises that had been made by the agitators; to the other, he significantly and confidentially declared his conviction that nothing would be substantially changed in their political or pecuniary position. What made these proceedings the more remarkable, was their being carried on in so public a manner, in the face of millions, and under the critical eye of all Europe. Then there was a measure which, in a phrasology now obsolete, might be termed one of the 'wings' of the greater scheme. It had been all along understood, that the abolition of import duties was tantamount to a change in our fiscal system, from indirect to direct taxation. But, in the eyes of the vulgar, there existed between direct taxation and the French Revolution some mysterious connexion; therefore, it would not have been safe to avow to the many-headed monster a deliberate intention of gradually reverting to this ancient mode of obtaining revenue. An income-tax (it was always in the journals and the votes hypocritically called a 'property'-tax) was proposed, on the distinct pledge that it was to last but for three years. Sorry should we be to cast on the memory of an illustrious administrator of the affairs of this empire any imputation calculated, if true, to weaken the moral prestige of his character. But that distinguished man, like greater men before him, was obliged to work with the tools he had at hand; he could not stop balancing small difficulties, or applying the moral gauge perpetually to political questions. He well knew that to announce to the British public that he had resolved on direct taxation, would be to destroy the whole scheme of his commercial policy. The fixed idea, the antipathy against all taxation of the kind, would have dominated

over the necessity; and the public would rather have gone on adding to the national debt than have accepted it. But still there remains the glaring fact, that a deliberate pledge was as deliberately broken; that in place of reducing the income-tax, other indirect taxes were taken off; and that, without desiring to cast imputations, there is at least reason to suspect that the whole dilemma was foreseen from the first, and the whole scheme devised as a noose from which John Bull could never escape. Experience argues somewhat in favour of the opposition, for there is but too much reason to fear, in the next session, a proposition to continue a modified income-tax as a permanent source of revenue.

Take another instance, from another political party: and here again, let us guard ourselves against the supposition of wishing to take a political view. When the witty author of *Vivian Grey* said of Sir Robert Peel, in reference to the last mentioned subjects, that he had 'moved the order of the day to take in a nation,' he only prefigured what it would be his own fate to do at no very distant period. The difference was, that Mr. D'Israeli had no higher ambition than to 'take in' a portion of a party. When it fell to his lot to seize the abandoned helm of the Tory opposition, he, too, was hampered by the conflict of opinion among his own supporters, and still more among those indifferent members of the Lower House, who were beginning to wish for a reaction, but did not know for why. Some were for protection as an article of faith; some were disposed to yield to the popular tide, and look on the game as lost. Mr. D'Israeli adopted a course thoroughly in accordance with the veneering spirit of the age. He invented a series of motions which were not only in themselves palpable delusions, but which were voted for solely on the ground of their being shams—a very singular merit, indeed, to be selected by grave legislators. We all know the result. The ministry were so nearly overthrown, that they felt compelled to resign; and it was only then that the skilful leader and his friends were compelled to admit that they

had all along been floating on air-bubbles. The slightest element of truth or straightforwardness would have ruined the whole scheme. Surely to carry on such transparent deceptions as these, in the face of all mankind, justifies the assumption that no mere vulgar art is employed, but that when an adept, after a year or so of practice, finds himself within an ace of being a Cabinet Minister, with a department under his control, he attains the dignity of the professor of a science.

The English people are, as a general rule, too busy to think. They have their commercial and other affairs to attend to, and the greater part of their time is occupied in the one great pursuit of making money. For many years past, however, they have become conscious of superior aims. They have felt an irrepressible desire to attain the same eminence in literature and in the fine arts generally, which, by universal assent, has been accorded to them in more serious pursuits. They have in these respects very noble instincts, and they manifest an aptitude for that first and fundamental duty of those who would patronize the labourers in the world of knowledge and taste, great pecuniary liberality. If, too, we compare the productions of Englishmen, whether in literature or in the arts, with those yielded on the continent, we shall find that the material is, generally speaking, far superior in quality. Not to speak of the great men who have been the ornaments of former ages, and who shine like fixed stars in the intellectual firmament, we challenge any nation of Europe to produce a higher order of men than those who at the present day are contributing to the glory of England—whether as statesmen, authors, sculptors, painters, or in other departments of mental activity. Accomplished as are the orators and statesmen of France, we can find, even amongst their living compeers, men who can distance them in wit and eloquence, not to speak of the more solid qualities of statesmanship. Though France can boast so many brilliant writers, she cannot point to a Bulwer, a Dickens, or a Thackeray—men whose writings are reproduced in every foreign tongue, and

are mastered with avidity, wherever literature is a recreation and a consolation to mankind. Painters, such as Landseer, MacIise, Turner, Stanfield, and a bright host of scarcely less celebrated artists, attest the native superiority of the British people in a field of art labour, in which it was supposed they must find themselves distanced by almost all their foreign competitors. Nor, as the late works in the Houses of Parliament, and some other recent productions, amply prove, are we without painters capable of soaring in the highest regions of art, and of creating works, which even by comparison with those of the most distinguished of the modern German school, show a perfect comprehension of the high mission of the artist, while they are certainly free from a multitude of exaggerations and mannerisms, which, in their rivals, neutralize their other nobler qualities. And so, in like manner, we can point in sculpture to the names of Foley, M'Dowall, Bailey, Gibson, and a brilliant corps of artists, who, within these latter years, have shown to the world how powerful is the native genius of the British people, when it can force such excellence amid so much neglect.

It is nevertheless perceivable, that the public in general do not sufficiently appreciate the gifts which are thus spread at their feet. There are patrons, albeit too few in number, who really judge for themselves, and encourage only those artists who vindicate the dignity of their art. Take the mass of the public, and they are led away from the true priests to follow all kinds of impostors. Art is not understood in this country, though, paradoxically enough, some of the most sanguine artists, whether in literature, or in other branches of creative art, here live and flourish. The cause of this anomaly we conceive to be, that there exists between the artist and those whom it is his mission to instruct, a class of interpreters who are guilty of wilful betrayal of their trust, who, possessing the ear of the public, abuse their privilege, to mislead and debase the general taste, who, having it in their power to inculcate truth, and to set up a high standard of taste, weakly abandon

their vantage ground, and pander where they ought to dictate. If they would confine themselves to sins of a negative character, the mischief they do would by so much be diminished; but they are not content to fill this humbler and more innocuous function—they set up false idols, and carry away votaries from the true worship. It may be urged, that such a public are not worth the trouble of setting right; that if they have not in themselves the faculty of perceiving the good and the beautiful, there is no moral blame on those who meet

them on their own ground. But we must remember, that to the intellectual worker, popular approbation is life itself; and that, insensibly, the highest order of creative mind, if it could not be degraded into inferior courses by neglect, may be discouraged into apathy and inaction.

Thus much on the fundamental causes of a great and growing evil in this country. There are, alas, materials in abundance for an exposure of the evil working of the science of deception.

NOTES ON THE NEWSPAPER STAMP.

IN a country like England, where the liberty of the press is one of the necessities of the people, and might have been included with the roast beef in old Renault's account of an Englishman's indispensable comforts, every obstruction to the diffusion of the newspaper is regarded with jealousy. The great obstruction is price; and the great object, consequently, of all agitation on the subject by the masses, has been, naturally enough, to bring down the price. To that single end, without reference to any other considerations, and apparently unconscious that there were any, the whole energies of the reading multitude have been directed. If the desires of that class of reformers could have regulated the press of this country, we should certainly be now living under the cheapest newspaper régime in the world. Whether the gain would be equal to the saving is another question.

The four-penny stamp operated almost as a prohibition on the circulation of newspapers amongst the humbler sections of the industrial classes; and it was only by clubbing together little subscriptions, and transmitting an occasional journal from hand to hand, and from post-office to post-office, till its new became a tradition before it reached its final destination, that the artisans in towns, and the bulk of the rural population, were able to obtain the luxury of having a newspaper all to themselves, in their own chimney corners. Other kinds of

reading were cheap enough; but the newspaper alone contained the practical information they wanted—contemporary history, the progress of intelligence, the living discussion of the facts and opinions of the day. No books of pleasure or instruction could supply this want; and the moment the stamp was reduced, the avidity with which the newspaper was seized and distributed in quarters it had never reached before, showed emphatically the impatience of the people for that description of knowledge. The increased circulation transcended the calculations of the most ardent supporters of the reduction.

It will be remembered that the reduction of the stamp duty from 4d. to 1d. took place in the year 1836. Up to that date we had passed through a tranquil and prosperous interval of twenty-two years of peace, during which time the continent was open to us, giving our newspapers such casual advantages, in addition to the fireside leisure of home, as might arise from the dispersion of English journals abroad on the track of English travellers and settlers; yet, during the whole of that period, no perceptible advance took place in the sale of newspapers, although the population and wealth of the country had gone on gradually increasing. There was a stagnation in the market, upon which no enterprise could make an effective impression. The only changes that took place consisted in the fluctuations of different journals,

some sinking, others rising, and new ones taking the place of old ones whose popularity was on the wane; but the total circulation remained so little affected, that it seemed as if the utmost limit had been reached which could be attained under the

oppressive influence of the stamp. The following table, extracted from the Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the Newspaper Stamp, will show the immediate and ultimate increase produced by the reduction:—

Number of Stamps issued in Great Britain and Ireland.

Year ending March, 1814, at 1d.	28,788,404
" 1831 "	34,718,922
" 1837, at 1d. and $\frac{1}{2}$ d.	53,897,926
" 1845 "	84,119,770
" 1851 "	91,661,089

It appears from this statement that, in the fifteen years following the reduction of the stamp duty, the circulation of newspapers in the whole kingdom has been nearly trebled; while in the twenty-one years immediately preceding, the increase amounted to no more than about twenty per cent. This is conclusive in favour of cheapness, so far as the mere question of circulation is concerned; and a little investigation into the circumstances attending the change will show that this increase, enormous as it is, would have been much higher could the whole measure of relief, as contemplated by its promoters, have been practically carried out.

The object of that measure was to liberate the newspapers from a certain amount of pressure, in order to enable the public to obtain the sheet at a proportionally reduced charge. But the public did not get the full benefit of the reduction; there was a discount, or allowance, at the stamp office, which left a broken fraction of a penny behind; and the newspaper proprietor, having the adjustment in his own hands, put that fraction into his pocket. Now that fraction really belonged to the public; but we believe there would have been some difficulty in fixing the reduced price of the newspaper in current coin, so as to give the public the advantage of the whole reduction without, at the same time, imposing a loss upon the proprietor. Under these circumstances, the proprietor transferred the fractional profit to his exchequer, and the loss of it to the public. We by no means intend to imply any censure against him for having adopted that course; we are not aware that he could have done

otherwise with a reasonable regard to his own interests. The dilemma, we remember, was much discussed at the time; and people were so glad to obtain their papers at a reduced charge, that they were in the best possible humour for accepting a compromise which, upon the whole, was as equitable as any other. But it is, nevertheless, an incident of no slight importance in the history of the newspaper stamp. The legislature had taken off three pence—the newspaper took off only two pence. It is clear, therefore, that the relaxation sought or hoped to be effected by the measure, was not completely obtained, since there can be no doubt that the increased circulation, consequent upon the reduction of the newspaper from seven to five pence, would have gone on at an accelerated ratio, had it been reduced to four pence. Should any further reduction take place, or rather, should the stamp be altogether abolished, this little incident should be borne in mind, and it should be seen that we secure a proper indemnity for our liberality. The likelihood is, that any new arrangement which may be entered into will be of a somewhat mixed and complicated character, involving, perhaps, another fractional calculation; in which case, should there be a floating balance to be claimed on either side, we merely wish to remind the public that it is their turn next.

The effect of the reduction on the literary or moral character of the newspaper press appears to be *nil*. There is not one word said about it in the report of the committee to which we have already referred, except that there is no reason to believe that the reduction has pro-

duced any deterioration, but, on the contrary, rather an improvement. In support of this opinion, we do not find a tittle of proof or evidence of any kind, which is not surprising, considering that it comes direct from Mr. Milner Gibson, whose wishes on these subjects are very often fathers to the arguments by which they are enforced. If it could be proved that the abolition of the newspaper stamp would really have the effect of improving the character of the newspapers, it would be unnecessary to look any further for a complete vindication of its repeal. But the proof is wanted. The Committee appointed by the House of Commons to investigate the question in all its bearings, have collected (as far as their report goes) no information whatever on the matter; all they are able to say is, that no deterioration has followed the reduction of the stamp, but, on the contrary, an improvement. In what way has this improvement manifested itself? Surely, there must be some signs and tokens by which it has made itself known and felt. What are they? Are the London morning papers improved, and how? Is the general character of the weekly paper elevated, refined, or strengthened by the change? We apprehend there could be no difficulty in determining the fact, if it had a tangible existence, and that any feature of improvement to which the new resources of the press had given birth might be easily described, if there were any such feature to describe. The business of a newspaper is patent. Everybody knows, quite as well as the editor, who is shut up in his *sanctum* at midnight preparing the information which the world is to devour with its rolls at breakfast the next morning, of what ingredients a newspaper is composed. No changes or improvements, no novelties or alterations of plan, can escape the lynx-eyed reader, who, so far from overlooking them, is much more likely to imagine them where they are not to be found, with that clever sort of penetration into the secrets of journalism which is always most active where there is nothing to penetrate.

We believe that instead of having produced an improvement in the

general character of newspapers, the practical effect of the reduction has been to throw additional power into the hands of a few at the serious cost of the many. If that be true,—if two or three journals, for example, have suffered heavily, and one alone has reaped all the advantages of the alteration, in a particular district, the same result having taken effect, more or less, all over the kingdom,—it is evident that the fact of improvement is narrowed to the single journal whose profits have been thus fortuitously augmented, and that the reduction of the duty, instead of giving greater freedom of action to newspaper speculation, has, in reality, created a new and unexpected monopoly out of the old materials. We learn from the evidence of Mr. Heywood, a news-agent in Manchester, that the circulation of cheap unstamped publications has latterly increased very much in that neighbourhood, and that ‘the greatest increase is decidedly in the best papers.’ If we could make sure that the increase would in all instances run in that direction, there would be less reason to lament the impetus which the cheapening of newspapers gives towards the accumulation of large circulations in heaps, to the manifest impoverishment of surrounding journals. But, unfortunately, this is not always the case, and, except in very special instances, the papers that have profited most by the change are not those which are most distinguished by intellectual power or moral purity. If we could get at the statistics of the weekly press of London for the last fifteen years, showing the circulation of each paper, it would be seen at once that it is not in the ‘best paper’ the ‘greatest increase’ has taken place, so far as the weekly papers of the metropolis are concerned, whatever may be Mr. Heywood’s Manchester experience of unstamped periodicals.

The whole of that part of the report in which Mr. Milner Gibson invites attention to the benefits of the change, reminds us of the anxiety of worthy Mr. Sterling to take Lord Ogleby into his grounds to show him his ‘improvements;’ and we can conscientiously add that his lordship’s disappointment was not greater than our own on looking

round for Mr. Gibson's improvements. We cannot find them anywhere, and the only actual result we can trace to the reduction of the duty is a large increase in the *total* circulation of newspapers. As a general fact, this is a matter upon which the public may, doubtless, be congratulated; but before we can determine the quality or extent of the benefit we have derived from it, we must be furnished with the particulars of which this total is made up, showing in what quarters and in what proportions the increase has taken place, and to what extent, in the meanwhile, depreciation has fallen upon other quarters.

We must be understood as offering no opinion upon the advantages or disadvantages of cheap newspapers. As yet, looking at the experiment by all the lights (and they are certainly not very bright ones) which the Committee have thrown upon it, we are compelled to regard it as an open question. To sift facts, expose fallacies, and contrast the views and speculations that are put forward *pour et contre*, are all that a dispassionate inquirer can do in the present state of the discussion. What is really wanted is accurate information. We expected that the Report of the Committee would supply some data upon which an opinion might be founded, but it contains scarcely a single new fact, is as meagre and unsatisfactory in its grasp of the subject as in its illustrative details, and is chiefly remarkable for the vagueness of the conclusions, if they may be called conclusions, at which it finally arrives. The difficulty in framing this report seems to have lain in the nice tact required to reconcile the conflicting impressions made by the evidence upon different members of the Committee. The poles are not more opposed than Mr. Milner Gibson and Mr. Rich, although they draw their inferences from the same statements. We are tolerably familiar with the curiosities of Parliamentary literature, but, strange as are the diversities and conflicts of judgments we have had occasion to observe in the labours of Committees, we cannot remember so extraordinary an instance of hopeless contradiction concerning a plain

matter of testimony as we find in the draft reports of these gentlemen. The evidence itself is not yet printed, and we have no means of estimating the credit to which either of their opinions is entitled, except from the compromise in the shape of a Committee Report ultimately agreed upon. The value of that report, as a guide to the public, may be inferred from the way in which it was put together, being, in fact, a patchwork of hostile amendments upon the foundation of Mr. Milner Gibson's draft, and, consequently, so ingeniously evasive on all prominent points, that it really leaves the question for the consideration of the Legislature much in the same position as it found it. The attempt to blend antagonistic elements together has produced the inevitable effect of neutralizing them.

The improvement anticipated by Mr. Gibson from the total abolition of the stamp duty, is decidedly negatived in Mr. Rich's draft. It is upon this part of the case that the most conspicuous and marvellous difference of opinion prevails between these gentlemen. 'Doubtless,' says Mr. Gibson, 'the character of newspapers would continue to improve in proportion to the advance in public taste and morals, although the stamp should be entirely abolished. It was the unanimous opinion,' he adds, 'of those gentlemen who, being persons who had devoted attention to the education and social improvement of the working classes, were especially examined on this branch of the subject, *that great moral advantages might be expected to follow the establishment of cheap local newspapers.*' 'If this were to be the result,' says Mr. Rich, 'your Committee consider it would be most cheaply purchased at a loss to the revenue of 300,000*l.*; but they find much reason to pause before they can arrive at so favourable a conclusion. In the first place, they find that the topics which some of these witnesses assert as most attractive, and likely to lead to such beneficial results, are, without specifying them, *not those which your Committee would consider well adapted to improve either the minds or habits of their readers.*' Looking at these statements as judicial summaries of the facts elicited from the

witnesses under examination, it is impossible, until we have the evidence before us, to determine on which side the interpretation is fair and unbiassed; for it certainly cannot be fair and unbiassed on both sides; but in the mean time, forming our own judgment of the probable moral improvement to be expected from the total abolition of the stamp, by the experience we have had of the sweeping reduction of three-fourths, we must candidly say that Mr. Rich appears to us to be much nearer to the truth than Mr. Gibson. Mr. Gibson generalizes and sentimentalizes when he talks of 'great moral advantages,' while Mr. Rich, drawing his conclusions from the character of the matter described by the witnesses as likely to lead to these 'great moral advantages,' practically avows that he does not consider them calculated to produce any such result. Nor is this opinion of Mr. Rich unsustained by the strongest presumptive evidence. Cheap newspapers have already had trial enough to enable us to form a sufficiently correct notion of the class of topics and mode of treatment congenial to the majority of their conductors and supporters; and judging from the samples we have under the penny stamp, in such publications as *Lloyd's* and *Reynolds's*, which supply the lower orders, at the smallest possible cost, with the largest possible amount of Newgate Calendar intelligence and rabid politics, we are justified in assuming that if the stamp were altogether removed, and, as the witnesses affirmed, 'a multitude of penny or even halfpenny newspapers were to spring up in consequence,' it is extremely probable, to use the mild and temperate language of Mr. Rich, that they would not be particularly 'well adapted to improve either the minds or habits of their readers.'

If the argument which was formerly employed against the reduction of the four-penny stamp—that it would have the effect of introducing (as it has done) spurious broadsheets, and of inflicting mischief upon many respectable newspapers, by throwing undue advantages into the lap of the strongest,—had only a grain of reasonableness in it, we think it must be admitted to apply with augmented force against the aboli-

tion of the surviving penny. So long as any remnant of fiscal responsibility remains, it acts, to some extent, as a flood-gate; but let loose the inundation, and every election contest, every vestry squabble, every parish feud, will generate its newspaper, every petty interest will be represented by its organ; detraction and vituperation, the cheap resource of vice and ignorance, will displace argument and legitimate controversy; and although the demand for journals of character and intelligence will always be sufficient to maintain a few of that class in spite of the diversion through these fugitive channels of a considerable proportion of the total circulation, it must be evident, that successive crops of local papers, even if the majority of them perish as rapidly as they appear, must exercise a deleterious influence upon large circles of readers, and upon the general tone of the provincial press. We may possibly have overcharged the picture; but even the most strenuous advocate for cheap newspapers must admit that the information we at present possess is not sufficiently encouraging to justify a step which, for good or evil, cannot be retraced.

The circulation of penny and other cheap unstamped publications, 'issued in the form and within the usual periods of newspapers,' is represented as being of 'enormous and increasing extent.' In what way the reduction of the stamp duly gave an impetus to periodicals of that class, we know not, but the fact itself is attested on all hands. There is evidently no lack of cheap reading of a useful and agreeable kind, conveying an infinite variety of pleasant and profitable knowledge in the most attractive shapes, and at the lowest remunerating charge. The poorest cottage in the country may have its weekly magazine, its sheet of miscellaneous tales and essays, or its journal of practical science popularized, at a price which the farm-labourer scarcely misses from his earnings. The taxation which permits the diffusion among the lower orders of such a mass of cheap printed matter, and that, too, of an intrinsically valuable and costly character, cannot, we imagine, be very oppressive; nor is it, indeed,

possible, under any circumstances, to conceive how a cheaper literature could be created. The only direct tax that affects these publications is the paper duty; but it is obvious, when we come to distribute its amount over single sheets, that although its repeal would relieve the printers and proprietors of periodicals, it would not afford the slightest relief to the public. The newspaper and the penny journal would be unaffected in their price by the abolition of a duty which, vexatious and even burdensome as a whole, is too slight to be felt in such minute details. Repeal the paper duty by all means; it is one of the unpopular obstructions in the way of the printing-press; but do not expect impossibilities in consequence. People clamoured in the same way for the repeal of the leather tax, and when they succeeded in obtaining it, were very much disappointed to find that they did not get their boots or shoes one penny the cheaper. The objection to some taxes is not that they are felt in the increased cost of articles to the public, but that they act as an impediment to production in the first instance. This is exactly the case with the paper duty; and for this reason, and because its whole amount is not worth the annoyance and discontent of which its imposition is so fruitful, the sooner it is repealed the better.

The people, then, it is clear, from the unanimous testimony of all the witnesses, however they may have differed on other points, are at this moment in possession of a literature, excellent of its kind, improving in character, rapidly extending in circulation, and so cheap, that it would not be possible, by any legislative enactments, to make it cheaper. But it appears that this is not what they want, notwithstanding their great encouragement of it; or rather, that it is not what Mr. Milner Gibson wants for them. He tells us, upon the authority of an agent who is extensively engaged in supplying cheap literature, that there is a greater desire for 'the news of the day' than for any other kind of information. The 'other kind of information' may be very good and salutary, but it is not the sort of food that satisfies the

appetite of the multitude. We will not enter upon the question, whether 'the news of the day' be really a better and healthier regimen for the labouring man or the artisan, than news of nature or art, science or criticism; or whether an hour at the close of his day's work might not be more advantageously devoted to a leaf of travels or biography, than to a chronicle of revolting crimes, the romance of the criminal courts and the gallows. We will admit at once that a curiosity to explore 'the news of the day' is natural to large and active communities, and that all practicable facilities ought to be thrown in the way of its gratification. But surely it is not the best, or most efficient mode of supplying the people with news to encourage the establishment of a great number of small and inferior papers, which must either be defective from want of means, in the very material they are set up to circulate, or, in order to procure it, must prey upon the industry and expenditure of others. The cost of producing a newspaper is considerably greater than the public are generally aware of; and nothing short of a large sale, with a treasury of advertisements at its back, could enable the managers of these establishments to obtain, sift, and present, in a condensed and readable form, the vast variety of intelligence which we find reflected in the columns of the newspaper. The outlay for the information thus brought to bear from all points of the compass within a circumscribed space, and with extraordinary rapidity, is heavy and constant, and subject to additional pressure on occasions of emergency. The committee seem to have been so gravely impressed with the costliness of news at its original sources, that, in the face of their zeal for its diffusion, they actually recommend that it should be protected by a short privilege of copyright. This stringent suggestion, emanating from a committee which, upon the main, is favourable to a free trade in intelligence, would be absolutely incredible were we not enabled to trace it to Mr. Rich, who thus balances, wherever he can, the antagonistic liberalism of Mr. Milner Gibson. But its effect, starting up in the body of the report, amidst all sorts

of side winds and innuendos to the contrary, is perfectly astounding. In one paragraph we are told that 'news' is what the people want, and that the stamp prohibits the existence of such newspapers as would be suitable to the labouring classes; another paragraph urgently deprecates impediments in the way of the diffusion of useful knowledge, 'regarding current and recent events;' while the paragraph between these two paragraphs, by which they are actually linked together, deliberately sets forth, that 'if the newspaper duty were abolished, there would be great temptation to the numerous halfpenny and penny publications which would then spring up, to pirate the public intelligence collected at so much cost and exertion; and that it has been proposed, that some short privilege of copyright should therefore be conferred.' If this were not Rich upon Gibson it would be unintelligible; as it is, forming part of a report which winds up with a maxim embroidered upon it by Mr. Cobden, that 'news is not a desirable subject of taxation,' it cannot fail to make this document as famous in the annals of parliament for its self-stultifying properties, as the government of Ireland used formerly to be for its perfect system of checks and balances. To assert that news is not sufficiently diffused under the restriction of the stamp, and to follow up that assertion by proposing that it should be protected by a copyright, is very much like striking off the fetters of a prisoner, and then straightway locking him up.

This proposal for establishing a vested interest in 'news' assumes a new perplexity from the fact that the committee do not exactly know what 'news' is. They state the difficulty of defining it to be so great, that even the solicitor of the Inland Revenue, whose special business it is to determine the character of the intelligence which comes within that description, is divided against himself on the subject. He thinks that the Queen's Speech is 'news,' but has considerable doubt about the speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. He would certainly prosecute anybody that should print the Queen's Speech; but, in deference to a mysterious

scruple which, we hope, the evidence will clear up, he would suffer the Chancellor of the Exchequer's speech to be printed with impunity. There are other difficulties of a still more formidable kind in the way of a definition of the taxable article, called 'news.' It seems that there are different kinds of news, some of which are liable to a stamp, and some of which are exempt, according to the dictum of the Inland Revenue authorities; who, we are told, draw distinctions in this matter 'unknown to the law.' The Board of Inland Revenue is above the law; it determines for itself what is 'news,' and what is not 'news;' and as this irresponsible exercise of a dangerous discretionary power is of necessity intrusted, from time to time, to individuals who differ as widely from each other as the solicitor differs from himself, we must not be surprised to find the practice rather loose and confusing. If we had any occasion to call in question the justice of the Board, we should have nothing more to do than to appeal to its consistency. If we wanted to convict the Board of an erroneous decision, we should have nothing more to do than to cite it before itself, and by turning the culprit into the judge, compel it to find itself guilty out of its own precedents. Nor is the want of uniformity in the practice the least of the mischief. The Board has set up arbitrary distinctions in the taxable article of 'news,' which are not only 'unknown to law,' but irreconcilable with common sense. Thus it recognises a difference which we agree with Mr. Gibson in thinking is 'hard to be understood,' between public and private news, and establishes a third description of intelligence, called 'class news,' which, upon its own responsibility, it exonerates from the stamp; although, to a mind unsophisticated by inland revenue subtleties, there is no kind of news extant that carries more explicitly on its face all the lineaments of the article which it was the unmistakable intention of the legislature to tax. 'Public news'—although what that is, as contradistinguished from the bulk of what is called 'class news,' we are entirely

ignorant of—is alone liable to the newspaper stamp; while ‘private news,’ consisting of family transactions, personal libels and domestic slanders, is wholly independent of the operation of the law. ‘Class news,’ addressed to one particular subject,—such as law, medicine, architecture,—may include with impunity every sort of current intelligence connected with its special topic, provided it does not trench upon the news of any other class. ‘Thus,’ says the Report, ‘*The Legal Observer* publishes without a stamp an account of a meeting of lawyers, upon any subject, as class news; but if it had published an account of a meeting of clergymen, then the secretary would not have the slightest doubt as to its liability to the stamp duty, as it would then have been a report of a meeting of persons not connected with the class subject.’ If this statement be accurate, the ingenuity of the Board of Inland Revenue in confounding their own wisdom is worthy of special admiration. A meeting of lawyers, for instance, on the subject of the admission of Jews to parliament, reported in *The Legal Observer*, is ‘class news’ exclusively, and neither the public nor the Stamp Act have anything to do with it. *The Lancet* might publish, in like manner, a report of a medical meeting to petition parliament for an extension of the elective franchise, and the Board of Inland Revenue would let it go scot free of duty, as ‘class news,’ although the ‘news’ itself concerns no class in particular half so much as it concerns the public at large; but the moment one of these reports makes its appearance elsewhere, it becomes transformed into ‘public news,’ is pounced upon at once, and must choose its alternative of being either stamped or prosecuted. It is certain also that a report of a meeting of lawyers or surgeons on their own professional business would be pronounced ‘public news,’ and taxed accordingly, if it appeared in any other publication than the privileged class organ. Out of this labyrinthian net-work it is difficult to extricate ourselves by any process short of destroying the intricate meshes spread over the law by the Board of Inland Revenue;

and we confess we know of no argument so powerful in favour of the total abolition of all taxes upon ‘news’ as the contradictions, inequalities, and abuses which have been thus permitted to creep into their imposition. It has been wisely said, that a bad law, strictly defined and enforced, is a greater protection to the people than the best law loosely administered. Under a clear declaration and strict enforcement of the law, every man knows, at least, the extent of his rights, and when, how, and where he exposes himself to penalties; but under a law so loose in its definitions, and so uncertain, illogical, and arbitrary in its administration, as the law which enacts this duty upon news, no man can be sure that, with the most honest intentions of keeping within its provisions, he is not violating them in a crafty manner, unknown to himself. Yet it is this nondescript commodity—which passes through the air like aameleon, and becomes ‘news’ or ‘no news,’ according to the circumstances in which it is placed—that the committee proposes to protect with a copyright. It seems to us that it would be desirable to settle what is to be protected before we begin to think of protecting it, and that it is indispensable, to that end, that we should, in the first instance, take the contested article out of the hands of the Inland Revenue Board. The caprices of that department in the article of ‘news’ have at present the effect of not only enforcing and dispensing with law at pleasure, but of interpreting law in any manner or variety of manners it thinks fit. So long as news remain in that nebulous condition, it is obviously impossible either to protect or to tax it without perpetually blundering into acts of injustice on one side or the other.

Considering the latitude assumed by the officers of the inland revenue, who seem to owe no responsibility to anybody, we are not surprised to learn, that however other people may complain of the ‘dangerous uncertainty’ of their proceedings, they have never found any difficulty themselves in doing just as they liked. ‘It has been distinctly stated,’ we are informed, ‘by the officers of inland revenue, that, notwithstanding

ing the subtle distinctions which can be raised with respect to all definitions, they have, under the advice of the law officers for the time being of the crown, and guided by preceding decisions of the law courts, practically found no difficulty in carrying out the law.' The reader will understand that this is Mr. Rich *loquitur*. Turning to Mr. Gibson, we find that if these officers have no difficulty in carrying out the law, neither have they any difficulty in carrying it out differently in different places. 'It would appear,' says Mr. Gibson's draft report in a paragraph rejected by the committee, 'from the evidence of one of the witnesses, supported by cases, that the law is differently applied in the provinces and in the metropolis: whether this be so or not, it is proved, at least, that violations of the law less frequently escape the notice of the board in the country than in London.' Nor is it merely in different places that the law is carried out differently—it is administered with equally impartial uncertainty to different publications. 'The want of uniformity' (we are now quoting the Report) 'in the practice of the Board, even as to the sort of publications in which *they appear to intend to enforce the law*, is shown by the evidence.'

This passage requires a little explanation. It appears that there are three classes of publications liable to duty. They are thus defined in the Report:—

1st. Any paper containing public news, intelligence, or occurrences, printed in any part of the United Kingdom, to be dispersed and made public.

2nd. Also, any paper printed weekly or oftener, or at intervals not exceeding twenty-six days, containing only, or principally, advertisements.

3rd. Also, any paper containing any public news, intelligence, or occurrence, or any remarks or observations therein, printed for sale, and published periodically, or in parts or numbers, not exceeding twenty-six days between the publication of any two such paper, parts or numbers, when any of the said papers, parts or numbers respectively, shall not exceed two sheets of the dimensions specified, or shall be published for sale for a less price than 6d., exclusive of the duty by the act imposed.

The first of these classes is the

regular newspaper, and it is in reference to this class that the great difficulty exists of determining the taxable article 'news,' whether any, or how much of it, may be contained in an unstamped publication.'

With respect to the second class, consisting usually of a large sheet devoted exclusively to advertisements, and circulated *gratis*, the operation of the stamp is singularly perplexing. To a certain extent, the stamp works harmlessly, leaving the proprietor a certain amount of profit; but push the circulation further, and you arrive at a point at which the expenditure and the receipts balance each other, and beyond which no circulation can take place without absolute loss. This would be the case even if there were no stamp; but the effect of the stamp is to bring about the balancing point much sooner than it would occur if the sheet were duty free; so that the stamp practically contracts the circulation, and limits in proportion the advantages it offers to the advertiser. The calculations by which these results are arrived at apply with equal force, but in a different ratio, to newspapers that issue supplements filled with advertisements. It is generally supposed that the supplements of *The Times* are sources of enormous profit to the proprietors of that journal. The contrary, however, happens to be the fact; and it is only by the interposition of their prudential arithmetic at the critical point, that they are enabled to prevent these costly columns from becoming a source of considerable loss.

It is in reference to the third class that the inland revenue censors bungle most helplessly. They are utterly confounded, (as might be expected) in their attempts to establish the liability of an ambiguous periodical printed for sale in parts not exceeding two sheets, with intervals not exceeding twenty-six days between them, at a price not exceeding sixpence; for, after they have settled these preliminary conditions, in themselves abundantly intricate, a new consideration, peculiar to this class, arises. In addition to the universal difficulty of determining what it is that constitutes 'news,' they have here the further particular difficulty of determining

what it is that constitutes remarks upon news, and of drawing a line of distinction between the remarks and the news itself, so as to decide how far a penalty has been incurred by mixing them up together. The sifting of the taxable from the un-taxable grains is a more complicated operation than it may appear at the first glance to the inexperienced reader, since the remarks upon news, we are informed by the committee, 'may, under certain conditions [we wish they had informed us what the conditions are], be published without a stamp, while news [which nobody can define] is always liable to the duty.' Looking at this delicate problem from our point of view, we must candidly acknowledge that we should be sorry to be placed in the onerous position of being held responsible for its solution; but the officers of the inland revenue have no scruple of this kind. If they cannot disentangle the knot, they have recourse at once to the ready expedient of cutting it through. In fact, they pass over the difficulty by taking little or no notice of periodicals that are laden with so much trouble and vexation. The solicitor of the Board informed the committee that there had been 'very little practice at all' in this class of publications; and the Report significantly adds, that 'it is notorious that a great number of publications, issued at intervals of less than twenty-six days, and at prices less than sixpence, by philanthropic, religious, political, and other societies, are published without a stamp, and contain comments and observations upon public events.'

Adding up all these incongruities in one grand total, there can be very little hesitation in agreeing with Mr. Cobden's amendment, which is not only the 'tag' but the 'sum' of the Report, that news is not of itself a desirable subject of taxation. But then starts up the question,—Is the newspaper stamp a tax upon news? The witnesses examined before the committee are by no means unanimous on this point, and one of the ablest amongst them, the editor of *The Scotsman*, told the committee that he considered the stamp 'a favourable arrangement for newspapers on the whole,' and that he

did not regard it as a tax, but as a 'payment made to the Post-office for services which he did not think could be so efficiently performed in any other way for much more cost.' The Post-office authorities, it seems, do not agree in this opinion; but we will return to that part of the case presently.

In one sense, the stamp operates undoubtedly as a tax upon news. It limits the size of the sheet stamped; so that, however important or numerous the events of the day may be, they must be condensed into a given space. If the whole of Europe were convulsed by a simultaneous revolution, the single newspaper which records the crash of half-a-dozen dynasties, must not exceed a superficies of 1530 square inches in telling its tale of wonder. If it give an additional half-sheet, which, together with the regular broadsheet, does not exceed 2295 square inches, it must have an additional stamp of a halfpenny; but if, upon the whole, it exceeds by a hair's breadth the maximum of 2295 square inches, the additional stamp is raised to a penny. In so far as this restriction of the extent of the newspaper goes, the stamp must be regarded as acting directly upon the article of news, setting bounds to the quantity published under a given amount of duty, and charging additional duties for additional quantities beyond the stipulated limit. This is evidently a tax upon news; but it is also a postage charge, seeing that the additional sheets to which additional duties are attached, acquire from the payment of those duties the right of transmission through the post.

The manager of *The Times* shows how injuriously this restriction of size and burthen of taxation operate upon advertisements and circulation, by preventing a journal from extending its columns to meet the pressure of advertisements, and by forcing it to stop short its own circulation at the balancing point of profit and loss. This is, no doubt, a great grievance; and we quite concur with the manager of *The Times*, who stated, as 'his conviction, that if the stamp duty were taken off, the commercial advantages to *The Times* would be enormous.' But, we apprehend,

there are very few papers in the kingdom to which this argument will apply, or that are so seriously afflicted with *l'embarras des richesses*, as to be obliged to reject advertisements very often, because they have not space to accommodate them, or to restrain their circulation, lest they should be ruined by too much popularity. And as we are not legislating for exceptional instances, but for the general benefit, we should shut these rare and special cases out of view altogether. The question is, not what would be the course best calculated to produce enormous commercial advantages to *The Times* (than which no journal in this or any other country ever won its advantages so legitimately, or devoted them so successfully to the national good), but what course is best calculated to be of advantage to the public?

In some of its leading articles, *The Times* has taken up this question on other grounds. Leaving the penny stamp to its fate, it protests against the charge upon the supplement as an oppression and injustice. It puts the case in this way: 'The newspaper is a whole—the supplement is only a part of it. The work of the day, and nothing more than the work of the day, whatever space it may occupy, goes into that sheet and a half, or those two sheets, as it may happen. If by the additional quantity the newspaper was enabled to save something from the next day, or in any other way to frustrate the intention of the law, there might be some reason for the security against evasion which is afforded by an additional stamp; but every sunset must see the same toil renewed, and the morning issue of supplement upon supplement in no respect anticipates the continuous and incessant labour of the daily publication. Each issue, then, is distinctly a single paper, embracing the news of only a single day, and constituting but one whole, without reference to the number of sheets or leaves over which its contents may be distributed. This publication, in its integral unity, *The Times* contends, should be taxed only as one newspaper, which it is, to all intents and purposes, and no more. The tax on the supplement is a hardship and a

wrong. No doubt, other articles are taxed by quantity, and it may appear reasonable to apply the same principle to newspapers. But, says *The Times*, this argument of quantity is applicable only to cases where the advantage to the seller is proportionate to the quantity of the articles sold, which is not the case with newspapers. Newspapers, therefore, may be safely entrusted with a discretionary power, which they cannot abuse without incurring a heavy expenditure and loss. Besides, there is a test which obviates all difficulties at once—that test is *price*. The *oneness* of the newspaper is confirmed in its price, which never varies, whether it is published on a single sheet or with supplements. This unchangeable price takes it into the market as a single article independently of bulk, and makes it different from other articles whose prices fluctuate with quantity, and which are, consequently, subjected in proportion to a fluctuating duty. *The Times* contends that, under these conditions, the price, and not the quantity, of the article ought to regulate the taxation; and that as the price is fixed, the duty should be fixed also. When the supplement is charged for in addition to the sheet, the conditions are altered, and the stamp should be assessed upon sheet and supplement separately, as if they were distinct papers.

These arguments are skilful, but fallacious.

In the first place, the test of price applied to the newspaper happens to be no test at all. It might be a test in other articles of production, but it is clearly none in an article which, as we have seen, may be made to yield a large profit, although it is actually given away. Fill your supplement with advertisements, and what becomes of your test of price? Is it not notorious that there are papers in England devoted exclusively to advertisements, and which, even with the drag of the penny stamp upon every copy issued, are circulated without any charge whatever, to the extent of many thousands? Do not these very papers form, in fact, the second class of publications expressly declared by act of parliament to be amenable to

the stamp duty? In the face of these facts, it cannot be successfully maintained that price is an element which should be allowed to enter into the settlement of a newspaper tax.

The plea for the exemption of supplements from taxation, on the ground that they form a part of the newspaper, and ought therefore to be included under the same stamp, is ingenious; but we must protest against it on the very principles which *The Times* itself elsewhere espouses. The supplement is seldom, if ever, devoted to news, and is added to the regular sheet for the sole purpose of increasing the profits of the proprietors. Instead, therefore, of taking the duty off the supplement, and leaving it on the newspaper, it would be much more reasonable to take it off the newspaper, and put it on the supplement—so far as the public are concerned, whose interest and object it must be to obtain their newspapers as cheaply as they can. If *The Times'* suggestion were adopted, it would have the direct effect of taxing the news, or knowledge, of the paper, to which the broader policy of the leading journal is really opposed, and of setting the trading part free,—a commercial boon of which *The Times* does not stand in need. But there are other causes, no less cogent, against giving this unlimited scope to supplements. It would at once open the door to a reckless competition, in which journals of every kind (especially journals struggling without capital into notoriety) would embark, in the hope of attracting notice; and the consequence would be, that the Post-office would be inundated with masses of printed matter which it would be literally impossible to transmit to their destination. Such would be the case to no inconsiderable extent with the daily journals; but with the weekly papers, whose circulation is of infinitely greater magnitude, the pressure would be alarming. If the tax were taken off the newspaper itself, and put on the supplement alone, it would mitigate rather than increase the evil, by diminishing the inducement to publish supplements, and the Post-office, in that event, would know tolerably accurately the

amount of its responsibility; but it never could know upon what amount of responsibility to reckon, if supplements were suffered to be issued free of duty, at the discretion either of successful journalists, to whom they are a source of revenue, or wild speculators, who hope to make them so. At the same time, we are quite aware that these refinements about taxation are delicate topics to deal with, and that the safest course is that which proceeds upon large principles, meddling as little as possible with details. The supplement is valuable to the public in this respect (apart from its utility as a medium of advertisements), that it supplies the manager of a journal with an open space into which he may draft his advertisements, which would otherwise trench upon the space that ought to be occupied with news. This is a consideration that may fairly make us hesitate about placing restrictions on the issue of supplements; although it is not to be concealed that a great inconvenience to the public service, and a serious loss to the revenue, would inevitably be incurred by giving them much encouragement.

Whether the stamp is to be regarded as a penny postage, or a tax upon knowledge, this, at least, is certain, that the Post-office is more intimately interested in the result of the present agitation for the repeal of the duty than any other department under government. If the duty be abolished, and an increased circulation sets in proportionate to the advance made upon the reduction of 1836, the Post-office alone will feel the effects of the alteration in increased work, and in increased expenditure; and if that circumstance were sufficient to decide the point thrown up by the editor of *The Scotsman*, there could be little difficulty in admitting that the stamp is a postage charge, and not a tax upon knowledge. But we are prevented from according an unreserved assent to that proposition, by the mixed considerations which are inseparable from the subject.

If the stamp were imposed for the express purpose of a postage, it ought to be charged only on those copies that pass through the post, whereas it is charged upon every

copy, whether it passes through the post or not. Again, if it were a postage, the duty would be assessed, as all post duties are, and the revenue collected, by the Post-office, instead of being delegated to another department. But the fact is, the whole case is a bundle of anomalies. The tax undoubtedly operates practically as a postage, by giving to the stamped paper in return for its penny stamp the privilege of circulating everywhere free of postage. Without the stamp, it could not go free through the post, and therefore the penny stamp is a penny postage. That fact is rendered still more conclusive in the instance of the class journals,—the *Athenæum* or *Legal Observer*, for example,—which, published and sold at their offices without a stamp, acquire the right of circulation through the post, not by the payment of a penny, or by the use of a Queen's-head, but by the newspaper stamp, which here, at least, acts clearly and exclusively as a postage charge. It may be considered as a postage, also, even in the case of the newspaper whose copies are stamped indiscriminately, without reference to their destination by post or otherwise, because the stamp confers the postal privilege, although the newspaper may not take advantage of it. But the newspaper does take advantage of it to the fullest extent. It might, perhaps, be too much to say that every copy of a newspaper goes into the Post-office; but we may assert with confidence that there are very few copies which do not. Still, not being declaratory and direct, the tax can be considered as a postage charge only in particular aspects. In other phases, such as its effect upon circulation, the limit it places upon the printed superficies, and the nature of the matter it taxes and protects through the post, it may, with equal propriety, be regarded as a tax upon information.

If it is to be dealt with simply : 1 a postage, the suggestion of the Report seems reasonable enough :—

If the newspaper stamp were allowed to be affixed only to such copies of newspapers as go through the post, it might then assume the character of a mere equivalent for postal services, but in those cases, especially in that of pro-

vincial papers, where the post is little used, the compulsory stamp upon every copy can be viewed in no other light than that of a tax.

The assertion that the post is little used by provincial papers will scarcely apply, except in very remote instances, to the present time. A few years ago, the work of the provincial papers was all done by flying Mercuries on foot, horseback, and gig; but *nous avons changé tout cela*. Every hamlet has its rural post now, and the country journals universally avail themselves of those postal facilities which the change of system consequent upon the establishment of railroads has latterly thrown open to them.

A curious anomaly connected with the postage of newspapers presents itself in London. The penny stamp carries a newspaper free of charge from one end of the kingdom to another, and all over the kingdom, backwards and forwards, as long as the sheet can hold together; yet inside a circle of three miles round the Post-office the stamp is inefficacious, an additional charge of one penny being imposed upon every paper posted within that taboored district. You may post your newspaper without any charge to your friend in the Highlands, but if you direct it to him at his house in May Fair, he is surcharged a penny by the Post-office. The London post would, probably, be overwhelmed by newspapers if some such check as this were not adopted; but no amount of cost or inconvenience can suggest a sufficient excuse for so monstrous an absurdity. Nor is it practically of as much avail as might be expected: the news-agents, to avoid the surcharge, being in the habit of frequently resorting to the nearest post outside the circle to supply their customers within. The committee not being able to 'see any good reason' for a regulation which is pre-eminently unreasonable, recommend its abolition,—a recommendation in which we heartily concur.

On the other hand, the advantages granted to the newspapers by the Post-office are much greater, perhaps, than the public generally have the least suspicion of. Mr. Smith, a London newspaper agent, whose

firm has been established sixty years, transmitting in its daily business about one seventh of all the London daily papers, stated before the committee that the 're-transmission' of newspapers was carried on to an incredible extent, greatly reducing the cost of the newspaper to its several recipients. He gave instances in which the cost of *The Times* was thus reduced to twopence, and even to one penny, and yet 'read by the last person in the series on the second morning after publication.' The people thus accommodated are represented to be exceedingly numerous; but if the re-transmission of the paper were to be separately charged for by the Post-office, the probability is, that they would either take none at all, or substitute a weekly paper for their daily journal. Mr. Smith's experience enabled him also to state that most of the London newspapers ultimately pass through the post, and he rated the average transmission of each copy (somewhat loosely) at two or three times. From this data it may be inferred that a London paper can be had anywhere for twopence, or less, after it has done duty for a few hours in the metropolis, and passed once or twice through the post.

It is significant of the 'foregone conclusion,' in the minds of the majority of the committee, that they should have adopted their statistics from Mr. Rich's draft, and have excluded the irresistible inference he drew from them. Nothing can be much more obvious than the fact, that the stamp, which, by enabling the newspaper to circulate amongst so many readers, has the direct effect of reducing its cost by sixty or eighty per cent., instead of being a hindrance to the diffusion of cheap intelligence, is in reality its most potent minister. The committee admit the facility of circulation and cheapening of price, by embodying in their Report the substance of Mr. Smith's evidence. Yet, in the face of these facts, they go on to speak of the frauds committed on the Post-office by unstamped publications (as if it was the Post-office they had under their care), and to recommend, upon the whole, that the regulations for the transmission of newspapers by

post should be placed on 'a more satisfactory footing!' It would have been rather more to the purpose, if, instead of this vague and inconsequential recommendation, they had adopted the judicious observations with which Mr. Rich follows up the statements of the news-agent.

It does not, therefore, appear to your committee that this penny stamp does act as an impediment to the diffusion of knowledge, but, by its practical working, becomes rather a vehicle by which the earliest and most authentic intelligence, together with opinions of all shades, is with the utmost regularity disseminated, at an equal and extremely low price, to every remotest corner of the empire; by which, in fact, the choice of the very best papers, at a very low price, is placed at the command of every one, without respect to distance or locality. This appears to involve the very substance and reality of competition. Great as is the number of associated readers now, their numbers, as speed and facilities of communication spread, will be still more multiplied; and it is worthy of remark, that this multiplication of readers is obtained without any, or at the most trifling increase of expense in the production of the article read.

It may not only be doubted whether the 'more satisfactory footing' upon which Mr. Milner Gibson proposes to place the transmission of newspapers by post would ensure an improvement upon the existing facilities clearly pointed out by Mr. Rich; but we think we are justified in asserting, that so far from producing any such result, it would materially restrict the circulation of newspapers, and lead to still greater frauds on the Post-office than Mr. Gibson sees occasion to deplore under the present system. That gentleman's tenderness about the 'evasions' and tricks practised on the Post-office is inexplicable, and the nature of the remedy he proposes, as far as we can understand it, would lead us to the conclusion that his object is not so much to get rid of the duty, as to protect, by more explicit and stringent regulations, the revenue arising from it. The number of unstamped publications circulated through the post, and the bundles of old newspapers that are sent in that way as waste paper, are amongst the unavoidable frauds (although the latter hardly comes within that de-

signation) to which a public department, with such an enormous amount of business on its hands, must expect to be exposed. There are from 120,000 to 260,000 newspapers transmitted daily from the London post-office; so that, as the Report states, 'nothing but an extravagantly large force of examiners could prevent evasion.' Some frauds are detected, but the greater portion escape. The matter, however, would not be much mended, either in respect to increased facility of circulation or the prevention of fraud, by placing the whole machinery, as Mr. Gibson recommends, in the hands of the Post-office, and leaving that department to charge a fixed postage upon the transmission of newspapers, 'if not of all printed matter.' At present the revenue has at least the security of the stamp, and the public the advantage of universal diffusion, but if the revenue were left to depend on a voluntary postage, other means would be devised for the distribution of newspapers by which the postage would be systematically evaded, and the masses of readers seriously inconvenienced. The present system may be a bad one,—and is a bad one, if the good that is in it is done surreptitiously and in a fashion contrary to law; but whatever offences may be laid at its door, it cannot be justly said to check the circulation of intelligence.

Even if Mr. Gibson's suggestion of a new postal arrangement were sound in principle, and calculated to help either the reader or the revenue, the difficulties in carrying it out are of a kind to render it almost impracticable. This is not, however, the only objection to it; for it appears, from the cross lights cast upon it in the draft reports, that it would hamper the circulation by generating other modes of distribution to escape the postage, and entail a serious and positive loss on the revenue.

Mr. Rowland Hill is stated to have been examined at great length on this subject, and his evidence is quite conclusive on all these points. The proposition put before him by the committee was to abolish the stamp duty, and to substitute in its place 1d. for every newspaper (exclusive of supplements) transmitted

through the post, with an additional 1d. for every subsequent transmission. Having estimated carefully the maximum revenue likely to be derived from this scheme, he thought it could not exceed 137,500*l.*, frankly adding, that there 'was not much probability of ever reaching it.' The average annual revenue realized by the stamp duty is 350,000*l.*; so here is a loss at once to begin with of nearly 220,000*l.*: but this is not the whole loss. In order to protect the revenue against the re-transmission of newspapers, it would be necessary to obliterate daily the newspaper postage stamps, as they are now obliterated on letters. The additional delay, labour, and expense thus incurred, would considerably increase the loss; and Mr. Rich by no means exaggerates its probable total amount in estimating it at 300,000*l.* The postal project, therefore, without benefiting the masses of readers, or giving them their papers more cheaply or expeditiously, would thus, inevitably, and very unnecessarily, be productive of a considerable diminution of the revenue—amounting, indeed, to nearly the whole of the amount at present derived from that source.

It seems, from Mr. Rowland Hill's evidence, of which we have only a glimpse in Mr. Rich's draft, that, under a postal charge, the bulk of the business of transmission would be taken out of the hands of the Post-office; which, he observes, 'with all its advantages of establishment and letter deliveries, would be unable to compete with the newspaper agents in the transmission and delivery of newspapers to the great towns and populous districts.' In fact, he was decidedly of opinion that all the Post-office 'could expect would be the transmission of the old—that is, once read papers, and to supply villages and small towns;' thus leaving, as Mr. Rich observes, the populous and the profitable to the news-agents, and retaining only the reverse. The utter inadequacy of the proposal to supply an efficient substitute for the present stamp is still further shown in Mr. Rowland Hill's despair of a means of enabling the Post-office to compete successfully with the news-agents. The whole pith of the

question is contained in the following passage:—

In order to meet this competition, which, at 1d., he admitted would be hopeless, he stated that he had endeavoured to devise a plan by which the Post-office might carry and distribute newspapers at a less price than a 1d.; but that he found practical difficulties in the way, which rendered it impossible to carry it out; and although repeatedly urged, he still adhered to this opinion, pointing out that it would be quite open to the public to establish a great company for the distribution of newspapers.

No doubt this is the alternative into which the postage charge would force the public. *They would become their own carriers in the article of newspapers*, availing themselves of the machinery of the Post-office only in isolated cases, and for their own special convenience.

Upon the whole, the final impression made upon us by the information, such as it is, which we find scattered over the Report, and the more interesting drafts prepared by Mr. Gibson and Mr. Rich, is that, however objectionable the present stamp may be, with its score of 'abuses and inequalities,' it is infinitely preferable to the notable project of a postage charge, which would be attended by a vast increase of trouble to a very useful department of the public service, and a corresponding decrease of the public revenue; while the advantages it would bestow upon the readers of newspapers, (especially the poorer classes, whom it is particularly designed to benefit,) by throwing the work of circulation into new and less responsible channels, are, to say the least of them, extremely problematical.

By the penny stamp some obvious advantages are secured to the public; and until a better mode of ensuring the cheap diffusion of newspapers shall have been devised, it would be unwise to disturb a system that has worked well in some respects even upon the showing of the most eager advocates for its abolition. The public themselves appear to be tolerably satisfied with it, if we can form any estimate of the state of opinion from the small number of petitions that have been presented against it. In

the two years preceding the reduction of 1836, there were no less than 721 petitions against the fourpenny stamp; in the twelve years following the reduction, there was only one petition against the penny that yet fingers over the broadsheet; in the following year, 1849, there were only two; in 1850, there were fourteen; and in the present year, when an active agitation has been got up on the subject, there have been only 117. This is comparatively a very insignificant amount of remonstrance, and might, we have no doubt, be easily balanced by a little agitation on the other side. But the other side does not agitate. Nobody imagines that he has a direct interest in the maintenance of the stamp, although everybody is really interested in it, if it be the only plan that has yet been discovered which offers to the public a complete guarantee for the rapid, safe, regular, and cheap diffusion of the newspaper. The great object, it must be remembered, of those who desire to repeal this obstructive penny, is to secure increased facilities for cheapening and circulating news. We see how a newspaper with this obnoxious penny stamped upon it can be transmitted from hand to hand, and from one locality to another, over and over again, without the slightest increase of expense, and with an ease and celerity which nothing short of the open machinery of the post could effect. It is not too much, therefore, to ask that, until they supply us with a better and more economical mode of accomplishing these desirable results, they will at least allow us to enjoy our present advantages; nor can they blame us for preferring the stamp we have to the postage we know not of, since the one practically confers all the benefits they propose to favour us with, and the other theoretically annihilates them.

It is to be regretted that the committee limited their inquiries to the operation of the stamp duty. A wider and more useful field of investigation lay before them in the duty on advertisements. A great boon to all classes might be accomplished by the removal of that burthen; but the subject is beyond our present purpose, and may be reserved with advantage for future consideration.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1851.

HISTORY OF THE RESTORATION OF MONARCHY IN FRANCE.*

SEVERAL Frenchmen have written on the history of the Restoration of Monarchy in France. In the first place, in order of time, and also in order of merit, we would place Lacretelle, whose calmness and impartiality, considering the period in which his work appeared, are above all praise. In this work, as indeed in all the productions of Lacretelle, there is a dignity, a flow, an eloquence, an elevation of tone, and a pure and classic taste not often found in the productions of modern Frenchmen. Lacretelle belonged to a school of publicists and writers which, alas! is fast passing away. Of moderate character, of solid attainments, of irreproachable life, of liberal and constitutional opinions,—opinions equally removed from despotism on the one hand, and unbridled licentiousness on the other,—Lacretelle pursued the even tenour of his narrative; and if he has not presented a perfect, has at least produced a most creditable work.

Lacretelle was followed by an anonymous writer, whose work in ten volumes was first published, as well as we remember, in 1829 or 1830. This production was entitled, *Histoire de la Restauration, et des causes qui ont amené la chute de la branche aînée des Bourbons, par un Homme d'Etat*. So great was the success, that early in 1831 a second edition was called for, the last, or tenth volume of which did not appear till 1833. For some time it was supposed that a public man of note was really the author of this production. The numerous details of the private and interior life of the Bourbons given to the world—the sketches of character, often graphic, and gene-

rally faithful, induced people to suppose that some retired diplomatist, or some administrator, in a word, some *homme d'état*, as was announced on the title-page, had put pen to paper. Some said it was old Pasquier, who had contrived to keep well with all parties; others averred that it was M. de Decazes, who had been originally employed as secretary and reader to *Madame Mere*, who afterwards rose to be Minister of Police, Minister of the Home Department, and favourite of Louis XVIII. Others intimated that it was the production of M. Flahault, or of some foreign diplomatist, long resident at Paris. All these people were mistaken. The work was, we believe, the *bond fide* production of M. Capesigue, then a small *employé*, and a writer in the *Quotidienne*. M. Capesigue was undoubtedly assisted by many communications from various sources, administrative, parliamentary, and diplomatic. It is believed that M. de Cazes furnished him with numerous details for the first three volumes,—that he was also assisted by communications and notes from the Russian, Austrian, and Spanish ambassadors, and that he had also access to documents contained in the portfolios of various European cabinets. M. Capesigue is also understood to have made journeys to Berlin, to Vienna, to Saxony, and to Madrid, with a view to obtain information not otherwise accessible. Be this as it may, the work had an immense success. The subject was not hacknied. The belief that the volumes were the production of a living politician, who had acted an important part, and had access to

* *Histoire de la Restauration*. Par A. de Lamartine. Tome I. et II. Paris V. Lecon, Furne et C^{ie}, Pagnerre. 1851.

The History of the Restoration of Monarchy in France. By Alphonse de Lamartine. Vol. I. London: Vizetelly and Co. 1851.

authentic documents, was generally prevalent: and this feeling was not without its influence on the reception of the volumes. But, in truth, the execution was creditable, and far superior to anything since achieved by the now justly depreciated M. Capéfigue. The style, if not correct, was perspicuous and flowing; the details were picturesquely and graphically arranged; and, above all, they were abundant, and generally correct and authentic. Interspersed were anecdotes, sketches of character, and notices of living men, which rendered the volumes light and readable to a degree. Thiers and others have not disclaimed to borrow from the volumes of which we speak, and M. de Lamartine, although he does not mention it, is clearly no stranger to its pages.

These ten volumes were followed by the work of M. Lubis, of which M. de Lamartine does make mention, and which must be regarded as the apology and defence of the elder branch, and, in some sort, an answer to certain statements of the preceding work. M. Lubis is a man of sincere convictions and honourable character, but his performance is one-sided, and can only be regarded as the effusion of a partisan.

Last of all came the work of M. Achille Vaulabelle, recently Minister of Public Instruction under Cavaignac. The first volume of this production, entitled, *Histoire des Deux Restaurations*, first appeared in 1844. It is while we write being continued, five volumes having been already published, bringing down events to 1822. The volumes of Vaulabelle are highly popular with the moderate Republican party. M. Vaulabelle, without being a brilliant, is an inquiring, industrious, and conscientious writer, but nearly as one-sided in reference to the Bourbons as M. Lubis. Too frequently we agree with M. Lamartine in thinking he views the conduct of that family from a hostile and prejudiced point of view. Nor is this his only fault. He appears to entertain many prejudices against England, and to omit no opportunity of speaking against the policy of our country. But apart from these blemishes, his task is creditably per-

formed, and the volumes may be advantageously consulted.

Such were the principal of M. de Lamartine's French predecessors, for in English there is no history of the Restoration, properly so called.

M. de Lamartine gives us his impressions of the epoch on which he writes. These are glowing and vivid, and we cannot afford to lose one among them, either as a piece of writing, or as a piece of history. We are therefore glad that this work has been undertaken; for albeit it tells us little new, yet it often corrects and enlarges our impressions; and even in repeating old and well known passages, repeats them in a manner unequalled for grace, rhythm, and the magic of a brilliant and beautiful diction. Lamartine has had peculiar advantages in writing these volumes, which none of his predecessors enjoyed in a like degree. Scarcely more than past the middle age of man, he has yet lived under ten different governments. Between his infancy and maturity, he has witnessed ten Revolutions: the Constitutional Government of Louis XVI., the first Republic, the Directory, the Consulate, the Empire, the first Restoration in 1814, the second Government of the hundred days by Napoleon, the second Restoration in 1815, the reign of Louis Philippe, and the second Republic. Under these systems, as he says himself, his existence has vegetated, has made a noise, has been matured, has grown old, and has been renewed in him. A recent vicissitude having raised him to the head of one of these movements between a government which overthrew itself, and a community which it was necessary to collect together to save and reconstitute society on a new basis, he became a republican, convinced that a republic only could close the chapter of revolutions, seditions, and civil wars in France. Efforts were then to be made for the defence of the foundations of society—efforts which demanded the power and the unanimity of the people. Changes were also required to be made in the laws—in the relations of class and class—in instruction—in philosophy, and in religion, and these could be made by a republic only. M. Lamar-

tine, therefore, became a republican from a knowledge of the things which must happen, and from devotion to the great work of the age in which he lived and lives.

Without overlooking any of the inconveniences and dangers of democracy, he accepted the perilous task heroically; and though the instrument of his election has, to use his own words, wounded and bruised his hand, yet he, nevertheless, and apart from all personal considerations, availed himself of it to spare bloodshed, and to accomplish as much good as possible. If he had not done so, what would inevitably have been the result? The Red or the Social Republic would have been long since in the ascendant; blood would have flown in torrents, and property and family might have been assailed. To avoid these horrors, and with a view to accomplish great things that must otherwise be renounced, Lamartine 'risked,' to use his own phrase, the Republic; and there can be no doubt, that when the passions and prejudices of the hour shall have passed away, history will not as severely condemn him as some of his contemporaries.

M. de Lamartine was, however, a gentleman, a scholar, a soldier, a poet, an orator, a diplomatist, a publicist, and an honoured deputy, before he became a republican. He was a man of gentle birth, of the suavest manners, of benevolent feelings, courted, caressed, wealthy, having everything to lose, and nothing to gain by the change. He 'risked' the change, however, on public, not on personal grounds; and instead of his pecuniary position being benefited—instead of his popularity being enhanced, or his political position strengthened, he has lost half his fortune, damaged his popularity, and for the present, at least, cut from under his very feet the ladder by which he might have ascended to office. If this be selfishness, it is a political selfishness we seldom see exhibited by aspirants to public life in France. But though Lamartine has been thus unprosperous in his political fortunes, he does not turn on the Republic, or on the Monarchy of the elder or younger branches, to vent his ill-

humour, his chagrin, or his disappointment. Independently of his having served the elder branch, not only in the army, but in diplomacy, he would not, in any event, be unjust. Though his infancy, his earliest thoughts, and his blood were royalist—though his heart pities and weeps over the unfortunate, yet his judgment and understanding approve and condemn without regard to persons or early prejudices.

Our author confesses a tenderness and weakness towards the Restoration. This is not wonderful, but most natural indeed. The Restoration was contemporaneous with his youth. To use his own words, 'Its rising splendour mingled with and became a portion of his existence.' At that season, young men rejoiced in hope. The Empire had oppressed the mind and wearied out the very soul of the nation. The word 'liberty' had for ten years been proscribed: poetry, literature, and the arts, enslaved or sullied by the imperial tyranny, again started into existence. It was an epoch of regeneration, pacific, intellectual, and liberal. It is natural, therefore, that the spectacle of the liberty of the press, of the freedom of speech—that electoral movements, exciting and animating a people so long motionless, mute, and tongue-tied, should remain profoundly engraved on the mind of a young man of five-and-twenty, then just starting into existence, and that he should have leanings and favourable impressions towards the men and the system. But notwithstanding these natural prepossessions, we believe that M. de Lamartine, without any spirit of bigotry, endeavours to write the truth.

Lamartine begins his volumes with a retrospective glance at Napoleon's reign, when that reign was drawing to a crisis. He defines it as 'a new man plastering up decrepit ages with modern glory.' Men, he properly says, should not be judged by their fortune, but by their deeds. Napoleon had in his grasp the largest share of power ever confided by Providence to a mortal hand, for the purpose of creating civilization and nationality, and withal he has left nothing behind him but a conquered country and an immortal name. The

world, at the period of his appearance, called for a renovator, but Buonaparte became its conqueror. France looked for the spirit of reformation, and he imposed upon her despotism and discipline.

During the last years of his domination, the intelligence and activity of Buonaparte had diminished in proportion as his empire had extended. His Spanish campaign had resembled those of Darius or of Louis XIV.—looking on at a distance, commanding by signs, and doing nothing but by his lieutenants. His Russian campaign had been conducted without energy (M. de Lamartine says with effeminacy), had been pursued with blindness, had been finished recklessly, and had been atoned for with insensibility. Lamartine says there was not an officer (of course, he means a superior officer, in the rank of marshal or general of division) who would not have better conducted or better managed the retreat of 700,000 men, worthy of another Xenophon. This retreat has been told in graphic language by Laboulaye, and with the most artistic grouping by De Segur. But its character is better described, and a more accurate notion of it conveyed by a phrase of Lamartine than by either of the interesting works to which we have made reference: 'He came post from the Beresina to the Tuileries without casting a single look behind him.' His generals said to him—Remain here, with the élite of your troops, during the long winter, or lose no time in falling back on a line of operations in communication with your empire and your reinforcements. But he had not the wisdom either to choose the bold cantonment or the prudent retreat.

Napoleon's courage, rather than his genius, seemed to have revived in the German campaign of 1813. Dresden and Leipzig were victories and reverses worthy of his name. But a humiliating peace could not satisfy a man whose fame as an invincible general was his title to the respect of Europe and to the absolute throne of France. He had feasted the nation with miracles, says our author, and he promised to treat them with new ones. The shame of having brought the armies of Europe,

however, on the soil of his country, as the only result of so many victories purchased with the blood of France,—the mortification of reigning over an empire, every inhabitant of which might call him to account for his violated hearth,—the inveterate expectation of prodigies,—the field of battle on the soil of France,—in fine, his wife, his child, the throne, to leave or to lose them, restored to him all that he had lost in the whirlwind of prosperity. The most prejudiced historian must hail him as great in this his final effort to retain the fortune that was eluding his grasp.

On the night of the 9th Nov. 1813, Napoleon arrived in Paris, without attendants, as if he wished to surprise or outstrip a revolution. His armies had vanished, while those of the allies were on the Rhine. France was no longer guarded except by the shadow of her buried legions, by the Rhine, by her fortified places, and by the mountains of the Vosges. Such, however, was the tyranny of the system, so implacable was the police of the Empire, enforcing the silence of public opinion, that the mass of the population was ignorant of the truth, and even of the ordinary facts. However extraordinary it may appear to Englishmen, who live in the light of publicity, the overwhelming rush of Europe on France was unrevealed to Frenchmen in the intimacy of private intercourse, except in an under-tone, and by vague and broken expressions. The day following his arrival, Napoleon devoted to his son, to his family, to his confidential friends. On the ensuing day, he convoked his council of state at the Tuileries. Several of its members were men of the Convention, some of the Reign of Terror, and a few were regicides. Napoleon held them by their apostasy; he showed them to the people as ensigns of democracy and pledges of revolution; but he looked on them, without fear, as instruments of domination incapable thenceforward of any other task than that of rendering servitude popular.

He began by addressing them in rude, severe, and unexpected terms. He maintained that taxation had no limits, and proposed levying a new conscription of 300,000 men,

already exempt from service, and returned to their families four years before. The council decreed the 300,000 men. They were dismissed by the Emperor with the watchword, 'Enthusiasm,' but despondency was the only answer of the council. The Emperor, meanwhile, occupied himself in collecting around the weak skeletons of the corps that he had left on the Rhine, in Belgium, and in Holland, the remains of the veteran troops which he had at hand, detachments of his guard, and the new levies in garrison in the interior. But, with the exception of his old band, reduced to about 80,000 men, his wishes were rendered fruitless by the exhaustion and apathy of the Empire. He issued orders and called for contingents with no effect. He had nothing but ciphers in his wide domains. He marched—says Lamartine most suggestively—but nothing followed him. Yet in his communications to his senate he was as imperative as in the day of his victories. He convoked the Legislative Assembly at Paris for the 19th of December. He foresaw that they might choose a man of independence for their president, and he therefore deprived them of their right to choose one. M. Molé, the gentleman who now figures as the chief of the fusionists, was the Minister of Justice, a young man of illustrious name, (for he was the descendant of Mathieu Molé, which Lamartine omits to state,) of precocious talent, and with opinions adapted to the time. M. Molé then pushed his zeal for monarchy to the extreme of despotism, venturing much to please, and everything to serve. Napoleon had taken care to define the Assembly as a Legislative Council, not as a National Representation. It would be a criminal pretension, he said, to think of representing the nation in the presence of the Emperor. Regnier, Duke of Massa, an eminent lawyer, who had been moulded to the Emperor's hands by favours and dignities, and who died only on the 20th of August last, was nominated President of the Assembly. The addresses of the Emperor to the Legislative Council were calculated to be understood in a double sense: by the people as pledges of peace, and by the con-

stituted bodies as a summons to an energetical concurrence in the war. The words of the Emperor were received with profound incredulity, concealed under a feigned confidence. Meanwhile, Metternich (long accustomed to the court of Napoleon, where he had been slighted and caressed by turns) did not participate in the antipathies of the old dynasties against this court of military upstarts. He dreaded, also, the despair of a man of genius placed by a refusal to accommodate existing differences between the throne and death. He accordingly made an overture to M. de St. Aignan, one of the best accredited ministers of Napoleon in Germany. There he dictated a note, intimating on what terms Europe would again treat with him.

M. Metternich was sincere, because he was interested. The ministers of the other powers feigned to believe in the possibility of such a peace. Napoleon, however, could not contain himself within the limits of ancient France. He was called on to renounce all sovereignty in Germany beyond the Rhine, in Spain, in Italy, and in Holland. On this basis alone would the other European powers treat with him; but they would not suspend their military operations during the negotiations. The congress, however, to be assembled in pursuance of this arrangement was an illusion with which Napoleon sought to amuse his subjects. To keep up the deception, he adhered for a few days to the basis laid down in the note of the Allied Powers. But the Congress of Mannheim never took place.

The Senate and the Legislative Assembly, however, appointed committees to express the opinions of the senators and the deputies on the state of affairs. The senate appointed Talleyrand, De Fontanes, Beurnonville de St. Marsan, and Barbé Marbois.

The choice of the Legislative Assembly indicated a different spirit. All notoriously servile names were struck off. Lainé, Raynour, Galois, Maine de Biran, and Flaugergues, were chosen by an immense majority. They were independent names, and therefore the champions of revolt.

The character of Lainé is pro-

bably fairly drawn by M. de Lamartine. But from all we have heard and read of this worthy man, we conceive the portrait to be a too flattering likeness. In nothing that Lamartine says of his eloquence, power of speech, or private character, is there any exaggeration. But we conceive his general power and influence to be overrated in the volumes before us. As a speaker, no doubt, Lainé was one of the best, if not the very best of a time when there were few or no public speakers. He had imagination, fecundity, flow, and noble presence, fine and graceful delivery, and noble and generous impulsions; but he was neither a man of industry, a man of business, an administrator, nor a statesman, in the best senses of these words. M. de Lamartine says that Lainé had not the indolence of Vergniaud. Yet we have always heard from politicians, his contemporaries, and even from men who were in the same cabinet with him, that there never was a minister who less relished the dull daily drill task of official life. Be this, however, as it may, Lainé was commissioned to draw up the Report of the Assembly. It was in guarded language—a revival of the Constitution—a revival of the right of complaint—a faint recollection of the *Jeu de Paumes* at Marseilles. This expression of the Deputies of the nation was considered by Napoleon as a revolution in itself. The Emperor felt that he was no longer Emperor, if the independent voice of this body was not stifled. Savary, the Minister of Police, summoned the members of the commission to his mansion, incorrectly rendered in the excellent translation, ‘to his hotel.’ ‘You have irritated the Emperor,’ said Savary. ‘He cannot allow you to deliberate in his absence, for he is going to the army, and you would dethrone him.’ Savary then turning towards M. Lainé, asked in an inquiring voice,—‘What is the object you have in view?’ ‘I am desirous,’ said M. Lainé, very nobly, ‘of saving my country, or, at least, of breathing gloriously for the nation the last sigh of liberty.’

On the 22nd January, Napoleon departed for the army. The evening before, he convoked at the palace

the chiefs of the National Guard of Paris. He was constrained, from the paucity of troops, and the necessity of covering the capital, to re-organize a force particularly obnoxious to his suspicions. He made a theatrical presentation of Marie Louise and her son to the officers of the National Guard. The Empress held the young King of Rome in her arms. Napoleon, taking his son from his mother’s breast, embraced him, raised him in his arms, placed him, with tears in his eyes, in the arms of the officers nearest to him, and advancing into the midst of the immense circle which the chiefs of the city formed around the principal hall of the palace, he spoke to them in that voice, by turns manly and tender, which seemed like the soldier giving way to the feelings of the husband and the father. During the night, Napoleon left for Chalons.

France did not arise, notwithstanding the appeals made to its patriotism. It was drained of its legions, and wished for peace and liberty. A rising would have been, not for the Emperor, but for the country. In vain the prefects decreed new levies: in vain the gendarmes conducted the conscripts frequently in chains to the dépôts. Scarcely were they liberated, when they took the road back again to their fields, their cabins, and their villages. Even the most warlike provinces, Burgundy, Autun, and Brittany, concealed bands of deserters in the woods, who preferred a life of wandering wretchedness rather than rejoin their regiments. Seventy thousand men now constituted the only army with which Napoleon had to manœuvre and combat a million of men in the heart of France. Victory could do nothing for so small a number: it could only waste them less rapidly than defeat.

It is not our intention to go over the campaign of 1814. The combats of Brienne—the junction of Blücher and Schwartzburg—the battles of La Rothière, of Vauchamp, of Monttereau, have been described over and over again, in English and in French, and in every style, from the nervous prose of Lamartine, down to the turgid and diffuse periods of Alison, and the slip-slop sentences of Capefigue.

Suffice it to say, that, on the 23rd of January, Napoleon re-entered Troyes. On his entry, says M. de Lamartine, he demanded that he should be put in possession of the traitors who, in repudiating his name, had made common cause with the enemies of their country. M. de Gouault, who had been sent before a court martial even before the Emperor sat down, was tried, condemned, and shot, in spite of the entreaties of M. de Megrigny, a gentleman of the country. He was conducted to the place of execution with a placard on his breast inscribed with the word, 'Traitor.' The author of *The Girondins* properly calls this an act of selfish vengeance and cruelty. But the story is differently told by Vaulabelle; and Napoleon should clearly have the benefit of his version, unless it be proved to be incorrect. *Condamné à mort, (says Vaulabelle,) sa famille essaya de le sauver. Une demande en grâce fut remise le lendemain du jugement par M. de Megrigny, écuyer de service et compatriote du condamné. L'Empereur ordonna immédiatement de suspendre l'exécution; mais quand l'officier d'ordonnance, porteur de l'ordre, arriva, M. de Gouault venait d'être passé par les armes avec cet écriteau sur la poitrine: Traître à la patrie.* Between the Minister of Public Instruction of Cavaignac and the Minister for Foreign Affairs of the Provisional Government we shall not decide.

Meanwhile, the Emperor sent courier upon courier to his brother, Joseph, conjuring him to reanimate the spirit of Paris. But it was in vain. 'If the enemy advance,' he said, 'send off in the direction of the Loire, the empress-regent, my son, the Grand Dignitaries, the ministers, the great officers, &c. Do not,' he said 'quit my son; and recollect that I would rather see him in the Seine than in the hands of the enemies of France. The fate of Astyanax, prisoner of the Greeks, has always appeared to me the most unhappy fate recorded in history.'

Marie Louise at length, after much persuasion, tore herself away from the palace of the Tuileries, one of her equeuries carrying in his arms the King of Rome. This

beautiful child, made proud by adulation, refused to be exiled. 'I will not go away,' he cried. 'When the Emperor is absent, am I not the master here?' Not a voice was raised to utter a farewell of the people to the wife and son of Napoleon flying at hazard, and trailing after them the last vestiges of imperial splendour. While the Empress thus followed the road to Rambouillet, the drums beat to arms to summon the citizens to the defence of the capital. The National Guard took arms less to frighten the enemy than to guard their own homes. Joseph, however, wished to deceive Paris till the last moment, in order that the sedition concealing against the Empire should not explode under his own feet. 'Let us arm!' he exclaimed: 'I shall remain with you. Let us defend this great city, its monuments, its riches, our wives, our children, and let the enemy be disgraced before these walls, which he hopes to pass in triumph.' While, however, the short-lived confidence produced by this proclamation continued, Joseph, his brother Jerome, and the Minister of War, Clarke, descending from the heights of Montmartre, were flying at the utmost speed of their horses by the external Boulevards and crossing the Bois de Boulogne to reach Blois. Mortier, attacked towards noon by the overwhelming forces of the two invading armies, had no more ammunition to maintain the action: he was on the point of being cut off from Marmont, surrounded and driven back into the streets of Paris, now become a dreadful scene of carnage. Anxious to save an effusion of blood, he proposed to Schwartzburg a suspension of arms for twenty-four hours to save Paris from the horrors of a siege. The Austrian generalissimo accepted the proposition.

Marmont, though he had received an order to capitulate, continued to defend himself. The confusion of the different movements—the impossibility of communicating amidst the showers of balls—the enthusiasm of the volunteers and the students of the Polytechnic School, who served his artillery, even to the last bullet, prevented an arrangement. Blücher had meanwhile gained the

heights of Montmartre, and turned his batteries from thence upon Paris. Seven times the officers who attempted with flags of truce to clear the space between the two armies, were laid with their horses in the dust. The scene is thus described by Lamartine:—

While M. de Quelen was thus putting an end to the firing, Marmont (excited by the combat, by the vicinity of Paris, and by the sentiment of the final service he was trying to render to his Emperor, and to the friend of his youth) remained the very last in the high street of Belleville, disputing step by step the houses of this suburb with the enemy. His sword being broken, he had a musket in his hand; his hat and clothes were pierced with balls, his features blackened with the smoke of the combat; and he who was next day to be called the first of traitors, was now the last of the heroes. He looked for death as if with a presentiment of the double duties between which he was about to find himself placed, and by which the fame of his fidelity and patriotism was to suffer so long an eclipse for his country. Death, however, failed him. While his tirailleurs, covered by the gardens and the houses on one side of the street, were firing over his head at the Russians, already masters of the other side, a handful of grenadiers rushed forward to surround and save their general. They retreated, fighting, with him in the midst of them, step by step, as far as the barrier. One arm in a sling, one hand shot through, and the bodies of five horses killed under him during the action, sufficiently attested, that if, on the following day, he did not do enough for the Empire, he did enough on this day for glory and for his country. Were it not for that handful of grenadiers, the army would have brought only the dead body of their general within the walls of Paris.

The principal men among the citizens crowded round Marmont. Disarmed, wounded, covered with dust and blood, he received them. 'Honour and fidelity are satisfied,' said his friends to him. When he talked of retiring behind the Loire, the citizens exclaimed, 'What is to become of us, our families, our old men, our wives, our children, our homes, our monuments? The people, without arms and without food, given up to all the horrors of hunger in a city surrounded by 500,000 men, what is to be their fate?'

Marmont was convinced by these speeches, and agreed to the neces-

sity of a capitulation for Paris. 'But,' said he, 'I am neither the government nor the commander-in-chief of the army.' 'It is the business of the country, then, to decide for itself,' rejoined the citizens. Marmont wavered between his military and his civil duty. Separated from the army of the Emperor by the forces of the enemy, he could only decide from necessity. He yielded to the suggestions of his heart. He capitulated, and delivered up the gates of Paris, causing his army to fall back upon Fontainebleau. 'There was,' says Lamartine—and we wholly agree with him—'there was no treason, there was no weakness, even in this movement, which substituted a capitulation for a siege. What could 17,000 men do against 300,000? It was not Marmont who on this day betrayed Paris—it was Paris which betrayed Marmont, by not rising up in its own defence.'

When Napoleon learnt the capitulation, his indignation knew no bounds. Caulincourt was despatched by him to Paris, but found it impossible to enter, and returned to the Emperor. A second time he was sent to the allies; but all these efforts availed not to prevent the progress of events. The Emperor Alexander, the King of Prussia, Schwarzenburg, Lichtenstem, and Nesselrode, assembled in conference on the night which followed their entrance into Paris.

The acclamations of the Royalists, who begged of them a king of their ancient race, still resounded in their ears. With the exception of the army and of the servile and military court of the Empire, France, almost to a man, longed to throw off the yoke of a master who oppressed the country. A regency was talked of. 'But,' said Di Borgo, 'as long as the name of Napoleon weighs from the throne of France, Europe will not consider itself either satisfied or delivered.' It was therefore unanimously agreed that the throne of France should be interdicted to the race of Napoleon. Alexander muttered, it is said, the name of Bernadotte, to whom it is thought he had given, not promises, but vague hopes. 'But,' said Talleyrand, with oracular brevity, 'there

are only two principles now at issue in the world—legitimacy and chance: there are only two things possible—Napoleon or Louis XVIII.' Public opinion, however, spoke more loudly, and outstripped Talleyrand. It revealed to the allies and to the Bourbons a general spirit of disaffection against the Empire, and of natural attraction towards a restoration. The Senate, in a long *exposé des motifs*, declared that Buonaparte had forfeited the throne,—that the hereditary right established in his family is abolished, and that the French people and the army are absolved from their oaths of fidelity. France made a fuller response to the voice of its legislators: she replied with a unanimous cry of 'Down with the tyrant!' It is quite true, that this cry was interpreted in Paris by scenes degrading to the dignity of a people. Royalist enthusiasm endeavoured to excite, and even to bribe, the popular passions into a saturnalia against the fallen dynasty. Young, beautiful, and titled ladies lent themselves to unworthy ovations to victory against their country. On the promenades, and on horseback, they exhibited themselves offering flowers to the barbarians.

The provisional government nominated a ministry temporary, like itself, consisting of Henrion de Pansey, Malonet, Angles, Beuguot, Laforest, and Dupont, to whom the war-office was confided. Dupont was in Spain, at the head of a French army, which had set the example of capitulating, instead of conquering. No wonder, therefore, that military men mourned at a selection which seemed to be either a vengeance or an affront.

While Alexander, the King of Prussia, and Schwartzburg were thus in Paris, the troops of Marmont and Mortier were at eight leagues distance, as an advanced guard, on both links of the Essonne, between Fontainebleau and the capital. The army of Napoleon had immediately followed him from Champagne, and numbered 40,000 combatants, exclusive of the imperial guard, which was of itself equivalent to a third army. These 60,000 men, re-united under the walls of Fontainebleau, demanded, with loud cries, a return to

Paris, vengeance, and battle. Napoleon showed himself daily to these troops in the court of the palace. He longed to march, and every evening gave orders for decisive movements on the following day, but he recalled them in the night, became agitated, and continued immovable. He experienced a weakness and vacillation of resolution and of will, the cause of which he could not divine. It was that public opinion weighed heavily on his mind. Public opinion in France was more formidable to him than all the armies of all the coalitions, and this he felt, without confessing it to himself. Full of a last hope, the Emperor revolted against the decrees of the coalition, and read, in an irritated voice, a proclamation to his army. 'To Paris!—to Paris!' shouted the soldiers. Napoleon, gazing on the marshals and generals grouped around him, as he pointed out to them this inextinguishable enthusiasm for war rekindled by his presence in the breasts of his soldiers, seemed to reproach them for their supineness and disaffection. He walked for a long time in his cabinet, with broken steps and gestures; then sitting down, and taking the pen in his own hand, he wrote the order to the army to put itself in motion the following day for Paris, and to advance his quartermaster-general from Fontainebleau to Essonne. . It was the signal of a battle before Paris, in which he was to sacrifice his life or reconquer the imperial crown. It was in the palace itself that the marshals and the chiefs of corps met and assembled in the same spirit of opposition to the desperate plan of Napoleon. Their opposition broke out in their gestures, in their looks, and in their acclamations. Their conduct appears justified in their own eyes by the interest of the army, for which they began to negotiate, without a warrant by trustworthy persons, with the provisional government. They all had conceived that a new reign was about to commence, and that Napoleon was politically extinct. On their conduct, Lamartine makes some remarks, the truth of which is verified by the events of 1848:—

Military discipline (says he) in depriving the man of camps and battles of the exercise of his own will, deprives him

more than it does any other profession of that energy of character so necessary in the vicissitudes of political events. It inspires him with personal intrepidity, but divests him of wise constancy. Nothing yields so much and so quickly in the storm of revolutions as generals; they follow the noble profession of arms, but they follow it under every master; they pass from one court to another, from an empire to a monarchy, to a republic, not like courtiers, but like servants—the sword of every hand which lends or gives itself to the last person that wears a crown. It is in the ranks of the army we must look for the heroism of courage; but we rarely find there the heroism of independence.

Marshal Oudinot, the Bayard of the Republic and of the Empire, was one of the first to break out. This explosion produced an ebullition from the mouths and hearts of other marshals.

Meanwhile emissaries from the Minister of War, from M. Talleyrand, from the Royalists, and, above all, from the Republicans, insinuated themselves into Marmont's camp, and penetrated into his own presence. In this agitation of Marmont's mind, Schwartzburg, who commanded in front of Essonne, summoned the Marshal in the name of Peace. Marmont wished for an excuse, which was an admission that he was going to commit a fault. He assembled all the generals and all the superior officers, and consulted them on the adhesion they were to give or to refuse in the name of the army, to the propositions of Paris, of the provisional government, and of the allies. The moment must have been critical and the pressure excessive, for all pronounced for the adhesion. One reserve was made, called for by 'the memory of past events, and the decency of defection:'—this was, that guarantees should be given for the life and liberty of the Emperor. Marmont's offer was accepted.

While these events were accomplishing in one quarter, Napoleon was ordering the head-quarters to advance to Ponthierry, on the road to Essonne. 'I rely upon you, gentlemen,' said Napoleon, hastening to anticipate the marshals. The marshals, however, instead of retiring to execute the orders received, drew close together. Ney, whose

numerous exploits gave him the right of more freely expressing himself, exclaimed, 'that not a single sword should leave the scabbard to effect the useless and insane crime of desperate ambition against the country.' Napoleon regarded him with reproachful astonishment. This was the first truth he had heard during ten years of service; and, as Lamartine finely says, 'Napoleon required an army between himself and the truth.' Oudinot and Lefebvre also fully supported the declaration of Ney. 'The army, at least,' said Napoleon, 'will follow me.' 'The army,' replied the marshals, in a vehement tone, 'will obey its generals.'

Crossing his arms on his breast, Napoleon reflected a long time in silence. Turning to the marshals, he said, 'Well, what ought I to do, in your opinion?' 'Abdicate!' exclaimed the marshals nearest to him, in a rough and unanimous voice. Napoleon submitted himself to destiny. 'I will present to you my abdication,' he said; 'leave me for a moment to write it.' He sat down before a small table covered with green cloth, and, with a trembling hand, wrote—'The Allied Powers having proclaimed that the Emperor Napoleon was the sole obstacle to the re-establishment of peace, he was ready to descend from the throne, to quit France, and even life itself, for the good of the country, without prejudice to the rights of his son, to those of the regency of the empress, and to the maintenance of the laws of the Empire.' The regency of the empress, as our readers are aware, was declined; and all the efforts of Caulincourt and Macdonald to induce the sovereigns to listen to the propositions of Buonaparte were rejected. The result of the deliberations of the monarchs was the treaty of Fontainebleau, which liquidated the blood of a million of men, the empire, the genius, and the glory of ten years. The character drawn of Buonaparte by Lamartine occupies eleven pages, and we give a few salient passages:

Napoleon (says he) was a man of the school of Machiavel, not of that of Plutarch. His object was neither virtue nor patriotism, but an ardent thirst after power and renown. Favoured by circumstances which never fell to the

lot of any other man, not even Cæsar, he sought to conquer and possess the world at any cost—not to ameliorate it, but to aggrandize himself. This, the sole aim of all the actions of his life, lowers and narrows them in the eyes of all true statesmen. God never said to man, Seek thyself thine own good: thou shalt become the centre of all human things, and thou shalt make the world succumb to thy own purpose. This plan of life was opposed and in contradiction to the plan of God with regard to humanity. * * *

When Corsica was struggling to retrieve its independence, he declared against Paoli, the liberator of his birth-place; he sought a country, and chose the one the most agitated, France. He foresaw with a precocious sagacity of instinct that great risks of fortune would be, or were, the grand movements of things or of ideas. The French Revolution broke out; he threw himself into the midst of it. Did Jacobinism govern, he extolled it, affected radical principles, and assumed all the exaggerated manners of the demagogues—their language, their costume, their displeasure, and their popularity. He yielded all to circumstance, and nothing to principle. He always joined the successful rising, indifferently, with any, or against any. As a youth, he was a true specimen of the race and times of the Italian republicans, who engaged on hire their bravery and their blood to any faction, any cause, provided they did but aggrandize themselves. As a soldier, he offered his skill and his sword to the most daring or the most fortunate. * * *

The needs of the Revolution, embarrassed by his presence, sent him to Egypt, there to conquer or to die. Here we see another continent, another man, but still the same want of conscience. He announced himself as the regenerator of the East, who brought with him all the blessings of European liberty. At first, he had to persuade the people to allow themselves to be conquered. Mahometan fanaticism was an obstacle to his dominion. Instead of combating that faith, he simulated belief in it—declared for Mahomet, and denounced the superstitions of Europe. He made religion the medium of his policy and his conquests. The negotiator who bowed before the Pope at Milan, now bent his knee to the Prophet at Cairo.

To maintain his throne he wanted some principle; and here, again, he might choose. He might be to philosophy, and to the spirit of modern civilization, what Charlemagne was to Christianity. But from the first day, he repudiated the thought of acting the

part of the beneficent genius—the founder of an idea. He declared a war against all ideas, save those that were obsolete. He execrated thought in any form, spoken or written, as a revolt of reason against fact. He imposed silence on the tribunals, the censorship on the public journals; he devoted books to destruction, and writers to adulation or a reign of terror. He blasphemed against the light of intellect; he closed the lips against the slightest murmur of a theory; he banished all who would not sell him either their cloquence or their pen. Of all the sciences, he honoured only that which does not think—the mathematics; and he would have suppressed the alphabet if he could, so that figures alone should exist as a medium of communication between men; because letters express the human soul, and figures only material powers. * * *

Barras gave Napoleon, for dower, the army of Italy. He loved, it is true, and was beloved in return; but his love was not disinterested; it was mixed with the alloy of satisfied ambition. From this command dates the display of his genius. He communicated its spirit to his troops; he diffused a youthful ardour in the antiquated camps; he remodelled the laws of military discipline, and introduced an entirely new system of tactics. He called into action the daring spirit, that all-powerful genius of revolutionary wars; he accelerated the movements of armies, and gained tenfold the time by his marches. He conquered, made peace, and ratified treaties. Some nations he extirpated, others he respected; he negotiated with those who, like Rome, had made a deep impression on the popular mind; and, without pity or a pretext, remorselessly swept from the face of the earth others which, like Venice, were too weak for defence. * *

Of all those principles on which the founder of the Empire might firmly establish his institutions—such as liberty, equality, progress, intelligence, conscience, election, reasoning, discussion, religion, or public virtue—he chose the most personal and the most inhuman of all, glory or renown. * * *

He swept away the Republic with the tread of his soldiers. He trampled on the throne of the Bourbons in exile. Like a murderer, in the darkness of the night he seized upon the bravest and most confiding of the military princes of this race, the Duke d'Enghien, in a foreign country. He slew him in the ditch of Vincennes, by a singular presentment of crime, which showed him, in this youth, the only armed competitor against him or against his race. He expended ten generations of France to

establish a royal or imperial dynasty for each of the sons or daughters of his mother. He floated in a whirlwind of events, so vast and so rapid, that even three years of errors did not occasion his fall. Spain devoured his armies; Russia served as a sepulchre to 700,000 men; Dresden and Leipsic swallowed up the rest. * * *

As a diplomatist, he was eminently shrewd, while he had his ambition to serve and his reign to establish. In his Italian campaign, he fought with one hand, and negotiated with another. He treated with conquered Piedmont, which he had authority to destroy, and increased the Republican army against Austria with the contingents of a monarchy. He negotiated with the Pope, whom he was directed to expel from Rome, and enlisted on his side the feelings, the respect, and even the superstition of the people. * * *

He alienated the whole of independent Germany, by territorial cupidity and family appanages, by which he multiplied princes without obtaining support. He refused to Russia the empire of the East, while he secured to himself that of the West. He declared the incompatibility of any power with his own, even at the extremity of the earth. * * *

False in institutions, for he retrograded; false in policy, for he debased; false in morals, for he corrupted; false in civilization, for he oppressed; false in diplomacy, for he isolated: he was only true in war, for he shed torrents of human blood. His intelligence was vast and clear, but it was the intelligence of calculation: he counted, he weighed, he measured; but he felt not, he loved not, he sympathized with none; he was a statue rather than a man.

From Napoleon, M. de Lamartine returns to the Bourbons. He tells us the life of Louis XVIII. at the court of Louis XVI. Louis XVIII., before the murder of his brother, bore the title of Count de Provence, and had married Josephine of Savoy, daughter of Victor Emmanuel III. of Sardinia. He never had any children, and lost his wife during the emigration. Our author says, and truly, that this prince played with great good fortune one of the most difficult parts in history. His understanding was, indeed, equal to the requirements, if his character was inferior to the work assigned to him. Solitary and reserved at the court of Louis XVI., he had surrounded himself with a little court distinct from that of his brother.

His character was studious, familiar, and somewhat feminine. Manliness was wanting to his soul as well as to his body; it only displayed itself in his understanding. He had—and he felt and knew it—a genius very superior to that of his brother, Louis XVI., and to the superficial and unreflecting mind of the Count D'Artois. He had an ambition for wit, and published some of his poetry in the literary annals of the time. He foresaw a revolution, and thinking his brother unequal to the struggle of the times, believed his weakness would drive him to abdication, that the Count D'Artois would lose himself in vain resistance to the progress of the world, and that France, reconstituted on a new monarchical plan, would take refuge under his own government. He did not conspire to obtain, nor even desire, this consummation, but he expected all. When Louis XVI. was carried off from Versailles, by the insurrection of October, to Paris, the Count de Provence followed him, and was respected and cheered by the people, as he appeared in the light of a conciliator between the court and the revolutionists. He soon, however, became unpopular, the odium of an anti-revolutionary conspiracy of an officer of his household having fallen on him.

Dangers now increased every day, and the princes of the house of Condé, and the king's aunts, fled one by one from the soil of France. A report was spread of the approaching departure of the Count de Provence, and the people flocked to his palace to assure themselves of his presence. He caused his doors to be thrown open, and chatting familiarly with the women who were at the head of the mob, swore he would never leave them. 'But if the king should go?' asked one of the women. 'For a woman of understanding,' replied the prince, 'you have put a very silly question.' The favourite of the Count de Provence was Mdlle. de Balbi, a lady whose wit he liked even more than her charms. Mdlle. de Balbi and d'Avary were the sole confidants of the Count de Provence's flight. He took refuge at Coblenz. It cannot be supposed that we should here go over the events of the twenty-two years

during which Louis XVIII. was in emigration—that we should recite his intrigues in France and in Vendée—his life at Verona and at the army of Condé—his negotiations with Pichegru—his adventures and his life in Germany—his retirement to Mittau in Courland—his being forced to leave that asylum and to come to England, where he was first received by the Duke of Buckingham, and afterwards rented the house of Hartwell, which Lamartine, following Vaulabelle, calls the property of Sir George See, instead of Sir George Lee. All these particulars, very interesting in themselves, as disclosing the character of the man and future monarch, we are obliged to pass over. It may, however, be necessary to state, that during the last year of the Empire, Louis XVIII. suspended every active manœuvre, allowing the ambition of Napoleon to act, and the vengeance of outraged nations to fall back on France. He merely read the French journals, with an intelligence sharpened by age and patience, which enabled him to discern, under the adulation of the press, the symptoms of ruin and disaffection. The more Louis was certain of the fall of Buonaparte, the less he seemed in a hurry to precipitate it. Age and exile, the lessons of experience, the light of study, had increased, matured, and consummated his intelligence.

In speaking of the residence in England of the monarch, Lamartine takes occasion to allude to the state of parties in our country during his residence. His observations on Pitt are correct enough, and we find no fault with them. But when he speaks of Fox, as a seeker of popularity above all things—as ‘a feeble echo of Mirabeau, misplaced in an English parliament—as a powerless rival of Mr. Pitt’—as a man whose abilities were overrated, and who had nothing of the statesman in him—he shows how difficult it is for a Frenchman to enter into the appreciation of those shades of character and ability which can only be known to a native. Never was there a greater debater in England than Mr. Fox; and when Lamartine says that his abilities were overrated on the continent, he says so, probably,

without ever having read one of that great man’s masterly discourses.

If the author of *The Girondins* is most unhappy in his reference to the great English debater and statesman, he is much more felicitous in his description of Louis XVIII. He says; and truly, that the serenity of Louis’s countenance was astonishing. It might, he adds, be said that time, exile, fatigue, infirmity, and his natural corpulency, had only attached themselves to his feet and his trunk, the better to display the perpetual and vigorous youth of his countenance. His eyes were large, and of azure blue, sparkling, humid, and expressive of frankness; his nose, like that of all the Bourbons, was aquiline; his mouth partly open, smiling, and finely formed. Such was the king, according to Lamartine, the eve of the day on which he was restored to royalty.

Louis XVIII. yielded, rather than agreed from conviction, to the entreaties of the Count d’Artois and of his nephews, that they should quit England, and risk themselves on the continent, in the *mêlée* of events which the coalition was about to produce in France. The British government granted a passage to these princes on the 14th January, 1814, on board English ships of war. They sailed with the vague hope of finding a throne, but they were not summoned by any party. La Vendée was torpid—the South was waiting the march of events—public opinion looked on—the centre was arming, the army was fighting. Some timid correspondents of Louis scarcely ventured to give him, from time to time, general information on the state of the public mind. Some Parisian salons and some châteaux flattered themselves mysteriously with the hope of a restoration of the dynasty of their hearts. This was the state of France in January, 1814.

The first princes of the house of Bourbon to set their feet on the soil of France were the Count d’Artois, afterwards Charles X., and his two sons, the Dukes of Berry and Angoulême. The father resolved to throw himself into the midst of the Russian, Austrian, and Prussian armies, which were entering upon the north and east of France; the

Duke of Angoulême proceeded to Spain, to follow the great Anglo-Spanish army, which was advancing on the south and west; the Duke de Berry went to the Island of Jersey, to land in Normandy. The Count d'Artois thought Franche Comté would rise at his approach, and that the Russian and Austrian commanders would receive him with open arms. In all these expectations he was sorely deceived. He demanded of the Russian generals open protection and support for his cause, but they harshly eluded his request. The Austrian commanders refused to open the gates of Vesoul to him, and would allow him to enter only as a simple traveller. They authorized him to go to Nancy, but alone, without cockade or decoration, without any other political title than his name, and on condition that he would not lodge in any public edifice.

Meanwhile, Vitrolles, of whom we shall afterwards have occasion to speak, was the most active, the most insinuating, and the most intrepid agent of this wandering court. The Duke of Angoulême found himself in the greatest perplexity on the frontiers of Spain. He had disembarked at St. Jean de Luz, with some aides-de-camp, and he followed the retreats and advances of the English army, without receiving power or encouragement from the Duke of Wellington. For five whole months the duke persisted in uniform coldness, and M. d'Angoulême lingered at the outposts under unmitigated discouragement.

Uncertain of the reception which awaited him at Paris, the Count d'Artois remained a considerable time at Nancy. M. de Talleyrand at length wrote to M. de Vitrolles, to the Count d'Artois, begging of him to take the government in quality of lieutenant-governor of his brother. The prince travelled through Lorraine and Champagne, amidst the enthusiasm of their respective inhabitants, and cries of 'Peace, and abolition of conscription and taxes!' He received on his journey the plan of a constitution, voted by the senate, as a condition of the acknowledgment of his power. He did not reply to this act, for he thought that the discredited voice of the senate would be stifled on his entrance into

Paris by the acclamations of a people who would recognise in him the heir of a throne anterior to the date of their authority. Three days after his entrance, the Count d'Artois constituted his government. It was composed of M. de Talleyrand, Marshals Monecy and Oudinot, the Duke d'Alberg, the Count de Jaucourt, Generals de Bournonville and Dessoles, and the Abbé de Montesquion. Napoleon had, meanwhile, departed from Fontainebleau on his way to Elba. Ten days after, M. de Talleyrand concluded with the Allied Powers a suspension of hostilities, by which he entirely disarmed France. A general murmur greeted this capitulation, which was signed, as the first act of his accession, by the Count d'Artois. This act rendered the prince unpopular, as well as his counsellors and his government. All eyes were therefore turned towards Louis XVIII. The prudence of this prince was acknowledged: he had allowed his brother to commit this folly, but was coming after him to protest against it. The Abbé de Montesquion was the confidential minister of Louis, and a member of the provisional government. He was connected with M. de Talleyrand in policy, and with the royalists in feeling. He thus wrote to Hartwell:—'My advice, and that of M. de Talleyrand, is, that the king, on entering France, should simply publish a royal edict, by which he should declare his own sovereignty, without allowing himself to be clogged beforehand by a constitution null and void. Then let the king afterwards proclaim the rights that he will acknowledge in the nation and the assembly of the legislative body.' The Count d'Artois, embarrassed by the concessions that he had made to enter Paris, sent to the king at Hartwell, the Count de Bruges, one of his most familiar aides-de-camp, to induce his brother to come at length and take the crown. The Count expressed to the king the secret thoughts of his brother, who looked upon all acknowledgment of the rights of a nation and of revolutionary proceedings as a partial abdication and as an anticipated degradation of the mystery of royalty by right divine. The king himself was secretly inclined to this dogma, not by convic-

tion of his mind, but by the habit of his birth, and from respect for his race. Through policy, however, he leant towards an apparent compromise between the rights of the people and the right of his sovereignty. At the same time that De Bruges visited Hartwell to deliver to the king the rash and absolute opinions of his brother, Di Borgo, aide-de-camp of Alexander, arrived there, in the name of the Allied Powers, to induce the king to adopt the constitutional opinions which prevailed in the council of sovereigns and diplomatists at Paris. Louis listened, and inclined by turns to both parties. His own good sense carried him to an accommodation with the times and with public decision; but M. de Blacas, who was narrow-minded, and the Duchess d'Angoulême, who was embittered, retained him in the prejudices of his sovereignty.

It was in this disposition of mind that he quitted Hartwell on the 18th April, 1814, and passed through London to return to France. The English nation, which was constitutional from instinct, and royalist from pity, was proud of the deliverance of the world, accomplished by the perseverance of its policy, of its treasures, and its armies. The city of London was dressed out in flags, and the populace crowded all the roads and all the streets through which Louis and the Duchess d'Angoulême passed. The entry of the king into London was as solemn and as royal as his entry into his own capital. The Prince Regent received the monarch, and accompanied him on the following day as far as Dover, to bid him farewell.

Louis XVIII. embarked at Dover on the 24th April, on board the *Royal Sovereign*, escorted by the *Jason* frigate, under salutes of artillery from the shore, and from the fleet. The Straits were crowded with boats and vessels dressed out in flags, the *Drapau Blanc* flying at all the masts. A calm sea, a gentle wind, and a serene sky, favoured this manifestation of the joy of two nations. Half-way across, the vessel that bore the king passed from the naval escort of the English into the midst of the cortège of French boats and vessels. Louis was melted to tears as, standing on the prow of

the vessel, he showed on one side Madame d'Angoulême, and on the other the Prince de Condé and the duke. The king, on touching his native soil, was desirous of giving thanks to the God of his fathers. Seated in an open carriage by the side of the Duchess d'Angoulême, he passed slowly through the bending crowd to repair to the church of Calais, where he offered up his prayers at the altar of his sires. On his route to Paris, the same enthusiasm of the populace, and the same unanimity of hope greeted and gladdened him.

The counsels of Talleyrand, at first rigorously constitutional, became more supple and more accommodating. The king, at his suggestion, decided on making a halt at the chateau of Compiègne before he entered his capital. The marshals of Napoleon, and those most intimate with him, had hastened to meet the king before his arrival at Compiègne. There was Bertier, who for twelve years had not quitted the tent or the cabinet of the Emperor, and Ney, his most intrepid lieutenant, of whom the Emperor had said,—‘I have three hundred millions in gold in the vaults of my palace, and I would give them all to ransom the life of such a man.’ Ney flourished his sword over his head, and cried aloud, as he showed the king to the people, ‘Vive le Roi! there he is, my friends, the legitimate king, the real king of France!’

On this scene Lamartine remarks:—

These military men, so brave under fire, too frequently show themselves weak-hearted before the changes incidental to events. The people were astonished at so much versatility in so much heroism, and they began to suspect (what they have since had so many occasions to acknowledge) that the habit of obeying all governments does not create constancy in the hearts of military men, and that the revolutions which have to fight against them one day have not more obsequious servants on the next.

The king pretended to esteem this inconstant class, who did not, however, deceive his sagacity. A deputation of the legislative body had also met the king at Compiègne.

Louis XVIII. decided on taking possession of his throne without entering into any conditions with the senate. Alexander, influenced by the men of the imperial court, also set out for Compiègne, for the purpose of advancing with his all-powerful support the claims of the senate.

Louis received the Czar coldly, listened with impatience, interrupted him freely, and replied to him with firmness,—

‘I am astonished that I have to remind an Emperor of Russia that the crown does not belong to subjects. By what title can a senate, the instrument of all the madness of a usurper, dispose of the crown of France? Does it belong to them? The death of my brother, and that of my nephew, have transmitted this right to me. I have no other,—I want no other,—to present to France and to the world.’

Alexander acknowledged the force of this reasoning, and contented himself with alleging the power of facts and the imperative counsel of circumstances. But Louis did not yield to his reasons.

‘I shall not (said he) tarnish my name by an act of cowardice. Indebted to your victorious arms for the deliverance of my people, if these important services are to place at your disposal the honour of my crown, I shall appeal to France against it, and return to my banishment.’

The Royalists who went to the king from hour to hour to report the feelings of the people, made the king hope that an irresistible movement of public opinion would burst forth in spite of the Emperor of Russia and the senate, and that a general acclamation would overturn those factitious barriers that they wished to erect between him and the nation. He therefore went to the chateau of St. Ouen, a residence of M. Necker, near the gates of Paris. The necessity of preparing his royal entry into Paris was the pretext of this inexplicable residence under the walls of his capital. The real motive, however, was a last negotiation with Alexander, and with the resistance of opinion which

contested with him the supreme power.

The king was hardly established at St. Ouen, when the people flocked out in multitudes to the fields and roads which led to it. The senate also sent a deputation, and confided to Talleyrand the expression of their sentiments. Some hours after the deputation of the senate had been presented, the declaration of St. Ouen was made public. This declaration (says the author of *The Girondists*) fully recalled that of Louis XVI., when that prince wished to defer to the states-general, by forestalling them with concessions to the age. The declaration stated the resolve of the crown to adopt a liberal constitution, and convoke to that end, for the 10th of the month of June, the senate and the legislative body, and to submit to their inspection the work to be prepared by a commission from the two bodies, guaranteeing representative institutions, liberty of the press, worship, &c.

On the 3rd May, 1811, the king quitted the gardens of St. Ouen for Paris. An immense and sumptuous cortège of cavaliers, formed of the princes of his house and the celebrated men of both epochs, mingled in groups, preceded, followed, and surrounded the open carriage of the king, which was drawn by eight cream-coloured horses from the Emperor’s stables. No prince was better calculated than Louis XVIII. to personify this conciliation. The scene is thus described:—

His Age was imposing by the maturity of years, without yet offering any other sign of decay than his grey hair, the semblance of wisdom on a countenance still young, while the infirmity of his legs was concealed from the crowd by his cloak, which was thrown over his knees. But this king in his sitting posture, whose sufferings and forced sedentary life were well known, was a symbol of reflection and of peace. Even his infirmities, exciting an interest for the old monarch, seemed to offer a pledge of repose, the unanimous passion at this time in France. * * * * * That princess also at his side, the Duchess d’Angoulême, to whom her repentant country could only restore a name, but not a family swept away in the tempest; the involuntary tears

which struggled with her happiness in the eyes of this orphan of the scaffold; the old Prince of Condé, the veteran of monarchical wars, worn in body by nearly an age of combats, weakened in understanding and memory by exile, and looking round with childish gaze on the pomp of which he was the object, and which he seemed scarcely to comprehend; the Duke of Bourbon, his son, his face and heart in mourning, as if following the funeral cortège of the Duc d'Enghien, instead of the triumph of royalty; the Count d'Artois, the delight and chivalric popularity of the dynasty, riding at the carriage door of the king, and appearing to present his brother to the people, and the people to his brother; the Duke d'Angoulême and the Duke de Berry, his two sons, future heirs of the throne, the one modest and reflective, the other affecting the martial readiness of the officers of the Empire; the splendour of the arms, the motions of the horses, the waving of plumes, the living hedge of people and of soldiers, which bordered the fields and the avenues of the plain; the houses crowded to the roof-tops with women and children, the windows dressed out with white flags, the clapping of hands, the prolonged acclamations, now dying away, now swelling out again at every turn of the wheel of the carriage, the showers of bouquets descending from the balconies and strewing the pavements; the flourishes of instruments, the rolling of the drums, the discharge of cannon from Montmartre and the Invalides, breaking the short silence of the crowds, and giving a rebound to the emotions of a million of men; all these aspects, all these considerations, all these noises, all these astonishments, all these feelings of the crowd, gave to the entrance of Louis XVIII. into Paris a character of pathos and sensibility which effaced even the pomp of a triumphal entry.

The king received at St. Denis, from the hands of M. de Chabrol, Prefect under Napoleon, the keys of the gates of Paris. He returned them with a word of condescension and confidence, as if to impress on his government the seal of amnesty, and the impress of the immutability of the functionaries of the Empire. At the Cathedral of Nôtre Dame, the king was received by the clergy. 'Son of St. Louis,' said he to the priests who received him in the sanctuary, 'I shall imitate his virtues.' The king attributed the cessation of his misfortunes to the protection of

God and of his mother; as if to revive by his first word the pious customs of Louis XIII., and ceremonies dear to the credulity of the nation. Thus, he was political with politicians, and devout with religious men. From the cathedral, the cortège proceeded to the Tuileries, fitted with the luxuries and motley pomps of the Empire. There was not time to efface the crowned letter 'N' with which the walls were covered. A smart *calembour* is attributed in reference to this circumstance, to the monarch, to which Lamartine makes no allusion. '*Il-y-a des N-s mis (ennemis) partout*,' he laughingly said. Be this, however, as it may, on the 3rd of May, 1814, the king forgot his old servants, and only remembered his new. His heart was with the Emigration, but his smiles were with the Empire and the Revolution. The statue of his grandfather Henry IV., which was replaced on the *Pont Neuf*, was saluted by him in passing, and appeared to inspire his smile and his pleasant words. In the evening, the king, with the aid of M. Talleyrand, composed his ministry. D'Ambray was named Chancellor of France and Minister of Justice; the Abbé de Montesquion, Minister of the Interior; the Abbé Louis, of Finance; M. Beugnot received the direction of the Police, and M. Ferrard was Postmaster General. M. de Talleyrand,—an indispensable necessity as a revolutionary and monarchical tradition,—received the portfolio of Foreign Affairs and the Presidency of the Council of Ministers. The king reserved but one place, the most humble in appearance, the most important in reality, to friendship. This was the ministry of the household, which was conferred on M. de Blacas, the successor of d'Avary. This minister—who guarded, so to speak, the portal of the king's cabinet,—who received the other ministers—who summed up their deliberations—who examined their communications—who had alone the eyes and ears of the king in his keeping—who was the sole depository and conduit-pipe of the royal word, soon succeeded in absorbing all power. The influence of the favourite is thus graphically described in the

work before us: '*La vérité ne passa plus sans un passe-port de M. de Blacas.*' Meanwhile, Fouché, anxious to signalize himself in the eyes of the new royalty, and to wash out the blood of Louis XVI., caused to be presented a memoir to Louis XVIII., tracing out the route the government should follow. The military household of the king was now appointed. Its chiefs were selected with impartiality among the marshals of the Empire and the great names of the ancient monarchy. Berthier and Marmont were, with the Dukes of Luxembourg and D'Havre, named captains of the guards. The *mousquetaires* and the light horse of the guard were also commanded by generals of the Imperial epoch. Dupont, whom the king had named Minister of War, reduced the army to 200,000 men. This transition from a species of universal military monarchy, which recruited and paid a million of men, to a limited and pacific monarchy, obliged to bear the burden of its conquests and the indemnity of its glory, weighed heavily and fatally on the nation. The new government, innocent alike of the ambition of Napoleon and of the poverty of the nation, was made to bear this calamitous weight. At length, the king named the commissioners to fix the basis and arrange the text of a Constitution, chosen in equal number among his personal friends, among the members of the legislative body, and among the ancient senators. These were the Abbé Montesquieu, his confidential minister; M. Ferrand his dogmatical theorician, the defender of his absolute prerogative; M. Beugnot, the negotiator of his concessions; with Barthélemy, Barbé, Marbois, Boissy d'Anglas, Fontanes, Garnier, Pas-toret, Semonville, Marshal Serrurier, Blancart de Bailleul, Bois Savary, Chabaud, Latour, and others.

These men were to enter on a conference, having for its object, a treaty of pacification, between the races and the ideas which had been for thirty years at war—between ancient royalty and modern liberty. But the king, nevertheless, reserved to himself the right of accepting or rejecting the clauses. It is a singular but a strictly accurate

fact, that Alexander was anxiously, almost imperatively impatient for the promulgation of the Constitution, and declared that his troops should not quit Paris till it had been proclaimed. From this act may be said to date those political truths, which then first began to operate between the spirit of the people and the pretensions of kings. It was the act of birth of the new *régime*, baptized in blood on the scaffold and on the field of battle, for twenty-five years past, in contrast with the old *régime* which fell to pieces in 1789. Royalty triumphant in appearance, was subjugated by its return to power, and adopted the manners, the rights, the language, and the institutions of the vanquished. This charter satisfied France. Only two murmurs were heard against it: one of these was from the old Royalists, and was expressed by a man who has since become celebrated and important—M. de Villele, a gentleman of Toulouse, imbued with the feudal and absolute spirit of the south; the other was from Carnot, Fouché, some friends of Madame de Staël, and some dismissed courtiers of imperial despotism.

On the 30th of May the cannon of the Invalides announced to France that the preliminary treaty of Paris between the allied sovereigns and the government of the king was signed. By this treaty, France returned within her limits of January, 1792, and Malta became a British dependency. A cry was raised against giving up this bulwark of the Mediterranean to England. But the persons who raised this cry forgot that France was disarmed, prostrated, and conquered before a million of victorious invaders. In virtue of this treaty, the Ionian Islands, Hamburg, and Magdeburg, still occupied by 60,000 French troops, were released from blockade, and restored to the Allied Powers. M. de Talleyrand, who wished to furnish an authority in his own favour, and at a later period, for the diplomatic allowances assigned by usage to the negotiators of treaties of territory, distributed six or eight millions in ransom to the European diplomatists who signed the treaty of Paris. Metternich, Castlereagh,

Nesselrode, Hardenberg, each received a million. This ransom, says Lamartine, offered and accepted as the price of peace, produced it more promptly, but made it more humiliating. As a precedent, it was shameful, though as a bargain it was advantageous to the country, for every day of continued occupation cost France more than eight millions.

The Allied Sovereigns quitted Paris, and gave orders to their armies to evacuate the city the day after the signature of the treaty. Alexander came to enjoy his triumphal popularity in London before his return to Russia. The King of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria repassed the Rhine. The opening session of the Chambers was fixed for the 4th of June, and Louis XVIII., accompanied by all the princes of his house, repaired thither in all the pomp of the successors of Louis XIV. His Majesty was desirous of writing by himself, and without the assistance or concurrence of his ministers, the speech he had to make to the Chambers; and he found an opportunity, rare for a king, of displaying the talent with which nature and study had endowed him. None of his ministers, or official writers, could have addressed to the Chamber a discourse so pathetic, terse, and elevated as the brother of Louis XVI. He stated, amongst many other things, that the rank which France had occupied amongst nations had not been transferred to any other, and remained undoubtedly her own—that the glory of the French arms had met with no disgrace—that the monuments of their valour existed, and that the *chef-d'œuvres* of the arts would henceforth belong to Frenchmen by rights more solid than those of victory. He announced, that the avenues of commerce, so long closed, would soon be free; that her manufactures were about to re-flourish—her maritime cities again to resuscitate, and that everything promised that long tranquillity abroad, and a durable felicity within the country, would be among the happy results of peace. The closing paragraph of the king's speech it was, however, which went to all hearts. 'I was born,' said Louis XVIII.—'I had flattered myself to continue all my life the most

faithful subject of the best of kings, and to-day I occupy his place. But at least he is not altogether dead, for he survives in this testament which he destined for the instruction of the august and unfortunate child whom I was destined to succeed. It was with my eyes fixed on this immortal work, penetrated with the feelings by which it was dictated, guided by the experience, and seconded by the counsels of several amongst you, that I have drawn up the Constitutional Charter, which you are about to hear read, and which establishes upon a solid basis the prosperity of the State.'

Louis, on quitting the palace of the Chambers, was received with acclamations. The benedictions of two ages were concentrated on his head. They followed him to his palace, and resounded until night in the courts and gardens of the Tuileries. He had conquered France by presenting it with this code of new institutions. 'My crown is there,' said he, as he contemplated from the Tuileries the people who manifested their joy on finding the king imbued with their own ideas.

The murmurs which had broken out in the opening of the Chambers at the speeches of MM. D'Ambray and Ferrand, slightly agitated the first meetings of the two assemblies. The two addresses, however, which these bodies deliberated upon in reply to the speech from the throne, made slight allusions only to them. M. Lainé, who raised the first voice for liberty, and was the first precursor of a constitutional restoration, was nominated President of the legislative body. The labours of both Chambers commenced, but they displayed the inexperience and hesitation of a people who had lost the practice of political discussions, and who, not knowing either their rights or their limits, incurred the risk of compromising or outstepping them. The courtiers sought to frighten the king with the danger of an opposition. Every independent expression seemed to them an insult; every national right a revolt. But the king, more practised and more firm, reassured them, and exerted himself to moderate the boldness of one side, and the fears of the other.

None of his ministers was capable,

by his sagacity or his eloquence, to aid the working of the representative system. D'Ambray and Ferrand were superannuated rhetoricians; and Talleyrand, a man of the cabinet and the drawing-room, had not in his nature the manly courage or the strong convictions which struggle against the tumult of a popular assembly; or that brilliancy of intellect which subdues it; or the tones, gestures, and dominating powers of an orator, or even of a debater. One of the first collisions between the government and the public opinion was caused by M. Beugnot, on the subject of a police regulation for the observance of Sunday. The regulation, despised and unexecuted, fell into desuetude from the very day of its promulgation. The attempt of M. Beugnot, though it vanished in a shower of ridicule, was sufficient to irritate the nation against the church, and to throw into the growing opposition a ferment of discontent which rendered royalty a little unpopular.

The Chamber of Deputies threatened to call for laws to guarantee freedom of conscience, of opinions, and of discussion, through the liberty of the press. The government, warned and intimidated, hastened to present a law, lest the Chamber should decree absolute freedom. This law had been concocted by Roger Colard, and was drawn up by M. Guizot, then a clerk in the Home-office, an eager servant of the government, and since minister of more than one department.

This law, made for the occasion, belied, on the very first day, some of the promises held out in the Charter. The Chamber and the country with difficulty restrained their indignation. The most moderate writers and the most favourable to the Bourbons, Dussault, Benjamin Constant, and Gerard, discussed the severities and madness of the law. The Chamber of Deputies appointed M. Raynouard reporter. He moved the rejection of the law, his speech being received with immense applause. But an assembly of men, worn out with

revolutions, and moulded by long silence to habits of despotism, passed it by an immense majority. Eighty members only, amongst whom were all the great men of the realm and of literature, Dupont de l'Eure, Dumolard, Durbach, Raynouard, Gallois, and Lainé, protested against this suspension of free opinions. The attention of the Chambers was next directed to the finances, involved in a debt of a thousand millions by Napoleon; and with the history of the discussions on compensation indemnities. M. Lamar-tine's second volume closes.

The last chapter in the book is on the revival of literature, of philosophy, of history, and of the press, and contains sketches of Madame de Staël, M. de Chateaubriand, Bonald, Fontanes de Maistre, Lamennais, and Cousin. We much desired to make extracts from this chapter, in reference to these eminent men, and to the salons of Paris; but on looking back on the space we have already occupied, we are warned to close our observations with one short passage from this chapter:—

Buonaparte, who was aspiring to the tyranny, and who hated thought, because it is the liberty of the soul, had availed himself of this exhaustion and of this lassitude of the human mind, to muzzle or to enervate all literature. He had only favoured the mathematical sciences, because figures measure, count, and do not think. Of the human faculties he only honoured those of which he could make docile instruments. Geometricians were the men for him; but writers made him tremble. It was the age of the compass. He only tolerated that light and futile literature which amuses the people, and offers incense to tyranny. He would have swept away by his police every voice the manly accent of which might have touched one of the grave chords of the human heart. He permitted those rhymes which stunned the ear, but not the poetry which exalts the soul. Young Charles Nodier having written, on the mountain of the Jura, an ode which breathed too high a tone for the servility of the time, this poet was obliged to proscribe himself, to forestall the proscription that was on watch for him.

ENGLISH NOVELS.

WHATEVER sins against taste or morality may be chargeable upon French novels, it cannot be denied that they possess in a high degree the power of fascinating the attention. They may be preposterous in style, absurd and improbable in character and plot, extravagant, inflated, and demoralizing—but they are never dull. From Balzac to Alphonse Karr, from George Sand to Sophie Gay, the excitement is kept up with an intensity which will never suffer us, if we read such books at all, to drop them in a fit of *ennui*. We are by no means settling up this lively quality as an adequate compensation for the want of a strong, healthy, vital purpose; and we are still less disposed to admit it as an atonement for the depravities by which those clever stories are stained through and through. If we are to make a choice between prosy decent books, and vicious books that are written with sprightliness and skill, we are, of course, bound to prefer the former. There is no room or excuse for hesitation. But we cannot help regretting, at the same time, that our English novelists, who, for the most part, write unexceptionable morality, should not be able to make it a little more amusing. It is a pity that morality should be rendered so excessively stupid on this side of the Channel, while on the other, all the social vices are tricked out with irresistible attractions. There is something of this, perhaps, to be attributed to that constitutional fog of the animal spirits which Englishmen at all times find it very difficult to make head against, and something to the restraints and prejudices of our state of society; but with all fair allowances for these obstructions to vivacity, we do not see why the English novel might not be made a pleasanter and more enjoyable sort of book than it is.

The almost unbounded latitude allowed to the French novelist by the life of the salons, gives him an immense advantage over his English contemporary: that must be granted at once. But, like all advantages that are founded on peculiar and

extreme customs, it has its drawbacks. The French novel, publicly applauded and greedily devoured in France, is opened with a blush, and read by stealth elsewhere. The book is a sealed book outside the circles that license its shamelessness, and recognise in its pruriencies only the reflection of their own existence. This kind of success is in its nature evanescent and perishable. It hides a plague-spot which most ultimately spread over the whole surface, and rot it to the core. Addressed to the vices of an age, and to a particular condition of social morals, it will pass into oblivion with the manners and infidelities to which it panders. There is little or nothing in it that is universal, except that which is universally prohibited—nothing that can survive, except that which can survive only in secret. It will go out like the scandal-comedies of our own tongue, all of which are now forgotten, except some half-dozen that are preserved in the libraries by the strong salt of a wit that belongs to all time.

The French novel, with all its brightness and intrigue, is as much a thing of commonplace as our own novel; but its commonplace is more lively and sparkling. With rare and distinguished exceptions, it is a well-understood national manufacture; only that in England it is set about with a heavy air of business, while in France, it seems to be the involuntary offspring of the animal spirits. There is undoubtedly a wide difference between them, so far as results are concerned; but the process of production is much the same, taking into consideration the opposite genius of the people. In both, the popular novel is an established staple, composed of hacknied and familiar materials, varied in the treatment by the greater or lesser skill, verve, or audacity of the author. We know pretty well beforehand what kind of entertainment we are to expect; and we trust for the pleasure we are to receive rather to the working in of the details than to any great novelty or freshness in the design. And

it is here that the French excel us. Their airiness of touch, and the elasticity and fearlessness with which they spring upon forbidden topics, indicating enough of their illicit qualities to set the pulses and curiosity of the reader throbbing, (although not always content with mere indications,) are wonderfully effective in the class of subjects with which they deal.

Even the meanest and least experienced of French novelists attains a certain amount of success by simply presenting his beverage *mousseux* instead of still. This is the grand secret; and it is because of this single quality, which imparts such a stimulating flavour to the palate, that we are carried through the inferior romances of Alexandre Dumas, *filz*, with nearly as much interest and excitement as if they were of the veritable *fabrique* of Dumas, *père*. This young gentleman, at nineteen years of age, composes a romance, in which he undertakes to delineate the mysteries of a woman's nature, or, more accurately speaking, of her passions, which, in the Dumas philosophy, constitute her whole being. It is the old story in a new shape—the nude, with a scanty rag of drapery flirted round it, and blown off and on by the wind. The wonder is, not that a Frenchman should revel in a plot that lays naked scenes and situations over which we, Englishmen, cast an impervious veil, but that there should exist anywhere so much talent as this book discovers so utterly corrupted at so early an age. It cannot be said that the descriptions and incidents are derived at second-hand from reading other works, or that the passion that is in the story is the mere echo of a current libertinism, with the theory of which a young man may be infected long before his natural purity has been sullied by the practice. The romance, indifferent and improbable in many respects, is, in the depths of its wanton passages, written from actual experience. It is impossible to mistake such passages for copies or imitations. They are the best in the book, because they are the truest—the worst, because they descend to sources of interest which deprave the heart and the moral

faculties. But they excite curiosity in the highest degree; for although the reader may turn away in consternation or aversion from details against which his delicacy and good taste rebel, he is tempted onwards by the fortunes of the persons involved in them, for the sake of seeing how the social issue of such complicated infidelities is worked out.

In this romance, to which we refer simply as an illustration of the average French novel, and whose title, for obvious reasons, we suppress, there is a lady of high rank who makes a love-match in her teens, and after luxuriating a whole twelvemonth in the domestic felicity of a country retreat, comes up to Paris with her devoted husband, and in a few months is furnished with a lover—her husband, at the same time, taking to himself a mistress. The lady's lover, after some fruitless storms on the part of the husband, whose selfishness in the matter is thoroughly characteristic, becomes at last duly recognised; and this happy couple, who started so affectionately, enter into an amiable compact not to interfere with each other's pleasures, the husband merely stipulating that the lady shall not publicly disgrace him. A succession of lovers, worn out and cast off in turn, ensues. This is bad enough, but worse remains behind. The lady has a daughter, and they are both so young, and the mother is so charming, that they might be mistaken for sisters. A gentleman, who is introduced by one of the mother's cavaliers, falls in love with the daughter, and marries her. Now comes the horror of the story.

The husband of the young girl has had an intrigue with a celebrated courtesan—(the manner and history of which transplanted into an English novel, might almost justify the interference of a certain suppression society)—and the courtesan, in revenge for his marriage, instigates a friend of his (with whom she enters into the closest relations for the purpose of obtaining the requisite influence over him) to dishonour his wife! The poor young lady, who has not the slightest regard for the tempter, and who really loves her husband, falls a victim to this

diabolical scheme. But the triumph of the courtesan is not crowned till she has destroyed the husband. Terrifying the wife by threats of discovery, she compels her to fly with her seducer. Having accomplished this object, the wretched woman relents for a moment; but it is too late. A packet of letters, containing the proofs of her victim's guilt, which she had forwarded to the husband, has reached his hands before she can recall it. That peculiarly French constitution of mind which enables a man to approach the most appalling catastrophes with apparent *sang froid*, is effectively brought to bear at this crisis of the story. The husband, to baffle suspicion of his ultimate intentions, goes out as usual, drops cards at the houses of his friends for himself and his wife, who, he pretends, is indisposed,—appears at the opera, and obtains a passport from his friend the minister, for the ostensible purpose of taking his wife into the country for change of air. His preparations being completed, he leaves town on the track of the lovers, and continues the pursuit till he overtakes them at Florence. Here he discovers them in the theatre. The miserable wife, who has never ceased to repent her momentary guilt, is thickly veiled, crouching from the public gaze in the deep shadow of a box, but he detects her at a glance; she, too, recognises him, although her paramour does not see him. She is taken out ill, and the husband traces her home. The same night, as the wife and the seducer are sitting together, there is a knock at the door. That instinct which is never wrong in such cases, tells her who it is. She warns the wrong-doer, who goes at once to receive the man he has injured. The husband is still calm, but it is the tranquillity that precedes the earthquake. He has come to demand satisfaction, and to dictate the terms—a duel across a table, with a loaded and unloaded pistol, drawn by hazard from under a handkerchief. The equity of this proceeding is obvious. The seducer declares he will not incur the chance of taking the life he has already made so wretched; but the husband insists, and carries

his point by a few seasonable doubts of his opponent's courage; and so the arrangement is agreed upon.

The wife overhears the whole conversation; and in the interval steals out to seek an interview with her husband. She flings herself before him—declares that, in spite of appearances, she is passionately attached to him—and employs the most touching arguments of repentance and submission to induce him to forego his purpose. The conduct of the husband under these pathetic circumstances is of the heroic order. He entirely believes in her professions of attachment, makes munificent arrangements for her in the event of his death, and bequeaths their only child (for there is a child in the case, to give additional piquancy to the lady's aberration) to her care, as a proof of his confidence in her. But no entreaty can turn him from his resolution to fight over a table the gentleman who has deprived him of this paragon of loving wives, although he has a fatal presentiment as to the result.

Unable to avert the sanguinary rencontre, there is nothing left to the wife but to await the issue, which she does in the genuine spirit of a French heroine, seated in a carriage outside the door of the house where the duel is taking place. This highly-wrought incident tells powerfully; it is one of those thrilling situations which you see placarded in capital letters amongst the triumphs of the Richardsonian theatre; the reader gasps over it, and hurries on to the sequel in breathless trepidation. Yet it would be difficult, in the whole *repertoire* of the romantic school, including the domestic horrors of the *Porte St. Martin*, to discover anything more absurd. Of all unlikely things, even in France, where love, seduction, and suicide take such extraordinary and unexpected shapes, we cannot imagine anything more unlikely than that two hot-brained gentlemen, who were about to fight a duel *à la mort*, should suffer a lady, who was not only acquainted with their intention, but who was actually the cause of it, to sit outside the door waiting for the survivor! Surely these pinks of modern chivalry would at least have adopted some precautions to keep her out of

the way. The business of the romance, however, must be served at any cost of *vraisemblance*, and as Monsieur Alexandre Dumas, *filz*, has a grand explosion to conclude with, we must let him prepare his fireworks in his own way. Presently, after an agonizing interval, a figure rushes out of the house. Which of them is it? Profound agitation makes all objects dim to the terrified wife; but that is no reason why we should keep our readers in suspense. It is the seducer; and a horrible story he has to tell. The antagonists had met as agreed upon, drawn the pistols, and taken their places at the table. This is the moment that is to settle all heart-burnings between them, and send one of them to his last account. The husband's pistol snaps in the pan—it is the unloaded one! His opponent, who had resolved not to fire, now flings down his loaded pistol (instead of discharging it in the air, like a gentleman), and declares that he will not shed the blood of the man he had wronged: whereupon the man he had wronged, determined not to be transcended in generosity, takes up the pistol, and blows his own brains out. The sequel may be dismissed in two words: the lady goes into a convent, and the gentleman goes into battle, where he is killed—modes of getting rid of concluding difficulties, which, at least, possess the advantage of being recommended by numerous precedents.

From this sketch of a French novel, it may be seen by what sort of contrivances the interest is sustained, and out of what kind of materials the action is evolved. The battle-field of the drama is gross passion treated as grossly as it can be treated in a story that professes to depict society in its actual outward manifestations, and not in its hidden criminalities. Here is a romance of the salons, showing us life as it is, and laying bare nothing more than is presumed to be familiar to the common experiences of every person moving in the best circles. We have not even gone into its worst features; for, revolting as this broad outline is, there are to be found sown in the crevices of the plot, depravities of a still more offensive character. The wonder of the book

is not confined to the precocious and daring genius of the author, but embraces also that marvellous condition of morals which tolerates and applauds such productions. With that, however, we have nothing to do here. Our present purpose is to point out the advantages in the way of attraction which the French novel possesses over the English, and to ascertain whether some benefit may not be derived from the comparison. We profit by their vaudevilles, why not by their narrative fictions?

It is clear that the French romance owes a large portion of its success to the choice and free treatment of themes which are prohibited amongst us. An English writer who should venture upon such topics as the *Indiana* or the *Lelio* would be proscribed, and his name covered with obloquy. Not very long ago, a courageous lady, confident in the virtue of French philosophy, undertook to vindicate and translate the writings of George Sand; but she was obliged to confess, on the threshold, that she felt it necessary to confine her labours to a careful selection, and, limited as that selection was, its failure as a speculation in our market brought it to a premature close. The truth is, the social philosophy of our lively neighbours will not take root in our soil. No amount of power or originality could obtain currency for a book directed to the subversion of the principles by which our society is held together. It would sink at once into Holywell-street and contempt. But is this the only element in the French novel to which its influence may be traced? Are there no other sources of popularity to which the critical inquiries of the English novelist may be addressed, besides that indulgence of a sensuous imagination which he dare not emulate, even if he would, and which would blast his reputation, if he did?

All readers of French novels are struck by the enchainment of the plot, and the skill with which its capabilities are brought out and wrought up to the height of their effect. No opportunity is lost of giving expression to the subtle emotions of the scene, or of resolving into action the salient points of the fable. Everything seems to flow obviously

and easily; every line contributes to the onward and accumulating interest; there is nothing *de trop*; no waste in the way of descriptions or ruminations; all is essential, natural, and fresh. You are never suffered to dawdle or drop asleep over the book, and rarely find yourself galloping through half-a-dozen pages at a time, to get at the pith of the story. Expectation is never excited, and then disappointed; on the contrary, you are continually surprised at the ability of the writer, who, with means apparently slight and unimportant, produces the most striking results. Assuredly the art that is in these books may be studied with advantage, independently of the texture upon which it is employed.

Even this romance of the juvenile Dumas is a remarkable specimen of artistic structure. The work is full of faults; the story is in many parts improbable to a ridiculous extent; the early passages are weak and jejune; and the characters are nimbled off upon established patterns, the common stock of the French manufacturer. Characterization is everywhere subservient to movement, and the persons who supply the dramatic interest are distinguished by what they do, rather than by what they are. Yet such is the reality of the treatment—so completely does the writer pluck out the heart of the subject, that having once carried you into the heat of the story, he fascinates you to the end. It may be all very wrong and very false; but the force of a certain enchantment in the way of energy and earnestness—an enchantment which never fails—keeps you spell-bound, in spite of your violated common-sense and outraged taste. Grant the author his premises, and you cannot refuse your assent to all that follows. The interview between the husband and wife seizes forcibly upon your imagination, although you have not a particle of faith in the lady, and hold in immeasurable contempt the theatrical flourish with which the gentleman folds his cloak of clap-trap sentiment about him. You are shocked at seeing social themes of so sacred a nature turned so adroitly into mere stage situations; yet you cannot help following the

course of the story with an eager curiosity, of which you are heartily ashamed when you have cooled down and reflected on the entertainment in which you have been indulging.

The causes or sources of success are obvious enough. The French novelist never suffers the stage business to flag. His drama is immoral, unnatural, if you please, but it is dramatic in the highest degree. His men and women are heartless, but not insipid; vicious, but never prosy: they may be fools or rogues, but they are always doing something to keep the interest alive. It is this activity, this constancy of purpose, that excites a corresponding eagerness on the part of the reader, absorbing his whole attention while the book is before him, whatever his sober judgment may lead him to think of it afterwards.

How is it that the English novelist cannot throw something of this fire and energy into his narratives? If he be denied the liberty of battening on the great criminalities which French genius renders so illustrious, there is nothing to prevent him from making sprightlier representations of life, and knitting his incidents a little more closely together. It is evidently by the force of their art, and not by the nature of their subjects, that the Dumas and the Sues, the Hugos and the Balzacs, mainly achieve their triumphs. They succeed in spite of their subjects. Nor is it always to the avoidance of dangerous topics and a strict respect for conventional proprieties that we are to ascribe the monstrous dullness of the English novelist. The English novel is by no means so blameless and immaculate as it is generally believed to be, although the absence of constitutional ardour and a suggestive spirit render its offences nearly harmless. It would be a great mistake to suppose that we do not commit sly perfidies and open misdemeanours; but we commit them in our own way, so prudishly, and with so little apparent emotion, that the example is not likely to become very infectious. Our delinquencies in fiction are comparatively safe, because they are executed with a positive dreariness which repels imitation. The faithless wife, the seducer, and the courtesan, are not

such uncommon characters in the English novel as to justify us in claiming entire exemption from the faults we charge upon the French; but our manners and climate are opposed to enthusiastic details on these matters, while, generally speaking, the inertia of the fable and treatment presents the worst vices in so flat and colourless a condition as to deprive them of that glowing attraction which they derive from more passionate delineations. The want of art in making the story tell upon the nerves and sympathies of the reader, of cumulative force in the piling up of the incidents, and deficiency of power in vivifying them and sustaining their animation, seem to constitute the chief elements in which English fiction is inferior to French. We are too didactic. Thinking too much of the moral, and too little of the story through which it is enforced, we suffer the end to overwhelm the means. We cannot see the tree for the leaves. We expend our strength for the most part in wrong places, neglecting the action which is essential, and wasting our resources upon dialogue and description, which are but the accidental sparks that fly off from the collision of the machinery.

A glance at a few recent novels, chiefly with a view to these questions of structure and treatment, will enable us to exemplify the points of comparison we have touched upon.

Here is one that promises well from the title, *The Cup and the Lip*;* a promise, however, which is a little dashed by the information conveyed on the title-page, that the writer of this novel is also the author of another, called *The Forest and the Fortress*, and of two more, called *The Vassal*, and the *The Ransom*. If titles were to be considered symptomatic of the genius of an author, we confess we should approach with hesitation a writer who discovers springs of human interest in forests, fortresses, and ransoms; but we hope for better things; and putting our trust in the old proverb, we plunge courageously into the story which we have a right to presume is designed to illustrate it.

The Cup and the Lip opens with

a catastrophe. This is a little startling. It is like raising the curtain to a tempest and shipwreck, and beginning the action of the play by casting up the dead bodies on the stage. But it may have an object. *Vous verrez*. A half-pay naval lieutenant, devoted to his young wife and two infant daughters, is discovered in the first scene living in a martello tower, poverty having compelled him to accept an appointment in the coast-guard. Love in a martello tower is new. It would be unreasonable to expect a very elaborate development of romantic sensations in two small rooms, each in the form of a quadrant, the sitting-room imperfectly lighted by a loophole facing the sea, and the bed-room having only a borrowed light from 'the men's compartment.' Yet, notwithstanding the eternal twilight of this singular residence, 'woman's taste and ingenuity,' says the writer, 'had given the dark, small apartment an air of comfort and almost elegance.' What woman's taste contrived to do in a space so odd in shape and contracted in extent, appears as follows:—

The carpet was bright coloured, adapted to catch every scanty gleam of light that visited it; the chairs were of fanciful and pretty shapes. Close to the loophole was a couch covered with a brilliant chintz, on which lay two or three snowy pillows, edged with lace, and a little coverlet, showing that it was the spot dedicated to the baby's day repose. A harp stood in the sharp corner of the quadrangle.

These little details are necessary to show the character of the lady and the domestic happiness that may be enjoyed even in the solitude of a martello tower. Our young couple were, as some great author remarks, the whole world to each other, and the tower was to them the universe. Having passed one winter, however, in this limited establishment, and probably anticipating worse inconvenience from an increase in their family, the lady is provided with a lodging at a farm-house in the neighbourhood, where her husband visits her at all hours he can spare from his professional engagements, which consist chiefly in looking after smugglers. The delight with which the

* *The Cup and the Lip*. A Novel. By Laura Jewry, author of *The Forest and the Fortress*, &c. Three vols. Newby.

By Laura Jewry, author of *The Forest and*

lady prepares his 'social meal' when he is coming to see her, the tender anxiety with which she watches for his coming, and the affectionate manner in which he kisses his wife and children when he does come, are pictures of an innocent and happy way of life which transport us, town-bred people, ignorant of martello towers and farm-houses, into the pastoral age of the world. It is Eden before the fall. But do not suffer your feelings to be too deeply engaged, for the fall is near at hand; the thunderbolt that is to destroy these married lovers in this bower or tower of bliss already hovers unseen in the sunshine.

Just as we begin to take a family interest in the husband and wife, and even in little Flossy and baby, all our expectations are doomed to an untimely end by the assassination of our friend the lieutenant, on his return home one night from the farm-house. 'We cannot,' says the author, who appears to be much afflicted at the circumstance herself, '—we cannot dwell upon the details of this domestic horror—this sudden and remorseless shivering of household gods by the red hand of crime. Nor can we. What satisfaction is it to us to know that his widow received a pension of sixty pounds a-year, and his two children the paltry annual stipend of twelve or fourteen pounds—the author is not certain which. All that we are capable of thinking of is, the sudden death of an amiable gentleman, in whose limited means and domestic virtues we were beginning to feel ourselves personally interested. The author apparently desires to transfer our anxieties to the young family, whose education and training she expects us to watch over with the same solicitude we have just been bestowing upon their father and mother; but we must protest against so violent a demand upon our sympathies. We cannot blot out our emotions with a scratch of the pen, leap over some eighteen or twenty years in a couple of pages, and discover in the baby whom we left fast asleep in her cot at the end of the last chapter, a young woman in the flush of marriageable charms, with all their attendant notions in her head, at the opening of the next. Nor is it very easy for us, by simply

turning over a leaf, to disenchant ourselves of the youth of the living martyr of the martello tower, and see nothing more in her than a middle-aged lady, whose whole business in life is to look on as a very stupid spectator, instead of being, as she was only two minutes ago, a prominent actor on the scene.

Let that pass. We must follow the author wherever she chooses to take us. The reader, if he be of a pliant disposition, makes up his mind to the story that is to come of the two 'fatherless Fannies,' and hopes to find some compensation in their fortunes for the sudden loss of their father. He will be egregiously disappointed. The orphans have an aunt, a 'warm-hearted, talented, beautiful woman,' a 'fairy Venus,' a 'graceful Titania,' with 'the dignity of mature age united to the fresh spirit and cheerful mind of truth.' This juvenile antique steps in, and in the most amiable manner divides the interest with the young people. Her carriage stops the way so completely in some parts of the story, that we sometimes altogether lose sight of her nieces, from one of whom she carries off a hesitating lover by the superior attraction of her 'marvelloussing' and 'apparent youth.' She rejects the gentleman at first, and 'scorns the idea' of marrying a man eight years her junior; but she does marry him for all that. Being an 'intellectual' man who has had no 'moral training,' he abandons her in due course of time, and runs off with another lady. Here the plot becomes rather complicated, and we find it difficult to get on. People appear and disappear who have no more reality for us than so many shadows in a glass; yet who exercise, nevertheless, a marvellously disturbing influence over the narrative. The lady who went off with the 'intellectual' husband afterwards finds a common-place husband equally to her mind, and, nothing loth, goes off with him, which ought to act as a warning to gentlemen in general to be careful how they place their affections on runaway ladies. It now becomes necessary to repair the shattered charms of the forsaken Titania; and, accordingly, her 'intellectual' husband conveniently tumbles down over a precipice, to enable her to

show the beauty of her character by forgiving him, and attending upon him in his last moments.

As for the young ladies who are meant to be the principal personages, but who are thrown so much into the shade by their aunt, one of them is married off very comfortably, and the other becomes involved in an *imbroglio* of perplexities such as rarely befall the heroines of modern romance. She is in love with a mysterious gentleman, who puzzles you very much, till you discover that he is labouring under hereditary insanity. The most curious point in his history is the singular tenure by which he holds his property. If anybody could prove that his mother was insane, he must forfeit the ancestral possessions. Under this remarkable family arrangement, he is freely allowed to inherit his mother's lunacy, but disqualified from inheriting her estates. A rival and cousin of his threatens proceedings, whereupon he relinquishes his whole fortune, rather than bring into discussion the state of his mother's mind,—a magnanimous act, which we take to be tolerably conclusive of the condition of his own. The young lady has also another lover, who, if he be not actually mad, is at least imbecile; and this weak individual leaves her a handsome legacy in the shape of 5000*l.* a-year. His family might dispute the will on the ground of the testator's imbecility; but they, too, have an instinctive delicacy on such subjects, and prefer giving up the 5000*l.* to raising a question about the mental capacity of this relation. These incidents are unravelled in an uncommonly odd way, and it distinctly appears to us that all the persons engaged in this marvellous part of the story are unquestionably *non compos*.

'All this time the reader is naturally looking out for the illustration of the title of the book. Where is the solution of the proverb, 'between the cup and the lip'? Well, it is to be found in the misfortunes and disappointments of this young lady, with which the divarications of the dislevelled plot are brought to a conclusion.

In the skeleton we have laid before the reader of this specimen of an English novel (which it is not our intention to criticise), some of the most striking faults of the whole school will be seen at a glance. There is no coherence, no sequence, no design, from the first page to the last. It is literally 'a maze without a plan.' It may be even doubted whether the author had a definite notion, when she began, of how she was to go on, or whether she started with a remote intention of any kind. We say nothing about the sheer absurdity of some of the incidents, and the want of vitality in the characters. We are speaking exclusively of the total deficiency of art. The interest is broken up and scattered abroad over the surface; the threads of the action are flung upon the winds, instead of being woven into a close texture. You might as well hope to produce a golden harvest by casting grains out of a balloon, as to attract and retain the attention of the reader by this process of dispersion. The failure is not from want of materials, but from lack of dexterity in their treatment. There is story enough, and more than enough, to make two novels; but it is possible to overload a pudding with plums, and out of the very excess of fruit, to blunder by unskillfulness upon the heaviest and most unpalatable of mixtures.

One of the great achievements—perhaps the greatest—in the art of the novelist is unity. If we cannot get that, the next best thing is progress. Let us, at all events, feel that we are moving. But this matter of progress must not be confounded with a mere facility in the invention of incidents. A novel may be crammed with incidents, yet stand still all the time. Incidents that do not contribute to the onward movement of the plot, go for nothing beyond the creation of an episodic interest, which is always doubtful in its effect. Isolated circumstances no more constitute progress than bustle constitutes action.

A novel, called *The Tutor's Ward*,* may be referred to as an instance in which this condition of progress is duly observed. It, in

* *The Tutor's Ward*. A Novel. By the Author of *Wayfaring Sketches*, &c. Two Vols. Colburn and Co.

other respects, the work does not deserve very high praise, we are bound to accord to it the merit of simplicity and clearness of structure. The story is scanty, and moves slowly, but it moves uninterruptedly: and you perceive all throughout, in the midst of much prosing you would gladly dispense with, that the author has an object in view, which is never lost sight of.

The Tutor's Ward may be described as a protest against the passion of love, when it makes unto itself an idol of clay, and suffers the things of earth to absorb the affections that ought to be engaged upon divine contemplations. The moral is exemplified in the person of John Forde, 'a strange, dreamy-looking individual,' who is discovered at the opening of the story sitting gazing at the dying embers of a fire he had forgotten to replenish, and who looks as if he had been sitting ruminating in the same manner any time for years past. Such, indeed, is pretty nearly the fact; for this tall, ungainly man, with his ill-shaped hands and feet, and uncomfortably set head, had formerly been a tutor in a private family, and fallen in love with the daughter; who, not returning his devotion, married another. Yet John Forde, this gaunt, strange man, still continued to love her, through a long term of ten years, living in a house by himself, and brooding night and day over the image of her who was still present to him in her youthful beauty, although he had never seen her, nor heard her voice, since the day of her marriage. His way of life during these ten years holds up an alarming example of the consequences of a blight:—

From morning till night did he sit day-dreaming, weaving golden visions of an impossible joy. None knew better than himself how impossible it was; but that bright ideal was all that life could give him of happiness now; and he learnt to lose himself in those flowing fancies so completely, that he had well nigh forgotten the truth of his existence. [The word *truth* seems to be here inserted in mistake for the word *fact*.]

* * * It was strange to what an extent his abstraction from the things of sense had arrived; he was scarce conscious of external circumstances, and long habit had so increased his power of imagination, that he would carry on the same

series of ideal scenes for days together, living over again in his dreams by night what he fancied in his visions of the day, and only waking from them to give a sort of sobbing sigh for their untruth, and then straightway relapsing into their false enchantment.

The reader will probably agree with us in thinking that a man who, knowing that the lady was married, and that the case was altogether hopeless, could go on for ten years weaving a Penelope's web of this kind, might be fairly removed out of the category of lovers, and placed in another, which we need not particularly specify. But we must proceed with the history of John Forde's idolatry.

He is sitting as usual, this dull and dark October night, looking at the fire, when he hears the bell of the outer door rung with a sudden sharp peal. Who can it be? He has not a friend in the world—'so far as he knows, at least.' Next, there is a step on the stairs. He knows that step, although he has not heard it for ten years. The experienced reader anticipates the sequel; it is Millicent Grey—we are sorry to say, *Mrs.* Grey; for the matronly designation hurts the poetical rapture of this unexpected meeting. But we must be faithful to the text. *Mrs.* Grey carries a sleeping child in her arms, which does not help us out of the difficulty. She has come for succour, in the last extremity, to John Forde, in full reliance, (what a strange thing is the heart of woman!) after a ten years' oblivion, upon his tenderness and fidelity! Her husband has turned out a gambler and a debauchee; and to save her child from the contamination of his influence and example, she has brought the infant to her old lover, to beg, as a dying request, that he will take it across the sea, hide it from its father, and bring it up in peace and virtue. John—the best and kindest of all ungainly men—undertakes the contraband charge; and *Mrs.* Grey dies. The effect of her death upon him is curious: he is stunned and bewildered at first, but the force of habit brings him back to his old system of weaving; and it seems to make hardly any difference to him, in his peculiar mode of existence, whether she is dead or alive.

He buried his face in his hands and went on dreaming, and soon he found that for his strange ideal life, it mattered little whether the image, which was the sun in that world of his creation, were the phantom likeness of one living and absent, or of a cold and coffined corpse. Where all was most unreal, the actual truth could have no influence, and his imagination could lift her out of her dark grave, rigid and helpless as she was, and deck her mouldering form in hues of youth and health, filling her marble hands with the flowers she was wont to love, as easily as once it drew her from her husband's side, and from the cradle of her child, to pass before his eyes a playful, merry girl.

We are afraid we cannot admit this simple man as a fair illustration of the theory of love. The farther we advance in company with him, the more we are inclined to think that he belongs to a different order of visionaries. But he has finished his mission, and we have done with him. Having conveyed away the child to Aix, in Provence, he has no further earthly business to transact, and we must leave him, as the author does, to drivel over the fire, and rub his great hands together, with a gravity of expression rather painful to contemplate.

The story now takes a new turn, and runs into the channel where we are to find the pith of the interest. There must be a heroine to exemplify the folly and sinfulness of human love. Who could be so appropriately chosen for that rôle as Millicent, the daughter of Mrs. Grey? She is brought up at Aix, and knows nothing of the world, except such imperfect notions of it as she may gather from the bald talk of an old nurse. Being destined, however, to be the heroine of a great moral lesson, she begins life by asking questions as to what is the use of it, and why people were born; in short, she wants to know the why and the wherefore of everything, which her unsophisticated nurse can by no means explain to her. The inquiries of this curious young lady are not more amusing than the naïve evasions of the *bonne*.

'I am sure,' (observes the young lady,) 'in all existence there is a hidden reason which I cannot penetrate.'

'And why should you, my mignonne? At sixteen, one ought to find out only

the best way to amuse oneself. Ah, when I was sixteen—'

'You liked singing and dancing as well as I do now, did you not, *chère* Nanette? Well, but one cannot dance and sing all one's life; one did not come into the world for that alone; because, then, what would be the use of all the old, stiff people. Now, that is precisely what puzzles me; that is the very first question I should like to ask my wise man, if he would only come: I want to know what we are all living for! What is the use of life? What are we to do with it now we have it?

'Eh bien,' said Nanette, looking quite bewildered; 'and what does every one do with it?'

'What do they do with it? why, they eat, and they drink, and they sleep, and they take a great deal of trouble to keep themselves alive now they are living; but then, I say, what for? *pourquoi*? what is the use of living only to keep ourselves alive?'

'Sais-je moi,' said Nanette, shrugging her shoulders; 'but no, my *petite*, we do more than eating and sleeping; look, I am knitting!'

'Very well, so you are now then, let us analyze the knitting. I am not going to hurt it; don't be afraid; I am only going to pull it morally to pieces. This piece of knitting, what is it?'

'Why, a stocking; and that is very useful, I am sure; it will keep my feet warm.'

'Yes, but you are obliged to keep your feet warm, because you are alive; you don't live to keep your feet warm.'

This is the grand problem which it is Millicent's destiny to solve; the opportunity speedily arrives when she is put in a fair way of discovering for what particular use she was sent into the world. Her father dies, and she is summoned back to England to reside with a half-sister of her mother. She is now between nineteen and twenty, and may be said to begin life on board a steamer bound from Havre to England. Here she makes the acquaintance of an old gentleman on crutches, who obtains her future address from her without giving her his own in return. At last she arrives at her destination. Her very first night in England disappoints her. The family are stiff and formal, each with an individual character, and all living on a system which is strange to her. She believes that she has solved the great problem at last. The mysterious solitude of the spirit

(as the author calls it) sets in upon her when she is left alone, and she finds out that what she really wants, and the real use of life, is somebody to love: a discovery she need not have travelled all the way from Aix to make. Most young ladies make it some time or other in the course of their teens, and the only wonder in the case of Millicent Grey is, that she did not find it out sooner.

Being bent upon investigating life, she is scarcely four-and-twenty hours in England, when she begins to deliver lectures upon the habits and customs of the people. Her experience, to be sure, is not very extensive, but her penetration is quick. She is particularly astonished at the machinery that is brought into operation in the department of eating; cannot repress her surprise at the daily ceremony of lunch, and wonders why servants, with immortal souls, should be employed standing about the table, when they might be occupied in making 'who can tell what important discoveries in science.' The time consumed in eating in England appears to her something monstrous. In Provence, she tells us, when people are hungry, they take a piece of bread and a bunch of cherries, and sit down under a tree and eat them; it does not occupy five minutes; but in England!—an hour to breakfast, another to luncheon, two or three, at least, to dinner, and another to tea, and biscuits and wine-and-water at night—making altogether, six hours out of twelve—just one-half given to eating. Seven days in the week, 'three and a half occupied in feeding our bodies; threescore years and ten for a man's life, and he eats incessantly during thirty-five of them.' Unfortunately, these statistics are slightly inaccurate; six hours being only a fourth, and not a half of the revolution of time comprised in a day; so that out of threescore years, we are happy to say, that the feeding animal, man, devotes only seventeen and a half to eating. Poetry and the poor, and a variety of other topics are discussed in the same way; but nothing strikes the youthful philosopher with deeper abhorrence than fox-hunting.

'To think,' (she observes to a surrounding group of cousins,) 'of ever so

many intellectual men, all very learned, having had classical educations, and the highest grade of instruction, giving themselves so much trouble and expence—and putting themselves into a violent heat—all for the sake of getting the simple tail of a fox.'

'But we don't call it a tail,' exclaimed Charles; 'it is the brush.'

'You can call it what you like, but it is the tail, all the same, you know: neither the fox himself, nor anybody else can doubt that.'

We must observe that these investigations and debates take place during the period of Millicent's life when her heart is vacant, and her spirit yearning towards the practical solution of her problem; and it is a subtle proof of the author's sound discrimination in these matters, that from the moment she falls in love, she forsakes the ungenial region of logic and political economy, and surrenders herself to a devotion that makes her the most gentle, confiding, and loveable of women. It is here that the true interest of her history begins; upon this ground, that her battle of life is to be fought; and from the power displayed in many of the passages, we must regret that the author did not come to this point a little sooner.

The old gentleman on crutches has purchased a property, close in the neighbourhood of Millicent's residence, for the sole purpose of bringing about a match between her and his nephew, Stephen Aylmer. This is not the only unlikelihood in the book; but we must make allowances for the necessities of fiction—one of the few instances in which the end may be permitted to justify the means. Stephen Aylmer is an enthusiast of a poetical and impassioned nature. He has formed his own ideal of the beautiful. Millicent does not exactly answer to the portrait; but they are constantly together, and they grow gradually into each other's hearts, and so fall in love, and are plighted. They are the happiest of all human beings. We cannot think of Millicent doing anything but sitting in the sunshine singing. In the midst of this serene delight, the punishment of their earthly idolatry is preparing for them. Millicent's cousin Juliet comes home from Italy. Juliet is a beauty, with the wiles and

fascinations of a serpent. She had known Stephen in Italy, and has made up her mind to win him from his *fiancée*. The issue is soon told. She succeeds in her fiendish project, and Millicent's heart is nearly broken. The struggle of these scenes, the cowardly weakness and hesitation, the meanness and baseness of the lover, and the noble forbearance and generosity of Millicent, form the redeeming features of the story, and are touched with much earnestness and truthfulness. Millicent makes the sacrifice of her own life-hopes for the happiness of him she loves; but unable to witness its consummation, flies from the house, and returns to Aix. She is followed by one whose dark figure moving through the narrative casts a gloom and terror wherever its shadow falls. This is one of her cousins, an ill-favoured, rhapsodizing youth, who is fiercely in love with her, and who now hopes to profit by the miserable circumstances which have separated her from his rival. In the meantime, the marriage of Juliet and Aylmer approaches: but it is not to be. Aylmer is one night struck with lightning, and crippled and blinded for life, upon which Juliet deserts him, and marries an Italian nobleman; while poor Millicent, in the fullness of her unselfish devotion, hastens over to England, and, under a feigned name, tends him through his illness. This is the worst part of the story. He does not know her, although she reads to him day after day for months—an improbability only less absurd than the conviction he afterwards arrives at that she is Juliet. After some violent conflicts of feeling, arising out of these mistakes, he becomes reconciled once more to poor Millicent, and, blind and shattered as he is, she consents to become his wife. It was assuredly not necessary to the moral of the story that this unfortunate pair should be doomed to any further calamities; but the author thinks otherwise. Love cannot be punished, even in this world, too severely, according to this writer's code; so, just before the wedding, the disappointed cousin, who had been watching his opportunity, meets the blind man clambering up a cliff, and giving him a false

direction when he is just upon the edge, has the satisfaction of seeing his 'hated rival' go 'down, down, crushing down, through the dark abyss' to his death. This crowning misery finishes the career of Millicent Grey, and furnishes a fearful solution to the problem with which she set out.

The merit of this work is, in point of structure, that it keeps to its text. It never wanders into irrelevant scenes, or perplexes its clear and single aim by a crowd of people and plots aside. As far as they go, the characters are sufficiently contrasted and maintained; and Millicent, when she comes out of the mists of her shallow and illogical philosophy, and feels the influence of that power before which the soundest philosophy bows down in the dust, is a very charming person. If there were nothing more in the book than the picture of the first subduing effects of love on the heart of this pretty lecturer, it would reconcile us to all its faults.

And faults there are exactly of the sort we have had occasion to censure generally in our native fictions. The excess in which the didactic element prevails over the dramatic is a great fault. Nor is this all. The style of these passages is equally objectionable. Exuberance of religious or moral sentiment is out of place in a novel, which ought to exemplify, and not to preach; but when this exuberance is rendered still more distressing by inflated and grandiloquent diction, we have a double right to complain. There are whole sentences in this book in which the mysticism of the phraseology utterly obscures the meaning, much in the same manner as the flowery masquerade of Jack in the Green renders the hero of the fête invisible. We will not enter upon the question of the unrighteousness of earthly love; but we must observe, that the sample given of it in the person of John Forde is very little to the purpose. The exaggeration of the treatment spoils a design, which, even with the most careful handling, is too exceptional to be admitted as a picture of real life. The author, however, makes ample atonement for the failure of the male illustration of a shipwrecked heart,

by the beauty and fidelity displayed in the portraiture of Millicent's sufferings. But even here the delineation is unequal, and occasionally forced and extravagant, extracting wildly natural passions out of obviously unnatural incidents. If we could get rid of some of these obstacles to the real enjoyment of the book, such stumbling-blocks as the cross-purposes and unnecessary horrors towards the end, abating, at the same time, the golden haze of words, in whose rainbow tints the mental agonies are steeped, this novel might take a high place. There is strength enough in the writer, under rigid guidance and correction, to command it. But care must be taken to avoid the vulgar error of working out a moral by outraging probability. Who, for instance, could be convinced of the sinfulness of suffering the affections to be absorbed in the love of a human being by the destinies which attend the lovers of this story—one of whom sinks into imbecility, while another is struck blind by lightning, and in that state lured to his death by a rival? In fact, the only person that comes prosperously out of the net is a heartless woman, who, after blasting the happiness of two innocent persons, is married triumphantly into the very kind of life she most desires. There is a large circle of readers, however, who will be too much attracted by the melancholy admonitions of the story to trouble themselves with these critical objections.

In direct opposition to the doctrines of this novel we have another called *Silwood*,* in which the passion of love is deified. Herein we shall see how wonderfully doctors differ.

Love! Love! word of wonder, hope, and joy! who shall define thy mystic spell? who shall explain thy potent influence! it is an object too vast for human intellect to comprehend, a subject too sublime for human imagination to descry; and yet upon its perfect comprehension there depends the welfare of the world; within its imagery of glory is comprised the happiness of all its denizens.

And so on through half-a-dozen pages. But *Silwood* is an indifferent

philosopher. He has the best of the argument, but unfortunately he does not know what he is writing about. It is evident he has a grand idea in his head concerning the passion of love, but it falls to pieces, drops into dust, evaporates the moment he attempts to put it into action. This we admit is a common case, a humiliating fact, which by no means diminishes the weariness it produces in this particular instance. It is hard work to follow the fortunes of imaginary people, whose humanity makes no more impression upon us than so many dissolving figures in a phantasmagoria. Yet the author of *Silwood* had a purpose in view when he wrote this work, although we fear his readers will be of opinion that he has written to no purpose. He seems to have had the intention of tracing the different careers of three young men (who, by way of hitting the parallel more decisively, are all born on the same day), for the sake of showing, as the children's books say, how virtue has its reward and vice its punishment; but good intentions are not sufficient to make a novel. There must also be some little knowledge of the human heart, and of life, individual and collective, with the power of turning this knowledge to account in the required form. Now, it is here that the author of *Silwood* is deficient. He has the good intentions in great abundance, but knowledge and power in the smallest possible quantity. We see everywhere how he heaves and labours with the noblest desires, and how wofully his execution falls short of his generous design. It is all very well so long as he confines himself to reflection and description, for which he alone is answerable, but he no sooner sets his characters to talk to one another on their own account, than the illusion vanishes, and we discover that, instead of being surrounded by real men and women, we have got into a fantoccini show. But for all that, we must persist in giving him credit for conducting his two good boys to a rich and happy end, while his bad boy, the only one of the three that started under promising auspices, is dismissed to the fate he deserves. Everybody must be

gratified to learn that of these virtuous young men, who began life without friends or fortune, one 'delved' so successfully into the law that he is at this moment Lord High Chancellor of England, while the other occupies the highest position in the legislature and the literature of his country.

The one adjudicates his country's laws—the other adorns its literature. The one immures himself in the depths of science—the other mounts the ladder of learning. The one seeks to lead the spirit of the age—the other writes for all time, &c.

Upon this pinnacle of fame and power we leave the hero and his friend, regretting only that 'the other' who 'writes for all time' did not write this book. The reaching that great height is the astounding point in their history, and contains in itself the true elements of the miraculous; for after having read the book attentively, we confess ourselves entirely unable to explain how they got there. This supplies us with a key to the whole work. You cannot tell how or why anything happens in it; the spasmodic way in which the puppets leap about from one chapter to another, baffles all ordinary calculations on the theory of causation; and at last you become so accustomed to evolutions, apparently destitute of adequate motives, that you are not at all astonished to find one of these wooden figures suddenly whisked up and dropped upon the woollack. It would have been just the same, and quite as probable, if the author had put him at the head of the French Republic. Perhaps, upon the whole, the most conspicuous characteristic of this work is, that it is crowded with surprising things, of a nature so singularly dull and uninteresting, that in the long run, instead of exciting your surprise, they only make you yawn.

Of a totally different order is a very charming little tale, called *The Story of a Family*.* This narrative is thoroughly English in substance and colour. The characters are drawn from every-day life, and the circumstances in which they are placed are such as might have happened without any remarkable con-

junction of planetary influences. The whole interest of the plot turns upon the will of an eccentric old gentleman; and as no manner of eccentricity invented by a novelist can transcend the curious testaments of real life, we have no right to object to the ingenious intricacy of the will on which the superstructure of this story is based.

Once upon a time there was an ancient English family seated on an ancient English manor; but in course of generations, being roysters and spendthrifts, the estate passes out of their hands, and is purchased by an American merchant. This stranger, a humorist in his way, turns out to be one of the family, who, having seen the desperate state of affairs at home, had emigrated in his youth, and by a long life of industry made a large fortune, with which he resolved in his old age to regain the ancestral property. Determined to keep the manor in the family, he leaves a will behind him, in which he bequeaths the whole property to the youngest member of the stock existing at the time of his death—'a girl of very tender years,'—leaving the property to accumulate during her minority, and giving her the option of remaining single, or marrying one of her cousins, it being stipulated at the same time that she shall hold no intercourse with any of her cousins until she shall have attained the age of eighteen. Upon this foundation, susceptible of much dramatic variety, the story is laid.

There is, of course, rivalry for the hand of the heiress, and stratagem to win her. An aunt has two sons, one of whom is blind, and they are both suitors; but he who is not blind, and who loves her with a true and generous faith, believing that she prefers his brother, goes away. Then there is an uncle who has a son, very handsome, and hopeful of his influence. This handsome son proposes for her, but she rejects him. The uncle, stung by her refusal, menaces her with obscure threats about the security of her property. He has discovered an informality in the signature to the will which is fatal to its legality. He follows up the discovery, and

ultimately fulfils his threat to the letter. The heiress is a beggar. In these circumstances, she retires to live with her aunt; her lover returns; and in due time, very poor but very happy, and without any crash of trumpets or ostentation of grand sentences, they are married, and the curtain falls.

The charm of this story is its naturalness. It is perfectly quiet, domestic, and truthful. There is nothing forced in dialogue or narrative; the current of events is undisturbed by artificial agitation; and in the most pathetic incidents there is nothing irreconcilable with every-day experience. The vicissitudes of the plot, and the versatility of the characterization, must not be judged from the outline we have given, which touches only the main lines; there is much more in the way of life-portraiture, which exhibits a striking contrast to the conventional daguerreotype of the modern novel. In the calm force and homely reality of its scenes, it reminds us of Miss Austen; but the resemblance is in spirit only, for the author of this work, like Miss Austen herself, writes out of her own observation and sympathy. We are sorry we cannot find a passage that would at once suit our space, and do adequate justice to the book. The texture of the narrative is too close for extract.

Now, this is a sort of story in which we English excel: it is in English literature alone this peculiar style of hearth-stone narrative—kindly, earnest, and unaffected—exists in unadulterated simplicity. There is nothing, for instance, in the entire range of European fiction like the *Vicar of Wakefield*. Its purity as a whole—its natural sweetness—its good-nature and originality—its sense and humour—its freedom from vanities and pretensions—and its honest heart, are qualities not to be found combined in other languages, or, perhaps, on other soils. Such works, although they are in digenous with us, we admit are rare; elsewhere the attempt to produce them is always spoiled by philosophical mysticism or spurious sentiment.

As to mysticism and sentiment,

they are weeds that grow in all climates; and if they are not quite so plentiful with us as with some of our neighbours, we must acknowledge that they are rank enough when they do make their appearance. But here again our English authors fail in their art. Like the young lady that was ignorant of the use of life, they don't know what to do with their mysticism and false sentiment when they have got them. We can put up with the extravagance of the Germans and the French, because they contrive to get a sort of atmosphere out of it that assists their effects; but with us it is mere rigmarole and fustian, and the moment we discover the flavour of the infection in an English book, we know that we have nothing to expect but a heap of trash and nonsense. Here is a case in point. A lady writes a novel, which she calls *Affinities of Foreigners*,* (why or wherefore we know not,) and in order to absorb the attention of the reader, she gives him a lurid sketch of her own life, the nature of which may be inferred from the opening:—

It has been the fate of the author of the following sketches to live through scenes of deep and powerful excitement, both in public and private life; to behold the fate of nations hang on the struggles of contending factions, and to witness the fall of mighty dynasties. It is but a short time since that she has heard the storms of elemental blended with earthly warfare, loud peals of thunder accompanying the roaring cannon, and dashing rains pouring down streets already deluged with blood; whilst citizen mowed down citizen, brother fought with brother, and father with son. Hers has been the lot to languish through the procrastinated agonies of law discussions, where independence and even reputation were at stake; and to outlive the mildew of withered affections, as death relentlessly swept off those endeared to her by ties of blood, or by habits of early association. Hers, too, has been the fate to listen to the wind, mournfully sighing around her lonely dwelling, &c.

The fate of this lady is probably unparalleled. She appears to have been in Paris or Vienna, in a great fall of rain, during some of the revolutions, and to have had law-suits and deaths in her family. But the experience which seems to have

* *Affinities of Foreigners*. Two Vols. Newby.

taken the deepest effect upon her, seeing that she reserves it for the last to cap the climax of her 'sombre lot,' was listening to the wind sighing about her house. Out of the knowledge thus acquired, we cannot say sweet and bitter, but agonizing and windy, she writes this novel in two volumes. Let us dip for a passage. A young gentleman carelessly takes up a newspaper, and discovers in it an announcement of the marriage of his betrothed with a foreign count.

His eyes had become fascinated, as they remained fixed in a dilated state on the dreadful words. During an hour he continued motionless, the paper in his hand, and pale as a marble statue. At last a slight shiver passed over him, with a sensation of coldness like death, which was succeeded by the blood rushing from his heart, where it had appeared coagulated, and mounting to his head with frightful violence, &c. Here were no feminine or evanescent feelings to evaporate in hysterics, &c. It was the man, of principle, genius, and feeling, losing the idol of his affections, from infancy upwards, &c.

The scenes witnessed by the author of this disordered story, appear to have thrown her imagination into a state of consternation which the ardour of composition has no doubt inflamed. To these circumstances we refer the wonderful rodomontade of the book, the incessant crusade it maintains against Priscian and common sense, and the tendency it exhibits for lifting into a region of hysterical heroics the lowest commonplaces of life. We can just comprehend how such a book could be written—for authorship, like other vanities of the spirit, is subject to many delusions; but we cannot comprehend how it ever came to be printed.

Novels that illustrate distant ages, or remote countries, vivifying the strange or the past, are well suited to the peculiar genius of the English, who always get on best when they have something palpable and substantial to deal with, from which they can extract materials for supplying the defects of fancy and of art. The real is a valuable resource in English fiction; and hence we

abound in a class of novels hardly known elsewhere, in which the domestic life of antiquity, and the habits and manners of distant races, are brought familiarly to our doors.

Of this latter order is a work, the object of which is declared in its title—*A Tale of the Kaffir Wars*.* Mr. Forester, the author of this story, is well acquainted with the condition of Kaffir-land, and appears to exercise a dispassionate judgment in the midst of conflicting interests and contradictory opinions. Through the medium of a cleverly constructed story, he presents a more intelligible picture of the life of the people, and the devastation of war in that fertile province, than we have found in any of the grave books that have been published for the special warning and instruction of the home government. Fiction is better than fact in this instance. The fiction gives us at least a fair general impression of the actual state of things, which fact, too often partial or distorted, warps to suit a purpose. The plan of the story is exceedingly simple, and well calculated to admit all the lights and shadows necessary to display in full activity the feuds and raids—the border warfare—the *vie interieure* of the kraals—and the character in peace and war of the Kaffir tribes. It is the best book these Kaffir wars have produced; the most comprehensive in its grasp of the questions involved in them, and beyond comparison the most faithful and picturesque in its sketches of the various races and interests they embrace.

The Scalp-Hunters† is another work of this class, but less fortunate in its choice of a subject, and scarcely so successful in its treatment. The wild Indians of Northern Mexico furnish the humanity of the book, which is, as its author frankly avows, 'a trapper's book.' We cannot describe it more accurately than he has himself described it,—'truth for the groundwork, the flowering scenery—fact, enamelled by fiction—a mosaic of romance and reality.' We may add, that this mosaic is written off-hand, with a velocity

* *Everard Tunstall. A Tale of the Kaffir Wars.* By Thomas Forester; author of *Rambles among the Fjelds and Fjords of Norway*, &c. Three vols. Bentley.

† *The Scalp-Hunters*; or, *Romantic Adventures in Northern Mexico.* By Captain Mayne Reid; author of the *Rifle-Rangers*. Three vols. C. & K. Skeet.

and a dashing eloquence which stirs the blood like a trumpet; and that the incidents crowded into it are of the most startling kind, showing the wild life of these savage races in its very wildest and most sanguinary aspects. The book is less a novel than a narrative of adventures, strung upon a thread of fiction. And most marvellous these adventures are, for the truth of which the gallant author vouches in his preface. If Cooper had not already exhausted the interest of the whole stock of Indians, and Catlin dimmed the poetry of their lives by setting it up in a museum of dried specimens under our eyes, this work of Captain Reid would have excited a wide curiosity, which its perusal would have amply repaid. But the public are too familiar with these children of the prairies to find the interest with which they regarded them a few years ago, revived even by the animated sketches which are scattered over these volumes. The author professes to have written with no higher object than that of amusing his readers; but many passages, especially those relating to costume and incident, may lay claim to merit of a higher kind.

If we could extend this notice any farther, we should have been glad to point out some excellences of a peculiar kind which struck us in a recent novel, by Miss Jewsbury.* But we have already exceeded the limits we had originally designed for this paper, and must draw it at once,

and somewhat unceremoniously, to a conclusion. A glance at *Marian Withers* would have afforded us an excuse for saying something about English art in novel writing, which is not exactly necessary to the purpose of this article, but which, considering what we have said on the other side, would have been grateful to ourselves. We must dismiss the subject, however, as it is, leaving the more gracious part of it to other and more fortunate critics. Of *Marian Withers* one word. The story has little in it very striking in the way of movement or dramatic situation, but it is constructed on a somewhat novel principle, and brings to a new test antagonist classes of society that have hitherto stood frowning 'like rocks apart.' In the development of this sudden contrast, Miss Jewsbury is not so happy as in the delineation of the social characteristics to which it leads. These she has hit off with considerable ability. Aunt Alice is a charming creation, that makes every scene in which she moves live before the reader; and Marian, unlike most heroines, attracts and retains your attention unawares, and without putting forward any strong or prominent claims upon it. This mode of treatment in the chief figure indicates the nature of the whole. It grows upon you, and fascinates you insensibly by the truthfulness of its details, sustained throughout by vigorous thinking and admirable writing.

THE MAULEVERER CELLARS.

A Legend of Devon.

PART I.

SINCE Jocus and Amor
 First seized on the Tamar,
 And cast all their glamour afar o'er its waters;
 Since the noble old Exe,
 Other river to vex,
 Showed the cream of the sex
 On its beautiful banks,—Devon's most exquisite daughters;
 Since fun and good fellowship first 'gan to reign
 O'er the regions where ripple the Dart and the Teign,—
 In all the fair shire there was certainly never a
 Nobler old knight than Sir Walter Mauleverer.

For the olden, our Devon has a fame that is peerless,—
 Old families, noble, and generous, and fearless ;
 Old gentlemen, friends of the good and the true ;
 Old mansions, the glorious homes of the past ;
 Old trees, that have watched the unchangeable blue
 For ages, and centuries longer will last ;
 Old wines, whose high praises has Carrington sung ;
 Old women ! ! ah, no ! all the ladies are young ;
 Sweet creatures, fair checked, and with eyes like the heaven
 That o'erarches the beautiful county of Devon.

Sunny and green was Mauleverer Park,—
 Of rivers, the loveliest ran through it merrily ;
 And alleys and avenues, foliage-dark,
 And circular glades, for a pic-nic or lark ;
 And lakelets with many a capital bark,
 Made it seem like a Paradise, verily.
 And under the thickets and well-preserved covers,
 Under the aisles, so delightful to lovers,—
 More especially when they are lovers of *nous*—
 Under the stream,
 Where the wily trout teem,
 And sparkle, and gleam,
 In the broken sunbeam,
 Are the cellars, egad ! of Mauleverer House.

Would Phœbus just lend me his pencils a minute,
 I'd sketch Miss Mauleverer, heroine mine ;
 But, alas for Regina ! the deuce would be in it,
 If I were to describe such a creature divine.
 So, to skip the description, you'd fancy no nicer a
 Girl, if you mixt all the beauties e'er known,
 Not omitting Marc Antony's pet, and *your own*,—
 Waller's sweet Sacharissa, and Horace's Glycera.

From beauty to love, O, how quick the transition !
 And fair Isabella, the queen of our vision,
 Requires us to name a few *preux chevaliers*,
 Her lovers, adorners, admirers, and so on,—
 A crowd, of whom each would have given his ears
 For some matrimonial expectance to go on ;
 For, truly, dear reader, 'twas ne'er yours to kiss a belle
 Half so charming and joyous as Isabel.

As for her lovers, Lord Antony Grey
 Seemed far the most likely to carry the day,
 For he was the governor's choice, and Sir Walter
 Was seldom inclined his ideas to alter.

 But Lord Antony Grey
 Didn't go the right way,
 His amorous thirst at that fount to allay ;
 Being sixty or more,
 Though he'd wonderful store
 Of cash, on the whole, he was rather a bore :
 A matter-of-fact sort of fellow, whose brain
 Gave him no help in the love-making vein.

 Shall I describe
 The rest of the tribe ?
 Carissima, no ! though thy lips were the bribe.
 One only I'll name,
 Whom rumour and fame
 Called dreamer, and rhymers, and mathematician,

And even magician!
 He had travelled afar
 To where Troglodytes are,—
 Had seen many a star,
 Which is never vouchsafed to our Boreal vision;
 On the Brocken had listened to phantom-sung pœans,
 And a thing or two learnt from the Pythagoreans.
 In matters of love there was nobody cleverer,—
 Whether ocean-deep,
 Where the tempests sweep,
 And all the antediluvians sleep,
 Or the Pyramids high,
 To his curious eye,
 Had yielded the marvellous mystery,
 Is a query, whose answer I cannot impart;
 But, anyhow, he had stolen the heart
 Of beautiful, arrogant Bella Mauleverer.

And his sorceries were useful, very,
 Making his courtship tranquil and merry.
 When he came at night,
 For a moment's sight
 Of his heart's delight,
 He looked to the housemaids a long wax light,
 And the butler thought him a bottle of sherry.
 He knew very well
 He might kiss his dear Bell,
 At a ball or a party, and she wouldn't tell;
 And as for spectators, he sold them, rather,—
 For to all eyes but hers he seemed just like her father;
 And the young knights said, as they saw it,—‘Ah!
 Don't I wish I was the lady's papa!’

Gaily, gaily in forest aisle,
 Did Isabel wander with Arthur Delisle;
 Merrily oft with falcon's flight,
 They two, together beguiled the morn;
 Merrily, too, in the pale moonlight,
 Down the stream in a skiff were borne;
 And every valley and shadowy glade
 Echoed the tones of his love-serenade;
 And every creek of the sinuous shore
 Swelled to the splash of his quivering oar.
 But then, unluckily, every day,

 The lady gay,
 Spite of many a Nay,
 Was excessively bored by Lord Antony Grey;
 So, at last, she said, with a charming smile,
 To her dear Delisle,
 As they managed to while
 The minutes away on a dreamy isle,—
 ‘Really, Arthur,
 I wish he was farther,
 This very stupid old man, Lord Grey.
 Couldn't we, some fine starlight eve,
 Contrive this dreary place to leave,
 And through the woodlands steal away?’

Arthur Delisle gave the lady a kiss;
 ‘Pardieu, my beautiful Isabel, this
 Is the sweetest thing that ever you said.

Egad, how everybody will seek
 Your charming self next Tuesday week,
 When we're off to get quietly wed!
 O where, and O where? they are welcome to cry,—
 Your papa in deep bass, and Lord Antony high;
 But we will away,
 In the twilight grey,
 And get married at Gretna, ere dawn of day.'

Isabel's starlike eyes of blue,
 Moistened a moment with crystal dew,
 And her bosom white,
 In the misty light,
 Panted with mingled fear and delight.
 Tranquilly, then,
 She gazed again
 On the countenance loyal of her own true lover,
 And said, 'I am thine,
 As thou art mine.'

Then into the boat she softly stept,
 From a bank where snowy clematis crept,
 And the last faint scent of the violet slept;
 And he pulled her the wide stream over.

PART II.

Came the night!
 And the merry starlight
 Filled the sky with a lustre bright.
 Came the night!
 And Isabel, quite
 In a fume, commenced preparations for flight.
 Ere she went to bed, and attempted to sleep,
 She littered her chamber with many a heap;
 Two or three books of the old Trouveres,
 A Spanish guitar, a portfolio of airs,—
 Some curling-irons, some Windsor soap,
 Chemise, and garters, and femoralia,
 And the various other paraphernalia
 Young ladies arrange when they're going to clope.
 'Twas the middle of night by the turret clock,
 And everybody as sound as a rock
 Was sleeping away,
 Save the butler grey,
 Whom a bottle too much in the course of the day
 Had plagued in a very unusual way—
 And he said, 'These are strange sensations I feel:
 The very best cure
 Will be, I am sure,
 A glass or two more of the Yellow Scal.'

Then did he seize
 Lantern and keys,
 And fast to the door of the cellar descended,
 Thinking his malady soon would be ended.
 The great key creaked in the massive lock
 As it thundered TWELVE from the turret clock,
 The butler opened the mighty door,
 And then did gaze
 With huge amaze
 For the space of a minute,—it might be more,—
 And in sooth the sight
 That he saw that night
 Had never been seen in a cellar before.

The knees of the butler 'gan totter and fail,
 And his hair stood on end, and his cheeks grew pale;
 And he cried, 'O horrible destiny mine!
 These fellows will drink every drop of the wine.'

Well might he be jealous
 Of those qucer fellows--

Well might the butler grow pallid and tremble,
 To see such a mob of hard drinkers assemble!
 A multitude of bony sprites,

Skeleton gentlemen, lean and lank,
 Phantom ladies and spectre knights,

With fluttering cerements
 And vinous endearments,

Sat together and merrily drank;
 Merrily drank they, laughing vastly
 At spectral jokes that were dreary and ghastly.

There sat on a butt at the farther end
 A huger being than ever was kenned
 By Mr. O'Hara's eye before--

A skeleton drest like a Templar Knight,
 With the crimson cross on the tunic white,
 Somewhere about three yards in height,

With teeth like a Tuscan boar.
 He was raving forth a stupendous carol,
 And beating time on the top of a barrel,
 As the butler opened the door.

The old vaults rang
 As the Templar sang,
 And the mighty walls did tremble and quiver a-
 Gain and again
 'To his sounding strain.

Then filling a ten-gallon cask with champagne,
 He cried,--'Here's a health to that lover of fun
 Whose wine we're drinking,—my great grandson:
 A bumper now for Sir Walter Mauleverer!'

And then the butler that Templar knew.
 'O lord!' he cried, 'Why, it's old Sir Hugh,—
 That shocking old fellow, who married eleven
 Of the prettiest girls in the county of Devon,
 And murdered them all in a week or two!'—
 And forgetting his errand, the butler stout
 Rushed to the door, and tried to get out.

But the noise that the phantoms made meanwhile,
 From the cellars arose,
 To break the repose

Of the knights and ladies throughout the Hall:
 And the voice of Sir Hugh, like a clarion call
 Or a peal of thunder,
 Made them wonder,—

Broke their pleasantest dreams asunder;—
 'Twas heard by the peasants for many a mile.

Then did the knights, in loud and swelling tones,
 Call their valets to bring their Wellingtons;
 And the ladies shrank with the sudden fright,
 And gave to the air their shoulders white,
 As they strove to peer through the dusky night;

Then, after listening,
 With bright eyes glistening,
 With one or two shrieks and a chorus of sneezes,
 They groped about in their snowy chemises.

So,
 You know,
 When the butler contrived to throw
 Open the door of the vaults below.
 He couldn't get out,—for knight and dame
 In a regular mob to the cellars came.
 Many old ladies,
 Long past their gay days,
 Had forgotten their wigs, or perhaps their teeth,
 So they looked like frights,
 But the younger sprites,
 Acrily clothed, from the flimsy lace
 And linen and muslin, gained a grace
 To the cream-like bosoms that heaved beneath.

Every soul in Mauleverer House
 Stood at the door as still as a mouse. •
 (Every soul at least save two,)
 And affably rose the skeletons all,
 Grim Sir Hugh and stout Sir Paul,
 As courteous skeletons ought to do:
 To the living ladies they gave their arms,
 And on casks and barrels ensconced them snugly,
 Whispering praise of their matchless charms,
 Although they were some of them awfully ugly.
 Then bowed they also to knight and earl:
 And Sir Hugh exclaimed, 'Here's a lovely girl
 Longing to know you, Lord Antony Grey.
 She'll fit you well, my merry old sage,—
 My daughter Nell
 Will suit you well.
 Hers, you see, is a charming age.—
 Three centuries last Michaelmas Day.'

So every lady and every knight,
 A partner found that ghastly night.

Let us leave the cellars awhile.
 Where are Miss M. and Arthur Delisle?
 Beautiful Bell had soundly slept,
 Somewhat dreaming
 Of horses steaming,—
 Of long rope-ladders and blacksmith priests;
 But when the old house clock struck ONE,
 Scorning the subterranean fun,
 (Though all by the might of his magic done,)
 The bony dancers and spectral priests,—
 Arthur Delisle to her chamber crept.

He prest a kiss to those lips so rare,
 He touched that twining golden hair,
 He breathed upon that bosom fair,
 And Isabel bright
 Opened eyes of light
 On her eager lover that marvellous night.
 And she heard him say,—'If you'll dress, my dear,
 I've a chaise with four capital prads down here,
 I'll make you some tea with my patent Etna,
 And then we'll speedily start for Gretna.'

They went—they married—what more? Next day
 Dreadfully ill was Lord Antony Grey,
 Dreadfully queer every dame and knight
 That had gazed on that most appalling sight.

And when the two lovers returned in glee,
 Not a single soul were they able to see.
 There was nobody up at Mauleverer House;
 So the lady sat down in the library;
 And as for young Arthur, away went he,
 To find what wine those phantoms free
 Had left in the cellars. He saved from the wreck
 Some good Hockheimer and Sillery see,
 And brought them up to his dear little spouse,
 With a Melton pie and some prime cold grouse.

Then they sought papa—on a sofa found him,
 With empty bottles of soda round him:
 No wonder his head was in fearful plight,
 For he'd tried to drink with that noisy knight,
 The turbulent, boisterous old Sir Hugh;
 But whether the wine had made Sir Walter
 His natural tyrannous harshness alter,
 Or whether he fancied his son-in-law's magic
 Might otherwise make the affair more tragic,
 Is a puzzling question. I only know

 He called the lady a sly little puss,
 (As she certainly was,) and exclaimed, 'Ho! Ho!

 So the magician's victorious.
 What in the world will Lord Antony Grey
 Do or say?

He 'll surely go mad for those eyes of blue.'

Sir Walter Mauleverer kissed the bride
 As she blushing stood in her beauty's pride,
 And then forgave her. Of course you knew—
 Papas in romances always do.

 And Lord Antony Grey
 Went madly away
 In a one-horse shay
 The very next day,

And Mauleverer House was excessively gay:
 And every night, about twelve or one,
 Just in the midst of the furious fun,
 When dancing and flirting, and drinking and eating,
 Made up the life of the glorious meeting,
 And red lips were jesting, and white bosoms beating,
 For a minute or two

 The lamps burnt blue,

As Sir Walter would shout,—'Here's a health to Sir Hugh!'

J. M.

Mauleverer House, April 1, 1851.

GENERAL PATRICK GORDON.*

PATRICK GORDON, the author of a journal recently published in German, at Moscow, where the original MS. in English is still preserved, was born in the year 1635, at Achhui chries Castle, in Aberdeenshire. His family belonged to the Aberdeen branch, and being Catholic, was devotedly attached to the Stuarts. During the civil wars in Charles I.'s

reign, and still more during the protectorate of Oliver Cromwell, many members of the old Scotch families, who were Roman Catholics, were forced to seek refuge in foreign countries from religious persecution. Bruces, Drummonds, Hamiltons, Crawfords, Lindsays, Leslies, and Gordons, emigrated to France and Germany. We find these exiles in

* *Tagebuch des General Patrick Gordon*, (Diary of General Patrick Gordon, from 1635 to 1699.) Moscow. 1849.

various towns on the continent as merchants, doctors, but still more frequently as soldiers of fortune. Provided stirring adventures and plunder were to be obtained, it was matter of supreme indifference to them whether they fought on the side of the Swede, the Pole, or the Imperialist.

In the year 1651, Patrick Gordon, whose religion was a bar to his being sent to any Scotch university, for want of better occupation, fell in love; and it was thought desirable, for this and other reasons, to send the lad abroad. A ship was on the point of sailing from Aberdeen for Dantzic; and furnished with a little money from his father, and a mother's blessing, our author found himself his own master at the age of sixteen. From Dantzic he went to Frauenburg, the seat of the Bishop of Ermeland, where there was a seminary kept by Jesuits. There for three years he seems to have made the best use of his time in acquiring, among other things, a competent knowledge of Latin. This life, however, was too dull for so ardent a youth, and he one morning quietly left the worthy Jesuits, and walked back to Dantzic, meaning to return to Scotland;—the vessel, however, had sailed. He was now thrown into the society of some of his countrymen whose wandering propensities had led them to Dantzic, and whom he accompanied to Warsaw in search of adventure. Thence Patrick Gordon went to Posen, and from Posen to Hamburg, where he met some Swedish officers beating up recruits for Charles Gustavus, then about to wage war against the king of Poland. Patrick Gordon joined the Swedish army, and describes at some length in his journal the various skirmishes between the two armies. In one of these, it was his bad fortune to be taken prisoner by the Poles. After seventeen weeks' rigorous confinement, he was released at the intercession of a Franciscan monk of the name of Innes, under the condition of taking service with the Poles, which he did.

During the siege of Warsaw, Patrick Gordon was placed with a small detachment at a village near the scene of action, where, for want of more exciting occupation, he

learned Polish from the lips of the fair daughter of the Podstarost. It is hard to say what might not have happened, had not some Brandenburg troops interrupted the smooth course of his love by taking him prisoner, and conveying him forthwith before his countryman, General Douglas, who then commanded a troop of Scotchmen in the service of Sweden. Gordon, after a little hesitation, changed sides again, and joined Douglas's corps. This was in 1656; but within the same year he unfortunately was again made prisoner by some peasants, who stripped him even of his Thomas à Kempis, missing, however, some hard dollars which the canny Scot had concealed about his person. He was conveyed to Stettin, but was shortly exchanged, and returned to Douglas's regiment, in which he remained till 1658, when, as ill luck would have it, he fell into the power of the Austrians, from whose hands, however, he managed to escape at the risk of his life. On rejoining his comrades at Strassburg, he found that they had divided among themselves the little money he had scraped together, in the full persuasion that he had been killed. As during all this time he had received no pay from the Swedes, he began to be sick of a service where nothing was to be got but hard blows; and falling again into the hands of the Poles, and finding that his friends were slack in procuring his release,—which we confess we don't wonder at,—he came to the determination to quit the Swedish service, 'where a soldier,' according to his account, 'ran every chance of dying of hunger,'—a fate which would certainly have awaited him, had not the young Scot managed to pick up a living by plunder. Gordon excelled in levying black-mail, and seldom came back from his raids empty-handed. Indeed, so skilled was he, and the Scotch corps in general, in this practice, that every horse that was stolen, and all the cattle that were lifted, were, justly or unjustly, set down to the account of the Scotch volunteers.

There was another motive which we suspect had something to do with our author's wish to quit the Swedish service. It had become obvious that the Polish party was in

the ascendant:—the Swedes were losing ground. Moreover, Gordon was on good terms with the Polish general, who was all powerful, and could promote the interests of the young soldier of fortune: his religion, too, which stood in the way of promotion in Sweden, would assist him in pushing his fortunes in Poland. Whatever were his motives, Gordon joined the Polish army a second time, and remained with it till the restoration of the Stuarts in 1660 seemed to open a new career to him in his native country. But while still doubting what to do, he fell in with some Russian officers who had been taken prisoners at the battle of Czudno; these Russians persuaded him to try his luck in Russia. Instead of returning to Scotland he accordingly went with them to Moscow.

At first everything went wrong with our author in Russia: he quarrelled with his landlady, and with the Djak or Chancellor, whom he neglected to propitiate with the customary fee. On threatening to leave the country, he was told that in that case, Siberia would most likely be his destination.

He therefore made the best of a bad bargain, and finding that in Russia bachelors were ill looked upon, and being dull and melancholy withal, he bethought him to take a wife. He soon fixed his affections on a young girl of thirteen, the daughter of a certain Captain Philip Albert von Bockhoven; besides being pretty, she was a Roman Catholic.

On the evening of the 12th January, 1663, Gordon went to the house of his love, with the intention of making his proposal to her and to her mother, if he found an opportunity. He discovered his love sitting alone. After she had bid him welcome, and had begged him to be seated, the young lady said she would send for her mother. Gordon then said that she need not disturb her mother, as his chief business concerned herself, and he would not detain her long. When she, according to the Russian custom, offered him a cup of brandy, he said he drank to the health of her lover. She answered, she had no lover. Gordon asked her again, and on her repeating her former answer, he inquired whether she would accept him as her suitor. She blushed, and Gordon proceeded to assure her that it was no mere compliment on his part, but his sincere purpose to

offer her his love. When she a little recovered her self-possession, she said she had a father and mother, and could do nothing without their consent. Gordon replied that in his country, it was the custom to ask first the consent of the girl, and then of her parents. He therefore begged her to declare her sentiments. She then said that she would be content to take such a one as her parents might choose. Gordon was satisfied, and departed, taking a tender leave.

The eager lover now besieged the young girl with presents of gloves and other female gear, made his suit known to the mother and the girl's family, who threw many impediments in the way, and would settle nothing during the absence of her father, who was a prisoner in the hands of the Poles. Gordon therefore left no stone unturned to procure Bockhoven's release or exchange, but in vain. At length, after waiting some years, Patrick Gordon succeeded in overcoming the mother's scruples, and was married on the 27th January, 1665.

Meanwhile the death of his elder brother made Patrick Gordon anxious to revisit Scotland, but he failed to obtain the consent of the Czar. In the year 1666, however, from the under-mentioned causes, he was selected by the Czar himself, to go on a special mission to the English court.

The English had discovered the ports near the mouths of the Dwina, and in 1553, the Czar Ivan Wassiljewitsch had bestowed upon them certain privileges and exemption from paying any toll or duty. Encouraged by this, they carried on a thriving trade with Russia, and established agents at Moscow. This trade they drove for many years with great profit. But as the Dutch and Hamburgers had likewise found their way to the mouths of the Dwina, they also traded, but without having formed a regular company or association. The trade of the Dutch, however, in time became so considerable, that they gradually obtained great advantages over the English, for whom they were too cunning; they induced the English to smuggle, and then betrayed them. This they did by persuading some English merchants to import Dutch goods, calling them English, thus avoiding the payment of any duty, and cheating the Czar's exchequer. At the instigation of the Dutch merchants, backed by certain of the Russians whom the Dutch had drawn on their side, the Czar was on the point of annulling the

privileges granted to the English. But as the proofs were not quite sufficient, and as the English, warned by their danger, became more circumspect,—moreover, as their splendid mode of living had gained over the Russian aristocracy, while their system of giving long credit had much benefited the poorer sort of merchants and traders,—the matter was not then pushed further. But the unhappy execution of Charles I. gave the Czar a good excuse for banishing the English, and annulling their privileges. After a time, they were again allowed to trade with Russia, under the condition, however, of paying the same duties as other nations. This was the state of things when the glorious restoration of Charles II. took place. At this juncture, the English hoped to obtain a renewal of their former privileges. In the year 1662, the Czar, not to be behindhand with other princes, sent a splendid embassy and a person of higher rank than had ever been sent before to England, to wish Charles II. joy at his restoration. This was the better received, as of all Christian potentates, the Czar had been the only one who had not recognised the usurper Cromwell; moreover, the Czar had shown the English monarch many favours during his exile. As the embassy had held out strong hopes in various conferences that the former privileges would be restored, the English monarch sent the Earl of Carlisle, as his ambassador extraordinary, to Moscow, in the expectation of regaining for his subjects their lost privileges and exemptions.

Lord Carlisle, for some cause, thought himself aggrieved both at Archangel and at Moscow, and demanded satisfaction in too imperious a manner. As he neither obtained this, nor the privileges for the British merchants, Lord Carlisle refused to accept the Czar's presents.* The Czar sent one of the noble family of Daschkow on a special mission to complain of Lord Carlisle's conduct. Daschkow was coldly received. At length, however, the English court, by the advice of the 'Muscovy merchants,' sent a dispatch to the Czar, which lay some days unopened. When it was opened, no Russian could be found willing to convey the Czar's answer to England, from the fear of meeting with as cold a reception as Daschkow had done. It was for

these reasons that Patrick Gordon was selected for the mission to the English court.

The journal during his stay in England, from October, 1666, to February, 1667, is singularly uninteresting, and the volume containing his memoirs from 1667 to 1677, has been lost; but during these ten years, he was, to use his own words, 'at service in Brauskoj and other Ukrainian towns, and at Novoskol against the rebellious Cosakes, and in the Crimish expedition.' In 1679, at Kiew, he became acquainted with the French engineer officer Lefort, who had entered the Czar's service shortly before the Turkish campaign. Lefort and Gordon here struck up a friendship which remained unbroken during their lives;—and they both died in 1699, within a few months of one another. Both these officers rendered the greatest service to the Russian empire and its young ruler, Peter the Great. It was to these two foreigners that the young Czar was mainly indebted for carrying out the reforms in the civil and military organization of Russia. We may judge of Peter the Great's friendship for General Patrick Gordon, when we learn that he consulted him on all important questions, that he visited him by day and by night, that he was with the General frequently during his last illness, and was present when he died, and at his funeral.

We could wish that the volume of which we have given our readers a rapid sketch, were less full of military events, of marchings and counter-marchings, and that General Gordon had entered with greater detail into the domestic manners of the Russians of those days—a subject on which he might have thrown much light; nevertheless, we look forward with considerable interest to the next volume, in which the life and times of Peter the Great will be treated, and should our hopes of amusement and instruction not be disappointed, we may revert to General Patrick Gordon's Diary on some future occasion.

* There is a relation of this embassy from his Majesty Charles II. to the Great Duke of Muscovy, written by an attendant of Lord Carlisle, and printed in London in 1669.

THE REVELATIONS OF A COMMON-PLACE MAN.

PART IV.

CHAPTER XII.

IT is almost easier, I think, to accustom yourself to a perfectly novel scene, than to feel at first at home, when you reach that home after a long absence. The very fact of all being the same as when you departed, forces upon you the conviction of the change in yourself. There stretches the old garden before the window—here stands your own old chair beside it; the wonted inmates of the room are in their usual places; were you to judge by the eye, time might have stood still for many months,—yet how much knowledge has been added to your store! How many scenes, faces, incidents, words, hopes, joys, fears, and griefs have been engraven upon your memory since you last sat where everything is so familiar!

I was not at home the first evening, nor the next day,—not even a visit to the Cliffords quite domesticated me. I did not feel at all more familiar with Constance. She talked, she smiled, she was always good-humoured and friendly, but my sentiments towards her were not a whit softened. I was glad to escape with my father from the house as often as there was the least excuse for riding or walking out. I almost dreaded Sunday, because it was generally such a domestic day with us. I had another trial in prospect. I might be obliged, at church, to encounter Miss Thornton. Our pews were on a line with each other, but in different aisles. I was too proud either to look at or avoid theirs purposely; but Mrs. Thornton's stately figure acted as a welcome screen. Once, and once only, when she moved aside, did I see Kate sitting in the corner; she scarcely looked as if she heeded what was passing around her. Her eyes were cast down, her features had lost their rapid play of expression, her cheeks their rounded contour. Slowly, sadly, I withdrew my gaze, and in so doing met that of my formidable cousin.

There was a time when this would have disconcerted me; but the fever

was over now, and there was no feeling in my breast which need shun the eye of my fellow-creatures. I returned Miss Constance De Vaincy's look by one of steady gravity. At length the service was over, and my aunt headed the family down the aisle. I expected that she would so time her departure as to avoid the Thorntons, but it appeared that she took peculiar pleasure in confronting them at the door, and after a stately bow, sailing disdainfully away. Of course, I was forgotten in these arrangements; and as I measured the distance by my eye, I found that unless I condescended to linger behind alone, I should inevitably arrive at the end of the aisle as Kate passed into it at the same spot. At this instant a hand was placed upon my arm.

'Would it be quite out of rule if I asked you to take me to look at the monument near the altar?' The request was so well-timed, that it seemed more than accidental, yet Constance spoke so calmly, so naturally, that it was impossible to suspect her of design. I led her back to the spot she indicated, and endeavoured to explain the details of the monument to the best of my ability. She examined and admired; but a little furtive glance over her shoulder betrayed rather more interest in the departure of the congregation than in my eloquence. We had walked to church, leaving Ella at home with a headache; and now, when we finally set out to return, my aunt and my father were nowhere to be seen. They had evidently resolved not to wait for us.

I confess to a sensation of dismay when I saw no escape from a *tête-à-tête* walk of a mile or more. But Constance apparently shared not my apprehensions. She drew her shawl more closely round her, and a smile of positive satisfaction flashed across her face.

'I ought, perhaps,' she observed, as we slowly traversed the walk through the church-yard, 'to tell you that I have rather a witch-like knack of guessing the thoughts of others, and at this moment I can

read yours. Ah! you may start, but I can. You are very much perturbed by the absence of our friends, and you marvel a little at the utter composure with which I regard the terrible ordeal of a walk home with you.'

'No,' I interposed, rather bitterly; 'I have too long been considered of no importance to think anything connected with me could be an ordeal to the most timid.'

She drew back with some surprise.

'That was not my meaning,' she replied, gravely. 'Let us understand each other. As far as we have yet gone, I see you judge me to be rather forward and thoughtless. I will own to being a little odd. I have all my life been a spoiled child. Now that I am left alone in the world, I would fain be more to my relations than I have been hitherto. I have always heard more of your family than you can have done of me. I came to Ripplestone resolved to like you all,—it is no difficult task to love Ella. She has all those qualities which excite admiration and devotion. Every day endears her to me; it does not seem natural to me to look upon her brother as a stranger, especially as that brother is also my cousin.'

'A very distant one!' I exclaimed.

'How ungracious you are! What if we be second or third cousins, still there is a link. You can't wash away the noble De Vainey blood.'

I shook my head rather despondingly, and muttered,—'Unhappily, no!'

To my astonishment, she clapped her small hands joyously, and exclaimed, 'Link number two; you love the De Vainey as little as I do!'

'It would be scarcely possible to love them less,' I replied, dubiously. 'Amen!' responded Constance, solemnly.

'And that is one reason why I incline more to Ella and to you than to our other relatives. Your aunt says you are so unlike the De Vainey.'

'Yet,' I said, 'you are doubly one of them.'

'I know it. My mother was one also; but—she was a poor member of the illustrious stock. She grew up literally in the shadow of the

great tree. No sunshine pierced the sacred shade to vivify the poor little shivering spray. She learned to detest the honourable position which forced her to be miserable. In ignoble labour she might have been allowed some portion of vulgar happiness, but a poor De Vainey dared not raise a finger for her own support. She must be passive; she must hang dependent on caprice and charity; she must study every mood of the most fickle people under the sun. Happy for her that at last my father came home, pitied her, loved her, married her. But she never forgot the past. Is not this some excuse for my unnatural dislike to my own name and race?'

'Certainly, Miss De Vainey,' I replied, almost mechanically.

'I begin to despair,' she cried, half laughing; 'you will, in spite of all, persist in being so formal. I had hoped you would graciously overlook the distance of the connexion, and call me Constance at once, in the same spirit of frankness with which I treat you. But I begin to apprehend that you do positively detest me; and in that case, the sooner open war is declared between us, the better. 'There is my gauntlet;' and she flung her glove on the ground before me. Our road lay across the fields, so there was no bystander to marvel at the action. I stood still, and looked at her. I did think that, pausing in that green path, where the high hedge, crowned with hawthorn and the tall trees, still spared by our careless agriculture, and now fresh clad in spring foliage, threw their cool shade around her,—where primrose tufts lay thick at her feet, and the blue sky peered above the picture, my eager relative was seen to great advantage. But in her strange eyes and speaking features I could not read her meaning. I could not, in the variety of expression, guess which prevailed,—whether she was angry or mirthful, truthful or coquettish. I might have gazed for ever, if I had not suddenly descried a little change—a trace of disappointment and sadness beginning to cloud her eloquent face. I then stooped, raised the glove, and presented it to her gravely.

'No, Constance,' I replied; 'no

war, open or concealed. I am not a foe worthy of you. Forgive me, if I appear to you constrained. I know as yet too little of you to judge whether you are serious or jesting in all this.'

'Truly,' she said, putting on the delicate gauntlet, with half a sigh, half a smile, 'I can scarcely judge myself. But I was just growing alarmed, and fearing that, instead of being what I imagined you, you were only a hackneyed man of the world, dismayed at a young lady going out of the beaten track of conventionality as I do, perhaps ascribing to levity what springs from a different motive. I will tell you frankly why I prize this opportunity of speaking to you quietly; that is—if you will resume your walk.'

For I still stood, regarding her with astonishment.

We walked on.

'I want to talk to you about Ella, and I felt I could not speak as a stranger. Does she not strike you as looking very ill?'

I answered affirmatively.

'I see a daily change in her,' she continued, earnestly. 'I see that the life she leads is unfit for her; that your aunt harasses her; that there is some weight pressing upon her mind, which yet I cannot try to understand, having been acquainted with her for so short a time. Excuse me, but I am surprised to find so little confidence between you and your sister. It may be, that having no such tie myself, I attach more importance to it than others more fortunate do; but I always expect a brother and sister to be most unreserved and dear to each other.'

I was slightly confused.

'I love Ella,' I said at last, with some emotion.

'And I am sure she loves you.'

'I am not so convinced of that,' I replied; and then I was led on to hint at the barriers my aunt had placed between us.

'Have you ever tried to surmount them?'

I said, I thought I had.

'You should be certain of it,' she answered, eagerly. 'What would you say to a besieging force, which should only imagine they had endeavoured to take the castle? Ought they not to

put forth their whole strength—to dread no repelling fire—to rally after every repulse—to risk life itself in the attempt to win a perhaps bare fortress? And is not a sister's love a more enduring conquest?'

'I would do much to gain it—but the opportunity?'

'Opportunities are made by the resolute. Besides, where is the difficulty? You are no cavalier, sighing outside the bower in which some potent magician holds your lady love thrall'd. You have only to open a door and say, 'Ella, I want to speak to you.'

'She will laugh at me.'

'What of that!' exclaimed Constance, turning upon me a look of cold surprise. 'I never fear ridicule in a good cause; and, to say the truth, we young people brave laughter for such airy trifles, such mere affectations of dress, or air, or speech, that we ought to be equally heroic when we have a nobler reason.'

All true—too true. And yet I did not regard the speaker with proper admiration. It seemed my fate to be always lectured by a woman—always to find her wiser than myself.

'I am afraid I presume when I offer you this advice,' she proceeded, as if she read this in my looks. 'But I assure you I am as ready to take as to give counsel; and I dare say it will soon be your turn to point out my faults, of which I have far too many, and no one who cares enough about me to tell me when they grow unbearable.'

We were now passing through the shrubbery adjoining Mr. Clifford's garden. We spoke of them. I told her of the constant suffering Mrs. Clifford endured, and of the unwearied attention of her husband.

'It is not a very usual case,' she observed; and I should have quarrelled with the sarcastic smile on her lip, had I not caught sight of a tear glistening upon her eye-lashes.

CHAPTER XIII.

THERE were various reasons why the assault made by Constance upon my confidence did not altogether succeed. I was disturbed by the sight of my old love, and, moreover, she chose an unlucky period of the

day for her purpose. I have always been rather susceptible of the influence of seasons and times; I am matter-of-fact in the morning, sociable in the afternoon, and communicatively disposed in the evening. When the hour for rest has arrived, many a secret have I had trembling on my lips, only arrested there by an expression of weariness on the countenance of my friend; and as often have I awakened, next morning, thankful that I was not guilty of such indiscretion. At any moment after nine or ten o'clock in the evening, Constance would have found me placable and confiding, but she assailed me in broad daylight, as I walked out of church, with the Misses Tomkins and their pink bonnets yet visible through a vista of trees; with old Hannali trotting behind us through the porch, and the rumbling of the Thorntons' carriage yet audible in the high road. Nevertheless, the incidents of our walk did not pass away from my mind. After luncheon I missed Constance from the drawing-room, and strolled into the garden; not, of course, to meet her, but with a vague curiosity as to her movements. But she was upstairs, perhaps, with Ella, and my saunter was solitary. At dinner she was rather silent. All the evening she sat reading. Ella had come down, and sometimes I saw Constance glance at us both; but I could scarcely resolve to alter my behaviour so immediately at her bidding. Then Ella went away. The daylight vanished, the lamp was brought, and—strange contradiction!—as I looked across the table at that indefatigable student, I, who had so detested walking home with her alone, would have given some considerable reward if my aunt would have taken it into her head to retire to her sanctum. My father was slumbering too placidly in the distance to have molested us much. I longed now to ask more questions about Ella, to explain more fully my feelings towards her—in short, I had my confidential fit upon me, but all in vain! My aunt was inflexibly awake, and busied with a treatise upon ecclesiastical architecture as a proper Sunday exercise. What Constance read I do not know, but she was unpleasantly engrossed by it. Not a movement of her whole

person, not an upward vibration of those absurdly long eyelashes. I walked to the window, and commented aloud upon the beauty of the night. I did not know whether a young lady so fond of walking *tête-à-tête* from church might not have an equal *penchant* for moon-light rambles with the same relative. On my repeating my remark, she politely raised her head, and said, 'Indeed!' But it was quite evident, from the tone, that she scarcely knew what I was talking about. Minute followed minute without producing any change in the intense application of the two ladies. At length, my aunt wound up her watch, always to me a blissful signal. I sprang up and lighted her candle,—I went eagerly to the end of the room to search for her reticule,—when I returned, Constance had possessed herself of her candle, and was opening the door. I expected she would shake hands, but she only paused to say 'Good night.'

'Good night, Constance,' hesitated I.

She laughed and nodded as she ran up stairs. I threw myself upon the sofa. Perhaps she might have forgotten a book or a scarf, and return for it. No,—time passed away, my disposition to be loquacious increased, but there was no one to listen. A sleepy servant entered to take away the lamp, and I went sullenly to bed. Something reminded me of that never-to-be-forgotten night when Ella came to warn me of Gerald's perfidy. It might be the moon-light streaming through my window, as it did then, or the mere fact of my mind being somewhat perturbed, for of course in no other way was I at all as I then had been. Poor Ella! how true it was that she looked ill, very ill! and what was this new feature of coldness on my aunt's part? What had occurred during my absence to alienate them from each other? Constance had urged me to ask frankly a solution to these mysteries. At that moment I could find courage for such an attempt; if I waited till the morning, I might not be so resolute. I went gently to Ella's door, and saw from the light streaming from beneath it, that she was still up. I knocked gently.

'Come in,' said her voice,—it had

grown very hollow! I did not pause an instant, but walked in at once. I shall never forget the scene, and yet there seems little strange in the mere picture of a young lady at a writing-table, with papers scattered round and books piled before her. It was the perfect ghastliness of her face, the unnatural dilation of her eyes, which gave the character of the whole. She asked with much agitation what brought me there, and I saw her put her hand quickly to her heart as if to still its beating.

'I only came to talk to you a little without disturbance. Ella,' was my reply, as I approached her. 'I have few opportunities in the day-time, and I expected to find you at leisure at such an hour and on such an evening.'

'I cannot choose fitting seasons,—I must write when I can,—when the mood seizes me, when I have strength,' she answered gloomily.

'You *must* write, Ella,' I said, gaining courage, and sitting down beside her. 'And why? It is hard enough for those to toil who are driven by want, but you have no such goad. To you this is a recreation, not slavery.'

She smiled a most dreary smile, and remained silent. I looked at the wasted features, the strange hollowness of the cheeks, striking me all the more because I knew it to be a temporary appearance. I thought of old days ere she passed under my aunt's sway, when she was far more joyous than I had ever been. It scarcely needed the words of Constance yet ringing in my ears to urge me on.

'Ella, for God's sake let us cease to be such strangers; who else have we upon earth who should be dearer to us? Other brothers and sisters are all in all to each other, and why should it not be so with us?'

'Other sisters are not like me!' she said, slowly.

'That is mere folly, Ella,' I exclaimed. 'In what are you different if you could only love me as other sisters love? True, I am not what you all hoped. I am dull perhaps; I am—I am common-place, but it cannot be that you, the child of the same mother; you, nurtured in the same house, can be altogether averse to me, because Heaven gave me

faculties less bright than yours. I judge you by myself. I look into my heart and see that its feelings are uninfluenced by all those talents which the world values in you. I should have loved you as well whatever you were; as the most ordinary of God's creatures you would still have been dear to me; and dull as I am, and far above me as you are, you yet cannot soar above my love.'

'Do you mean to say,' she cried, turning round and fixing those eyes on me, as if she would read my soul, 'that you *do* love me? and that if to-morrow this bright ray of intellect, ay, or reason itself, were quenched within me, you would not scorn, you would not desert, you would still cling to me?'

'Oh! Ella, can you doubt it?'

The sentence was scarcely uttered ere she threw herself into my arms, trembling and sobbing. This was altogether new to me, especially from my cold sister; and in great alarm I attempted to soothe her grief.

'It is not grief,' she gasped at length.

And then her sobs grew more passionate. I once thought of calling for assistance, but she held me fast; and, moreover, I had sense enough to conjecture that now, if ever, the ice of alienation must be broken.

I sat patiently, therefore, watching the tempest as it rose and fell within her soul, heaving the frail tenement which rested in my arms, as the angry sea tosses a weather-beaten bark. Gradually the storm subsided, and, like a heavy shower, her tears rained down her pale cheeks. But in my eyes she read neither rebuke nor scorn when she met them with a timid deprecating glance.

'Forgive me,' she faltered, 'I never gave way before. I have not cried thus since I was a child. Do not laugh at me; but it has so relieved my heart.'

'Was it so heavy, Ella?'

'Yes, almost to bursting. But my tears now are for joy. I can scarcely yet believe that you seriously meant these kind expressions, but I will not heed the promptings of incredulity. I will hope, I will pray, that they may be the true

language of your feelings, and will speak to you as if they were.'

'I am sorry, Ella, that my uttering them is not sufficient testimony to their want of exaggeration.'

'I am wrong to doubt,' she answered, more calmly; 'but if from childhood you had seen yourself only valued for your talent, you would understand how difficult it is to believe yourself loved for yourself.'

I looked up with surprise. The truth began to dawn upon me. 'Perhaps I ought to comprehend,' I replied, 'since my want of talent has been the ban upon my youth.'

'Yes,' she said, mournfully, 'and I have fallen too readily into the trick of those about me, and been apt to undervalue you for the deficiency which I yet envied.'

'Envied!'

'Had I not reason to do so? Have you not, in spite of all, been loved by many,—by my father, by the Cliffords; and loved, not because you were clever, not because you were handsome, but for yourself.'

'But how, dear Ella, can you speak of the qualities one may possess as if they were extrinsic? how separate them from what you call self?'

She looked down.

'It may be a mere distinction, created by my diseased imagination, but to me there is such a wide difference. You will understand me better if I speak first of beauty. I ask you to fancy you meet a very lovely woman,—you are struck; you are delighted; you like to meet her again; you are always on the watch for some fresh beauty; you—'

Ella paused a moment. I suppose there was some expression on my brow which caused this. She went on more hastily.

'In short, you are said to like her extremely—perhaps to love her. Illness, or sorrow, or time, waste the charms you valued; does your partiality continue? No! and yet it is the same woman—the same heart and mind!'

I shook my head. 'If I valued only the charms, undoubtedly it would be so. In that case, I could not be said to like her—only to admire her beauty, as I should admire a picture; and if a picture be destroyed, we care for it no more.

But beauty may have another effect: it attracts at first, and leads you to bestow more attention on its possessor. You find out that she is wise, or good, or gentle; you do not perhaps cease to admire, but you learn to love herself. Such an attachment would not vanish with the beauty, which yet was the spark which kindled the flame.'

'I made the comparison merely,' she replied, 'to explain my meaning. You put it differently. Your reading may be correct as regards beauty; it is a personal quality, but talent is mental.'

'Exactly; then how separate it from yourself?'

'Listen to me, brother,' she exclaimed, holding my hand, and speaking eagerly. 'Go back with me to our childhood, and see there a pale, a somewhat neglected girl, motherless; clothed and fed because that was an imperative duty; taught because teaching was a mania in the house, and you could scarce withhold her altogether from the fount of learning into which her brother was immersed, sorely against his will. Suddenly comes a thaw; sunshine bursts upon her solitude; those who slighted formerly, caress most warmly now. No preceptor is too learned; no book too costly: she is dragged forward to every stranger, and paraded as a marvel, as—a genius. Strangers wonder and flatter; her little heart swells with emotion and gratified vanity,—all this is for her talent. There is nothing worth living for but talent and literary fame. She is thus cherished, thus valued, because she is to attain these laurels.'

'Did my father only love you for such reasons,' I asked, reproachfully.

'No!' she replied, sorrowfully, 'I know he did not; there was the cruelty; but from him I was always kept apart. I was taught to regard him as incapable of correcting or even appreciating me,—I grew vain, supercilious, cold,—and so have forfeited all claim to his love, just as the period was approaching when I was to learn its value.'

She stopped for a moment; her brow contracted, and her eyes fixed upon the desk before her, as if she could there trace the course she was describing herself to have taken.

'It is in reconsidering my life, as if it were another's, that these truths

most plainly strike me. It was not till my judgment was sufficiently matured to take in the details of the history, that I first suspected the fearful mistake committed. Long, long did I live a willing victim, greedy of the incense which maddened, proud of the gilded trappings which ensnared me. They told me how superior I was,—I felt an echo in my own spirit, and believed them. For some years it was pleasant enough, but then I began to feel lonely—to doubt the happiness of a superiority which made me so companionless. I made a friend of myself, busied myself with my fancies, my reasonings, till my brain ached again. What with this exertion, and the severe studies imposed upon me, I found my mind overwrought. Suddenly, a fearful idea occurred to me,—would not all this destroy the very stronghold in which I gloried? What if I were to live a—?

I started and looked into her face for a conclusion of the sentence. I read the object of her terror in her working features. It was madness which she had dreaded.

‘Ella, my dear Ella!’

‘I have cast aside that fear,’ she continued. ‘Calm yourself,—I only tell you faithfully the history of my mind. I asked myself who, in such a case, would love and shield me then? My aunt? No; an idiot would be indeed below her notice. Even as a monument of her error, I should be abhorrent to her. My father?—how had I deserved *his* care and love? And now it was too late to alter: he could never believe in the sincerity of my change. These fears were probably greatly the result of a state of ill-health. They passed away, but I had been much shaken. I was weary, both body and soul,—there was never recreation for me. My pleasures were almost as exhausting as my toils, for both were intellectual. I had no real friends in whose society to unbend—no habits of active exercise—no out-of-door pursuits. Even the state of torpor into which I would fain have fallen for rest was denied me. My aunt saw that she had done all she could to enrich my mind with knowledge; it was time for the harvest to appear. I was at the age when she had predicted my

greatness would develop itself,—why was it not shining forth! Oh! she was too blind to see that she had torn open the bud prematurely—that the worm was at the core, and the leaves blighted!’

She spoke passionately—wildly.

‘She thinks me now in my prime. Is it so? No; she has aged me *years*. She robbed me of the careless, sportive days of childhood;—they, once lost, can never come again. Never more will the stiffened muscles expand and strengthen as they would have done then,—never more will the genial feelings burst forth into joy and love as they would then; or the unhidden, unconfined intellect try its first flights on the young wings of fancy. I have not gained additional years of experience and knowledge; I have only hurried them on, and cut away for ever that period which Nature so wisely ordained for the development of our faculties before we are called upon to exercise them. Prematurely wise, prematurely steal upon me the satiety, the lassitude of age.

‘You deceive yourself!’ I whispered, soothingly.

‘Not I! I cannot be deceived. I have probed the evil too deeply not to know the extent of it. My aunt says to me—you have heard her—that I am idle; that I will not use the powers I possess. She goads me on to some great effort, when my only chance lies, or rather lay, in complete repose.’

‘You mean, then, Ella, that *this* study, these midnight vigils, are all task work. Good heavens! why do you submit to it? Defy her. Why must you be lost to gratify a woman whom you neither love nor respect?’

To my surprise, she averted her head; she even shaded her face with one hand as she replied,—‘There is the degrading secret. I neither love nor esteem her, but I dread her. She has ruled me so long, so entirely, and there is one weak point which she knows, perhaps because she was its originator,—one which I abhor, yet cannot remove,—one plague-spot, which destroys me. It is vanity. I have been so courted; and now she tells me how deceived all were in me,—how she fears I have grown commonplace. Ay, she even taunts me with the well-known notion that

precocious genius is invariably short-lived. But who made me precocious?"

'But, Ella! you see the folly of such over-estimation of talent. You despise the people who worship it in you. Why, then, have you any dread of forfeiting your title to it in their estimation?"

'Because it is my *all*. What other claim have I to their regard? Am I amiable—good? No! Have I been kind to any one? Can I claim gratitude? I tell you, John, I have been repellant, haughty, scornful to all; and were the dawn once plucked of the borrowed plumes, it must expect no mercy where it would have shown none.'

I would have given worlds to have been able sincerely to combat this impression, but the truth was too evident.

'Remember also,' she continued, more calmly, 'that as I was raised to an unnatural point of pre-eminence, so much the greater will be my fall. Had I never had such a reputation thrust upon me, I might have been happy; but I am used to it now; the very want would be painful,—what, then, would be the extra obloquy of failure? I say would, rather should I say will, for the time is at hand. Oh! I would far sooner die than live despised!'

'Hush, hush!' the warning came from my lips—it was all I could utter. I saw that this state of feeling was alarming, reprehensible; calling loudly for consolation and rebuke such as I had not to give. I thought with regret, how inferior I was to Constance as an arguer. I was so accustomed to suppress my opinions from a sense of their worthlessness, that I had almost lost the power of expressing them at all.

I could only utter broken sentences, full of sympathy and grief—only press her tenderly to my heart. 'I wish I could counsel you, Ella!'

She smiled faintly. 'Your love is the best solace. It has done me good only to speak my sorrows to you; and now I can never again be so lonely, if I have you.'

I do not know why I here said, 'Do you like Constance?'

'Very, very much; but I should fear her knowing what I have told you. She is near to me, but she is not mine. You are my brother,—mine. I feel now how strong is the

distinction. And Constance is—so—superior.'

Once more I acknowledged tacitly my deficiencies. Even the pleasure of being confided in was purchased by being assured it was because I was not the equal of this new Do Vaincy. 'Superior,' I reiterated, 'perhaps, to me, but not to you, Ella.'

'Yes, to me. Not superior in talent to what I was or might have been—not equal, perhaps; but then she has so much cool, strong sense. I stand in awe of it.'

A new mystery to me! Genius in awe of sense! But I asked no further solution. I was contented to try to soothe my agitated sister—to make her promise that henceforth there should be perfect confidence between us.'

'Had there been any formerly, much evil might have been averted—much evil to me, at least,' I said. 'I do not, I must not forget that once you tried to counsel me, and were rejected.'

'Hush,' cried Ella, a bright spot of crimson lighting her cheeks; 'let us be silent on that point. I was too harsh, too impatient, too little disposed to make allowances for the state of your feelings. I will confess more—I was deeply hurt that you afterwards did not let me know from yourself what had occurred. You left me to hear all from the prejudiced, exaggerating lips of my aunt.'

'Dear Ella, it was wrong, but I had not courage to write. I was very much perturbed. It is idle to revert to the past—unmanly to repine over it—but I suffered, Ella, yes! I did suffer!'

She gazed in my face.

'You did, or that face were a false witness. Sorrows age more than years, and some sorrows make men. *Celui qui n'a pas souffert, que sait-il?* It was a cruel blow, but—'

I shook my head—I saw she meant 'not irremediable;' but my heart still asserted that it was.

CHAPTER XIV.

It is the loveliest of May mornings—the sky is clear, the breeze mild, and I am returning from a saunter along the margin of the

stream, rod in hand; for I am once more a disciple of old Isaac. I have been out since five o'clock, watching how, minute after minute, the earth glows into more vivid beauty beneath the brightening flood of sunshine. All nature is awake, and rejoices; man alone perversely prefers his pillow to health and enjoyment.

I am always an early riser, perhaps out of contradiction to my aunt, who talks a great deal about activity, but delights in a morning doze. Sunrise is no new spectacle to me, but it is one ever fraught with fresh charms. This morning, my rod has been a mere excuse, as my empty basket testifies. What has enthralled me has been the matin-song of the lark, and its soft accompaniment, the plashing, gurgling, gushing music of the little river; the sunshine playing hide-and-seek with the cool, dark shade thrown by the thick young foliage; those saucy suncleams dancing so merrily to and fro upon the dewy grass, will soon grow proud and fiery, and drive away to gloomier haunts the shadows with which, at present, they sportively contrast themselves—as a young beauty lays her rosy cheek against the dark brow of age, only to enhance her own radiance.

Idly come I strolling along the meadow, with my heart full of feelings, and my brain full of thought, to which I can never hope to give fitting utterance. There is a stile leading from the meadow into our shrubbery, or plantation, or whatever we choose to call it; and when I reach, and prepare to spring over it, I look down upon a clear space below—a lovely nook of greensward, sheltered by a clump of trees, giants compared to the rest—a nook fenced in by sweetbriar, by gorse, save where a narrow track leads from the stile, and where the bank slopes abruptly to the stream, which carries here, first to play, childlike, with the gay white pebbles, and then to fret over the rocky channel that now begins to chafe the silvery feet which have glided hither on so smooth a path; playful or chiding, equally sweet is the melody it makes to the dreamer in this sylvan bower. Behold the bower, and not untenanted;—seated

on the turf is Constance; there are letters in her lap, and her hands rest upon them, clasped carelessly together. She is gazing on the perturbed waters as they brawl along, little foam-specks, like snow-wreaths, whitening the crystal tide.

Her eyes are fixed upon the stream; but does she mark all this, or are her thoughts far distant? I cannot tell. I pause—I gaze also; but not upon the water. The face of Constance De Vaincy is a strange one; and though it is not what I call beautiful, I like to learn its varying moods, as I like to study those of the stream on which she looks. I have seen the waters discoloured, swept on rapidly, swollen by violent storm,—I have seen those features agitated, those eyes filled with sudden tears, shadows upon that brow. There was in the stream itself no cause for the flood, it only yielded to the irresistible power of the elements; so with those features, the faults of others, the assaults of misfortune, the social tempests of this world disturb them; but I think the mind within has no part in the storm, adds no clashing note to the temporary discord. At present that face is like its emblem, and reflects the glad, calm influence of the May morning, yet is full of thought. There is a slight ray as of sunshine on the lip—not a smile, but the omen of a smile, which softens the deep abstraction of the brow. How unlike Ella, in spite of a family resemblance—*un faux air!* my aunt calls it—a something which reminds one always of the connexion, and yet seems only to point out more distinctly the difference. Even the attenuation of Ella's hand contrasts with the small, rounded contour of those clasped now before Constance, with a delicate pink blushing up the dimpled palms, like the rosy lining of a shell.

And yet I have heard that Constance has not had such reason to look the child of sunshine; there have been trials in her life, I have been told—though what I know not, except those proceeding from the temper of her father, who, though kind-hearted, was impetuous and exacting. She had no easy task in being to him a fond daughter, an unweary sick-nurse. She has a

thousand good qualities. I wish I could like her better.

A water-hen skims across the stream, and Constance starts. I leap the stile at once, that she may fancy I have just arrived.

'You here, cousin?' she exclaims.

It is odd how I hate her calling me by that name. Yet I greet her courteously. There is no necessity for my remaining near her, for after her first welcome, she pauses as if to let me pursue my course; but half remorseful about that Sunday walk, I linger beside her, and speak of the delights of my morning ramble.

'You also are an early riser?'

'Certainly,' replied Constance.

'I like to have time to collect my thoughts before the business of the day commences. I like to look upon this beautiful world before my active fellow-creatures come forth to sully its purity, or perturb its calm. Richter terms the morning hours 'golden hours;' they are always so to me. Were I a poet, I should compose at daybreak.

• Were I a bird, I would fain be the lark.'

'Yet I have heard,' I remarked, 'that most persons prefer night for composition; they are most inspired then,' I added, laughing.

'They are most excited, perhaps,' she replied, gravely. 'They give us then the fever of their genius, not its freshness; and must it not be injurious to work the mind when the frame is exhausted? They will tell you that they are fit for nothing in the morning—but why? Because they are jaded and unnerved by the unnatural excitement of last night's study—a sort of spiritual orgy. If they had gone to bed quietly and respectably, as I do, for the simple purpose of sleeping, not meditating; if, further, they had courage to start up early, how clear would be their draught at the Muses' fount. Give me the pure Helicon, not 'midnight oil.' I saw you sneer now at inspiration; don't you believe in it?'

Slightly appalled by this sudden question on a subject upon which I had never reflected, I contented myself by a counter query—'Do you?'

'You belong,' she observed, 'to that class of people who would rather know than be known. One

might live a lifetime with you without being acquainted with your opinions.'

'I have none worth mentioning,' I answered, rather sorrowfully.

'You must allow me to doubt that,' replied Constance; 'the opinion of every reasoning being is worth knowing, though the judgment may vary in value. You only whet my curiosity by reserve; if you forced your ideas on me, as Mr. Spoonley did yesterday, I should perhaps weary of them. As you refuse to give them utterance, out of perversity, I desire to ascertain what they are. Do you believe in inspiration?'

I applied my whole strength to the unscrewing of my rod, which was obstinate, and would not be undone. It was that effort which sent the crimson to my forehead, just as Constance, receiving no answer, raised her eyes to my face: probably she construed it differently, for she laughed, and withdrew them instantly.

Any one would fancy that she was the greatest talker upon earth, but it was not usually so. In society she was often very silent and observant; it was chiefly when an unlucky chance threw her *tête-à-tête* with me that she became so loquacious, contrary to the habit of any other persons who ever favoured me with their acquaintance. With a violent wrench the obstinate joint gave way, and I proceeded to tie up my rod; whilst Constance, carelessly plucking the grass beside her, flung blade after blade, leaf after leaf, into the hurrying stream below. After the lapse of a few minutes she said, very gravely, 'I never remember to have heard, cousin, what you are to be?'

'I was to have been a genius,' I replied; 'I am—a failure.'

'Yes, that I know,' she continued, calmly; 'but what are you to be now?'

'Now,' I reiterated, 'nothing.'

'Nothing plays a poor part in life, though it does a great deal in arithmetic. I have often thought that there it was like soldiers to a general. He is the unit, and they the noughts; yet without them, he would be only a miserable one, and not the head of thousands. A vile

conceit, as your smile plainly pronounces it. Nothings ought not to be allowed to smile; they ought to have no vote on any subject. I would not be nothing, if I were you.'

'I have not talent to be anything.'

'How many do you fancy have? And yet this is not altogether a world of dunces. I confess I suspect you labour under a singular delusion, that if you are not a marvel, you must be a fool: there is no medium, according to you.'

I thought I must indeed be a fool to be thus lectured by a woman, but was silent.

'You like fishing?' she said, at last.

I told her I did, and dilated a little upon the beauty of the country. She listened intently.

'Shall you always like fishing?'

I stared.

'I mean,' she proceeded, smiling, 'when you grow old, will you be wheeled down to the river in an arm-chair and fish?'

'Nonsense!' I could not help exclaiming.

'Then what will you do? for I believe it is your chief occupation. Don't you tire sometimes of idleness?'

'But I am not always idle.'

'What do you do?'

'Do! why, sometimes I ride, sometimes walk, sometimes read.'

'Yes, but what is the end of it all? When you ask yourself at night, what have I done to-day, what says conscience?'

'You would have me be ambitious, Constance?' I asked, rather nervously. 'You are a De Vainey, after all.'

'Don't reproach me with anything so horrible. No, I am not anxious to see you ambitious. I have the poorest opinion imaginable of fame. And yet were I you, I repeat, I would not be nothing!'

'What necessity have I to be more than what I am?'

'I never inquired into your rent-roll,' she exclaimed, colouring deeply. 'I do not urge a love of Mammon, but there is one necessity which I see plainly, — no creature should breathe the breath of life without adding his mite to the amount of duties performed which existence claims as its due. However little,

each may do something towards working the great machine, if it be but to lift away a straw, or a pebble, from the path of the great men who best can put the springs in motion. Very few of us can be great, but all may be useful.'

I listened like one in a dream.

'I believe I am a meddler,' she interrupted herself to say; 'but this is one of my manias. Though you try to keep me in the dark, I see you are not very happy. You think it is because you are not clever. I think it is because you have no pursuit. I don't mean that you are always sitting swinging on a gate, like the boy in the old story; on the contrary, you are a respectably active person, but all is voluntary occupation. There is nothing you must do—nothing that produces any result. Do you ever know the elevating consciousness of having wrought a work? There is something wrong in your position.'

I did not attempt to deny what was too plain. 'It is too late now for any profession; perhaps I had better be a soldier.'

A gesture of disdain from my mistress silenced this bright suggestion.

'I see my fault,' I said, (too meekly, as I afterwards thought,) 'but it is almost more my misfortune. Just as every one settled that I had not ability enough to push my own way in life, I had a great shock, — a trial — a —' I was looking on the ground, but I felt as if Constance glanced up at me wistfully for a moment, and then averted her gaze. 'My work since has been to try to forget all this,' I continued, after a slight hesitation. 'And now that it is overcome, I have begun to think my first duty should be to take care of my father.'

'Exactly,' said Constance. 'But did I suggest you even going away from Ripplestone? You are right; your father needs aid; Ella needs a protector; but there is much, I cannot help fancying, that might be done here. Are all affairs well superintended? Are there no means of becoming versed in business habits, even in the conduct of your property? Is there nothing that requires you to be of use to your people?' A long pause. At last Constance rose

slowly from her seat. 'I leave my pulpit, and descend to more feminine subjects. I am lecturing, like John Knox, upon *your* duties, and, of course, forgetting my own, which are, as a guest, not to keep breakfast waiting. But I do not altogether preach without practising. I am a great woman of business. Look at these papers. Do you suppose I have been up early to pore over love-letters, or lyric poems, by this gurgling stream? No; these are lawyers' letters, and memoranda far less interesting.'

'How Aunt Mad would despise you.'

'Then she would be wrong. If it had pleased God to make me an artist, or a poet, I would have gratefully put forth all my powers in my vocation. He gave me only ordinary discernment and common sense, so I try to use them as I best may. Mine is a humbler path, but leads perhaps to nearly as high a goal. So it should be with you. Shall I tell you your first duty?'

'If you like.'

'It is to excuse my lecture, to eat your breakfast cheerfully, and then to walk with your cousin Constance to Mrs. Clifford's.'

CHAPTER XV.

'If I were you, I would not be nothing.' The quaint, awkward phrase haunted me like a spell. Was all that Constance said correct? My reason acquiesced in everything except the possibility of my own improvement. Yet to a confirmed dullard she would not have given such advice. It staggered me to find that notwithstanding her discrimination and good sense, she seemed to despise me less than others did.

For the first forty-eight hours I believe I was more idle than ever, or perhaps my eyes being now opened, I saw my want of occupation for the first time. Constance made no further comments, but I never entered the room or sat on a sofa in my wonted lounging attitude without nervously imagining that she was secretly finding fault. She had also discovered a new way of perturbing me. I have already remarked, that if I had disappointed

my aunt's expectations, her system of lore-cramming had not been utterly ineffectual. Thanks to it, I knew a variety of things which others do not generally learn. I had forgotten much, but I also retained much, although I kept my information locked away in my brain to rust and moulder as soon as possible. In an evil hour this was apparently suspected by Constance, and she began to use me as an encyclopædia, appealing to me on all occasions to confirm what she said or enlighten her where she was ignorant. I was often tempted to plead forgetfulness, but as she invariably turned those penetrating eyes upon me, and re-asserted her conviction that I would soon remember it, it was marvellous even to myself how many shreds and patches of learning I was obliged to drag forth and furbish up for her satisfaction. I saw my aunt start and stare when this happened. I believe she was often about to utter some disparaging remark, but by a strong effort restrained herself. Whether to mark more plainly her displeasure against Ella, or in deference to my increased age, I could not conjecture, but certainly she was more gentle to me than she had been for years. Trifles work great changes. On the third day after the lecture from Constance, my father had an appointment at Alderbury. It regarded the leasing off a considerable portion of his property. Good, easy man, commonplace as he was, no genius ever knew less of business, or detested it more cordially! The prospect of this interview with lawyers had entailed on him a sleepless night, and he came to breakfast with a distracting headache.

'You certainly look as unfit to go as possible,' said Constance, who had a habit of showing him attention and solicitude quite new in any guest of ours. 'Why, my dear sir, in this mood you would sell your birthright for a mess of pottage.'

'I shall be very glad to ride over and make your apologies,' I observed.

My father groaned.

'My dear boy, it's not a shooting party, to be given up at will.'

'But,' hesitated I, speaking with some difficulty, 'I don't pretend to

be a man of business. but—if—I could do anything for you,—hear, I mean, what the other people have got to say—or, in short, trust me this once, and if I do wrong, never trust me again.’

‘I thought,’ interposed Ella, very naturally distrusting my powers—‘I thought you were anxious to go fishing this morn—’

‘Confound fishing,’ I inwardly exclaimed, wincing at the mere mention of it before Constance.

My aunt raised her head in dignified rebuke, and I hastened to apologise for my vehemence. So eager was my father to avoid his appointment, that I could scarcely regard as a compliment his acceding to my being his substitute, but I pretended to feel honoured, and endeavoured to prepare myself for my expedition by looking over a mass rather than a mass of papers in his desk, and hearing a somewhat incoherent account of his wishes. I was then hurriedly traversing the garden towards the stable-yard, when as I passed a window opening upon the terrace, I felt a sudden twitch at my button-hole, and missed from it a rare flower of which I had been very proud a few minutes before.

The short, quick, sweet laugh of Constance De Vaincy was in my ear, and she herself was leaning against the casement.

‘I will put it in water till you come back,’ she said.

‘Why may I not have it now?’ I asked, rather pettishly.

‘Because it looked unbusiness-like. Very pretty, no doubt; and for my own part, I like to see a man love flowers; but the shrewd people you are to meet now might draw different conclusions. ’Tis marvelous from what trifles we are apt to conjecture characters. Not for worlds must they imagine you a fop, going to business as you would to call on your lady-love. Success to you my good cousin: only have confidence in yourself, and all will be well!’

With this wonderful benison I departed. I was ashamed of requiring it; but, in truth, in the ordinary affairs of life I was little better than a child.

I remembered my cousin’s warning, and stalked into our attorney’s

office in a sober, funereal style, which impressed him most favourably, as I afterwards learned. I eyed the ‘other party’ keenly, and with desperate courage entered into the details of the matter before us. To my profound surprise, I found I comprehended the whole much better than I could have expected,—nay, venturing a few comments, I quickly perceived that they were listened to with some astonishment and deference. Growing bolder as the discussion proceeded, I began to discover that my good father had been by no means awake to his own interests. I could not imagine where would lie the advantage of letting so much property at a rent inadequate to its value. Why, indeed, let it at all?

‘I confess,’ replied our adviser, ‘the same question suggested itself to me, seeing that you already keep an establishment quite as troublesome and expensive as if you farmed all instead of only a little of your land. But Mr. Black is rather too easy, and he doesn’t care to be troubled with business, and I always thought you more than agreed with him.’

‘On the contrary,’ I replied, ‘I am weary of doing nothing, and shall be only too glad if you can point out how I can best remedy my father’s love of indolence by my exertions.’

Mr. Keane regarded me through his spectacles with new interest. He was a clever and, strange to say, a conscientious man. We objected to the terms offered by the would-be tenant; time for further consideration of the subject was granted him; and when he departed, we sat down and talked fully over the state of Ripplestone, and what remained to be done for its improvement. I started when I found how nearly Constance had hit upon the truth. ‘Are all your affairs well managed?’ Most certainly not. My father’s supineness and my aunt’s fine-ladyism had left everything to the superintendence of hirelings, and whoever benefited by the property, we certainly did so far less than was our due.

I left Mr. Keane’s office with the reality of the solemn, care-worn air I had only affected when I entered. I went home too full of plans and

thoughts to heed the inquiring looks which greeted me. Constance produced my flower, fresh as ever, but after twirling it about for a few minutes, as I revolved silently all I had lately heard, the sound of my father's step in his study made me fling it thoughtlessly into the fireplace, and I hurried to his presence.

I am sure Mr. Keane himself was not a quarter as much astonished as my father when he heard that I had gone so earnestly into the matter—that I objected to his lease—that I actually proposed to keep the whole in our own hands, and had really a wish to take the care of it myself.

'My dear Jack, you are an excellent fellow; but——'

'But what?'

'I can't believe you would like this mode of life. You—you have no experience.'

I had certainly forgotten that.

'If you were ever so clever, without experience it would be rash.'

My countenance fell. 'There was no surmounting the universal conviction of my want of intellect.'

'My dear father,' I exclaimed at last, 'if I am not to be a great man, may I not be a hard-working man? If I am not fit for any one purpose on earth, neither for use nor ornament, why was I sent into the world?'

'I didn't say you were not ornamental!' said the old man, jocosely, turning me to the small mirror beside us.

'Pooh!' I cried, impatiently, wheeling round again without a glance at its polished surface—'do not turn off in jest what I mean in sad and sober earnest! What is to become of me? I am no longer a boy: I cannot longer lead this holiday life. If I can find no object of interest at home, I must seek it abroad.'

The hint sobered my father. He promised to consider the subject, and I, resolved to fortify myself with further arguments, repaired to the cottage, and took Mr. Clifford into my confidence.

Assured of his approval and co-operation, I was returning gaily through the shrubbery, when my evil genius appeared in the form of my aunt taking a sauntering walk—book in hand, of course. Some idea

of my new schemes had reached her, and she began to expostulate with me. I think I behaved ill; I know I was sullen, and persisted in repenting that it was hard if, being considered incapable of anything better, the only thing which I could do was tabooed as unworthy of me.

'At any other time the proposition would have been less offensive,' she retorted, with all her former bitterness in tone and manner. 'Limited to the knowledge of our private circle, it might have expired and been forgotten, but we are not alone. A distinguished member of my own family is with us, and how inexpressibly must her sensitive pride be shocked at hearing one to whom she is allied propose to be a mere clodhopper! How blind you are, nephew, to your best interests in that quarter! Jealously as I try to guard from her all knowledge of your deficiencies, how you seem bent upon displaying them to Constance!'

We had turned into the very walk where, years before, she had discussed with my father the mode of my education. Her words were an enigma to me. I only stared at her in surprise, but she held her head aloft, and vouchsafed not to explain.

'My dear aunt,' I said, at last, 'I never before remarked this delicacy in screening my want of ability. Why is it essential to conceal it from Constance? What's Heenba to me?'

'Silly boy, she might be much. But no,—you could dote upon a girl of mediocre position like Kate Thornton, but have not tact enough to see what an opening I have tried to give you by inviting here one so immeasurably above her in birth, worth, and wealth.'

A cold shiver ran through me as I listened. Why, this was a greater insult than ever.

'Do you mean,' I asked, sternly, 'that your nephew, who is such a dolt, is to provide for himself by captivating Miss De Vainey? A well-assorted union, truly!'

'She has sense and talent enough for both,' replied my aunt, stiffly.

'And therefore she is to waste them upon me! No, aunt; insignificant I may be, but never mean enough to plot such a provision for myself. If your late kindness to me has been to bring about such an arrangement, throw it off at once.'

Go to her, and tell her what you like of me, but never that I dream of aspiring to her hand. I was too commonplace for Kate Thornton, remember. What have I to recommend me to Constance De Vaincy?

'You are young and good-looking;—yes, decidedly rather handsome,' said my aunt, coldly.

'Good heavens! what a claim to a woman of sense and talent! The very idea is an insult to her, and even worse to me! Now, Aunt Maddalena, you have spoken in apparent forgetfulness that I am come to years of discretion, and can perfectly well manage my own affairs. Never again name to me such schemes. I have done with them for ever. As to Constance, she is very superior, very kind, very elegant, and a good friend to me; but the idea of her liking me is preposterous, and—I appreciate her admirable qualities, and in time may probably love her as a sister, but nothing more.'

'Nephew, you are obstinate and obtuse beyond conception!' remarked my aunt. 'Go your own way; plough, dig, feed swine: henceforth I wash my hands of you.'

She acted the words she spoke, much as Mrs. Siddons may have performed the 'Out, damned spot!' in *Lady Macbeth*. The effect was so ludicrous that my anger nearly evaporated into laughter. I made her a regularly dandified bow, and walked into the house. She followed in a few seconds, with lowering brow, and I heard her dress rustle at every step as she ascended the stairs. It always did so when she was indignant. I stood at the library window, revolving the strange plot she had laid, when, somewhat to my consternation, I saw Constance coming slowly along the very path which led to the spot where our interview had passed. That conversation was overheard there, I knew by my former experience: it was more than probable that she had been in the wood, or on the hills, but yet 'conscience makes cowards of us all,' and mine made me fear she had been nearer. I fancied her paler and graver than usual. I retreated like a culprit, and looked no longer.

I could not even be on tolerably intimate terms with my own rela-

tive without my aunt's atrocious interference! Just when I was beginning to like Constance, and to benefit by her judicious advice, she was possibly alienated from me by this absurd conversation, or, at the best, my manner towards her would be rendered cold and conscious.

We spent by no means an agreeable evening. My aunt was moody—my father obliged to think, which meant, to be silent, and go to sleep after dinner rather sooner than usual; Ella was not well, and Constance manifestly dejected.

I opened the post-bag next morning, and handed the letters round the breakfast table. One of those for Constance was rather bulky,—it was a ship-letter from Australia, re-addressed from Vainton to Ripplestone. The little scene on board the steam-boat recurred instantly to my mind. Perhaps it did to hers, for as she met my eye, she coloured. I rather wondered what friend she had in such a distant country.

An hour afterwards, I was writing in the library, when the door opened, and she came in. She looked slightly embarrassed when she saw me,—went to the book shelves, and stood there with her back to me, apparently searching for something. I continued to write. Suddenly she turned round, and said, 'Cousin, I am going away to-morrow!'

'To-morrow!' I exclaimed, in a tone of horror.

'Alas! to-morrow,' she replied, with a smile, somewhat forced.

'Ah!' thought I, 'that fatal garden walk!'

I should like to have been able to ask why she left us, but was not sufficiently self-possessed. But she gave some explanation herself, though, from the way in which she looked at the pattern of the carpet as she spoke, I rather doubted her words.

'I have letters to-day, which call me home. My lawyer, Mr. Scruton, is a clever man, and poor papa placed unlimited confidence in him. I am obliged to do the same in practice, but the spirit of confidence is absent. I must watch over some arrangements he is now making. I am very sorry to go.'

'And I am very sorry to lose you,' I answered, gaining courage. 'It is new to me to meet with any one who condescends to take interest in

me, and you have been consistently kind. I owe much to your advice.'

Her eyes were raised to mine now frankly.

'Ella and you are on better terms. She confides in you. I don't ask you for her secret; secrets should be sacred; but you know it, I feel sure. I grieve to be obliged to leave her: I think my presence roused her a little. Before long, I mean to go to Leamington. Will you promise, John, to bring her to me there, if she does not rapidly improve. Any change will be desirable, if it remove her from——'

A gesture of aversion signified my aunt's as the name omitted.

I promised.

'You say I have given you good advice,' she continued, rapidly. 'At all events, it has not been wasted on an unworthy person. I have heard your new plans, and cordially approve them. May you prosper in them all!'

I thanked her. The word 'plan' was an unlucky reminder to me. I must have seemed confused; and a little of my mood affected her. She put one hand to her forehead, as if it ached, and I saw the blood rush to her temples.

'One thing more I have to say, John, for I hate misunderstandings. I am open and candid to a fault, perhaps. I fear that I was too much so when you first came home. You thought me, probably, a queer, bold, unguarded girl. I believe you know me rather better now; but I must once more express my regret on the subject. To a stranger I should have been very different; but I never did regard you as one, and cannot, for my life, do so now. I think you have a sincere friendship for me; and even if you have not, I must act to you like what I feel—neither more nor less than a truly affectionate sister. Before we part, promise always to regard me as such.'

She knew all, I felt sure, from the slight but warm smile on her lips; and I thanked her from my soul for so cordially sympathizing with me. I believe she held out her hand: at all events I took it, and so ratified the brotherly compact.

'It is so much more comfortable to have a complete understanding,'

she said, with a laugh, that was rather like a little sob; and a bright tear fell and glistened on my arm.

It told me at once how much it had outraged her womanly delicacy to hear Aunt Mad discuss her prospects so coolly; and I saw what an effort it must have cost her to address me thus, that no constraint might hang upon our intercourse, or alienate her from Ella.

The tear glistened on my arm, and that instant her hand was gently withdrawn; the little sob ended in a rather faltering, 'Tra-la-la' burden of a *Maientied*, and she fairly ran out of the room.

I sat down at the table, scrawled 'Tra-la-la' all over the letter I had been inditing, and wished I had not been such a commonplace man!

CHAPTER XVI.

SUMMER came, and went. Is it not always like a beautiful dream, which hovers lightly over beings scarcely conscious of their bliss? And even as they rouse themselves to feel and to enjoy, it flies.

Like the summer seemed my new bond of love and confidence with Ella. So pure, so perfect, that I looked not for the elements of decay; and yet there they lurked, not in the love, for love is immortal, but in her to whom it linked me. The genial warmth of the season, the cheering influence of the sunshine, the scenes of beauty around her, and somewhat of fresh happiness within—had buoyed her up—but with the mists of autumn a dimness gathered over her spirit; her strength diminished, her cheek grew paler, and the beating of that restless heart more perturbed. Mine was the eye to detect the change, yet only now do I see its full extent. Watch as we may, in earnest affection there is always incredulity as to the possibility or losing those we love; and youth is not quick in discerning the inroads of the foe. It is not until we have grown old, and seen one after another drop away, that we detect the insidious progress of the slow disease which must overcome at length.

Autumn found me much altered: I had gained in energy—I had

gained in confidence. Slowly had the improvement been at first effected, but surely. I had surmounted many difficulties, and the strife had braced my mind wonderfully. I could not have supposed that, within the moderate bounds of Ripplestone, I could have discovered so wide a sphere of action. Up early to superintend the improvements my father had been prevailed upon to sanction, I came home to breakfast full of health and enjoyment. It scarcely troubled me that my aunt cast glances of disgust at my bronzed countenance and high-looks. I pretended to be unconscious of all her taunts, or to laugh at them as amusing strokes of wit. Then out again to Alderbury, to consult with Mr. Keane, or over to the distant farm I have once or twice mentioned. Then there were letters to write, and bargains to make, and much to read and learn, as to the nature of my occupations. The day was scarcely long enough for me; and I should have grieved when evening stole on, had I not had Ella then to cheer.

There was one difficulty now in my way. My aunt had so mewed me up in childhood, so jealously guarded me from any association with those 'beneath me,' that of them, and their mode of thinking and living, I knew nothing. I was not proud, but I was shy towards them. It had been so impressed upon me, that I must *not* speak to them, that it cost me an effort now to do so. The peculiarity had clung to me in spite of my college experiences—it clung to me still; and now I was obliged to direct those very people of whose habits I was ignorant, from whom I was separated by a barrier which custom had rendered almost insurmountable to me; and I was further fettered by a strong suspicion that they were more versed than I was in much in which I was to instruct them, and that they were perfectly aware of my deficiencies. There was, however, one point in my favour—I felt kindly towards them, and I meant well. I made many mistakes; I was irresolute at first, over-delicate, over-sensitive to looks and words; but I was resolved to succeed, and before six months were past I felt

sure that I was liked and hoped I might yet be respected. My father was perfectly satisfied; he gave up everything to my control, dawdled about with his newspaper or his gun, when he was not obliged to dose on the bench with his brother magistrates; and he confided to every one that 'Jack was a good fellow—very.'

It was late in autumn when Constance wrote to Ella, and begged her to join her at Leamington. My aunt marvelled at not being included in the invitation, but disdained to express her indignation. The plan proposed was, that Ella was to travel under my care.

Constance was not alone. Mrs. Brenton, who had once been her governess, was visiting her. She was her great resource on all occasions when a chaperon was required, and, apparently, nothing could please the lady better than to be so put in requisition. To say that Constance truly liked and respected her is ample praise, for she rarely—I must not add never—misplaced her regard. The morning after our arrival, Mrs. Brenton, being deep in a book at one end of the room, and Constance and myself much more sociably situated at the other, my cousin looked up from her work and spoke.

'Will it be a compliment or an insult to tell you that you are aged since we parted?'

'A compliment, I think,' replied I, in some astonishment.

'I agree with you,' said she, smiling. 'You have grown more important-looking. Can you guess why I have bestowed so much thought on your appearance just now?'

I shook my head.

'Because I want you to be my chaperon this evening.'

'Shawled and turbaned?' inquired I.

'Not exactly. Go to this vilo ball I must, because I have pledged myself to several friends to that effect. When I did so, I had some hope of Ella's accompanying me, but I see that would be inadvisable. Mrs. Brenton will take care of her, and you and I will be the dissipated ones, for this night only. What I meant by calling you my chaperon was, that although, for the sake of

appearance, we shall go with Mrs. Ormington and her party, I shall make you a most useful cavalier, and as I shall be heartily tired long before Mrs. Ormington thoroughly wakes up to the enjoyment of the scene, you shall there and then escort me home, however charming may be your partner, however ardent your longing for one more waltz.'

Of course I consented to the scheme.

'We are certain to meet *one* person to whom we both have an antipathy,' she continued. 'Some very ill wind has blown hither Mr. Erasmus Spoonley, whose legal avocations secular ways to lead, or rather, never to interfere with his falling in one's way. I can with difficulty be polite to him, yet his officious attentions are not to be rebuffed. He prates to me of Ripplestone and its inmates as if you all doted upon him. He calls you by your Christian name until I wish you had never borne one, or that you were blest with a Polish cognomen which no mortal could ever pronounce.' Impatiently tugging at a knot as if it were mysteriously connected with Spoonley's delinquencies, the thread snapped, and Constance recovered her equanimity with a laugh. 'It is scarcely worth losing my temper on such a subject,' she added; 'but I cannot bear hearing those I love prattled about so familiarly by indifferent strangers. It annoys me to be told your father is a good old soul, and Ella—dear Ella—ah! cousin; you should have brought her earlier. Why did you not come at once when I wrote? She is changed—sadly changed.'

I heard with terror this confirmation of my fears.

'Were it only physical,' said Constance, mournfully, 'I should be more at ease; but there is something mental.'

She loved her so truly, I relied so fully on her wisdom and counsels, that I thought it a venial breach of confidence to relate to her all I knew of Ella's struggles and sorrows. She listened eagerly.

'I wish I had heard this earlier,' she cried. 'This summer has been wasted: change of scene and her removal from that evil influence might have done much. Oh! what

a fatal family ours has been to you both, with our detestable pride of talent, and aping of superiority.'

Constance was so invariably ready to oblige me, that I would, for her sake, have been almost willing to encounter any evil. And to me, that wretched ball seemed an evil of great magnitude. But I went cheerfully to the ordeal, and tried to look very gay when I entered to escort her. I had always seen her till now in mourning. I confess to being startled when I encountered her for the first time in full dress. Not that there was anything in her attire which was uncommon,—not that I remember or know in the least in what sort of fabric she had chosen to appear,—dimity, gauze, silk, satin, they are all one to me,—but she looked so swan-like, so pure, so fair, that for a little time I could only stand and marvel, and feel sure that on her every eye would be rivetted. I was not fit to carry her shawl, far less to feel that hand on my arm, and to appear as her protector.

'Have you a headache, cousin, that you look so grave?' inquired Constance, gently.

Ella was sitting, contemplating her with great admiration.

'No, Constance,' she interposed; 'he is criticising your dress.'

'Ah!' said Constance, quickly; 'he does not like it. He is thinking, as I do, what fools we make of ourselves, wasting so many pounds, which would make others happy, on our poor perishable persons, which will soon be mere dust and ashes.'

'No,' I replied; 'I thought of nothing so ghastly. My real sentiment was—'

'What?'

'That I liked you better in your usual dress, because I might better venture to give you my arm. Now you look like some creature of another sphere, and I—'

'Need have no jealousy or dread of a superiority which I only owe to my milliner,' cried Constance, gaily. 'In a few minutes you will be surrounded by a crowd of angels more exquisite still, and you will see them glad to be led about by demons even more grim than yourself,' with which consolatory speech she took my arm and glided down to her carriage.

PEPYS'S DIARY.*

THERE is no darker period in the English annals than that which is embraced by the twenty-eight years which elapsed between the restoration of Charles II. and the expulsion of his brother James. Public virtue and private morality seem to have sunk to the lowest level compatible with the maintenance of society, and the reaction from the compulsory decorum of the Commonwealth to the unbridled licence of the monarchy has been the subject of more remark than any other incident in our history. We are invited to contrast the gloomy formality of Cromwell with the careless libertinism of Charles, and the stern propriety of the Protector's court with the dissoluteness of the King's. The fanatical detactor in his chamber at Whitehall, with his immortal secretary by his side, must have offered a very different spectacle from the same chamber when occupied by his successor and his mistresses; and never, perhaps, in the fitful drama of human life did the same walls encircle a set of men and women of the highest rank more thoroughly opposed to each other in outward manners and inward feelings. In some respects this was inevitable. The cord had been drawn too tight in the one case, and was too suddenly relaxed in the other; and making every allowance for the irregularities which always attend upon the transitional states of life, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that much of the gravity under the protectorate, and not a little of the folly and absurdity so conspicuous under the monarchy, were rather assumptions, or affectations, than realities. There was nothing natural about either; and as both were excesses in one direction or the other, they had the fate which awaits all extravagances in every age, and were gradually repressed by the force of reason, time, and humanity. Oliver had one way

of governing a kingdom, and Charles another. Neither was good: but if we confine ourselves to the mere fact, it may be doubted whether the popular estimate of the superiority of the former over the latter can be sustained. Cromwell was essentially a despot, though a republican one. There have been many such in times past, and there will be many more in the times that are to come. He did actually what Charles only desired to do, but could not accomplish—he ruled without a parliament, and was virtually an absolute sovereign. England owes much to his temperament, but little to his political fidelity. He was cold, crafty, and energetic; and one of the most accomplished statesmen of our own age described him as a ‘mean and insolent tyrant.’† He toyed not with women, and despised men except in so far as they administered to his ambition; and though not cruel in the common sense of that term, he did cruel things. His religion was tainted with the most odious and degrading of all human vices—hypocrisy,‡ and yet, such is the weight which belongs to example enforced by authority, that he succeeded in impressing on a whole nation the image, at least, of his own saturnine theology. In his eyes the constitution was, like the mace, a ‘bauble,’ and he kicked it aside, replacing it by his own stern will, and the pikes and muskets of his legionaries. The pressure on the free energies of society of such a man, armed as he was with the full and undivided powers of the state, must have been terrific; and the proof that it was so is seen in the eagerness which was displayed by his countrymen to escape from it when death had removed him from the scene of his triumphs. Lord John Russell has speculated in one of his works on the probable consequences that would have followed the erection

* *Diary and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys, F.R.S., Secretary to the Admiralty in the Reigns of Charles II. and James II.* The Diary deciphered by the Rev. J. Smith, A.M., from the original short-hand MS. in the Pepysian Library. With a Life and Notes, by Richard Lord Braybrooke. Third Edition. 5 vols. London: H. Colburn. 1851.

† Marquis Wellesley.

‡ Mr. Fox.

of a Cromwellian dynasty in the person of his son; but, to say nothing of Richard's unfitness for the kingly office, the thing was, *ipso facto*, impossible. Oliver, like Buonaparte, was the creation of his age, and the representative of its harsher features, and the fabric that he reared necessarily fell with himself. Of course, there can be no comparison instituted between his capabilities and those of Charles, any more than between the talents of Louis XVI. and the talents of Napoleon; and yet nothing but the incurable vices and the impenetrable selfishness of Charles prevented him from rendering to his country more solid services than were ever effected by Cromwell. That it was otherwise we cannot help, though we must regret it.

These reflections have been suggested by the perusal of the work, the title of which is prefixed to this article, and which has been before the world in a less accessible form for the last five-and-twenty years. The noble editor has collateral claims on the blood of Samuel Pepys, and the strange mixture of sense and nonsense who performed the functions of Secretary to the Admiralty in the reigns of Charles II. and James II. has the honour of enrolling among his remote descendants a peer of the realm and a true hearted and highly educated English gentleman. Lord Braybrooke is precisely the kind of man to be entrusted with the duty of editing such a work as *Pepys's Diary*. His ample knowledge of life qualifies him in a peculiar manner for the task he has imposed upon himself, and he has executed it with great skill and judgment. The brief memoir prefixed to the first volume is compiled with much taste, and tells us all about the personal history of the man that can be now recovered; while the foot-notes with which the several volumes are enriched assist the reader greatly both as regards events and individuals. So far, then, as Lord Braybrooke is concerned, the Diary is complete, and a very curious performance it is.

The name Pepys is a peculiar one, and would not seem to have belonged to any considerable family, though it has been latterly ennobled in the person of a distinguished

lawyer, lately deceased. We are told that the ancestors of Samuel Pepys were originally of Norfolk, but that they settled early in the sixteenth century at Cottenham, in Cambridgeshire. He himself was the son of John Pepys, a citizen of London, who carried on the business of a tailor in the metropolis till the year 1660, when he retired to Brampton, near Huntingdon, to a small property, with a rental of 40*l.* a-year, which he inherited from an elder brother, and where he died, in 1680. Whether his son Samuel was born at this place, Brampton, or in London, appears to be doubtful; but not so the date of his birth, which is, 23rd February, 1632. His rudimentary education he received at Huntingdon; but he was afterwards removed to St. Paul's school, where he remained till 1650, in which year he was sent to Trinity College, Cambridge, as a sizar. He was subsequently transferred to Magdalen, where he obtained a scholarship on Smith's foundation; but how long he remained at the University, or what proficiency he attained to in literature, is not recorded; though we may infer from the facts, that his name is found in the College register for 1653, and that he married in 1655, that he resided at Cambridge in all four years, and there acquired those higher tastes which he was enabled to gratify in after years. His wife was Elizabeth St. Michel, of a good family in Somersetshire, but of French original. At the time of their union, she was fifteen, and he twenty-three; and as he had been educated to no profession, and the lady was without fortune, the marriage belongs to the class usually denominated imprudent. How the London tailor's son came to be the cousin of so important a person as Sir Edward Montagu, the first Earl of Sandwich, we are not told; but so it was; and in the house of that distinguished officer the young and friendless couple found an asylum, and to the connexion thus accidentally formed Pepys owed his future rise. In what capacity he served Sir Edward Montagu is not stated—probably as a private secretary, possibly even as a domestic tutor; but there can be no doubt

that through this circumstance he was introduced into the naval circles of the day, which ultimately led him to the Admiralty. In 1658, three years after his marriage, and when he was in the twenty-sixth year of his age, he was cut successfully for the stone, an uncommon malady in one so young; and he ever afterwards kept the anniversary of that occurrence as one which he was bound to commemorate by a sense of gratitude to Divine Providence. The lithic diathesis in his case was obviously very strong; but it did not openly manifest itself again during his life, though after death his kidneys were found to be impacted with calculi, and to be adherent to the spine.

His first public employment was as a clerk in the Exchequer office; but having, in 1660, accompanied his patron, Sir Edward Montagu, to Scheveling, to bring home the king and the Duke of York, he was, on the advancement of the admiral to the peerage, and doubtless through his influence, promoted to the place of Clerk to the Acts of the navy, a situation which we presume to have been equivalent to the Under-Secretaryship of the Admiralty in our days. In the reign of James II. he was made Secretary to the Admiralty, and his official connexion with that board lasted for the long term of eight-and-twenty years, when the Revolution of 1688 threw him out of employment for the rest of his life. He survived that event fifteen years, and died at Clapham, on the 26th of May, 1703, in the seventy-first year of his age. He left no direct issue, but bequeathed what property he possessed, which was not great, to his nephew, Mr. John Jackson, with directions, that on the decease of that gentleman, his books, prints, paintings, and manuscripts should go to Magdalen College, Cambridge, where they remain to this day. His Diary, written in short-hand, was begun in January, 1659-60, and was continued till May, 1669, when failing sight compelled him to abandon it. *Pepys's Diary*, then, contains the jottings and reflections of a man who had access to the court, and the highest personages of the realm, for the first nine years of Charles II.'s

reign; and we are now to inquire shortly into the character of the writer, and the value of his contributions to contemporary history.

Pepys was undoubtedly a vain and a selfish man, and temperamentally addicted to pleasure in its most accessible forms. He loved good eating, had a Saxon capacity for drink, which he freely indulged; and, like his royal master, he was a somewhat promiscuous admirer of beauty. His abilities, though not high, were respectable, and his business habits good; for, considering the large portion of his time which he devoted to mere amusement, and especially to the playhouse, he must have regulated his hours of labour with great exactness to get through the work which he did perform. He was industrious, curious, and, in a certain sense, sagacious; but his sagacity was a kind of personal quality, if we dare use the expression, and seldom busied itself about matters that did not immediately concern himself. He talks frequently of the warmth of his nature as hurrying him into indiscretions of speech and action which he afterwards regretted; but we have remarked of these fiery ebullitions that they were expended chiefly upon the inmates of his house, and were carefully suppressed in the presence of his equals or his superiors. His littlenesses, by his own account, were innumerable; but they were associated with a sort of generous grotesqueness, which, if it could not confer dignity upon them, effectually relieved them of any alloy of malignity. Yet this man, with all his frivolities, had many fine and even elevated tastes, and some by no means despicable attainments. Besides his classical knowledge, which was respectable as to Latin, he read, and probably spoke, three of the modern languages—viz., French, Italian, and Spanish. He was a lover and a collector of books, which he valued for something more than their gilt covers. He delighted in engravings, in which he would seem to have had considerable skill; and was not indifferent to painting. He appears to have had an aptitude for some branches of physical science, and he was not only an admirer of music, but a

composer on a small scale, and an occasional performer, both instrumental and vocal. He is said to have rendered essential service to the navy, and it is stated by his biographer,—though we confess to some incredulity on the subject,—that the regulations now in use for the government of ships of war were drawn up by him, and not by the Duke of York, as had been heretofore believed. It is difficult to find out what his politics were, or even whether he could be said to have had any. In early life, he probably gave himself little concern about the matter, or went with the stream; but it is only naked justice to state, that, though attached in after life to the Duke of York, from whom he had received many substantial favours, he does not appear to have been insensible to the dangers which were likely to accrue to the nation from the profligate habits of the king, and the abominable corruptions which his example tended to encourage.

In his religious profession Pepys was a member of the Church of England, in the tenets of which he had been reared, and in communion with which he died; but his churchmanship sat somewhat loosely on him, and there peeps out now and then a rather vulgar contempt for ecclesiastics and their calling. Yet, strange to say, he was accused in his old age of a leaning to popery—a formidable charge in those days—and sent to the Tower by the House of Commons as a religious recusant! To his kindred he was considerate and affectionate after his own way, and in his own time he was a recognised patron of literature, and a liberal promoter of useful undertakings. We shall not err much, then, if we represent him as a not altogether unamiable specimen of a public man of the age of Charles II., who affected no more morality than it was convenient to carry about with him, and who was guilty of no very gross violations of public or private decency in either his official or his personal capacity.

So much for the man. And now for the book—that book which everybody reads who can get hold of it; and successful travesties on the style of which may be found in the humorous literature of the day.

The Diary is undoubtedly an old variety of annotation, and in all probability it preceded the composition of formal histories. Traces of its existence among the ancient Persians and Phenicians may be detected, as we think, even in Herodotus. The *Memorabilia* of Xenophon belong partly, and the *Commentaries* of Caesar wholly, to this class of writings, of which we have an illustrious example in the *Journal* of Nearchus, Alexander the Great's admiral, the fragments of which have been preserved by Arrian; and it is by no means impossible that much of what we call tradition in reference to very remote times may once have had a more stable shape than it now presents. Active-minded men would naturally seek to record their impressions of contemporaneous events for their own gratification; and the use made by Diodorus Siculus of the memoranda of the Greek physician, Ctesius, shows that this practice can boast of a great antiquity. We confess, however, to a prejudice against that modification of it in modern times which deals solely with the individual and his feelings; for, if we mistake not, it will generally be found that it is not those who, from their position or their experience have something worth telling that are most prone to this habit, but those whom a latent craving after posthumous notoriety urges to the transference to paper of well-dressed sentences and holiday reflections. No such motives as these, however, could have influenced Pepys, though it may be difficult to tell at this distance of time what could have induced him to record in an unreadable character the daily occurrences of what must be regarded as an uneventful life. It was the practice of his age, and was, perhaps, resorted to by those who felt that it was dangerous in an unsettled state of society to express too freely what they thought of public men, and on public affairs.

Pepys had a great deal of quiet cunning about him, and looked steadily to the effect which his several actions would have on his personal well-being: he was, therefore, not likely to transgress the established limits of speech in his oral discourse; but as he was garrulous and restless, the double cover

of the diary and a cipher would effectually conceal from the ill-natured world his political and social heresies, if he had any. A man of first-rate ability, with his opportunities, might have bequeathed a treasure to posterity. But Pepys was unequal to an effort of this kind; and though his Diary does afford us some curious and even interesting pictures most inartificially drawn, of a very peculiar style of manners, with an occasional portrait worth looking at, still it is a meagre performance, historically speaking, and so thoroughly egotistical, that it is with the utmost difficulty the writer escapes from himself under any circumstances.

Thus: it commences with the Restoration—an event of no common magnitude; but in so far as the worthy Samuel is concerned, it resolves itself into his emotions on the voyage to Holland; the honours which were unexpectedly bestowed upon him on board the admiral's ship; his surprise at what he saw and heard in Dutchland, and his safe return to Britain after so perilous a voyage.

The plague visited London while he was writing (1665), and he behaved nobly during the existence of that terrible visitation, remaining at his post, while others—including, we grieve to say, the immortal Sydenham—fled in dismay; but the history of that mysterious malady, and a description of the fearful scenes which it generated, were reserved for a novelist of the next generation, whose wonderful pen had the power of investing with an air of reality whatever it touched.

The great fire of London followed the plague, and the two together seemed to fill up the measure of wretchedness of the doomed city; but all that we learn about it from Pepys is, that he gazed from the leads of his dwelling-house at the mighty conflagration, as it rolled on from street to street, day after day,—that its approach alarmed him, and terrified his wife,—and that, lest it should imperil his goods and chattels, he removed his furniture to Deptford, and his gold to Brampton, where he buried it in his father's garden.

The first Dutch war, with all its humbling accompaniments, we have at greater length, obviously because

the details belonged to his office at the Admiralty, and he was personally affected by the result. Here the Diary is really useful in exposing the executive incapacity, the corruption, and the disunion, which were the prominent characteristics of that profligate reign; but if we take these four great incidents, all occurring within a few years, and following each other in regular succession, we shall at once perceive, that in the hands of a man of genius, they might have been made the groundwork of a national epic. Let us be just, however, to the memory of one who, at the distance of two centuries, reappears amongst us, not only unexpectedly, but in his strictly private capacity; and let us not forget that, after all, a diary is not a history, and that we should be grateful for what we do get, though it may not be all that we could desire, nor all that we need.

Pepys was, in some senses, an embodiment of his age and class, and a vivacious, if not a profound commentator on such passing events as he chose to notice. There is enough of scandal in the Diary to make it piquant, and enough of occasional sobriety to impress upon it a graver character; but it is the man himself, drawn by his own hand, and represented in *puris naturalibus*, who is the chief attraction. It is his vanities, his simplicities, and his moral pruderies,—to term them by a gentle name,—which constitute the charm of the book, and account for its popularity. He conceals nothing, but details his peccadilloes with an exquisite contempt of consequences; nor do we know to what personal secrets he might not have introduced us, had not Lord Braybrooke's pruning-knife lopped off the 'indelicacies' (see Preface) which were too gross for even 'the licentious days to which they relate.' The celebrated Augustin, Bishop of Hippo, set the first example of this kind of anatomy, in which a man undertakes to dissect himself, and Rousseau pushed it to a hideous length in his celebrated *Confessions*,—the one to demonstrate the triumph of Christianity over paganism, the other to glorify himself and make the world stare: but honest Pepys wrote seemingly to

please himself, and not to astonish or instruct anybody. His candour is certainly most exemplary, and ought to disarm criticism and destroy suspicion, since such a portraiture as he has left behind him could not have been the composition of a hypocrite. His wife, 'poor wretch,' would not appear to have been as companionable as she should have been, according to his rather enlarged notions of sociality, nor was she the sort of woman to trust with small, which are sometimes dangerous secrets; for Sannell was a discreet man in such matters, and acted on the principle that it was wise to reserve some portion of one's own confidence for one's own use. Whether, therefore, he flirted obstreperously with Knipp in her husband's presence—or gallantly entertained Mrs. Pearce, the surgeon's wife, in her husband's absence—or squeezed the hand of a 'pretty maid' whom he did not know, but whose beauty inflamed him, and whom he accosted on his way to church—or saluted freely and frequently 'Rebecca

Allen,' the storekeeper's daughter at Chatham,* he judiciously concluded that such passages in his history were best confided to the stillness of a cipher and a sealed book, if they were to be recorded at all: the only wonder is, that any man of mature age should have thought it worth his while to give a permanent, as well as 'a local habitation' to such undisguised juvenilities.

This celebrated Diary, then, is read for the most part for amusement. The style is quaint, the incidents generally trifling, and sometimes comical, and the tone not troublesomely elevated in any way. Few men will feel themselves rebuked by its loftiness, or abashed by its austerity, which is a comfort in its way. It is therefore an admirable companion over a good fire, or in a comfortable arm-chair, when one would choose to forget the vexations of actual life; and if it should occasionally provoke a smile, it probably does more than a recondite treatise could accomplish. If we want philosophy, we must go elsewhere; but for a chat

* Some of his junketings with this lady were amusing enough. She appears first, in 1661, on the occasion of an official visit paid by him to Chatham, in conjunction with Sir William Batten, commissioner of the navy, who entertained, amongst others, 'Mr. Allen and two daughters of his, both very tall, and the youngest very handsome, so much as I could not forbear to love her exceedingly.' (Vol. i. p. 207.) On the following day he met the fair damsel at an evening party; he accompanies her home to her father's house, she seeming 'to be desirous of his favours.' He stayed there till 'two o'clock in the morning, and was most exceedingly merry, and had the opportunity of kissing Mrs. Rebecca very often.' (Idem. p. 210.) Pretty well this for a married man on a second day's acquaintance! In the second volume she is 'Becky Allen,' and in the fifth (1669) we meet with her as Mrs. Jowles, 'who is a very fine, proper lady, as most I know, and well dressed. . . . She and I to talk, and there had our old stories up, and there I had the liberty to salute her often, and she mighty free in kindness to me; and had there been time, I might have carried her to Cobham, as she, upon my pressing it, was very willing to go.' (v. 156.)

Mrs. Knipp was an actress at the king's house, and the contemporary of the fair and frail Nelly Gwynn, and was one of Pepys's most intimate female acquaintances, though it is not easy to decide on the character of the intimacy, which, to say the least, was strong. He describes her husband as 'an ill, melancholy, jealous-looking fellow,' (iii. 134,) and elsewhere as a 'brute' and a 'horse-jockey.' She was a lively actress, and, according to our author, a sweet songstress, her style being the ballad. Few names occur more frequently in the *Diary*, and she was obviously the cause of much disquietude to Mrs. Pepys, but whether justly or unjustly, it is impossible now to determine. 'After the play, we went into the house and spoke with Knipp, who went abroad with us to the Neat Houses in the way to Chelsey; and there, in a box in a tree, we sat and sang, and talked and eat; my wife out of humour, as she always is, when this woman is by.' (iv. 147.) The work abounds in similar passages, of which take one other. 'At noon comes Knipp with design to dine with Lord Brouncker, but she being undressed, and there being much company, dined with me; and after dinner I out with her, and carried her to the playhouse, and in the way did give her five guineas as a fairing, I having given her nothing a great while, and her coming hither sometimes having been matter of cost to her.' (v. 10.)

with an eccentric gentleman of the age of the second Charles, we must take to Pepys, and after that, 'to bed, mighty content.' We are not surprised, therefore, at the popular reputation which this book has obtained; but let us try whether we can extract from it a fragment or two of knowledge, historical or otherwise.

In glancing over these volumes, we meet some curious traits of manners, and some instructive illustrations of the constitution of society in the seventeenth century. Pepys, for example, was officially a gentleman, and personally, an educated man. His wife, also, was a woman of good extraction, and, we are to suppose, of cultivated habits, and they both had access to the best society: yet we detect in their *ménage* evidences of a homely style of living strangely at variance with their avowed ambition, and their occasional ebullitions of grandeur. According to modern notions, there is an extraordinary familiarity with the domestics, male and female, particularly when the latter chance to be 'mighty pretty;' but we read with some astonishment of the maid-servant sleeping in a trundle-bed in the same apartment where her master and mistress lay,* and, what is more primitive still, of the maid sleeping with the mistress, and Samuel himself occupying the 'trundle-bed' beside them!† This is not common, certainly, as a domestic arrangement in our time, and was no doubt a deviation from established usage even then; but the fact that it was resorted to by persons in the condition of life of Mr. Pepys and his wife, shows that it was a tolerated practice. Its convenience is as questionable as its decency; but we are unwilling to deny that it had its origin in amiable and kindly feelings, though the learned secretary was wont to cuff the ears of his wenches when they displeased him,

and his lady to administer the strop pretty freely when she waxed wroth. There is nothing perfect any more than new under the sun.

The frequent *tavernising*, if we may coin a word, is another peculiarity. Pepys was a giant in this way, and sang and roystered with his wife and his female friends in the public houses of the day to a prodigious extent. They seldom return home from a walk, or a drive, or a sail on the river, without some jolly incident of this kind, diversified by dancing, fiddling, and piping; and the details given in the Diary unconsciously impress the mind with the idea of a coarseness bordering on downright vulgarity. We cannot quote proofs without giving half the book, the fact being, that no inconsiderable portion of the five volumes of which the Diary consists, is made up of these almost daily, and certainly weekly episodes, in which roast mutton, venison pasties, and fat capons, washed down with store of 'good drink,' figure conspicuously. For a pilgrim, a philosopher, and a sinner, Samuel was one of the most jovial dogs who ever lived; and he has all the look of it, if the frontispiece may be trusted, his bluff cheeks and ample double chin denoting anything but an anchorite; but we suspect that the poor wife was an unwilling contributor to these revelries, and that not a little of the discomfort of her lot, which peeps forth in bickerings innumerable, was the consequence of her husband's fondness for these bacchanal pastimes, joined to that old and inveterate source of female misery, *spretæ injuria forma*, for the lady was assuredly jealous, and not without reason—whereat 'I greatly troubled, but did presently satisfy her!'

Tea was a novelty in those days, and as the matter is not without historical interest, we subjoin in a note the few passages in which it is men-

* This occurred twice;—first on the road to Brampton, at the Reindeer Inn, Bishop Stortford, kept by a notorious person, of whose early history at Cambridge Pepys had some knowledge; and secondly, at his father's house in Brampton, when he went to bury his gold in the garden. 'We to supper, and so to bed; my wife and I in one bed, and the girl in another, in the same room, and lay very well.' (v. 217.) 'My wife and I in the high bed in our chamber, and Willet (the maid) in the trundle-bed, which she desired to lie in by us.' (Id. 220.)

† 'I lay in the trundle-bed, the girl being gone to bed to my wife.' (v. 221.) This was at Brampton.

tioned by Pepys.* This leaf is supposed to have been first introduced into Europe by the Dutch, probably about the beginning of the seventeenth century; but it was so little known in England in the middle of that century, that, in 1664, the East India Company presented two pounds two ounces of it to the king as a rare, and therefore valuable offering. Tobacco was probably in general use by this time, having been introduced into England in 1583; but it was not one of Pepys's luxuries, though he speaks of its cultivation at Wincombe, in Gloucestershire, in the year 1667, (iv. 199) and talks of it in 1665 as a sort of antidote against the plague.†

The general impression left upon the mind by the picture of life presented in these volumes is, that in the rank to which the writer belonged, there was much substantial, though it may be rude, comfort,—lots of 'cake and ale,' but no great refinement; and that, upon the whole, there was a marked discrepancy between the pretensions of the people of his condition and their personal habits, the former being grand, and the latter not unfrequently mean. We have little doubt, however, that the tone of society was freer than it is now, and that though the feudal distinction of ranks might be more rigidly observed, the inequalities of social position were less conspicuous among the middle classes and less oppressively felt. Pepys himself was a lover of dress and finery, and carried this passion to a ludicrous height—a peculiarity which his biographer thinks he may have inherited from his father the tailor: but we discover through this weakness that male attire of the better sort was a costly article in those days, and that

a lady in her holiday suit was a very expensive affair, and nearly as imposing as a three-decker under sail. Much of the time of both sexes was spent out of doors, and, as we had occasion already to remark, was not occupied either profitably or elegantly; and the perusal of the Diary would perhaps justify the conclusion that the domestic life of the age of the second Charles was neither so complete nor so blameless as that of our own day, though, with fashionable clubs and minor enormities of the same kind before us in all directions, we have, after all, little to say on the subject.

A practice prevailed in the age of Pepys, which only expired within our memory, of under-paying public officers, who were allowed to make up a deficient income by the imposition of fines or fees, and, as it would seem, by the acceptance of bribes, or, as they were euphemistically termed, 'gifts.' Of these, our secretary obtained a fair share, and from the openness with which he deals with the subject, there can be little doubt that he looked upon the usage as being perfectly compatible with the honest discharge of his duties. Still he had manifestly no wish that the extent of these gratuities should be generally known, nor the persons from whom he received them: and it is amusing to witness the mixture of dread of discovery, and of pleasure at the increase of his boards, which his secret notices of them indicate. He liked the money, and took it without scruple; but he had a salutary horror of publicity in this matter, and though probably no worse than his neighbours, he wisely consigned the history of these pecuniary transactions to the safe keeping of his Diary. Great abuses also prevailed

* 25th Sept. 1660.—'I did send for a cup of tea, a China drink of which I never had drank before.' (i. 137.)

13th Dec. 1665.—'To Mrs. Pierce's, where he and his wife made me drink some tea.' (iii. 136.)

28th June, 1667.—'Home, and there find my wife making of tea, a drink which Mr. Pelling, the Potticary, tells her is good for her cold and defluxions.' (iv. 100.)

† 'This day, (7th June, 1665,) much against my will, I did in Drury-lane see two or three houses marked with a red cross upon the doors, and 'Lord have mercy on us!' writ there, which was a sad sight to me, being the first of the kind that, to my remembrance, I ever saw. It put me in an ill conception of myself and my smell, so that I was forced to buy some roll tobacco to snell and to chaw, which took away the apprehension.' (iii. 23.)

among the contractors for the navy, who would seem to have been a thoroughly dishonest set; and it is but justice to Pepys to add, that he did his best to control their disgraceful rapacity. We find likewise that much irregularity existed in the allocation and distribution of prize-money, and we read with a blush that this was looked to as a source of national as well as individual revenue. If we understand him rightly, the moneys thence derived were all that the commissioners had to count upon for equipping a fleet in 1667-8, but he is somewhat cloudy here: not so, however, as to the troubles he and his principal, Lord Sandwich, got into about the Dutch prize-money for the year 1665, which, by an order from the commander, was summarily appropriated by the captors, and applied exclusively to their own benefit. This is expressly stated to have been according to the established usage of the service, but for some reason or other it was otherwise esteemed by the parliament, who made a noise about it, whereupon Pepys was 'mighty troubled;' yet he ate, drank, and was merry, and ultimately wriggled himself out of the difficulty.*

The custom of appointing a distinguished land officer to the command of a fleet, which prevailed during the Commonwealth,† was continued in the reign of Charles II.; and in the year 1666, the Duke of Albemarle (Monk), who had no previous experience of maritime affairs, was appointed admiral of the fleet, and under him Prince Rupert served, who, though a soldier by profession, was not wholly unskilled in nautical matters. Admiral Montagu, now Earl of Sandwich, who had served with credit as a sea-captain under Oliver, and had been the companion of Blake, seems to have been a brave and an able seaman; but he was at

this time the victim of a faction, and having been superseded in his command, and sent into honourable banishment as ambassador to Spain, the charge of the fleet devolved on Monk and Prince Rupert, who fought that doubtful battle with the Dutch, in June, 1666, which has been so much commented on ever since. There is an excellent account of it in Pepys's third volume (p. 200), from which it appears that the popular dissatisfaction with the result ran high, and that both the commanders were much blamed for doing so much less than the nation expected.

The truth, however, is, that the fault, if any there was, lay in the system, which was thoroughly bad, and not in the men; everything connected with the public service being conducted in a careless and ruinous manner. This extended even to the payment of the sailors, which was neglected, and the Admiralty was beset by clamorous applicants for those wages they had won and fought for; but poor Pepys had none to give, and a perfect disorganization of naval discipline followed. The seamen not only deserted their ships, but joined the enemy, because, according to Pepys's informant, they were 'better used by the Dutch than by the king,' (iv. 124), and are said to have assisted at the capture of the *Royal Charles* at Chatham in the previous year, when the boom was broken, and the Dutch admiral passed Upnor Castle, and attacked the ships lying off the dock-yard. We meet also with frequent notices of the disobedience of captains, and with comparisons between the old and rough and the new and gentlemanlike set, the latter being the especial abhorrence of the Duchess of Albemarle;‡ but all leading to the conclusion that the affairs of the nation were never more cruelly neglected than in the reign of Charles II. To do him justice,

* See vol. iii., and the references in the Index.

† Blake was fifty years of age when he was transferred by Oliver from the command of a regiment of dragoons to the command of a squadron of ships, and was ever afterwards known as Admiral Blake.

‡ 'The duchesse cried mightily out against the having of gentlemen captains with feathers and ribbands, and wished the king would send her husband to sea with the old plain sea captains that he served with formerly, that would make their ships swim in blood, though they could not make leagues (*i. e.*, treaties) as captains now-a-days can.' (iii. 145.)

the Duke of York is seen to much greater advantage than the king in these several transactions. He had a natural aptness for business, and he loved and would have cherished the naval service; but the royal necessities absorbed the moneys voted by parliament, and the royal selfishness was too strong to be vanquished by any consideration for the public good.

Of public men, with historical names of greater or less value, we have a complete galaxy, and numerous anecdotes, to which historians, great and small, and male and female, have been not a little indebted. Foremost in the group stand the royal brothers, two men whom the bounty of a confiding nation raised from the depths of misery, and who repaid the mighty favour by disappointing every hope that was formed of them. We have read much about them, first and last, from Burnet down to Hallam and Macaulay; yet no writer has left so disagreeable an impression upon our minds of the character of Charles as Pepys, who knew him personally, and had no motive for recording anything to his disadvantage if he could have helped it, and who, when he did so, was apparently not aware that he was guilty of any kind of posthumous lese-majesty. We find nothing in the Diary of that easy gaiety of which we have heard so much, and which tended to relieve the harsher features of the king's temper in the estimation of his contemporaries, and even to obtain for his memory a certain degree of popularity from posterity, but the un-

deniable evidences of a systematic and heartless moral corruption, which tainted everything that it touched. His conversation he stigmatizes as weak; and in six years after the Restoration it was the deliberate conviction of Sir William Coventry and other men of unimpeachable loyalty and integrity, and apparently coincided in by Pepys, that he would speedily bring the nation to ruin. His court was distinguished for nothing but rank profligacy; nor did he attempt, like his more circumspect brother of France, Louis XIV., to throw a veil of decency over the irregularities of his private life; and it admits of no doubt that he and his brother did more to break down the tone of the English female mind in the higher walks of life, than any two men who ever tried it. Pepys's devotion to beauty amounted to a mild delirium, and extended even to the admiration of Lady Castlemaine—'a woman,' to use the language of Hume, 'prodigal, rapacious, dissolute, violent, revengeful,' (vii. 392:) and in the Diary there are numerous fragmentary anecdotes of that imperious dame, which, while they astonish us by their extreme simplicity, attest the degraded standard of taste which Charles had succeeded in establishing.* Hume, with that indifference to the moral aspects of a question which is one of the chief blemishes of his work, calls him 'a civil, obliging husband;' while Pepys, in more homely phraseology, describes him as an undutiful and unkind one. 'He loves not the queen at all, but is rather sullen to her;' and she, by

* There is no end to Pepys's garrulity on this favourite theme. Let the following samples of his fascination suffice:—'My Lady Castlemaine is removed as to her bed from her own home to a chamber at Whitehall, next to the king's own, which I am sorry to hear, though I love her much.' (ii. 140.) 'To the duke's house, and saw 'Macbeth.' The king and court there, and we just under them and my Lady Castlemaine, and close to a woman that comes into the pit, a kind of loose gossip that pretends to be like her, and is so, something. And my wife, by my troth, as pretty as any of them: I never thought so much before: and so did Talbot, and W. Hewer, as I heard, they said one to another. The king and Duke of York minded me, and smiled upon me, at the handsome woman near me: but it vexed me to see Moll Davis, in the box over the king's and my Lady Castlemaine's, look down upon the king, and he up to her: and so did my Lady Castlemaine once, to see who she was: but when she saw Moll Davis, she looked like fire, which troubled me.' (v. 70.) This shameless woman was the ancestress of the Fitzroys, Dukes of Grafton, and died, neglected and despised, at Chiswick, in 1709, by which time she must have reached the age of 66. One of her granddaughters, Lady Elizabeth Lee, daughter of the Earl of Litchfield, married Dr. Young, the author of the *Night Thoughts*.

all reports, incapable of children,' (ii. 286.) 'I did hear that the queen is much grieved of late at the king's neglecting her—he not having once supped with her this quarter of a year, and almost every night with my Lady Castlemaine,' (id. 140.) This was within a year after her marriage, and was part of the system of tyranny pursued by Charles to break down the determination of Catherine not to receive Lady Castlemaine as one of the ladies of her bed-chamber; and in this unchivalrous attempt to degrade his wife the first gentleman of England succeeded, and from that moment she became a cipher in her own court. Charles afterwards treated her with that easy politeness that was natural to him where his feelings were not interested; but he bestowed his affections upon others, and declined an offer of a visit from her in his last illness, preferring to die in the arms of his mistress, Louise de Querouaille, the Duchess of Portsmouth. He would have been the monster that some have chosen to describe him had he entered into the vile intrigue for a divorce at one time seriously meditated by the profligate set who surrounded him;* and still more so had he become a party to the conspiracy against her life and honour which grew out of Titus Oates's foul plot: but the charges of that despicable miscreant led to her permanent separation from her husband, and her removal from Whitehall. No one knew better than he did that the accusations of Oates against his neglected queen were worthless calumnies; and it is creditable to his memory that, cold, selfish, and sensual man as he was, he resisted the epidemic madness, and stoutly declared that he would not 'stand by and see an innocent woman abused.' This ill-used lady, who had, according to Mr. Hume, so civil and obliging a husband, resided at Somerset House,

as queen dowager, after the king's death; and in 1692 returned to Lisbon, where she died, in the year 1705, at the age of sixty-three.

Pepys was a follower of the Duke of York, to whom he was personally, as well as officially attached. We have, consequently, numerous notices of him, and generally in a commendatory strain; for there can be no doubt that the duke possessed good business habits, and was attentive to his duties as Lord High Admiral. He would appear, also, to have been accessible to the parties with whom he had to deal, and to have taken a deep interest in the naval prosperity of England; and as he was not then the very important political personage that he afterwards became, his conduct had a less direct bearing at that time on the well-being of the nation than the behaviour of his brother. He had not yet acquired that fatal celebrity which must now ever adhere to his name, neither had he sacrificed three crowns for a mass;† and it must be admitted, that, upon the whole, and considering the manners of the age, he appears in creditable colours in the Diary. At any rate, we are not called upon to enter on a minute analysis of the Duke of York's character in the earlier years of Charles's reign; but as the memory of that unhappy prince has been pursued with remarkable bitterness, we may stop for a moment to inquire shortly into the insinuation of cowardice, sometimes rising to the form of a direct charge, which has been urged against him in his naval capacity. James has enough to answer for without the addition of a doubtful infirmity; and, unless the accusation can be substantiated on better evidence than is afforded by tradition and lampoons, it were wiser to discard it altogether.

The Duke of York commanded the English fleet in the furious action with the Dutch in June, 1665, with

* Buckingham offered to rid the king of her altogether, by carrying her off to the Plantations, in order to make way for La Belle Stewart, afterwards Duchess of Richmond, of whom he was enamoured, and whose scruples he could only overcome by making her his wife; but the king rejected the odious proposal with horror.

† The contemptuous remark of Louvois, Archbishop of Rheims, at St. Germain, when James retired to France in 1688: *Voilà un bon homme, qui a quitté trois royaumes pour une messe.*

Prince Rupert and the Earl of Sandwich under him. The defeat of the Dutch was complete; but, as happened afterwards to the Duke of Albemarle, and with much less cause, the public was discontented with the result.*

It is affirmed (says Hume), and with an appearance of reason, that this victory might have been rendered more complete had not orders been issued to slacken sail by Brouncker, one of the duke's bed-chamber, who pretended authority from his master.† The duke disclaimed the orders; but Brouncker never was sufficiently punished for his temerity. It is allowed, however, that the duke behaved with great bravery during the action.—(Vol. vii. p. 403.)

The historian subjoins in a note the substance of what King James afterwards stated in his Memoirs about this affair, which amounts to this, that the House of Commons having taken up the matter, he could do no more than dismiss Brouncker from his service, otherwise he would have tried him by martial law for disobedience of orders. Let us now turn to Pepys, and see what he says about it.

This day (3 June, 1665) they engaged, the Dutch neglecting greatly the wind they had of us, by which they lost the benefit of their fire-ships. The Earl of Falmouth, Muskerry, and Mr. Richard Boyle, killed on board the duke's ship, the 'Royall Charles,' with one shot, their blood and brains flying in the duke's face, and the head of Mr. Boyle striking down the duke, as some say. Earle of Marlborough, Portland, Rear-Admirall Sanson, to Prince Rupert, killed, and Captain Kirby and Ableson. Sir John Lawson, wounded on the knee, hath had some bones taken out, and is likely to be well again.‡ Upon receiving the hurt, he sent to the duke for another to command the 'Royall Oake.' The duke sent Jordan out of the 'St. George,' who did brave things in her. Captain Jeremiah Smith, of the 'Mary,' was second to the duke, and stepped between him and Captain Seaton of the 'Urania,' 76 guns, and 400 men, who had sworn to board the duke; killed

him 200 men, took the ship, himself losing 99 men, and never an officer saved but himself and lieutenant. His master, indeed, is saved, but his leg cut off. Admirall Opdam blown up, Trump killed, and said by Holmes; all the rest of their admiralls, as they say, but Everson, whom they dare not trust for his affection to the Prince of Orange, killed. We have taken and sunk, as is believed, about twenty-four of their best ships; killed and taken near 8 or 10,000 men, and lost, we think, not above 700. A greater victory never known in the world. They are fled; some 43 got into the Texell, and others elsewhere, and we in pursuit of the rest.—(Vol. iii. p. 24.)

Such is the narrative of this great battle, written by an officer of the Admiralty five days after it was fought, and before any public clamour could be got up about it; and as he was writing in cipher, there was no reason why he should not have recorded rumours to the duke's disadvantage had any such reached him; for Pepys was not troubled with too much squeamishness in these matters. On the 23rd, however, three weeks after the action, he relates a conversation with his old patron, the Earl of Sandwich, who, whatever his military virtues may have been, was undoubtedly a querulous and a vain man; and in it we find something like an allusion to backwardness on the duke's part, which was probably the origin of the defamatory reports that have come down to us; for what Lord Sandwich told to Pepys he probably communicated to others. He was not noticed in the public despatch so conspicuously as he thought he deserved, and complained bitterly of the slight that had been put upon him.

Lord Sandwich did take me aside in the robe-chamber, telling me how much the duke and Mr. Coventry did, both in the fleet and here, make of him, and that in some opposition to the prince:
* * * yet that all the discourse of the town, and the printed relation, should

* This is a good old English habit, of which Byng was the victim in the middle of last century, and Sir Robert Calder early in the present. The battle of Trafalgar is the only naval action of modern times that satisfied the requirements of the nation.

† Harry Brouncker, we presume, brother to Lord Brouncker, who was afterwards made comptroller of the navy. Of the character and occupations of this Mr. Brouncker something may be learnt in vol. iv. p. 89, of the *Diary*.

‡ He died of his wounds.

not give him one word of honour, my lord thinks very strange: he assuring me, 'that, though by accident the prince was in the van in the beginning of the fight for the first pass, yet all the rest of the day my lord was in the van, and continued so. That notwithstanding all this noise of the prince, he had hardly a shot in his side, nor a man killed, whereas he above thirty in the hull, and not one mast whole, nor yard; but the most battered ship of the fleet, and lost most men, saving Captain Smith, of the 'Mary.' That the most the duke did was almost out of gun-shot; but that, indeed, the duke did come up to my lord's rescue after he had a great while fought with four of them. How poorly Sir John Lawson performed, notwithstanding all that was said of him, and how his ship turned out of the way, while Sir John Lawson himself was upon the deck, to the endangering of the whole fleet. It therefore troubles my lord that Mr. Coventry should not mention a word of him in his relation.'—(Vol. iii. p. 32.)

Here the mischief is out, and the Duke of York suffers in such good company as to bravery, that little more need be said about it, the courage of Prince Rupert, at least, thus indirectly assailed, being beyond all suspicion, and that of Sir John Lawson, who lost his life on this occasion, equally so. We should probably have had none of these

disparaging reports, had Lord Sandwich not been overlooked in the despatch, and where the character of a conspicuous officer in command is at stake, we are not disposed to rest much on the testimony of a disappointed subordinate. The duke was not a hero, that may be granted; but it has been well remarked, that 'it is not likely that in a pursuit, where even persons of inferior station, and of the most cowardly disposition, acquire courage, a commander should feel his spirits to flag, and should turn from the back of an enemy whose face he had not been afraid to encounter.'*

We had intended to have said something about Clarendon, Penn. Middleton, and others, who enjoyed a greater or less share of notoriety in their day; but our remarks have already extended beyond the limits of convenience, and we must refer those who are curious in literary gossip to the work itself, which contains, though in a fragmentary form, the germs of much reflection on the past history of this monarchy. Upon the whole, its revelations need not excite envy, even in a political point of view; and a *laudator temporis acti* may, perchance, if it so like him, find a cure for many respectable prejudices in a perusal of PERYS'S DIARY.

ANTIQUITY AND NOVELTY.

THERE are several kinds or degrees of old age, widely different, yet easily and habitually confounded. We speak of an old tree, and of an old man; of an old coin, and of an old kingdom; of an old custom, and of an old institution. The tree is a wreck, the man almost a prophet; the coin has dwindled from its mint weight, the kingdom has thriven wondrously; the custom is obsolete, the institution vigorous. But we speak of them all as old. We are little prone to discriminate in our application of that household word, or to analyse the reverential associations with which it is surrounded. By a certain amiable self-denial, we are indeed apt to lavish our respect most affectionately upon the objects

which are most distant. The time which glides away within or near our ken, seems to confer less dignity than that which expired far beyond. We undervalue the antiquity which we behold living, thriving, among us, in the unseen presence of what appears a more ancient and venerable age. But still familiarly we call both one and the other *old*. We seldom or never pause to consider which is the oldest.

Yet, if there is any merit or praise in the sentiment now alluded to, it were surely well not to lessen its worth in this spendthrift manner. And no word need be said here in behalf of feelings which all times and countries have united to extol. Nor is it necessary to dwell

upon the various claims which exact our homage, and bring prince and peasant, painter and poet, historian and philosopher, to worship together as in a common sanctuary. The picturesqueness and the mystery, the thirst for knowledge and excitement of research, the piety and devotion, which lead our steps to the ruined temples of our own forefathers and the barbaric relics of eastern tyranny—or shorten our days in deciphering the time-worn medal and crumbling inscription—or enchain us in the vaults stored with mouldering parchments, and the squalid abodes where tradition yet may linger—or lastly, guide our pilgrimage through those awful scenes which were hallowed by the day-spring of our faith—are inducements and impulses which will command our sympathy, even when degraded by puerile sentimentalism, or disenchanted by antiquarian pedantry, or profaned by polemical disputation. Yet we may for a moment consider how far age enters really as an element of our reverence.

Few wanderers can have lingered through one of those half-sylvan districts of which agriculture has not yet despoiled our land, where less formal trees are still allowed to mingle with the close trimmed hedge-row elms, without having their footsteps occasionally arrested by one remarkable for its size, or more than commonly picturesque: a relic of the days when a forest overspread the country, and cultivation prevailed merely under shelter of the town or the castle. A noble object the tree may be, old beyond all reckoning, stretching its gaunt arms to the sky, apparelled but scantily with foliage, riven and blanched by lightning, hollow within its vast trunk, dying from its extremities as it has long been dead at heart. A certain awe steals over us as we contemplate the venerable ruin, and we may ponder vaguely of the ages occupied in its growth, and the great events which have passed in the land during that long lapse of years. But summer and winter, sunshine and storm, these are the only changes that have concerned the tree.

Pass to the other side. There, screened by the hoary trunk, stands the shaft of a broken cross, mossy

and weather-worn, on a low, dilapidated pedestal, an object in itself too humble to gain your notice, but situated as it is, and being what it is, awakening and stirring all the depths of your heart: telling you, that here in those old days, coeval perhaps with the prime of that great tree, came men, your ancestors, the founders of your race, for no trivial purpose, no holiday pastime—though even that were interesting,—but to worship, in the main as you still worship, or possibly—to kill. All the sorrows and hopes of humanity may have been poured forth before that crumbling cross; or the tree may have ambushed a murderer, and been nurtured with man's blood. And when was the symbol broken, and why has it been suffered to decay?

Or again: roam over those wide moorlands in our western counties, where granite and its kindred rocks everywhere defy the plough, and rising in places from the shallow soil, frown sternly over the desolation from the carns and tors. Much you will find there to interest and to be admired; in the long sweeps of heather and furze, changing; ever in tint with the changing sky; in the deep ravines worn by the moorland rivulets in their way to the low country; in the fantastic piles of rock which not seldom simulate the towers built by men; in the stunted and strangely twisted oaks, beneath whose shade the cottagers will tell you, stalk the ghosts of the wise men of old. Despite the winds and storms, which for ages have swept over the waste, you may think that it has never known change, so slow and imperceptible is the influence of the elements. The antiquity of the desolation will strike you with a certain awe, not unaccompanied by a vague pleasure, but affecting the senses rather than the soul.

But as you walk, you shall see on the horizon a group of stones, arranged with an order not discoverable in the most deceptive of the mountain tors. You approach, and find yourself in presence of a monument more ancient than the cross beside the tree. It is a cromlech, the work probably of the aboriginal inhabitants of the land. And what a flood of associations it lets loose upon your thought. Like the ground shaded by that

giant tree, this wild moor has also been alive with the footsteps of men. Their worship was not your worship, their speech is forgotten, their history a blank. The learned dispute respecting the purpose of the monument beside you. Dark as the clouds that roll over the waste, is the life of that primeval people. But they were men. This lonely wilderness also has been the scene of human passion. And you will pursue your way from the ghostly cromlech, with your interest in the surrounding landscape far enhanced by the reflection that desolate and forlorn as it is to-day, it was of yore busy with the cares and resonant with the voices of men.

Yet another illustration, of a different, perhaps opposite kind. Among our lighter affections none is more familiar than the fondness we feel for anything, of which the worth is mainly due to the time it has been in our possession. The relic should scarcely be of such value as to require pains for its safe-keeping, nor should it be liable to decay either by neglect or by use. That it has accompanied the chances and changes of life through so many years, may seem attributable to hazard rather than to care. To another it may be worth little or nothing. It offers no temptations to dishonesty, it has no attractions for avarice. It will be none the less dear, because any utility it may once have possessed, has been long superseded. It will be prized all the more, because to a stranger it appears as mere refuse, not worthy even of a corner of our desk. Oddity or defect will probably enhance our regard. And to any demand, why we so much cherish the trinket, we shall quietly reply, by referring to the time we have possessed it.

So then it is not absolutely antiquity that calls forth our deepest emotion. The granite tors of the moor are far older than the monument erected from their disrupted fragments. Over the waste as they frown now, so they frowned for long ages, before a fierce multitude howled at their feet around the wicker idol, and the stone altar was reddened with men's blood. So would they frown still, if science taught to fertilize the stubborn soil, and corn-

fields waved yellow where the upland is now purpled with the heather-bells. But they have no part in the annals of your race. No human hands piled up their colossal towers. No life speaks to you from their grim front. They are dead. Dead, not even as the things that once had life—for no change attends their inanimate forms; centuries roll away, and they are still the same.

Beside them the cromlech is a thing of yesterday. But it tells a far different tale. Voiceless themselves, the grey stones find expression from their method. Nature, as we term it, raised them not; chance, in our phrase, flung them not together. They are a tomb, and they speak to us of life. Life, like our own, has throbbled in the mould on which they stand. They, and a few like them, are the sole relics of one branch of the family of man. They mark an era in his history. They carry us back to his youth, and so tell us of his growth. We are not unchangeable like the tors of the moor; and the cromlech that reminds us of our progress, seems to partake of our life.

But return to the great tree. That has grown from a sapling; has put forth its strength, still lives. If life be the chief spring of our sympathy, shall not the aged tree win it? It is not changeless like the mountain tors. With each season it wears a different aspect—with every year it assumes an altered form. Ah, yes; and now it is dying. Long since, its substance has perished—year by year, it beats less nurtured to its branches; already, indeed, they are withered. The tree will die, and the plough pass over its place. What sympathy have we with life like this? But the cross beneath its shade! Like the cromlech, that symbol marks an epoch in man's history; a more recent epoch—for the cross is more modern than the cairn—an epoch more momentous, for the rude stones are but a tomb, and the sculptured shaft is the token of eternal life. Spirit looks forth from every crumbling line, and asserts in the strongest sense the ceaseless progress of our race and of ourselves—a progress not to terminate like the trees, not limited to the earth, but in which we advance for ever.

The difference between material and spiritual antiquity is felt the moment the ideas are presented. So long a preface may be deemed superfluous. Yet we shall venture to pursue the subject a little further. The old age of the moorland tors is indistinguishable from the youth. In fact, they have no age. Nothing can grow old that feels not the lapse of time. The old age of the tree is decay. Its worth is past. It has had its prime, and wasted it. It will vanish and be forgotten. And similarly even with the material works of man. The cromlech which so kindled our curiosity, is cumbered with herbage, sunk in the rising soil, broken to enrich vulgar cabinets. The cross is crumbling away, and may be crushed by the falling tree. The statue of the gallery, which now the whole wealth of ancient Athens could not buy, is yet less perfect than when it passed from the chisel of Phidias. The medal of the museum, not exchangeable to-day for a treasury, is less weighty than when it left the emperor's mint. The statue has been maimed and disfigured; the coin is wasted and worn. There is no breath in the marble lips, no life in the image of Cæsar.

But man is neither stationary and unchanging like the rocks of the moor, nor liable to decay like the tree, nor subject to the intrinsic depreciation and factitious importance of the works of his own hands. We speak, indeed, familiarly of the prime of life; meaning thereby the season when the body is most vigorous, the passions most ardent, the intellect most active. And because increasing years enfeeble our frame, and cool our temperament, and bedim our perception, we speak also of the decline of life. But it is a narrow significance that we give to *life*, in these and the like proverbial expressions. They refer only to the portion of our existence which is visible here; the journey from the cradle to the grave; the life of the body. This is not the life that wins us reverence by its length, when we manifestly approach its close. The affection that smooths the pillow of sickness, or supports the footsteps of infirmity, is called forth on behalf of the youngest.

Life has a far wider meaning than this. We are not, indeed, among those who muse fondly of a pre-existence, and endeavour to trace its memories in the dreams of the infant visionary. That fanciful theory is hard to reconcile with the consciousness of identity, which is absolutely essential to any hopeful scheme of immortality. It seems to subject spirit to the very same kind of change which is visible in matter, dividing it into particles, and passing it through modes, giving it no perception of the transformations; making it fear in a future state the same oblivion which now envelopes the past. The 'shades of the prison-house' are, in fact, the beginnings of knowledge. The babe upon its mother's breast has no acquaintance with space or time. It lives in the midst of an empty and unreal infinity. For it, there is no external world. But every day and hour bring it nearer to reality; hunger and thirst, light and darkness, are its earliest teachers; they and their kindred awake the energy of its God-given intelligence, and by slow degrees make it acquainted with its inherent strength and weakness.

Life, say we, needs no theory of this kind to exalt its importance. Let its origin be whence it may, a new and special creation, or an emanation of a more general existence, faith and reason combine to tell us, that from its beginning it is vested in the individual owner, that it loads him with a vast responsibility, and that for him on earth it must be a time of continuous progression, in which there can be no rest, and whose every moment modifies an eternity. Nor let it be lightly thought that this progress is arrested by any bodily infirmities, such as those which commonly attend increasing years. In this life, the mind is dependent upon the body, no less for the communication than for the acquisition of knowledge. The loss of mental power which seems so often to affect the old, is probably an incapacity to teach rather than to know. It is the implements that fail, not the workman who is disabled. And so subtle is the connexion of body and soul, so completely hidden are the limits of their mutual influence, that

no apparent mental imbecility, not even madness itself, can be accepted as proving certainly a real failure of the intellect. On the other hand, our elders have had more time than we for the acquisition of wisdom, and we must presume them to be wiser; they are nearer than we to the portals of the sanctuary; the time by which we may survive them will to them be as none; some gleam of the light eternal may even now irradiate their spirit; we are unacquainted with the secrets of the tomb.

But it is not immortality only which here gives importance to spiritual life. We have said that the life of every man is vested in himself, but it is not so vested merely for his own use. He lives not upon earth for himself alone. The tree flourishes its day, decays, and dies: other trees spring from its seed, but there is no link between them and their parent, not even the guardianship of offspring or the inheritance of instinct, manifested in the brute creation. In the very midst of the forest every tree stands alone. But there is no loneliness for man; the cave of the wilderness, the summit of the pillar, the circling waters of the desert island, cannot isolate him from his kind. The tides of the ocean bear his message over the globe; his mere foot-print on the sand may agitate his fellow-world. Dying in his delusive solitude, his very ashes shall become a lesson to all the lands.

And if no apparent isolation can interrupt this communion of man with man, but across seas and deserts its influence is felt and acknowledged, how shall we exaggerate its power in social life? It is not long since we seemed to disparage the more material works of human art; but the glorious beauty of the ancient statue exalts the fancy and refines the judgment of far-distant generations. What shall we say, then, of works which are not material?—the poetry, history, and philosophy, which were once transmitted simply from mouth to mouth, to which writing gave more assured duration, and which the printer's craft has now made permanent as the world itself? But these are the works of genius, and genius is rare.

What shall we say of the countless deeds of love, heroism, and devotion, handed down from all ages, and told in all tongues, which require no inspiration that may not dwell in the humblest and rudest breast, yet command an admiration more universal than is accorded to the loftiest efforts of human intelligence?

So, while the life upon earth of every man is for each only a span long, the brief space dilates in its influence upon his kind, and becoming linked with many a contemporary career, and inherited by many a subsequent generation, grows at length immeasurable in the history of the world; and as the same life, well spent, brings its owner continually nearer the fulfilling of his best desires, so the sum of all lives, by an eclecticism necessitated no less by policy than by piety, will tend to the advancement of our race, and not only will individuals grow in wisdom as they grow in years, but a like progression will be manifested by the whole family of man.

This eclecticism, we say, is necessarily inherent in social existence, for while we will not degrade morality to a mere matter of selfishness, it is everywhere admitted that in the highest sense of the words, interest and virtue go always hand in hand. It may further be asserted, that this identity is less often obscure in the economy of the commonwealth, than in the conduct of individuals. If, on the one hand, the responsibility of society is borne more lightly, on the other, its temptations are fewer. Its errors spring from ignorance more often than from corruption. The ignorance at least is continually decreasing. And so the constant force which urges to good must of necessity prevail in time over all casual perturbations.

How, then, shall we explain those periods of the world's history, when this growth appears to have been checked, and the teaching of the past to have been lost, the 'dark ages' of our familiar speech?—how reconcile with this continuous progress the fall of Nineveh and of Thebes, of Athens and of Rome, of Byzantium and Jerusalem? Is not the history of society, like the history

of individuals, a succession of risings and settings, a mere recurrence of waves, where advance and retrogression perpetually alternate?

We have already pointed out the narrowness of this view of individual life, and we have pursued the analogy in a directly opposite sense. And civilization,—what is civilization? Is there not, for instance, more in the respect paid to women in social life, than in the highest possible development of æsthetic taste? Has not history, while busy with the deeds of kings and warriors, been often apt to overlook the humble course of domestic life? Are we quite sure that the so-called dark ages were indeed in every respect times of retrogression? Is there no balance to be struck? Are not those times more easily, than their predecessors, contrasted with the present, and may not this very facility tend unfairly to their disparagement? And wisdom? The philosophy of Plato was new when Plato lived; it is now spread from the east to the west; the good there is in that philosophy has been multiplied a thousand-fold, and by so much the world is better now than it was in Plato's time. It has been well observed, that the state of society is most promising, when there is the least difference between great men and the multitude.

Are we, then, dreaming of *perfectibility*? Far from it. Very far remote from that chimera is the slow and toilsome progress, which we now contemplate as passing upon earth. Every step already achieved seems to make another more difficult. Experience teaches us what to discontinue, but experiment is required to guide us in construction. Perplexity comes with the increase of knowledge. The first steps from ignorance are more striking than the last in learning; the advance that once might be measured from life to life, becomes perceptible afterwards only in comparing distant generations. The curve of the geometerian seems at first to approach its bounding line by a course both rapid and direct; but the longer it grows, the more gradual is the approximation, and the meeting is lost in infinity.

And this consideration will check

any vanity that might otherwise be engendered by the acceptance of our preceding propositions. The present cannot exult over the past, while mindful of its responsibility to the future. The comparison which will be exacted of us, is between our own coming and going. The greater our inheritance, the more we shall be expected to bequeath. No plea of difficulty will avail us, nor will it be sufficient for our vindication that we have not diminished the store; we must have turned it to profit, and accumulated an increase.

Excess of self-esteem, however, is not the error of our time. A disposition rather prevails, to underrate our own possessions, and to extol the riches of our forefathers. We would fain believe that the talent in our hands is counterfeit, and so excuse ourselves from trading with it. The same fondness which we bestow freely upon the worthless trinket in our desk, we toil hard to lavish upon the cast-off baubles of our ancestors. In the mouth of those ancestors, fond and foolish were synonymous words.

But we have written to little purpose, if it is not felt to be a strange perverseness that thus despises the teachings of experience, and seeks to reduce to-day to the standard of yesterday. Novelty, forsooth! Is a man newer, because for him the light and careless livery of youth has given place to the sables and weeds of age? Are our title-deeds newer, because the tape which binds them together has been many times renewed? Are the institutions which now rule our social system, newer, because they have grown with the growth of society, and in their advance have broken and cast aside the trammelling customs of an earlier age? Is not the very reverse the truth? Did not the custom die, when it dropped into disuse? Has it not since then lain as it were in the grave? Raised now from the dead, is it not actually younger, newer than the institution from which it fell, and which has been living, thriving, while the custom was torpid in the dust? Superstition, indeed, as Fuller says, is fondest of the youngestsaint. Hence, perhaps, this rage for modern antiques.

Restoration is, in fact, most commonly innovation. The obsolescence of a custom must be presumed to prove its worthlessness. It has been tried and found wanting. The written law yields gradually to the needs of progressive society, and becomes tacitly superseded in the letter, without being impaired in the spirit. 'No man,' remarks Jeremy Taylor, 'is bound to be a martyr for a ceremony, or to die rather than break a canon, or to suffer confiscation of goods for the pertinacious keeping of a constitution.'* There is no disloyalty in neglecting an obsolete ordinance, but pertinacity

in observing it often savours of rebellion.

It is then a faint-hearted scepticism that asks the antithetical question—Progress!—from what, and to what? The fear of the world's future is like the fear of death. Whatever of worth our fathers had, that have we also. Everything that we have of price, our sons will have after us. *Opinionum commenta delet dies, naturæ judicia confirmat.* In sweeping away the notions of men, time makes manifest the decrees of heaven. The cross of stone crumbles—the cross of faith endures to the end.

NAPLES BAY AND FISH-MARKET.

Parthenope.

Cui Regina suo fecit de nomine nomen
An virides memorem scopulos, piscosaque saxa
Et tot muscosis excisa in rupibus antra?
Anne sinus tantos? te Polli, teque beato
Cum portu Miseno tuo, et te molle Dicarchum?
Et Prochyten pomis vernantem, et pinguibus uvis?
Piscosas illinc Capreas, Fanumque, Minervæ,
Et Vici colles, et pampineum Surrentum?

GIANNETASIVS. *Halieutic, lib. i.*

IT is our present purpose to record some brief recollections of the fish and shell-fish which attracted particular notice from the inhabitants of Ancient Greece and Italy; and the Bay of Naples offers itself as an appropriate place for such ichthyological chit-chat. Not only do the prolific waters of its basin teem with representatives of every form that figured at the tables of the Balbi, but even its shores tell lively tales of the Fishiana of other days. On the Vesuvian side, many an elaborate mosaic and brilliant little fresco of fishes adorn the walls and flooring of the houses of Pompeii and Herculaneum, looking, after near two thousand years' potting in a lava pie-crust, as fresh and ruddy as their readily-recognised descendants in the Neapolitan Pescerias; while the Pausilippo edge of the harbour is yet more suggestive of halieutical associations. In the short two hours' cruise from Naples to Baia, the course of your zebec lies

continually athwart tessellated pavements, marble moles, and colossal sub-structures in brick, whence stately villas, dedicated to good cheer, once rose high above the waves, but are now in possession of those very mullet for whose edification and enjoyment they were originally planned and constructed; while oyster-crusts Amphoræ and other broken potteries, receding under the keel, speak ever and anon a *memento mori* from out of their sandy sepulchre, and tell of an earlier date, when, standing in goodly row in some great man's cellar, properly sealed and labelled, they were filled, not as now, with ooze and cockle-shells, but with Venafrian oil, such as Virro's lampreys were wont to swim in, and choice Falernian, to pledge the giver of the Tri-patina entertainment.

On landing at Baia, the fisherman-tourist finds himself absolutely surrounded by objects of interest. Here, it is the *Piscina mirabilis* that calls

* *Life of Christ*, Part I. Sect. 5, Disc. 3.

forth his admiration; there, that other brick edifice of equal extent, the *cento camarelle*, and though this has hitherto puzzled antiquaries, he finds no difficulty, on consulting the *genius loci*, in supposing it to have been a large marine boarding-house, adapted for the separate maintenance of different tribes of scaly lodgers. There, too, stands the temple of Jupiter Serapis, recording another tale of ancient shell-fish; those eroded columns are the work of Lithodomi, effected when Neptune took forcible possession of his brother's temple; and many a small-fry of anchovies and sardines frisking round the half-sunk altar, or scudding up the nave, show that they consider it still his property.* Besides all that these remains are apt to conjure up in the way of ancient association, there are many places without vestige which open an interesting field for conjecture. The precise whereabouts of Cicero's and Lucullus' villas,† of those vines where the afflicted Hortensius used to retire to mourn in privacy the death of his favourite lamprey, and the very spot where the dolphin would come, morning after morning, just half-an-hour before school-time, to carry his young favourite across the Bay to the Palæstrum at Puteoli, and back again at the regular hour,

when the scholars were dismissed, are all sites which he will endeavour to make out. Nor on ground preoccupied by the most celebrated vivaria of antiquity, where orators, poets, men of fashion, and conscript fathers, vied with each other in the various arts of breeding, taming, and adorning their scaly broods, will he fail to consider attentively every rood as he walks over it, or return to Naples till his mind is quite made up what dip represents the bed of the lakelet at Bauli, where bedizened Muræna, at the keeper's call, shook their jewelled heads at wondering crowds, and then retired to the depths again; where other proprietors, after the manner of Hirpinus, formed anastomosing ponds to keep separate their cockles, oysters, and winkles, to suit the fastidious notions of the *gourmets* of their day; nor, finally, on re-embarking after this piscatorial survey, will he forget that he follows, perhaps, the very track which Claudius' doughty high-admiral, Optatus, ploughed as he swept the coast from Ostia to Naples, protecting the Scari—parrot-fish—that lay along the shore, and scaring by impeachment and fine whomsoever he found poaching in the emperor's preserves. It is the doctrine of some Roman juriconsults that all fish, whether from pond or sea, was *res*

* This temple, after sinking with the subsidence of the coast, and remaining for many centuries up to the shoulders in water, was suddenly upheaved in 1543, and once more placed on—*terra firma*, we were going to say, but there is no *terra firma* at Naples (*vide* the newspapers just now); the ground has been yielding for a long time. Many of the present inhabitants are old enough to have witnessed a considerable fall of the coast, and at some periods the centripetal action has been at the rate of a foot or more annually.

† Of the site of Lucullus' villa, we know nothing positively; of that of Cicero, a good deal. Pliny, in whose time it was still extant, describes it as a delightful manor, situated over the sea, on the highway leading from the Lake Avernus to Puteoli; much renowned for the beauty of its grounds, and also for the stately galleries, porches, alleys, and walking places, which set off and beautify it. It was called Academia, because Cicero wrote his *Academics* within its walls. There were tepid springs discovered after Cicero's death, which were and still are in high repute for the treatment of sore eyes; over these his freedman, Lauria Tullus, put up a Latin inscription, of which the following is a quaint translation, written 250 years ago:—

Oh, prince of Roman eloquence, lo! here thy grove, in place
How green it is! When planted first, it was to grow apace;
And Vetus, now who holds thy house, fair Academic hight,
Spares for no cost, but it maintains, and keeps in better plight.
Of late, also, fresh fountains here breake forth out of the ground,
Most wholesome for to bath sore eyes, which earst were never found.
These helpful springs, the soile, no doubt, presenting to our view,
To Cicero, her auncient lord, hath done this honour due;
That since his books throughout the world are red by many a wight,
More waters still may cleare their eyes, and cure decaying sight.

fisci, and belonged to the reigning Cæsar.

All that is fine in fish, where'er it swim,
Is fiscal, and belongs of right to him.

And this tradition has come down to the Ferdinands, their successors.

That part of the Bay enclosed between the shore where stands the king's fishing-box, and the Castle del' Uova opposite, is rigidly preserved for his Neapolitan Majesty's table. To this spot, innumerable pensioners on the royal bounty are attracted by food abundantly provided, and having once entered the royal precincts, they are perfectly safe; while nets, spears, and harpoons are destroying thousands to the right hand and to the left, this is a complete sanctuary; no one dares hang a hook or try to inveigle a king's fish under penalty of three months acquaintance with the inside of prison bars.

Naples, like her king, is as fishily inclined as ever, and, oddly enough, still in obedience to the same great autocrat—Rome; the authority of her culinary code under the emperors has been succeeded by the yet more domineering assumption of power by her Church.

*Veuve d'un peuple roi, mais Reine
encore du monde,*

she has forgotten her widowhood, and asserts only queenly prerogatives. By a touch of her ecclesiastical wand, things change both names and nature; a curule stool becomes an apostle's chair! the heads of bronze divinities assume the lineaments, and bear the names of calendared saints! heathen columns are metamorphosed into pillars of orthodoxy, and pagan temples expand into Christian edifices! The same infallible Church has canonized a pagan practice, declaring that henceforth the faithful might eat finny food as an act of penance, and fast upon viands which were held by their idolatrous progenitors as the height of luxury and self-indulgence.* It is well for the

credit of a Church issuing such unlimited orders upon the sea, that they have been punctually met: had she been called upon after the decree was gone forth to multiply deficient supplies, her reputation for thau-maturgy, great as it is, might have suffered, and the required support for the faithful have turned out lamentably inadequate. But this fruitful Bay, in spite of these greatly increased demands of a greatly increased population, continues, after the constant draggings and dredgings of sixteen centuries, as exhaustless as ever, being no sooner emptied of live-stock than it becomes stocked again.

As this will be the reservoir supplying all the subjects of our intended memoir, we will, before proceeding to explore its treasures *à fonds*, take a hasty view of the external beauties. To enjoy these, it is necessary to row at least half-a-mile out to sea, and get beyond the reach of a thousand cloacal pipes which are continually pouring out the abominations of the city, and making the Bay one vast cesspool. The waters, always foul, look particularly so under a wet sky, when the scourings of the streets add their contingent of dirt, and make the turbid mass yet more black in complexion. At such a time, flights of angry sea-mews hover along the shore, screaming their momentary disappointment as the opaque waves, hiding their prey, roll on to envelope the Castle of St. Uovo in foam, or to scale the high walls of Chiatomoni, and pour a deluge of all things base over the lava flags of the causeway. In summer, though the waters are less sombre in hue, they are, in consequence of the heat, more oppressively offensive than in winter; and the rank smells exhaled are frequently so overpowering, that the pedestrian who has been waiting till evening to indulge in a sea-side stroll, and to catch, as he had hoped, the breeze off the sea, is fain to

* Severe as Rome is in her dealings with heretics, in little matters of taste, she shows great tenderness to her children, permitting the heterodox stomachs of her orthodox sons to object to the prescribed diet, or even, Erasmus-like, to go the length of declaring, without fear of excommunication, that their nostrils can discern no odour of sanctity, but, on the contrary, a very disagreeable odour, in all kinds of fish, whether they belong to the list which Galen considered wholesome, or that which the Jewish code pronounced clean.

change his route, in spite of the beauty of the scene and the brightness of the sail-specked horizon, and retrace his steps over the heated pavement of the town in preference. If to walk along the shore be disagreeable, to bathe from the shore is still more so. For the luxury of a clean dip, you must row out a mile from land, and then, how refreshing it is to plunge from the side of the baked boat, head over heels into the tepid waters of the Bay, none can know but those who have tried it. No fear of Pliny's Briarean Polypi, or the less apocryphal sharks, which, frequent as they are in some parts of the Mediterranean, do not intrude here. The water on a summer evening is warmer than the air by several degrees of Fahrenheit, but still refreshingly cool to the skin, there being a strange difference in the sensations produced by an atmosphere at seventy-five degrees, and immersion into water of the same temperature. Throughout the summer we found the average range about three feet below the surface, and within a mile from the shore, seventy-five degrees, giving those cold-blooded animals the fish a hotter medium to live in by several degrees during this part of the year than that of the warm-blooded animals on shore. No one but an Englishman or a dog is ever to be seen in the water before July,—the inhabitants, indeed, hold it earlier a sure recipe for ague, although the lazzaroni's brown backs bobbing up and down from the muddy basin all the year round for *frutti di mare*, and the children, as amphibious as their sires, congregating below the walls of the Villa Reale, and diving like otters after a small coin which the loungers in the garden throw in for them, sufficiently prove that this view is erroneous. The time passed under water by these lazzaroni is a curious calculation; in the water they remain probably more than half their natural lives; and of this again, half is spent *under* water with the fishes; three quarters of a minute was, we found, the average time for a dive; they then came up, threw a handful of ooze into the floating basket, turned over, and went down again for the better part of a minute, and

so on, for the day's work. Some of these men can remain two minutes out of sight, but the most daring among them when we were at Naples in 1844, was the celebrated Sicilian diver employed by Ferdinand, and who would plunge through twenty-five fathom, and bring him up tidings of long-lost treasures. Had Pope been at Naples, we must have suspected that his description of the contention in the *Dunciad* for the diver's prize was copied from what he saw here; the lines,—

No crabs more active in the dirty dance—
Downward to climb, and backward to
advance, &c.,

most graphically depict the evolutions of these men-fish. None but a lazzarone could dip in water so disgusting; and unfortunately for visitors, all beyond the brink is a contraband commodity. The King not only asserts his prerogative over the fish of the bay, but he monopolizes its clean waters also; autocrat of every drop of brine that flows between Naples and Syracuse, he is

Monarch of all he surveys,
His right there is none to dispute;
The waters submit to his sway,
And he claims e'en the sea, like Canute.

We once ordered a warm bath, unaware that any but the filthy bilge-water, poisoned by the sewers, was prohibited, and that our boatman had no alternative but to fill it from that source. The bath was a short one: no sooner was the plunge taken into the steaming, stinking *calidarium*, than, springing out, we went down to expostulate with him, and were soon in a mighty state of cholera, when, on asking whence the supplies were fetched, he pointed to the black fluid under his boat, and said, '*Eccola.*' A water-guard witnessing the scene, stepped up to interpose, and declared that Antonio had only done his duty; but since our 'Excellency was medical, and inclined for a bath, he should be permitted to carry six buckets from beyond the usual limits; but it is absolutely forbidden,' raising his voice to be heard by those around, 'for any one else to take water except from this line.'

'Why?' asked we innocently, afterwards.

'They would knead their flour from the brine, and so cheat government of the salt-tax,' was the reply.

The farming of the salt is a great source of revenue to the privy purse, and it is consequently most rigidly protected.

A black line of demarcation points out accurately the extent to which, in this tideless sea, the nuisance of the city sewerage proceeds; that, however, passed, all nuisances are at an end; and by the time the boat has advanced through a host of brown-backed divers, rising thick round its course, and snorting like a company of seals, the complexion of the water has cleared; the babel of city sounds, and the nearer *nauticum keleusma* of the shipping, have blended their jarringlements, reconciled by distance into a monotonous and not unpleasant hum, scarcely heard amidst the flapping of the breeze-tossed canvas, and the water tapping the tarry sides of the boat; while a-head the sea is traversed in all directions by zebecs and feluccas.

And every snow-white sail
Has spread its breast to the summer sea,
And swells to the freshening gale.

This is the point of view whence to enjoy the basin thoroughly; from such a position, the islands and mainland show off to equal advantage, and the eye, in pleasing *dilemma* wanders from one *horn* of the Bay to the other, without knowing which to prefer. Here we follow the rugged outline of the headlands about Sorrento, Castell-a-Mare, and Vico; next pass over to Capri with its white townlet, Anacapri, perched on the brink of that awful precipice, only to be reached by the sloping acclivity of the inland side after half a day's toilsome ascent; then the blue grotto and palace of Tiberius, and the lovely shores of Ischia present themselves; and next, that sweet Procida, which the Latin poet ingenuously prefers to the din and dirt of Suburra—*ego, vel Prochyta* *propono Suburra*—as we Londoners agree to prefer Windsor and Richmond Park to Wapping, Whitechapel, or the Fleet. Once more leaving these islands for the mainland of the opposite horn, we gaze away for many a league towards Mola, on the road to Rome; whence,

after hovering a little over the Cape of Mysenum, we traverse back by the Baia and Puzzioli coasts to Naples; and then, taking the whole sweep of the city, from Mergellina to Portici, complete the round of this panoramic fairyland, by following the smoky column of the Nocera train in the direction of Benevento and the Caudine forks as far as the gales of Pompeii. The loveliness of this scenery is enhanced when the season and hour are well chosen. As the sun is rapidly descending in the sky (sunset is the hour, and autumn the season), the aerial light gradually mellows, and changes hue, till his large disk, touching the waters, flashes over their surface, when rosy twilight commences, and continues to deepen till the apotheosis of the God of Day is completed; then night, as at a signal given, instantly rushes over the deep—*Ruit oceano nox*—night, but not darkness at Naples; for anon a moon begins to rise above the Sorrentine hills with an orb as large as the departed sun, looking more like some new luminary issuing out of the interior of the mountain, than the small, dim planet of our colder sky—

That pale-faced maiden,
With *white fire* laden,
Whom northerns call the moon.

Presently she clears the ridge, and sailing high in air, tracks a broad yellow road across the noiseless deep, dispersing a mild effulgence over cliff and island. Next, fit satellites to such a moon, the stars appear—not faint, nor tarnished by fog, as with us, but like a fresh issue of the heavenly mint, all *fiori di cogno*, scintillating everywhere overhead, and winking through the all-eyed concave in apparent proximity to the earth; while one, the evening Koh-i-nor, glowing like a lesser moon, suspended just over the Vomero, 'declares' from the firmament 'the glory of God,' making an unspoken but not voiceless appeal to all the sons of care—

Up to the starry sky,
Where yon bright planets burn,
Oh ye, who heave the sigh,
Turn ye, oh, pilgrims, turn.

The water-receiving all this flood of glory upon its surface presents one vast illuminated speculum from Baia

to Sorrento, wherein the whole Eido-ranon is accurately depicted; nor are these reflected legacies of the departed sun the only sources whence light emanates.

Besides the lights of heaven there are lights on land and lights at sea. First and foremost, standing out in shadowy vastness, like the Spirit of Evil, in Milton—Vesuvius emits deep red flashes from his lava hell; by day his operations are concealed in dense smoke, but now bursts of meteoric fires belched forth against the bright, pure sky, make the trembling stars turn pale in their courses. But there are other and more cheerful lights on shore, such as Gerard della Notti loved to paint,—the brilliant revolving Pharos; the gas-lit Chiaia; the streets lamp-starred up to the very ridge of the Vomero, where bonfires crackle and burn; and at intervals the dark foliage of the Villa Reale brightened with gerbes of rockets, ascending from its recesses, and breaking overhead in showers of turquoises, emeralds, and rubies. From the same dark ilex hedge fiery serpents meander out to sea, and, stopping suddenly short, plunge with a loud hiss under the water.

Nor are the fireworks confined to the land—many a gay shallop, bedizened along its sides with coloured transparencies in honour of the Virgin, or some patron saint, exhibits rival pyrotechnics; then, too, the fishing-sloops glide in and out of the creeks, following their noiseless occupation among the rocks, each bearing at the stern a flaming torch, which ever and anon, as it waxes faint, is restored by a smart blow to its wonted splendour, when a spectre-like figure in a threatening attitude, with uplifted spear, is revealed standing at the bow; and as the light again grows dim, on goes the fairy boat in shadowy indistinctness, till another coruscation bursts from the struck flambeau and renews the scene. Nor must we omit in the enumeration the beautiful fire-balloons sent up from various points along the coast, and winging their way between sea and sky, as if carrying dispatches to the stars. Finally, the waters, too, are luminous; innumerable hordes of molluscs, like glow-worms, glitter in the depths of the abyss, whilst huge moon-fish lie on the surface,

illuminating many a watery rood around.

AUTUMN STORMS.

Who but a Neapolitan would expect a sudden quenching of all this brilliancy?—a disturbance of this absolute repose of earth, air, and water?

When not a breath invades the deep
serene,

And not a cloud obscures the lovely
scene;

or imagine that a mighty storm might be at hand, to wind up the evening with a sudden *Borrasque*? Yet this is the usual course of things here at the autumnal equinox. While the observer is enjoying the placid moonbeams, and reluctantly thinking of returning home, a whole park of artillery is preparing for mischief behind the rocks of Capri. A squall, as sudden as a Neapolitan's anger, quickly ruffles the quiescent sea, and lashes it into foam; the earliest intimation of which is no sooner given, than all hasten to put themselves under cover from its violence. Clouds muster with inconceivable rapidity, and come trooping up from the south-east, till the whole forms a serried, black phalanx over Baia, and proceeds, *viâ* Puzzuoli and Ischia, to extinguish the stars and moon, and eclipse the glare of Vesuvius, to make the waters dark, and the night hideous. Hark! it is coming now in earnest, and we happily are at home. That was not the rumble of a carriage along the *Mergellina*, nor the report of distant fire-arms, but the muffled growl of the approaching tempest—the surcharge of that distended mass of discord which fills the whole sky. The great battle between heaven and earth is at hand, and there is a dreadful pause before the first broadside is launched over the ghastly flood. Sometimes a rapid prelude of lightning, with a roll of muffled thunder, precedes the great outbreak; then down it comes irresistibly, booming over the grotto of Pausilippo, shaking the houses along the shore, re-echoing from the heights of St. Elmo, and making the cannon of the Castle de' Uovo uneasy in their breachings. How abruptly the cats have ceased to caterwaul under our terrace! no wandering dog bays the eclipsed moon, or stays to bark at the unfrequent passenger;

every voice is hushed, or absorbed in the terrible voice of the storm; and once begun, there is no pause. Its thunderings, more and more loud, come at shorter intervals, and its red artillery, more and more dazzlingly bright, appears to penetrate through the opacity of all things. 'Tis in vain to close our eyes, and try to shut it out; the lightning flames in at the smallest chink of the shutters, revealing our coward countenances to one another's observation. Anon a few drops begin to patter against the window, and the assembled party breathe more freely, and hail the familiar sound; the rain increases, and is soon heard rushing down in torrents. Hopes are now entertained that the deluge of water will drown the lightning, or render it innoxious; but that thought has scarcely given comfort, when a flash more blinding than any yet seen, accompanied by an instant loud explosion, which makes every shutter shake, and the whole house tremble, dissipates the illusion. That detonating crack was no *brutum fulmen*, but has done its work somewhere in our immediate proximity. Oh! what a terrible night at sea? As the howl-

ing of the wind subsides, the waves lashed into fury may be heard thundering against the cliffs. Another hour, and the rain has ceased; we throw open the casement, and look out upon the wild night with something like the *suave mari magno* feeling; then close the window and retire to bed; and, lulled by the distant roar of the agitated waters, soon fall asleep, to rise in the morning and find everything much as it was at the same hour yesterday. Vesuvius is sending up his grey wreath, the bay is scarcely ruffled, fishermen in all directions are putting out their boats, and but for the ponds about the house, no one could have guessed that there had been any disturbance in the weather last night.* This calm—we are speaking of the latter end of September, when summer breaks up, and the periodical rains set in—continues unimpaired till about mid-day, when the wind chops round and brings up new detachments of opaque clouds. The change is rapid. At twelve it is quite warm; at two the air is chilly and damp; a mizzling rain commences; the horizon becomes more and more bounded; at length Capri is shut out from view; the sea is decidedly chafing, and

* Both the seas of Italy are subject to a very sudden agitation of their waters. The Adriatic fisherman has just as much need to invoke the Virgin

In mare irato
In subita procella

as the Neapolitan sailor. On one of the bastions of the Castle of Duino, on the shore of the Adriatic, an iron staff is erected during summer, and it is part of the duty of a sentinel, whenever a storm threatens, to raise a halberd on the summit of this staff. If, on the approach of the halberd, sparks are emitted, it is held sure that a storm is impending, and he tolls a bell, which sends forth the tidings of danger to the surrounding country.

The sentinel mounts the turret stair,
His halberd is raised in the sultry air,
And the sparks they danced
As the lightning glanced,
And he rings the deep-toned bell;
And the tocsin rolls
As the deep bell tolls,
Wide over the flood and fell.

Though the lark sing high
In that ocean sky,
On the verge of the darkling cloud,
There's the mischief dire
Of no earth-born fire,
Conceal'd in that purple shroud:
And the storm they know
Will not be slow,

When they hear that warning loud.

The swine-herd hastes from the woodland height,
And hurries his herd before him:
The fisherman pulls with main and might,
Ere the first loud peal burst o'er him:

all on shore already anticipate a renewal of last night's turbulence. The tailable canvas kites, which hover over the Marina every morning, have disappeared, the players at La Cava and Mori are no longer heard in the streets, cabs hurry helter-skelter to complete their course and earn the fare before the sluices of the sky are opened; boats once more lugged on land, and covered with tarpaulin, ring with the jocund sounds of castanets, tambourines, and Tarantella dancing; women are obliged to stridulate louder at each other as the wind rises and threatens to drown their voices in his own roar: bacarolles don their red cloth bonnets at the doors of their huts; a damaged steamer, or unrigged felucca, comes straining in under bare poles, the small craft is all fast anchored in the harbour, and the contracted horizon is soon without a sail. Before night, the water dashes over the fish-

ing-booths of the Santa Lucia, and sends up white foam through the bars of the sea-drains, while in the momentary remissions of the gathering storm, a crowd of little urchins of both sexes, naked to the knees, dash from out their hiding-places to glean up spars, cephalis, and shell-fish, left by each receding wave on the sea-shore. With what impetuosity must those waves be driven, to bound twenty feet above the object they strike! at what a depth, too, must they act, to rake up the buried bivalves and launch them upon the upper current which swirls them on shore! It costs the poor fisherman much labour and toil to dredge twelve feet for this *frutti di mare*,* now flung in such profusion on the beach.

NAPLES IN EARLY MORNING.

It is in autumn that such violent changes as those just described take

The peasant is fled
To the hill-side shed,
Ere the blinding flash he see;
Not a sound is heard,
Nor of beast nor bird,
Far over that wide country.

Hark! Duino's bell
Rings the warning knell!
In! in! with the wandering kine!
For the flinty shower
Shall its vengeance pour,
And the grape be torn from the vine:
Oh! there's many a knee,
In fair Italy,
Before the Madonna's shrine,
And heads all bare, in the convent prayer,
When that bell swings loud, and that spear is there!

* The common name for a great variety of shell-fish. This 'fruit of the sea' is gathered in September. At the beginning of the month, on a day pre-arranged by the collective crews, the bay, at an early hour in the morning, is arched across by a continuous line of fishing-boats, the whole under the conduct and management of a veteran Gripeus, who maintains order, and is referee in matters of dispute. The expedition is admirably organized; to anticipate the advance of the line towards shore would subject the invader to the '*accidentes*' and other voluble maledictions of the combined flotilla, to say nothing of legal proceedings, and incarceration at St. Elmo. There is but small temptation to transgress, for on the first day's dredging every man gets as much *fruit* from the bottom as he can well manage; and when the whole bay has been once fished, little remains to be gleaned, and the whereabouts of that little is a matter of uncertainty. So cleverly do they clear the bed of its produce, that by the end of October, when the first dredging terminates, the fisherman's gains have sunk from twenty *corlini* to one. After this, he will often thrust the brandished pole into the sand, and bring up nothing but mud and disappointment; a few *grains* a day is all his fixed allowance, and on this, and on what he can pick out of the sand, he has to find *maccaroni* for himself and family; till, by general consent, the shell-fishery is abandoned for that on the high seas, of which the produce now becomes much more remunerative. Of the different *sorts* of 'coquillage' which are included in this 'sea-fruit,' we intend to speak at length on a future occasion.

place; the summer months are rarely defaced by these *Borrasques*. How pleasant is it, then, to anticipate the heat of the day, throw back the oppressive mosquito curtain, and springing up, hasten to catch the first breath of morning, and the earliest indications of dawn at the open sash. Impressively beautiful, indeed, is that mysterious half-hour which, commencing in darkness and silence, ends in the awakened energies of a new day. As the light breaks over the Bay, it seems like a rehearsal in epitome of the Creation, when the Spirit of God first moved upon the face of the waters. As yet the firmament is unconscious of the sun, and the high peak of St. Angelo, where he is to appear, presents no rosier tinge than the rest of the sky; the pale moon—a very ghost of the bright red sphere of last night—reveals nothing; the stars, gradually receding, hide their tiny points in prescience of approaching day; the city lights are burned out; the fire-boats undistinguishable; the ever-burning entrails of Vesuvius emit but a lurid glow. Strikingly silent, too, at this hour is the noisiest street of the noisiest capital in Europe: not a sound to be heard; the repose of the whole city absolute; the fish-booths under the window, a few hours ago crowded, and the scene of perpetual jangle, merriment, and imprecation, exhibit only bare planks, with a few osier traps left over night for the next day's repair; the Mergellina, which was thronged with equipages when we went to bed at eleven, (with a Sirocco headache,) and one diapason of crashing discord, is silent now; and all the open lattices, where balls and *conversazioni* were then in full activity, have long since been closed.

The clock strikes five—convent bells begin to chime; it is time to start, while the streets are cool and empty, on our projected ramble to the fish-market. The fountain of the lion, which supplies all our *Pansilippo* side of the town, still pours the limpid stream, unencumbered by a single bucket, into the deserted *tazza*; no claimant has yet appeared to draw water, nor is the active and impartial *custode*, who gives each man his minute, and keeps the

women from fighting, yet at his important post; there is a faint gurgling rife among the rocks, and a monotonous, pleasing murmur from the tiny wavelets that run licking the pebbles without breaking on the shore, and then fall back again into the sea; a few boats tied together in a line, rise and sink with gentle motion, as the water swells and subsides noiselessly under their keels. Towards six o'clock, the change is rapid from this state of absolute repose to that of renewed life and activity. The first objects we meet on emerging from the Palazzo are a flock of goats driven in from the Vomero, impatient to unload their full udders; a minute afterwards, a detachment of agile *lazzaroni* from Baia, with pyramids of figs on their heads, stride panting by, in haste to get their freight cool to market; and panniered donkeys, heavily laden with fruit and vegetables, are urged on with equal speed for the same purpose. The earliest *bacarolles* now appear; we accept the offer of a boat; and after a delicious row in the calm, grey morning, arrive near the markets just as the sun is beginning to break cover, and early enough to find everything in perfection. Traversing two boats from Sorrento, one fragrant with a cargo of peaches and melons, the other, redolent of Peccore cheeses, which are not fragrant, we land almost within a stone's throw of our destination.

The fish-market is in the oldest part of old Naples, where the narrow streets more resemble alleys, or the Scotch wynds, than our so-called thoroughfares; varying in breadth from sufficient space to allow two *caratelli* to pass abreast, to that which is only 'carozzabile' for one. These *caratelli* are made to measure, (like the Yarmouth carts,) and so exactly, that the wheels nearly scrape the walls on opposite sides. It is dangerous to stand still when they are coming, as the mode of driving at Naples is like Jehu's, of the kind called furious; and but for the ready retreat of an open door-way, a passenger might quickly be crushed. The skill of meeting drivers is shown, not so much in avoiding a collision—which is often impossible—but in so dividing the shock between the two vehicles and

the houses on either side, that they fracture neither their own nor their neighbour's panels. In some places, the walls are rubbed away by these constant hard knocks, and afford a channel in which the wheels sit as they roll on. Looking up from the pavement at the strip of blue sky above, is like peering from the bottom of a well. The balconies appear to approach over-head: long lean stockings, and burly forms of inflated shirts, are frequently blown across from one window to another; hands might be shaken by opposite neighbours, and even *sotto voce* conversations carried on, if Neapolitan signorinas ever spoke *sotto voce*. A flapping cotton sheet, with a print of the Madonna dell' Mare, commences the Strada del Mercato, where curious trades are carried on. One shop displays a large assortment of squibs, delft, and distaffs; at the next door, two men and their wives are making reed pipes, by clipping the stalks to a proper length, muzzling one end with a pewter ring, and inserting into it the upper part, previously bent, to form the mouthpiece: there stands a grain merchant, keeping a sharp look-out on his twenty sacks of pulse, all with their mouths open, ready to tell if anything be filched from them: next comes a *frittura* booth, with caldrons smelling strong and savoury; whence, for a *grano*, a saucerful of tomata is served out, with a few snails, or an egg *in purgatory*,* in the centre: then comes a stall of soiled Punches, and gaily dressed Marcheses in wood, with pictures of St. Anthony delivering his sermon to the fish, and a number of other piscatorial prints—such as St. Peter paying the tribute money, the multitude fed in the wilderness, &c.: then *nobili Albergi*, two once noble Inns, now in pitiable plight—the 'Dolphin' and the 'Bay'—announcing on squalid sign-boards that they are kept—we beg pardon, *esercitati*—conducted—by *Dons* Ferdinando and Stephano. If anything be wanted in iron, from a bedstead to a bar, from

an eel-spear to a Jew's harp—see the place that can furnish a supply; the hammer always ringing, and the bellows always blowing away. Plenty of strong-smelling shops are here, full of the unsavoury stock of last week's unsold fish; casks of pickled anchovies and thunny at the door; shark's teeth, inflated diadons, and specimens of rough shagreen dangling from the ceiling. Here, too, are rival druggists, one with a musk-deer and a beaver depicted on his shutters; the other, showing a serpent and a cock frescoed on the wall. Both fill with inconstant customers, who, as they find the nostrum bought behind one counter fail, make a purchase next week at the other. Rival to both, a *simplicista* hangs out his dried vipers for broth; *onisci*, or wood-lice, a sovereign cure at Naples for diarrhœa; mallows, dulcamara, and angelica for catarrhal disorders; mole-skins for sore-eyes,—and is not without his patrons: and here, as everywhere, are kid (*capretto*) stalls, with a dozen little carcasses suspended from each.

And now we reach the market at just the right time: the vine leaves are being removed from the figs, the sedge from the prawns, while gaping shell-fish are still lively enough in the moist lava to squirt water through their siphons, or to slam to the door against prying eyes; butchers are hanging up prime joints on yet unheated hooks; and the flies, not warmed into activity, forbear awhile to commit depredations on fish, flesh, and fruit. The sellers are all at their posts, and the stream of buyers begins to pour in. Lemonade booths are serving out stores; *aguavitari*, tinkling a little bell, walk about with an inferior spirit to refresh the sailors as they come in from the night's fishing; hotel and convent cooks, in paper caps and white aprons, mix with the Phrygian bonnets of the lazzaroni and the cowls of mendicant friars, who, each with a picture of St. Anthony, St. Christopher, St. Peter, or some other piscatory saint for the

* Hard-boiled eggs, smothered in tomata sauce, are called, in allusion to the fiery red of the vegetable, 'eggs in purgatory.' Many of the lazzaroni make this their morning meal.

credulous to kiss and pay a grain for the privilege, soon levy a sufficient sum to buy provisions; and here and there a figure dressed all in white, blinking through two holes, rattles a box by your ear, to collect coin for the benefit of souls in purgatory!

Now vehicles come in of various kinds, from the high-perched gig and lean horse, to the low, rumbling car drawn by an Umbrian ox, with a goodly freight of passengers in and about it, who all dismount at the entrance of the market. Here many a dispute takes place concerning the fare; eight or ten soldiers will descend from some clumsy, heavy machine, dragged on by one half-dead horse, and after much haggling, ultimately determine not to pay anything. The poor *vetturino* may hurriedly appeal to the condition of the miserable horse to move compassion towards himself, but all to no purpose; till, exasperated by their laughter at his gesticulations and contortions, he is left tearing his hair, roaring, and imprecating the curse of St. Januarius' blood upon them in words blasphemous enough to make it curdle with horror. These military despots are the king's own pets, and do very much as they like; the only further notice taken of the victim is playfully to look at him through their fingers, in well-known allusion to prison bars, and these sons of Mars have disappeared through the market arch to purchase provisions for the messes of their respective regiments. Some carts are entirely filled with representatives of the Church, but these are jolly, portly fellows, who pay loyally, and hasten to secure the most delicate fare for the table of their different cœnobiums.

LA PESCHERIA.

Following the crowd, we proceed into the Fish-market, which is sufficiently characteristic and picturesque of itself to deserve a brief notice. No part of Naples is more densely thronged; it is the heart of the city—here the first movements of morning life begin, and here, too, the last stir in the evening remains palpitating, after there is a general quiet elsewhere. 'Tis a fine place for brush-

ing up old recollections of the past, many traces of ancient manners and customs being still perceptible, independently of the antiquities offered daily for sale. Here are exhibited all those grotesque attitudes so copiously illustrated on the Nola vases; here, also, in accordance with ancient usage, as represented on the neighbouring frescoes and bas-reliefs, donkeys are led into the market, held by the tail, reeling under heavy panniers, and subjected to the cudgelling and ill-treatment which has never gone out of fashion, from the days of Balaam and Homer down to the present time. Looking about a little, another lively appeal to the past offers itself in the colossal out-of-door caldron propped upon stones, and bubbling up with liccatombs of simmering snails, a red sea of dissolving tomatoes, or a whole sack of seething potatoes. In such a vessel, pictures—not contemporary—represent the martyrdom of St. John in boiling oil, when he came out stronger from his bath; and such, also, with men and satyrs grouped around, dragging out a pig to scrape, kneeling down to feed the flames, or filling it from skins of water, form the subject and accessories of many an ancient engraved gem. The very religion of the Cross is here debased and associated with ancient superstition. Early as it is, in yon idol shop, see a modern Demetrius and his craftsmen already busy, making to order saints by the score for convents, street shrines, or *præseples*, and placing the Virgin Mary or Diana's crescent to denote the Immaculate Conception!

In the centre of a dirty little *largo*, something like the confluence of the Seven Dials, where the sale of fish is principally carried on, is one of those short ugly monuments called *Aguglia*, which are so profusely stuck over Naples, architectural scarecrows, neither column, pyramid, nor obelisk, but seemingly devices taken from the chessboard or jeweller's shop—Brobdingnag pawns in marble, or colossal seal-handles in stucco, capped either with a gilt Madonna, or a flag, bearing Santa Maria on one side, and St. Januarius on the other.

Ever and anon, accompanied by a fresh crowd, and announced by beat of drum, new arrivals of fish, just landed, are paraded, as was the sturgeon in days of yore, in long procession to the spot. Next come the Capi del Speranzelli,* the chiefs of the market, with their huge scales, which being speedily adjusted, the fish is duly weighed and registered, and then sold in lots. Mess-men, *trattori*, *chefs*, convent cooks, crowd round the auctioneer, who forthwith begins, *à la Robins*. to put up for sale the *pescce nobile*, the *chefs-d'œuvres* of the market. *Ah! fici! fici! che belle cose, a quanto Signori miei*, &c., looking interrogatively at the principal buyers, hoping thereby to excite them to outbid one another: and the same fierce contention then commences which was exhibited nineteen centuries ago, when Lucullus purchased mullet and parrot-fish for his entertainments, while Apicius was writing aphorisms in his study on preparing and cooking them. There is always a loud and amusing competition between the hotel and convent cooks, each acting according to the instruction of his chief, but the former generally bearing away the prime specimens.

It is impossible to conceive anything like the din and discord of an Italian or Sicilian market at the market hour. 'None but itself can be its parallel,' and yet the whole is effected by some score only of human tongues let loose at will. Everybody there either is, or seems to be, in a passion, each trying to outshout, outroar, outbellow and outblaspheme his neighbour, till the combined uproar fills the whole area, and rises high above it. The men are all Stentors; the women perfect Mænads; the children a set of howling imps, whom nothing short of Thuggism could pacify. It is no unfrequent spectacle in this frantic neighbourhood to see some baby clenching its tiny hands and boneless gums in concentrated passion, tearing at the

rudiments of hair, and screaming with all its puny strength, or, in yet wilder extravagance, its arms in the air, hurling defiance at its own mother, who, standing at bay with the mien of a Tysiphone, strives to drown her baby's voice in her own frenzied treble, and looks as if she could drown him, too, for a very small consideration.

The noise arouses every living creature, even unto the flies, who are stimulated into consciousness, and begin to buzz full half-an-hour sooner than the warmth of the sun would have awakened them; hungry dogs, fearless of observation, press close on the heels of the bawling, pre-occupied crowd; sleek cats beyond the reach of dogs come creeping over the fish-stalls, and prescient rats, peeping from obscure holes, can scarce refrain from rushing out *en masse* upon the offal, shortly to be left at their sole disposal.

Every market, to be enjoyed, should be visited not long after sunrise, ere its stores have been diminished by purchasers, and while yet God's daily bounty to mankind is in all its prime and freshness. Compare Covent Garden Market, for instance, at five o'clock on a July morning, redolent with moss-roses and strawberries, and Covent Garden on the same day, at noon, when the fruit is fermenting, and the flowers fading in the sun. But this is more particularly true of Italian than of English markets, owing to the much greater heat, which sooner tells unfavourably on the supply of food; and it applies more especially to the *Pescheria*. Half-an-hour after the fish are first taken out of the water, is the time to see them in their glory,—then the brilliancy of the exhibition for that day closes; though even then the vast variety of shapes, the endless complexity of warlike contrivements, and their many contrivances for escaping danger, must strike even the most incurious, as he sees lying before him

* There are about a dozen of these men elected out of the confraternity of fishermen, who, for the consideration of one *grain* (the fourth part of a farthing) per pound, weigh, register, and dispose of the fish to their servants for sale; and so scrupulously exact are they in repaying the proceeds to the fishermen, that they obtain, as a reward for their honesty—which seems the best policy even among such rogues as these—a considerable competence, and sometimes a fortune. In all cases of dispute, application is made to the consul (every trade has its consul), who calls a court, and from his decision there is no appeal.

Flat fish with eyes distorted, square, ovoid, rhomboid, long,
The cased in mail, the slippery backed, the feebler, and the strong.
Soft finned,*^(c) and armed with weapons, to poison, stab, or maul^(b)
Their baby-brood who educate to grunt, and bleat, and call.^(c)
Who build on sea,^(d) who bed on shore,^(e) who ox-like chew the cud,^(f)
Who crest the waves with liquid light,^(g) or ink the sable flood,^(h)
Who numb the boatman's sinewy arm;⁽ⁱ⁾ on azure wings who mount,^(k)
And plunging pleuronectic hordes, a tribe too vast to count.
These dragged on hooks, these baled in tubs, and hence poured out like water,
Together gasp, profusely mixed in one promiscuous slaughter.

But the great beauty of fish, after all, is *colour*. lovely, but, alas! evanescent as the rainbow itself. The inhabitants of the sea cannot be preserved except as mummies; they are the opprobrium of taxidermy ;

stuffing and alcohol alike absorb their hues; and in museums their blanched scales form a ghastly contrast to the gay and gaudy integuments of the denizens of earth and air by which they are surrounded.

While blazing breast of humming-bird, and Io's stiffened wing
Are just as bright as when they flew their earliest voyage in spring;
While speckled snake and spotted pard their markings still display—
Though he who once embalm'd them both, himself be turned to clay—
The scaly tribe a different doom awaits,—scarcely reach'd the shore,
Those rainbow hues are fading fast, till all their beauty's o'er!—
The eye that late in ocean's flood was large and round and full,
Becomes on land a sunken orb, glaucomatous and dull.
The gills, like mushrooms, soon begin to turn from pink to black.
The blood congeals in stasis thick, the scales upturn and crack.
Fair forms, a Verronese himself in art's meridian power
With every varied tint at hand, e'en in his happiest hour,
Could scarcely have achieved, and bid the glowing canvass live—
Are now so colourless and dun, a Rembrandt's touch might give.

DR. WHICHCOT AND BISHOP BUTLER.

IT can hardly be doubted, that as far as any system or school of moral philosophy can be said to be prevalent in England at this present day, nearly all those who have paid any marked attention to ethical science are disciples of Bishop Joseph Butler. or, at least, advocates and teachers of principles like those maintained by the celebrated author of the *Analogy of Religion*. Indeed, at the University of Cambridge, the views of this Oxford divine have been for some years directly opposed, and as directly preferred, to the moral philosophy of the senior wrangler, Paley, which was pre-

viously the text-book for degree examinations. For nearly twenty years a certain acquaintance with Butler's *Sermons* and his *Dissertation on Virtue* has been required of all undergraduates at some of the principal colleges. And the well-known names of Sedgwick and Whewell are connected with some formal attempts to dethrone the archdeacon from his old seat in the schools of casuistry, and to set up the bishop in his stead. Paley's utilitarian theory of morals was first openly attacked by Professor Sedgwick in his *Discourse on the Studies of the University of Cambridge*,

* ^(a) Malao, and Acantho—pterygians. ^(b) Scorpaena, Trigon, Balastera, and many Raie. ^(c) Alii reddunt vocali e gutture voces kastorides, veluti, Atque Lira, atque Chromis, Caprique, et flumineus sus. ^(d) Aristotle describes the nidification of this remarkable fish. ^(e) The Anabas (from *αναβαινω*), because he climbs trees and roosts in the branches; and Exocetus, whose name tells its story. ^(f) Scarus—solus qui ruminat escas,—Or. ^(g) Luna. ^(h) Loligo. ⁽ⁱ⁾ Narke. ^(k) Blue-finned Gurnard.

originally published in 1833, and now immensely expanded in a fifth edition. The opposition between Paley's system and that of Butler, which is now substituted for it, is succinctly stated by Dr. Whewell in the preface to his edition of the *Three Sermons, &c.*, p. 5:—

Paley declares his intention to omit the usual declamation on the dignity and capacity of our nature; the superiority of the soul to the body, of the rational to the animal part of our constitution; upon the worthiness, refinement, and delicacy of some satisfactions, or the meanness, grossness, and sensuality of others. Butler, on the contrary, teaches that there is a difference in *kind* among our principles of action, which is quite distinct from their difference of strength; that reason was intended to control animal appetite, and that the law of man's nature is violated when the contrary takes place. Paley teaches us to judge of the merit of actions by the advantages to which they lead; Butler teaches that good desert and ill desert are something else than mere tendencies to the advantage and disadvantage of society. Paley makes virtue depend upon the consequences of our actions; Butler makes it depend upon the due operation of our moral constitution. Paley is the moralist of utility; Butler, of conscience.

It is not our intention in the following remarks to enlarge on this brief but accurate distinction between the doctrines of Paley and Butler, or to point out any of the reasons which rendered it so desirable that young men at Cambridge should be led to the study of moral philosophy under the guidance of safer principles than those which form the basis of the utilitarian system. But we wish to show that Butler was anticipated in all the essential features of his ethical doctrines by a very eminent, but now neglected author of the preceding century, Dr. Benjamin Whichcot—that, in fact, he did but appropriate and methodize the published opinions of a writer, with whom he was well acquainted, and who was, in fact, the representative and exponent of an important school of divinity and Christian philosophy, not unconnected with the party to which Butler himself belonged. We believe that, in calling attention to these facts, which have never, so far as we know, attracted the notice

of any writer on English literature, we shall throw some new light on the history of philosophy in this country, and shall, perhaps, awaken a train of thought which may help some of our readers in their struggle to escape from the religious and metaphysical perplexities of the present day.

The middle of the seventeenth century may be considered as constituting the most important epoch in the annals of mental philosophy, in consequence of the almost contemporary appearance of Descartes and Hobbes. For while we may be disposed, with Dugald Stewart, to date the origin of a true psychology from the publication of the principal works of the celebrated Frenchman, there can be little doubt that Hobbes was the parent of all the mischievous and false philosophy which has prevailed, in this country at least, from his time until the present. While he influenced the sensualism of Locke, and the consequent paradoxes of Berkeley, he is echoed by the scepticism of Hume, and furnishes the whole basis and most of the materials for Hartley's theory of association. Locke, who followed Hobbes in depriving man both of his powers of imagination and of his moral sense, paved the way for the reception of the utilitarian scheme; and Professor Sedgwick has justly remarked, that 'it is to the entire domination which the *Essay on the Human Understanding* had once established in the University of Cambridge that we may attribute all that is faulty in the moral philosophy of Paley.' And there is no doubt that Hobbes' theory of language was prepared by the sensualism of Locke for its full-blown revival in the immoral nominalism of Horne Tooke—that modern representative of the old sophist, Cratylus, whom a Cambridge philosopher has assailed with weapons derived from the newest and soundest schools of linguistic science and scholarship.

In his own time, Hobbes encountered the most vehement and uncompromising opposition from the theologians of the day. Differing in all other respects, the Roman catholic, the high churchman, and the presbyterian, all agreed in de-

nouncing the sceptical and almost atheistical tendencies of many of his opinions. But while men of extreme opinions inveighed against him in the language of almost personal hostility, it is worthy of remark that his system of moral philosophy found its chief opponent in Dr. Whichcot, the representative of comprehensive charity, moderation, and tolerance. The nature of the antagonism between the author of *The Leviathan* and the head of the latitudinarian school is well stated by Lord Shaftesbury, in the preface to the *Select Sermons of Dr. Whichcot*, which he published from the author's notes, in 1698; and as the book is scarce, and but little known, we will venture upon a few extracts. Having first stated that Hobbes had done 'but very ill service in the moral world, and that, however other parts of philosophy might be obliged to him, ethics would appear to have no great share in the obligation,' Lord Shaftesbury proceeds to give a sketch of the selfish system, as advocated by Hobbes, and to insist on its tendency to abolish all sense of virtue in man by diffusing 'the poison of immoral and, in reality, atheistical principles.' He then continues:—

It is certain that there is nothing more contended for by those that would not willingly admit a deity, nor is there anything of greater use to them in their way of reasoning, than to have it pass as current that there are in man no natural principles inclining him to society—nothing that moves him to what is moral, just, and honest—except a prospect of some different good, some advantage of a different sort from what attends the actions themselves. Nor is it strange that they who have brought themselves off from so much as believing the reality of any ingenuous action, performed by any of mankind, merely through good affection and a rectitude of temper, should be backward to apprehend any goodness of that sort in a higher nature than that of man. But it is strange to conceive how many who pretend a notion and belief of a supreme power, acting with the greatest goodness, and without any inducement but that of love and good-will, should think it unsuitable to a rational creature, derived from Him, to act after His

example, and to find pleasure and contentment in works of goodness and bounty without other prospect. But, what is yet more unaccountable is, that men who profess a religion where love is chiefly enjoined—where the heart is expressly called for, and the outward action without that is disregarded—where charity (or kindness) is made all in all—should combine to degrade the principle of good nature, and refer all to reward, which being made the only motive in men's actions, must exclude all worthy and generous disposition, all that love, charity, and affection which the Scripture enjoins; and without which no action is *lovely* in the sight of God or man, or in itself deserving of notice or kind reward. But perhaps one reason of this misfortune has been that some men, who have meant sincerely well to religion and virtue, have been afraid lest by advancing the principle of good nature, and laying too great a stress upon it, the apparent need of *sacred revelation* (a thing so highly important to mankind) should be in some measure taken away. So that they were forced, in a manner, to *round virtue*, and give way to the imputation of *being mercenary*, and of *acting in a slavish spirit in ways of religion*,* rather than admit a sort of rival (in this sense) to the faith of divine revelation seeing that Christianity (they thought) would by this means be made less necessary to mankind, if it should be allowed that men could find any happiness in virtue but what is in reversion. Thus, *one party* of men fearing the consequences which may be drawn from the acknowledgment of moral and social principles in the human mind to the proof of a Deity's existence, and *another party* fearing as much from thence to the prejudice of Revelation—each have, in their turns, *made war* (if I may say so) even on virtue itself—having exploded the principle of good nature, all enjoyment and satisfaction in acts of kindness and love, all notion of happiness in temperate courses and moderate desires, and, in short, all virtue or foundation of virtue, unless that, perhaps, be called *merit* or *virtue* which is left remaining when all generosity, free inclination, public-spiritedness, and everything else besides *private regard* is taken away.

If this may be said to be our case under this dispute, and that true religion itself (which is *love*) be thus endangered, and morality so ill-treated between two such different and distant parties,—if each of these, notwithstanding their vast disagreement, do yet, in this matter, so

* Expression of Dr. Whichcot.

fatally agree to decry human nature, and destroy the belief of any immediate good or happiness in virtue as a thing any way suitable to our make and constitution, there is then so much the more need of some great and known man to oppose this current. And here it is that our author has appeared so signally. *Whatsoever (says he) some have said, man's nature is not so untoward a thing (unless it be abused) but that there is a secret sympathy in human nature with virtue and honesty, which gives a man an interest even in bad men. God, in infinite wisdom, has so contrived, that if an intellectual being sink itself into sensuality, or any way defile or pollute itself, then miseries and torments should befall it even in this state. Virtue and vice (says he) are the foundations of peace and happiness, or sorrow and misery. There is inherent punishment belonging to all vice, and no power can divide or separate them, for though God should not, in a positive way, inflict punishment, or any instrument of God punish a sinner, yet he would punish himself; his misery and unhappiness would arise from himself.*

Thus speaks our excellent divine and truly Christian philosopher, whom, for his appearing thus in defence of natural goodness, we may call the preacher of good nature. This is what he insists on everywhere, and to make this evident is, in a manner, the scope of all his discourses.

This lucid statement by the noble and accomplished author of *The Characteristics* renders it unnecessary for us to fatigue our readers with any lengthened extracts from the writings of Dr. Whichcot. Those who are well acquainted with Butler's works, will see even from the above brief account of the opinions of his predecessor, that their views of virtue, of the power of the approving and disapproving faculty in man, of the connexion between goodness and happiness, and of the moral government of God, which connects vice with misery, are really identical; and without detracting from the merit of original reasoning which is equally conspicuous in the *Analogy of Religion*, and in the *Sermons* delivered in the Rolls Chapel, we must say, that if the former was suggested by the remark in Origen, which appears on the title-page, the latter must have owed at least as much to the influence of an English divine, who was the head of the school to which Butler belonged, and whose writings must have been known to the great moralist. We say, must

have been known; for Butler's literary career commenced with his criticism of Dr. Samuel Clarke's *Demonstration of the Being and Attributes of God*, and he always kept up the intimacy to which the correspondence on this subject gave rise. Now, the fourth and last volume of Whichcot's *Sermons* was published by Dr. Clarke in 1707, a few years before the commencement of his acquaintance with Butler, in 1711, and it is nearly certain that the young divine must have read discourses so recommended to his notice, and so in harmony with his own opinions. It is no doubt somewhat strange that, although Butler quotes opinions suggested more or less by Whichcot, from *The Characteristics* of his editor, Lord Shaftesbury, and though he combats the views of Hobbes by the same train of arguments which were used by his predecessor, he makes no distinct allusion or reference to the vindicator of human nature and virtue. Whatever may be the proper explanation of this, it is sufficient for us to know that Whichcot really anticipated Butler in all the essential features of his moral and religious philosophy, and to be able to effect the rehabilitation of this once eminent, but now nearly forgotten name. And after all, for us the great matter is, not to settle the question of conscious or unconscious literary obligations between two eminent divines, the latter of whom died some hundred years ago, but to consider the bearing of the views, which they concurred in advocating, on the approaching crisis in English Christianity.

The successive phases in the religious struggle of the seventeenth century have re-appeared in the nineteenth, though with less of implication in the political movements of the period, and consequently with less influence on the well-being of the state. But with every difference of degree, we must recognise the similarity in kind; and those who attach any importance to the new science of *sociology*, as it is barbarously termed, must take their lessons of analogy from the *past*, if they would remedy the evils of the *present*, and guard against the dangers of the *future*. In the seventeenth century, we find a fierce struggle between low church and high church, be-

between puritan austerity and sacerdotal formalism, followed by a bold and rampant aggression on the part of popery. At this time, the relations between the sovereign and the people had not yet been definitively settled; and contests between republican and monarchical principles mingled themselves with the speculative antagonism of religious dogmas. Hence it happened, that the temporary triumph of the presbyterian over the episcopalian, and the more lasting victory of the protestant over the papist, were signalized by two successive dethronements of the Stuart family. The nineteenth century has had no reason to fear any consequences resembling these. But the theological campaign has been very similar. Protestant feelings, in many cases influenced and guided by puritanism, have, in the first instance, asserted themselves in successful opposition to the pretensions of sacerdotal authority within the Church—public opinion has superseded the rubric, and the privy council has put its veto on the attempt to narrow the interpretation of our ecclesiastical formularies. And now the voice of the nation, heard in the votes of an overwhelming majority in the Lower House, has declared the futility of a papal aggression, more open, but less plausible than that which cost James II. his crown. Thus, in exhibiting successive defeats of priestly encroachment, the present age has much in common with that which witnessed the successive discomfiture of Archbishop Laud and Father Petre. But it rests with ourselves to determine whether we shall or shall not enjoy a period of ecclesiastical tranquillity similar to that which followed the Revolution of 1688; and our chance of attaining this desirable consummation must depend on our maintenance of the principles of which Dr. Benjamin Whicheot was the first advocate, and which were providentially embraced by the rulers of the Church at that epoch.

No one, who is able and willing to reflect, can fail to perceive that the only safe repose after a period of dissension, is that which is purchased by a liberal conservatism. An absolute refusal to concede any reform, is as destructive and revolutionary as the most violent and inconsiderate

radicalism. A timely dose of physic will in many cases immediately restore the normal state of health; but obstinate rejection of the simple remedy is as injurious to the patient's health and comfort, as a rash employment of the nostrums of the empiric. The Church of England, in particular, has been saved from time to time by a spirit of comprehension, which is, in fact, the charter of its continued existence as a national establishment; and the Articles, which are still its most dogmatic expression of opinion, are expressly constructed on this principle—which is one rather of liberty than of compromise. If we wish that our Church should include the majority of the population, we must rest our formularies on that broad basis which is implied in the description of the sacraments, borrowed from Augustine, by our twenty-fifth Article, as it stood originally: *Dominus noster sacramentis numero paucissimis, observatu facillimis, significatione prestantissimis, societatem novi populi colligavit.* We must presume that there must be many points on which a precise agreement cannot be extorted from any large number of men, and we must be content to be united in words and thoughts on those points which are really vital and essential. These were the views which animated our reformers in the sixteenth century; and the Church would neither have enjoyed a prolonged existence after the Restoration in 1662, nor would it have held its ground in unimpaired vigour after the Revolution in 1688, but for the exertions and influence of the liberal conservatives, on whom the bigots of the day bestowed the name of *Latitudinarians*. That we may not seem to be advancing a paradoxical opinion, and to give a new and exaggerated value to the services of these true sons of England, we will quote the words of Bishop Burnet, who viewed the facts of the case with the eyes of a contemporary. After describing the corruption and negligence of the clergy at the time of the Restoration, he goes on to say (*History of his Own Time*, vol. i., p. 271, fol., 12th ed.):

In all which sad representation, some few exceptions are to be made; but so few, that if a new set of men had not appeared of another stamp, the Church had quite lost her esteem over the nation.

These were generally of Cambridge, formed under some divines, the chief of whom were Drs. Whichcot, Cudworth, Wilkins, Moore, and Worthington. . . . All these, and those who were formed under them, studied to examine farther into the nature of things than had been done formerly. They declared against superstition, on the one hand, and enthusiasm, on the other. They loved the constitution of the Church and the liturgy, and could well live under them; but they did not think it unlawful to live under another form. They wished that things might have been carried with more moderation. And they continued to keep a good correspondence with those who differed from them in opinion, and allowed a great freedom both in philosophy and in divinity, from whence they were called the *men of latitude*. And upon this, men of narrower thoughts, and fiercer tempers, fastened upon them the name of *Latitudinarians*. They read Episcopius much. And the making out the reasons of things being a main part of their studies, their enemies called them *Socinians*. They were all very zealous against Popery. And so they becoming soon very considerable, the Papists set themselves against them to decry them as *Atheists*, *Deists*, or, at best, *Socinians*. And now that the main principle of religion was struck at by Hobbes and his followers, the Papists acted upon this a very strange part. They went in so far even into the argument for Atheism, as to publish many books, in which they affirmed, that there was no certain proof of the Christian religion, unless we took it from the authority of the Church as infallible. This was such a delivering up of the cause to them that it raised, in all good men, a very high indignation at Popery—that party showing that they chose to make men, who would not turn Papists, become Atheists, rather than believe Christianity upon any other ground than infallibility.

On the appositeness of this statement to the present condition of party-spirit among theologians, we shall make some remarks in the sequel; but in order to prove the importance of the services rendered to the Established Church by the so-called *Latitudinarians*, it is only necessary to mention, on the authority of Burnet, 'the most eminent of those who were formed under those great men' whom he had just before cited as the leaders of this school. They were Tillotson, Stillingfleet, Patrick, Lloyd, and Tenison. When we recollect that Tillot-

son became Archbishop of Canterbury on the deposition of the Tory Sancroft, and was succeeded after a few years, by Tenison; and that Stillingfleet had the ear of Queen Mary, to whom the ecclesiastical patronage of the crown was for the most part confided, we may well understand the important influence exercised by these liberal divines. Lloyd and Tenison were chiefly formed on the model of Wilkins, and successively held the very important cure of St. Martin's. Tillotson was more closely attached to Whichcot, whom he succeeded at St. Lawrence in the Poultry, and whose funeral sermon he preached there. It is worthy of remark, that Tillotson and Wilkins were both connected by marriage with the family of the great Protector Oliver; and the former belonged to a staunch presbyterian family. That the liberal principles of Stillingfleet's *Irenicum* produced a lasting effect on the spirit of the age, and were calculated to widen the basis of the national Church, is shown by the fact, that an Archbishop of Canterbury, Secker, and two most eminent bishops, Butler and Chandler, in the next generation, passed into holy orders after having been brought up together in the same dissenting academy. The prosecution of Sacheverell, and the triumph of Hoadley, were all indications of the liberal and protestant character impressed upon this Church and people by the example and authority of Whichcot and Wilkins, of Tillotson and Stillingfleet; and the favour of Queen Caroline, which raised Butler to the bench, was only the immediate cause of an elevation, which was ultimately due to the enlightened theology with which the divines of a preceding age had charged the literary atmosphere of the educated classes and the court. By suspending the functions of the convocation, an instrument for fomenting discord was removed, and bishops were allowed to exemplify the toleration which they recommended by their writings. The great Christian gnostic, Clement of Alexandria, found an editor in a Bishop of Oxford, soon after translated to the Primacy; and Lord Chatham's government rewarded with the see of Gloucester the author of an ingenious paradox

respecting the Egyptian learning of Moses. If the lives and teaching of the general body of clergy had seconded the wise liberality of the rulers of the Church, we should have had no Wesleyan secession, and we should have had to thank the great divines of the Revolution for a safely progressive development of the national Church, analogous to that which the Bill of Rights had introduced into our secular constitution.

The extreme parties which now distract the church, and almost threaten it with dissolution, are of comparatively recent origin. But the Tractarianism which has sprung up from the dragon's teeth sown by the so-called Evangelicals, is really little more than a revival of the bigotry which exploded so fruitlessly in the Bangorian controversy more than a century ago. It is not necessary in this place to enter upon an exposure of the characteristic errors of these two parties, which, with all their differences, have much in common. With reference to our present subject, we would only invite attention to the fact, that of the sixteen thousand clergy who compose the ministry of the Established Church,—to say nothing of the millions of laity,—a very inconsiderable proportion will be found in the ranks of either the extreme right or the extreme left. The infinitely great majority belong to the class which we may designate as 'the old conservative church and state moderates,' and are the legitimate descendants of Whichcot and Tillotson. Although this fact is patent to the experience of those who move much in clerical society throughout the kingdom, it is generally overlooked, because the moderate majority have no recognised channel for the expression and propagation of their views, whereas the extreme parties have their periodicals and newspapers, which daily, weekly, monthly, or quarterly, pour forth the loud utterances of complaint and invective, and, like the railway whistle make the same noise, whether the train is long or short, express or parliamentary. The influence of this on the many who cannot think for

themselves, and only repeat what they hear others say, is well known; and there was great truth in the *bon-mot* which answered and silenced the claim of exclusive orthodoxy set up on behalf of one of these parties. 'It is only among us,' said the uncompromising advocate, 'that you find what can truly be called sound theology.' 'If by *sound* theology,' said his friend, 'you mean theology which is nothing but *sound*.—*vox et præterea nihil*.—I am perfectly willing to concede your claim; for your journals keep up an uninterrupted fire of words, awakening the echoes with conventional phraseology, which is neither significant of faith, nor productive of good works.' It would be well if this loud-voiced partisanship were confined to the unmeaning assertion of extreme opinions, and the contradiction of other views diametrically opposite, and equally extravagant. But, unfortunately, the moderates, who occupy the wide space in the middle, are not allowed to pursue the even tenour of their way. Either their silence is construed as an agreement with one or other of the extremes, or if any one ventures to speak the words of sobriety, of comprehension, of tolerance, of learning, of philosophical indifference to exaggerated trifling, he is dealt with in the same spirit as his predecessors, the Latitudinarians, according to the account which we have quoted above from Bishop Burnet. When the Archbishop of Canterbury allows himself to be entrapped into an admission favourable to the ministerial pretensions of Protestant preachers on the continent, he is declared by the advocates of the Apostolic succession to have abandoned his belief in the Episcopal system of which he is the head. Any advocate for the old union between church and state is called an *Erastian*, a term of reproach which, as Professor Powell has recently observed, is commonly applied in great ignorance of what the doctrines of Erastus really were.* If a man speaks of tolerance, he is supposed to be pleading for a freedom from persecution on account of some heterodoxy of his own. The

* See *The State Church*. A Sermon preached before the University of Oxford, on the 5th Nov., 1850; p. 15.

name *Latitudinarian* is now applied, as formerly, with an extension of meaning, which is meant to convey an imputation of extreme laxity and indifference to all that is sacred. To write like a scholar about any text in the Bible is to be a Rationalist, or worse. And it is certainly the tendency of books like that of Newman on *Development*, and the recent lectures on Catholicism by the same very clever, but most irrational writer, to show that there is no resting-place between Atheism and the infallible Church.

Now we have no intention of entering into any theological question; but it is of the utmost importance to the social morality of this country at the present day that the laity should be prepared to understand and to rebuke the attempt which is now being made with increasing boldness, by both extreme parties in the church, by Calvinizers on the one side, and by Romanizers on the other, to override the great laws of reason and conscience, and to convert free, but responsible humanity into a mere receptacle of religious dogmatism and intolerance. With this view, our best lessons for the future are to be derived from the past. We must look back to the former occasion on which our ship steered safely between the barking Scylla of Puritanism, and the all-engulphing Charybdis of Romanism, if we would escape from the domination of Exeter Hall, on the one hand, and of the Rotunda, in Dublin, on the other. Taciturnity and quiescence on the part of the moderate majority are no longer possible, now that fanaticism has become so restless in its obtrusive tyranny. When so many professing Protestants are guided by the opinions of unscrupulous journalists,—when an unwillingness to attach vital importance to outward forms of worship and church government is branded with infidelity by D.C.L.'s and Denisons—when the representative of the Irish Romanist priesthood can invite an assembly of grown-up men to consider the denial of territorial names as equivalent to persecution, and can invoke protection from such a Pantheon of demigods as St. Patrick, St. Malachy,

and St. Laurence O'Toole! common sense, manhood, and conscience can no longer be silent. And it is fortunate that men of the school of Whichcot, Cudworth, Tillotson, and Butler have not been wanting to the crisis—men of enlightened, but fervent piety, of sound learning, of great reasoning powers, and able to appreciate the necessity of mixing liberality with conservatism, and of maintaining the true by relinquishing the untenable. For our own part, we shall hail every accession to their numbers with renewed hope for the stability of our Church, and, what is even more important, for the maintenance among us of true religion and virtue. Whatever tends to sap the foundations of morality, must, at the same time, contribute to undermine the piety of a nation. Now it will always be observed that people are immoral and irreligious in proportion as they allow the tyranny of dogmatism to usurp the free judgment of an enlightened understanding, and substitute priestly authority for the decisions of the conscience. In its theological acceptation, *latitude* is synonymous with *laxity*, and bigotry teaches us that a man cannot be a latitudinarian in theology without a corresponding indifference to religious and moral principles. The fact, however, is quite the reverse. Butler's moral philosophy, which substitutes the sense of right and wrong for a mere expediency, and asserts the natural supremacy, the authority, and the functions of conscience, is either derived from, or in strict accordance with the doctrines of the arch-latitudinarian, Whichcot. It is, indeed, the natural tendency of those wider views of Christianity, which disdain the trammels of systematic verbiage, to substitute inward holiness and morality for the outward forms of doctrine and ritual; and the mind which can acquiesce in the latter is too apt to use this machinery as a means of stifling the conscience. Not to speak of Butler's theory of virtue, it is easy to show that Whichcot's religious philosophy rests upon the possibility of a rule of piety and conscientious sense of duty in the individual. 'Both heaven and hell,' he says, 'have their foundations *within* us. Heaven primarily

lies in a refined temper—in an internal reconciliation to the nature of God, and to the rule of righteousness. The guilt of conscience and enmity to righteousness is the *inward* state of hell. The guilt of conscience is the fuel of hell.' And again: 'Where there is malignity and guilt upon the conscience, unremoved by repentance, there needs no more than for God to hold such a man to converse with himself. All the world cannot secure that man who is not in reconciliation with the reason of his own mind.' The natural consequence of this exaltation of internal religion is to induce a spirit of moderation, forbearance, and charity. 'Those who *are* united by religion, *should be* united by charity.' And in another place: 'I persuade myself that all truly good men among us do substantially agree in all things saving; that some things, wherein we differ, are not substantially determined in Scripture, but that which both parties say seems to have countenance some way or other. And therefore I propose that all be looked upon as fallible which is *ultra et citra scripturam*.' The same views are of course extended to a recognition of the spiritual character of Christianity, and, consequently, to a depreciation of rites and ceremonies when compared with the graces of a godly life.

We worship God best (says Whichcot) when we resemble him most. To *believe*, and not to *do*, is to hold the truth in unrighteousness. Men of holy hearts and lives best understand holy doctrines and things. Those who have not the temper of religion are not competent judges of the things of religion. 'Christ's design was to rid the world of idolatry, to discharge the burthen of ceremonies, and to advance the divine life of men.

We feel quite sure that these are the sentiments which actuate the good and liberal men who constitute the majority in the English Church. And lest any of our clergy should imagine that they are prevented 'by the narrowness of their own formularies from preaching and teaching as they believe, let us assure those who lend so ready an ear to the dictation of bigoted ecclesiastics, that the Church of England stands now

on at least as broad a basis as it did in the days of Tillotson and Stillingfleet. In point of fact, it rests with the universities, which have given such a sanction to the moral philosophy of Butler, to patronize also the religious sentiments of Whichcot. We are too apt to forget that both the universities have the power of conferring degrees in divinity, and that every doctor of theology is an authorized expositor of the whole body of Scripture, and an authorized professor in his own faculty. Now our Articles refer every doctrine to Scripture, with the exception of the doctrine of the Trinity, which is laid down in the five articles preceding that which maintains the sole sufficiency of the Scriptures as a source of saving doctrine. But who is to draw this doctrine from Scripture if the right of doing so is denied to the divinity-schools of the universities? In general, we are disposed to insist on the strictly academical character of our Church, of which there are many significant indications. Our thirty-sixth Canon places the licence to preach, catechize, &c., by 'one of the two universities' on the same footing with the licence by an archbishop or bishop. The tippet, or hood, of the Roman-catholic priest is merely an indication of his ministerial or sacerdotal character; but English clergymen are ordered to wear upon their surplices 'such hoods as by the orders of the universities are agreeable to their degrees,' (Canon 58.) It is still almost an invariable practice with bishops to take the degree of D.D. at one of the universities, and with all deference to the Right Reverend bench, we doubt whether they would otherwise be entitled to rebuke with authority the erroneous theology of their clergy. The social rank of all clergymen, except the Bishops, depends on their academical rather than their ecclesiastical position, and the tables of precedence tell us that the Doctor comes before the Dean, unless the Dean is also a Doctor. But the most recent proof of the influence of the universities in church matters is furnished by the fact, that most of the bishops now make it an essential condition in the ordination of a Cambridge

graduate, that he should have passed what is called the *voluntary examination in theology*, thus restoring to the university its proper voice in the matter.

These remarks have been suggested by a sincere wish to maintain the cause of religion and morality, and to point out a way of escaping from the dangers by which Protestantism in general, and the Church of England, as a bulwark of Protestantism, are threatened at the present time. It is not the business of this Magazine to enter at length into theological

details; but there are critical periods when the civil and ecclesiastical polity of a country are intermingled in such a manner that we cannot deal with one without affecting the other. The present is one of these periods. And we shall consider that we have done good service in our generation if we have revived one of the forgotten lessons of the past, and have recalled attention to the intimate connexion between sound morality and comprehensive views in religion.

HENRY, LORD BROUGHAM; HIS CAREER AND CHARACTER.

IS it that mankind are ungrateful, or only forgetful, in so readily ignoring the public services of eminent men, till death, the solemn monitor, awakens regret for their loss, and remorse that they should, while yet in life, have been so ill-requited? In the multitude of instances where justice has been postponed till too late for consolation, and unmeasured eulogy has suddenly succeeded to unmerited defraction, we look in vain for a sole and single cause, adequate to so invariable an effect. Age after age, men live and work in the world; often of giant powers and superhuman self-devotion; men, who, as in a recent most signal case, disdain the honours which their fellow-men would fain put on them as rewards, and aspire only to the nobler recompence which fame can give; men who act the history of their contemporary period, or communicate their impulses to more active agents: yet, although these men fill the most conspicuous places—although their names are for ever in men's mouths, and their daily deeds and sayings the staple stuff of other men's thoughts and purposes—although they are, in truth, the real kings of the earth, and their sovereignty is even more readily and spontaneously acknowledged than that of the ostensible and legitimate holders of power; notwithstanding all these tributes to their talents, and all this homage to their merits, these are precisely the men of whom their contemporaries generally know the

least. They are admired, worshipped, abused, laughed at,—anything, everything but comprehended or understood. And when at last the public conscience, stung by the withdrawal of such men from the scene, suddenly stirs itself in their behalf, the very materials from which a judgment might have been formed have passed away, and the historian or the philosopher is left to a dry and unintelligible mass of conflicting facts and estimates, from which, if he can shape out a consistent and symmetrical character, he achieves a very rare good fortune, too often at the expense of historical truth.

It were, too, a curious and perhaps a profitable subject of inquiry, why, as a general rule, military genius, or brilliant military service, is at once and universally acknowledged and rewarded by contemporaries, while the exploits of civilians, although perhaps as seriously affecting the welfare of mankind, and involving a larger exercise of the higher faculties of the mind, are neglected or challenged until death has sanctified the actors; or why it is not uncommon to find a military reputation which was recognised during the life-time of the commander, questioned long after his decease, while the statesman or the legislator, defrauded of his meed of honour while still upon the scene, receives it with accumulated interest when the grave has closed upon his labours and his hopes. Such a phenomenon cannot exist without a cause. Can it be, that

mankind are compelled to bow before the splendours of martial success, while conscious of their inability to analyse its causes; but that in civil affairs a natural arrogance, or an exaggerated estimate of the right of private judgment, prompts them to a habit of summary decision, dictated by a levelling spirit of detraction, which is only reversed when irritating causes cease to agitate the mass, and the few perspicacious and impartial minds are left as a final court of appeal?

Lord Brougham, in our own time, is a signal example of the uncertainty of public opinion. He furnishes in his own person a living and lasting evidence, not merely of its fickleness, but of its essential unsoundness—of the dangerous readiness with which it will act on the most insufficient grounds, and arrive at the most irreconcilable conclusions. There is not a public man of any country, a civilian, who has undergone such vicissitudes. Alternately worshipped as an idol, scorned as an impostor, or at least as a political traitor, neglected as an impracticable eccentric, and recognised as one of the most practical and successful legislators of his day—to say nothing of his services, now tardily admitted, as an agent in the cause of human progress and civilization,—this remarkable man still survives the period that furnished him with contemporaries worthy of his powers; still active in the service of the public under the domination of his almost unequalled energy; and challenging, even by the very contrariety of his fortunes, his exhaustive experience of the good and evil of this world, an anticipation of that judgment which is ordinarily reserved for posterity.

Yet of the thousands who daily pronounce his name—of the hundreds of thousands who whilome have worshipped him as an idol but with unsound faith, and who have since treated his services and his talents with jesting indifference,—how few know even the great facts of his career, still fewer his actual claims on public respect, or the real salient points of his character! Fifty years of incessant, energetic, active public life, as advocate, scientific philosopher, as political partisan, as literary critic, orator, as judge, as

statesman, are not so easily comprehended; nor can a vague tribute of admiration on the one hand, or a jesting sneer on the other, dispose satisfactorily of a character which in our own days is so extraordinary and so rare. The ordinary mind is too apt to adraire in public men only that which is the least worthy of admiration, and to overlook their more sterling but more silent claims; and, in the case before us, this ordinary tendency is much increased by an almost reckless obtrusion of strong peculiarities and ‘eccentricities,’ and a disdain of the ordinary precautions of those who seek a permanent hold on the British public.

If, bearing these considerations in mind, we can separate the wheat from the chaff, the practical from the personal—if, by watching the oscillations of a character singularly vigorous and energetic, we can arrive at a clear estimate of its real available force, we shall furnish our readers with the means of doing an act of justice to a man who has spent a long life in the public service, and who, if at one period of his career he was mistakenly and extravagantly exalted, was certainly, at another, as unjustly and as unfoundedly degraded. With these views, we purpose devoting a few pages to a retrospect of the career of Lord Brougham and an estimate of his character.

To retrace his career, how far, how very far back we must go. Of those who are accustomed to contemplate, with something like astonishment, the incessant activity and seemingly indomitable energy, the readiness, perseverance, and versatility, the perpetual freshness of intellect of this singular embodiment of the active and restless tendencies of the age, how few are prepared to go back half a century, in order to arrive at its earliest development! Four years before the close of the eighteenth century, Lord Brougham, then a mere youth, found insertion in the *Philosophic Transactions of the Royal Society* for a paper on ‘Optics;’ and within three years after the commencement of the present century, he had been elected a Fellow of that society. An intellect which, in early youth, was so precocious, yet which, in advanced

age, is still so fresh and vigorous, must needs be made of no ordinary stuff; and he who would test its quality, and measure its proportions, must be prepared to throw aside ordinary modes of judging, adapting his standard to the singularity of his subject. In connexion with this paper on 'Optics,' it is remarkable, as evidencing a constancy of mind, of which the credit is usually refused to Lord Brougham, that this his earliest published scientific effort should have been on the same subject as that which he lately introduced to the French Institute, and that the solace of his leisure at his château at Cannes should be derived from the same branch of science as that which led to his being, at sixteen or seventeen years of age, honoured with the marked approval of the chief learned men of his day. It may also not be unconstructive thus to refer back to his position at this early age, as it shows that in this precocious display of scientific acquirements, which could not then have been very profound or extensive, may be found the germ of that habit of self-development, and that readiness to form and pronounce judgments, while others have reached only the threshold of questions, which have been charged as serious faults against Lord Brougham throughout his career — charged, not by his enemies and detractors merely, but by those, too, who were his friends and sincere admirers.

It would naturally conduce to the same habit of mind, that at three-and-twenty years of age, he should have been a leading contributor to, if not the actual originator of, that great literary periodical which for so many years held the rod of criticism *in terrorem* over all persons in the literary and artistic, and over not a few in the political world. A habit of hastily judging, often severe in proportion to the accompanying sense of irresponsibility, would necessarily be engendered by the exercise of such power, in a temperament naturally ardent, and responsive, even to a fault, to all exciting influences. A natural tendency would thus be stimulated, without there being any corresponding consciousness on the part of the mind so acted upon; while, at the

same time, an habitual self-confidence would take the place of a more steady strength and tone.

Some public men live for themselves alone; some devote themselves to the good of mankind; others combine with their own personal advancement the higher aims of patriotism. Of the first class, we have some very striking examples in our own day; but it would be invidious to mention them, more especially as it might be urged on their behalf against so premature a classification, that they are engaged now in the struggle for powers, and that they may still have purposes undeveloped. Of the second class, a more bright and illustrious example we could not choose than the late Sir Samuel Romilly, a man of cosmopolitan philanthropy, one who opened a new path for the workers of civilization, and led some of the noblest minds, his contemporaries and successors, into a virgin soil, apart from the barren ways of professional and political patriotism. Of the third class, we do not know a more brilliant instance than Henry, Lord Brougham; a man who certainly has advanced himself, but of whom no one can say that he did so at the sacrifice of the interests of mankind, but who rather stands forth as at least one of the most distinguished labourers in the cause of reformation and progress. Ambition may develop into one of the noblest of the virtues, or it may become, at best, a magnanimous vice. But the most admirable shape it takes is when the personal ambition of the individual is at the same time conducive to the good of his fellow-men; and this we conceive to have been the chief characteristic of the undoubtedly powerful ambition of the present Lord Brougham. We are not writing his life; still less are we preparing an eulogium on his career, or a defence. We are simply casting a retrospective view over nearly fifty years of constant activity, and recording, as we pass along, the thoughts that suggest themselves.

It is the fortune of some men to appear on the scene at favourable periods. Thus it was with Henry Brougham. The same felicitous conjunction of the stars that gave

to Napoleon or to Wellington so noble a field for military glory, also pointed out to civilians the way to triumph in a more peaceful, though a scarcely less important strife. The civic conquerors were to march to the breaking-up of old prejudices, and the destruction of worn-out institutions, on the one hand, or to make head against a new and overwhelming power, on the other, as Napoleon might feel himself appointed to overthrow the old military systems of the continent, or Wellington might, in turn, be called on to crush the power by which he had destroyed them. The times influence the actors; the actors re-act upon the times. In a puny and spiritless drama, no histrionic power avails; but give a good plot and stirring incidents, and even an ordinary talent will shine. The great strife of politics, however, calls up, as if by magic, the destined combatants, who come to the contest armed *cap-à-pie*, in intellect, energy, and daring. Thus it was at the era when Lord Brougham commenced his career. The public mind, seething in the excitement of new political elements, stimulated by the soul-stirring events then progressing on the continent, was prepared for all that was extraordinary and new. Similar influences acted on the young men of the day, urging them forward to deeds of intellectual daring. Proceedings which now would seem erratic, unsound, tending towards democratic or revolutionary results, were then regarded as only natural, as the inevitable accompaniments of the great struggle between the new and the antiquated, which every one—even the bigoted adherents of the latter—saw to be at hand.

Blessed as we now are with the practical benefits of liberty, it seems incredible that the early life of one of our still active, if not the most active of our statesmen, should have been passed in a professed and a glorious struggle for the first principles of political freedom; that not merely was it Parliamentary Reform, or Catholic Emancipation, for which the energies of young patriotic champions were called into play, but that the freedom of the press—not that licence which is sometimes called freedom, but the rational and

regulated liberty of thinking in print—had to be struggled for under circumstances scarcely less difficult and dangerous than those which surround the same institution in Berlin or Vienna at the present day; that the personal liberty of the subject, in spite of constitutional guarantees, was assailed in a manner more deliberate and daring, and with a more respectful affectation of constitutional forms, than now it is in those last-named capitals by Schwartzburg or Manteuffel; that the clerical power, following in the wake of the political, affected a similar exemption from the ordinary laws of freedom of thought and speech; and that it was possible at that time to prosecute a man for alleged libels upon ecclesiastics, which, in the present day, would be thought too slight even for the shafts of an hebdomadal satirist; that even the advocates of the holy cause of Negro Emancipation could scarcely escape being included by the popular prejudice in the same category with the blood-stained madmen who had ruled the Convention in Paris. Still less do we, in these days of peace and sunshine, remember that night of popular ignorance which was supposed to be identified with the conditions of public safety, and with the temporal, even the eternal welfare of the masses. Now, when the merit of the age is held to consist in the universal diffusion of knowledge; when the most enlightened and the most enterprising of the British publishers are organizing the most nicely calculated combinations, in order to place the means of education within the grasp of all—to tempt, as it were, the inert or indifferent, where formerly it seemed a merit to plunge them deeper in that slough of blind, sluggish, material enjoyment, it seems to us almost incredible that those who first impressed on the public mind the necessity for self-development; who proclaimed the great truth, that knowledge and virtue are the best armies, the best police; who stood forward as the organisers of a new system, by which the closed portals were accessible to all who possessed the magic keys—frugality and application; that these men

should have been looked upon as dangerous innovators and subvertors of society—should have been held up to scorn, or hunted down with merciless ridicule. Yet so it was; and five-and-twenty years of Lord Brougham's life, at least, were spent in the herculean labour of sweeping away the offensive and obstructive prejudices of a self-lauding obscurantism, ere he could even earn the privilege of commencing the initiation of a new era.

These things, if they were stimulants to patriotism, were also strong incentives to personal ambition; they were gifts scattered by fortune in the way of the young and ardent spirits of the day, to be shaped into weapons as their powers or their occasions allowed. But when we crown all these noble objects of emulation with that which formed the climax of Lord Brougham's earlier career; when we recall to the reader's mind the most prominent, the most dramatic of all the struggles that took place during that period of intellectual activity; reminding him of a state of things more endangering to royalty, as an institution, than all the theories of republicans—a condition of affairs which, under our present beneficent and virtuous Sovereign, seems as though it could never have existed in a social system like that of England; and when we reflect that circumstances, no less than the known talents of Henry Brougham as an advocate, and his prominence as a politician, designated him as the man who was to bear the most ennobling share in the great domestic drama of royal life—who was to concentrate on himself the eyes of all the world, and to be identified as the champion of a cause which political reasons at the time rendered the cause of the people—who felt that, at every step he took, he was incurring the responsibility of a possible revolution, and in his own person of an impeachment, and that upon his success or failure depended, not merely the fate of his royal client, but the peace, and safety, and the honour and credit of his native land,—when we sum up all the other felicitous opportunities to make an

illustrious name, and add this grand capping and crowning chance, we must admit that if to Lord Brougham have been vouchsafed no ordinary favours, so has he been exposed to no ordinary temptations. To have encountered such obstacles—to grapple with any one of which would be the task of an ordinary man,—and to have conquered them, might well make a man vain, unsteady, overbearing, mad with pride. All these errors have been ascribed to Lord Brougham (with many more) during his long career. As we progress, we shall be able to test with how much of truth.

Our limits and our plan alike preclude any detailed examination of the events and achievements of the earlier career of Lord Brougham; how, having shone in Edinburgh as an advocate and a writer, he abruptly quitted that city for a more important scene of operations, and with marvellous rapidity took his place as one not only of the most brilliant, but also of the most practical and painstaking of the lawyers of his day; how he soon ranked with the legal aristocracy of his intellectual circuit; how, when only thirty years of age, he entered parliament, and almost immediately stamped himself as one of the first orators in an assembly which boasted of Canning, and had not yet forgotten the lustre of Pitt and Fox; how he became recognised as the most able, daring, and successful champion, not merely of the general principles of the Whig opposition, but also of principles and measures which he pursued with independent action, and which imparted to him a marked individuality; how, after the Queen's trial and its accompanying dramatic incidents, he gradually rose from being the cadet, to the championship, and ultimately, in the public eye, to the leadership and mastership of the great Reform party; until the name of Harry Brougham rang through the length and breadth of the land as the symbol of popular idolatry, and he was triumphantly returned by that constituency which from its numbers and mixed character is constituted the testing point of public opinion at great crises; and how, finally, he was enabled to spurn with contempt the ordinary routine

of professional promotion, and vault at once into that position which is regarded as the highest reward of legal and political ability. If we were in detail to analyze these successive steps, we should inevitably bring the reader to the conclusion at which, after an attentive examination, we have ourselves arrived—that there was nothing in the earlier career of Lord Brougham at which he need look back with any other sentiment than that of honourable pride; that his advancement was the natural result of his extraordinary ability and versatile powers; that if his profession decried his legal lore, they admitted his forensic power; that although he acted for so many years in the van of a party denounced by its opponents as revolutionary, he never, even in the intoxication of parliamentary or platform advocacy, forgot what was due to the constitution, or to his own reputation as a constitutional lawyer; that throughout his speeches, wherever made, although there are the boldest indications of resistance to oppression, there is not one instigation to democratic violence; that if he was claimed as the champion and apostle of democracy, it was that his too eager admirers inferred from personal vehemence, and a straining of the elasticity of language, political passions and purposes which did not exist; that in the greatest trial of his mental and moral powers—his speech on behalf of Queen Caroline—he manifested, under the most exciting circumstances, a combination of boldness, caution, courage, dignity, and good taste, entitling that extraordinary effort to rank with the greatest forensic displays on record; that the daring advocate or the vehement political partisan never, even in the most alluring moments, seemed to forget the prospective responsibility of the judge or the statesman; and, strange as it may appear to those who have not taken the trouble, as we have done, to examine into the facts, that it is in his earlier rather than in his later speeches, when he was irresponsible, nor touching with massive hand the fine net-work of the constitution, that are to be found the soundest constitutional maxims, the most upright and independent resist-

ance to every species of purely democratic influence.

We are here retracing his personal career; not yet the practical services he may have rendered as an originator of reforms, or as a legislator.

Arrived at the position of Lord Chancellor,—the summit of ordinary ambition to a lawyer,—he became the most prominent member of an administration which seemed the most powerful the country had known for upwards of thirty years. His magnificent orations during the progress of the Reform Bill; the audacious firmness with which he seized and retained the control of the proceedings in the Upper House; the seemingly studied pertinacity, nearly amounting to insult, with which his every action and almost every word reminded the peers of the coming popular assault—a demeanour which, although acquiesced in, was loudly condemned at the time, and for which even his apologists would find it difficult to offer an adequate excuse; the herculean strength and endurance he manifested in conducting this warfare with his newly-found peers,—a warfare almost nightly renewed, under circumstances of peculiar annoyance and irritation to one who was perpetually reminded of the novelty of his position,—while at the same time going through the labours of the Chancery Court with a rapidity and assiduity, which, although murmured at by the profession, did not meet with permanent objections when time had removed or softened down temporary causes of irritation and opposition,—these features of his judicial and parliamentary administration of the functions of the chancellorship do not call for more than a passing glance; because they are more strongly stamped on the public mind than the earlier, and still more so than the later, events of his career.

The time, in fact, was near at hand when a rude test was to be applied to a popularity which had no parallel in the later history of the country. In England, as in all free states, popularity is a thing of fleeting and uncertain tenure. Even when men have deserved its permanent continuance, it is rare, indeed, to find it

perpetuated. The popularity of Lord Brougham had been too widespread, too intense, its culmination had been too brilliant, the wreck of established things and of old institutions prepared for its march had been too fatally ruinous, not to have predisposed even the public mind, to say nothing of those more personally interested, to a very sudden reversal of his unprecedented prosperity. Add to this, that there were political causes at work.

The Whigs had found their party buoyed up upon popular applause to a height which astonished themselves, and alarmed them, timid statesmen as they always are in power in proportion to their recklessness and rashness while in opposition; and they had shown symptoms of a desire to back down upon those who were driving them on from behind, that they might arrest the rapid motion of the state machine. On the other hand, the suddenness, and as it was then supposed, the dangerous liberalism of their chief measures, had profoundly disgusted what may be termed the inert public, not to speak of those classes who had felt themselves injured by those measures. This double unpopularity furnished the signal for an attack, for the commencement of a campaign by the Conservative opposition, which must ever remain a monument of the strategic genius and parliamentary powers of Sir Robert Peel. Without diverging into biography, we may remind the reader, that, on the principle of seeking the most assailable point, it was on Lord Brougham that the whole weight of wrath fell. Admitting the disproportion of the parallel, we might say that since the sudden downfall of Napoleon, there had occurred no instance of so unexpected, so cruel, so fatal a reverse. It seemed as if the nature itself of men had become changed, as if public fickleness and private ingratitude had combined and conspired together to bring about an unprecedented instance of the uncertainty and instability of all human power and glory. The press,—led by a journal whose sympathy with the public feeling is a species of concentrated electricity, attracted from all sides to this common centre, and discharged in fatal and unerring bolts,

—almost without exception turned upon the man whom they had all, equally without exception, or nearly so, joined in lauding to an extent utterly incompatible with his maintaining a fair proportion of mental equilibrium. There is scarcely a comparison too vulgar to indicate the harshness, yet the choral unanimity of the howl that was set up. Within the brief space of but a few weeks, the popular idol was laid prostrate, and utterly demolished.

Unhappily, Lord Brougham had furnished ample materials for the attacks made upon him—materials which, to candid and philosophic minds, would have been insufficient inducements, but which were made to tell with fearful force upon the vulgar. Years of labour and excitement, such as no contemporary had undergone, had produced their natural effect on the physical organization of Lord Brougham. Excitable men, in whom the nervous temperament predominates, always seem more excitable than they really are. In Lord Brougham, there may at all times be perceived violent oscillations at the surface, but the centre is always steady and sure. Were it not so, it would be easy to cull from the multitude of speeches and judgments he has delivered, under all possible circumstances of irritation, evidences of unsoundness. Yet, to any one who will calmly consider and examine all his deeds and words, it will become apparent how consistent they have always been with his own professed character and with each other. But, at the time of which we speak, those oscillations were more violent and more remarkable than usual. At all times disdainful of that studied tartufferie of state-craft which teaches the art of hoodwinking the multitude, Lord Brougham at this time trusted too much to his past services, and too much to his own consciousness of integrity of motive. Forgetting his elevation, and how glaringly he had availed himself of it to torment his newly-found competitors, he thought that as soon as he had shuffled off the coil of parliamentary etiquette, he could speak to the people as one of themselves; and, to his cost, he did so. Without unveiling the miserable intrigues of the period, there is enough on record to

show, that had Lord Brougham, at the time we refer to, been judged with a magnanimity and a forbearance worthy the British people, the temporary cloud might have passed away, and his party might still have benefited by his great powers and still greater reputation.

That Lord Brougham deeply felt these attacks at the time, may be inferred from his having condescended to notice them. In a speech immediately after his final secession from the whig cabinet in 1835, he maintained that 'it had been at all times not merely a privilege of public men to meet their fellow-citizens on fitting occasions, but a privilege of the people to have public men constantly coming before them, and the duty of those men to come before the people freely, without the nonsense and the hauteur with which some idle folks chose to invest themselves, by way of avoiding responsibility to the people; by way of making the people more easily led and misled; and by way of making them more safe to govern and misgovern; the policy, and the tactics, and the tricks of those who, of late years, have been pleased to make the discovery, that ministers have no business to attend public meetings.' This was his answer to the famous charge, that he had 'dragged the seals through the dirt;' and at the same time he declared, while maintaining his consistency, that it was because his principles did *not* so very easily bend to circumstances, and take their hue from situations, that he and his hearers now met on the same level, and that he no longer was in the service of the State.

The concentrated bitterness of retrospection—the keen consciousness of ingratitude rendered for favours conferred—the sense of the fleeting and untenable quality of popular favour—all are perceptible in the public speeches of Lord Brougham at this painful period of his career. A passage in one of them, which we do not remember to have met with in any commentary on his career, speaks volumes as to his feelings at this time. We give it not more for its explanatory character, than for its intrinsic worth and beauty as a piece of fine nervous English writing:—'If it were not somewhat

late in the day for moralizing, I could tell of the prerogatives, not so very high—the enjoyments, none of the sweetest—which he loses who surrenders place, oftentimes misnamed power. To be responsible for measures which others control, perchance contrive; to be chargeable with leaving things undone which ought to have been done, and he had all the desire to do, without the power of doing; to be compelled to trust those whom he knew to be utterly untrustworthy; and on the most momentous occasions, involving the interests of millions, implicitly to confide in quarters where common prudence forbade reposing a common confidence; to have schemes of the wisest, the most profound policy, judged and decided on by the most ignorant and the most frivolous of human beings; and the most generous aspirations of the heart, for the happiness of his species, chilled by the frowns of the most selfish and sordid of his race,—these are among the most unenviable prerogatives of place—of what is falsely called power in this country; and yet I doubt if there be not others less enviable still. To be planted upon the eminence from whence he must see the baser features of human nature, uncovered and deformed; witness the attitude of climbing ambition from a point whence it is only viewed as creeping and crawling, tortuous, and venomous, in its hateful path; be forced to see the hideous sight of a naked human heart, whether throbbing in the bosom of the great vulgar, or of the little, is not a very pleasing occupation for any one who loves his fellow-creatures, and would fain esteem them; and, trust me, that he who wields power and patronage for but a little month, shall find the many he may try to serve furiously hating him for involuntary failure—while the few whom he may succeed in helping to the object of all their wishes shall, with a preposterous pride (the most unenviable part of the British character), seek to prove their independence by showing their ingratitude, if they do not try to cancel the obligation, by fastening a quarrel on him. * * * But worse to be endured than all, was the fetter and the cramp imposed on one used to independence,—the

being buried, while yet alive, to the people's condition and claims—buried in the house of form and etiquette appointed for all ministers. Who, then, can marvel at the exultation which I feel, to shake and brace every fibre of my frame, when, casting off these trammels—bursting through the ceremonies of that tomb—I start into new life, and resume my position in the van of my countrymen, struggling for their rights, and moving onwards in the accelerated progress of improvement with a boundless might, and a restless fury, which prostrate in the dust all the puny obstacles that can be raised by the tyranny of courts and their intrigues—the persecution of bigots and their cunning—the sordid plots of greedy monopolists, whether privileged companies, or overgrown establishments, or corrupt municipalities?

The concentrated bitterness of this record of official experience speaks more eloquently for Lord Brougham's sincerity than any vindication we could write, even were we disposed to offer one. A few more points connected with this part of the noble Lord's career will serve to throw an additional light on his character, and to remove some misconceptions left in the public mind by the attacks made upon him as a political scapegoat. The inherent energy of the man was never more marvellously displayed than in the suddenness and vigour with which he aroused himself from his temporary prostration. To adopt the quotation of one of the wittiest and most bitter of his enemies,—

She went to the undertaker's to buy him a coffin,

But when she came back, *the dog was laughing*!

To the Whigs, however, it proved no laughing matter. The severance of the political tie between Lord Brougham and that party has been too readily set down, by superficial observers, and by those who have had party objects to serve, to his own tergiversation; whereas, the noble Lord contends, that a careful review of his political acts during the period in which the change in his opinions is said to have been wrought, will make it clear, that upon most of the public questions then agitating the

political world, he has shown a strict adherence to principle, while his party have exhibited defection. Indeed, Lord Brougham declares that he never evinced any disposition to thwart the government of Lord Melbourne until they had adopted courses, and introduced measures, wholly at variance with his repeatedly-recorded opinions and votes. As an instance of the steadfastness of his support of the ministry, and the party with whom they acted, Lord Brougham refers to his warm support of the great measure of Municipal Reform in 1835. And in the summer of 1836, he refrained from all complaint, even when he saw a sacrifice made of his measures for preventing pluralities and non-residences, and a bill founded on totally opposite principles introduced. In 1837 (to take the years regularly in which he is accused of deserting the party with whom he had so recently acted) he continued to support the government, except on one or two occasions,—for instance, on the introduction of the Canada Resolutions. During the session of 1837, he had expressed his opinion of the necessity of altering the Reform Bill in essential particulars, and especially of extending the elective franchise. The following session unhappily opened with a declaration from the government, as a body, that they took a view wholly different from that of most Reformers of the time. It might fairly be asked, then, why should Lord Brougham give up his opinions, which he had maintained throughout life, without the slightest deviation, because the government had changed theirs? To show that there was no acrimony in his attacks on Lord Glenelg for his conduct with respect to Canada, it is only necessary to point to the many instances in which he defended the Colonial Secretary, and to the objection, which he threw out parenthetically, to a resolution passed in the House of Commons, because it attempted to fix Lord Glenelg personally with the disastrous turn of affairs in Canada, instead of conveying the censure generally upon the Colonial system. The question is not now for the first time asked, why, full licence having been allowed to Lord Glenelg and some of his principal

colleagues to form their own opinions—with them to oppose Parliamentary Reform up to 1831—to defend the Manchester Massacre—to support the Six Acts—to remove Lord Fitzwilliam from office for attending a Parliamentary Reform meeting at York—to oppose Lord Brougham's motion on the case of Smith the missionary,—the question is not now for the first time asked why (those noble persons having, without any blame whatever, been suffered formerly to hold such courses, and having adopted a different line of policy from November, 1830, to November, 1837) Lord Brougham alone should be complained of, for continuing, since November, 1837, to abide by the very same principle which he had not taken up for the first time in November, 1830, but held in all former periods of his political career. Did not Mr. Whitbread, without the same charge of tergiversation being brought against him, oppose the measures of the Whig administration, when he found that long tenure of office had made them less vigilant for peace, retrenchment, and reform?

For the foregoing defence of Lord Brougham's consistency we do not hold ourselves responsible: we have but repeated the noble lord's own argument. If we wished to defend him on that score, we should take a larger view and a wider range than that comprised in a period, when the temptations thrown in Lord Brougham's way to indulge in revenge on those who had so persecuted him, were too strong for any but super-human nature. A candid review of the whole of this remarkable man's career would vindicate his consistency in a much more signal manner; but from that review we shall be disposed to exclude the masterly manœuvres by which Lord Brougham punished his late associates, terrifying their innermost hearts like an avenging angel, when they thought him laid low for ever.

We here allude more especially to the course he took on the Canada Government Bill, and his subsequent demolition of the Earl of Durham.

In his determined opposition to the Canada Government Bill, his lordship found himself alone, as far as the House of Lords was con-

cerned. He himself adverted to the painfulness of this isolation—to the difficulty and embarrassment attending his thankless and self-imposed task; but he found consolation in the reflection, that although he might retire from so unequal a contest defeated, he could not be disgraced. He created a marked sensation in the House by his skilful application of the mission of Pedro de la Gasca to quell the revolt of the Pizarros in Peru, to the forthcoming visit of the Earl of Durham to Canada; and *Hansard*, which very rarely stops to note the expressions of satisfaction or dissatisfaction with which a speech is received, unless they give rise to positive interruption, in this particular instance went out of its way to record, that *much cheering attended the mention of the words 'hastened his departure,'* which the historian, Robertson (quoted by the noble and learned lord), had applied to the readiness with which the negotiator had undertaken his mission, when the emperor Charles had invested him with full discretionary powers to satisfy the rightful demands of the revolted colonists. But this speech was otherwise replete with sarcasm and invective against the government, who winced under the attack. Lord Melbourne, who replied to the noble and learned lord, pretended indifference to the hostility with which the government had for some time been met by Lord Brougham; but there was evident irritation in the terms and manner in which he thanked the noble and learned lord for his active support in 1835, for his absence from the House in 1836, and for his less active support in 1837. And this wounded spirit more clearly showed itself when the noble viscount affected to feel no soreness at the very different tone which the noble and learned lord's zeal for the public welfare, his great patriotism, and his anxious desire for the people's well-being, had reluctantly compelled him to adopt in the present session. The outburst of the noble and learned lord had long been expected, and Lord Melbourne referred to his own prognostication, that the spirit of bitterness, the acerbity of feeling, which took its birth in 1833, and which had been

gathering strength and bitterness from long and forcible suppression, must break out at last. Afterwards, in the debate, Lord Brougham indignantly and peremptorily denied that the motive or principle of his political conduct had changed, and he insisted that the changed conduct of others had compelled him to oppose them, in order that he might not change his own principles. He here also stated the terms on which once more he would join the government ranks. As a *sine quâ non* of reconciliation, they must retract their declaration against reform, or bring forward liberal and constitutional measures; and in the meantime, he defied the government to point out any one part of his public conduct which had been affected in any way by feelings of a personal or private nature, or been regulated by any one consideration, except the sense of what he owed to his own principles and to the interests of the country. The noble and learned lord continued his opposition to the Bill until it had reached its last stage, when he entered his final protest against it.

One of his lordship's most damaging and trenchant speeches was delivered in January, 1838, on the occasion of Lord Glenelg moving the address to her Majesty with respect to Canada. This harangue was in Lord Brougham's happiest vein—impetuous, and overflowing with invective and sarcasm. Taunting the Colonial Office not only with the error of sending out edicts at variance with the principles of the Government, but charging them with the greater blunder of making no efficient provision for carrying those edicts into effect, he wound up his philippic against the ministry by saying that in their recent conduct, tyranny appeared stripped of its instinctive apprehension and habitual circumspection. Compared with the proceedings which parliament had at that moment to contemplate, 'the most vacillating and imbecile, the most inconsistent and impotent rulers, rose into some station commanding respect,—King John, or Richard Cromwell himself, rose into a wise, a politic, and a vigorous prince.'

That part of his speech where he

suggests reasons for the delay of the measure promised to Canada is replete with sarcasm, and contains a phrase turned happily as unexpectedly against Lord Melbourne. 'The measure (remarked the noble lord) could not have been delayed much in the other House, where such unprecedented majorities had concurred in passing all the resolutions, and in this House my noble friend knows he can do as he likes,—*I mean, when he is doing wrong—**Illâ se jactet in aulâ; and he is little opposed here.*'

In the course he afterwards took with respect to the Durham ordinances, of which the result was the sudden abandonment by Lord Durham of his dictatorship in Canada, Lord Brougham would, no doubt, have us believe that he was solely actuated by patriotic motives; and it is possible that into that belief he may have persuaded himself. But we are in all these cases allowed to believe as much as is consistent with human nature. There was in that affair a mysterious relation of cause and effect, a dramatic unity, and in the catastrophe a poetical justice, strangely symptomatic of a master mind. A Nemesis shaped the plot, and led to the tragic denouement. Lord Brougham, in his after-dinner speeches, towards the close of 1835, scouted the idea of rivalry with the Earl of Durham; and, with all the presumed talent of that nobleman, the idea of setting him up against such a man was sufficiently absurd. Yet it was a singular fact, that the insults of 1834, the conspiracy by which the then Chancellor, and possible proximate premier, was pulled down from his height and rolled in the dust,—insults then supposed to have been contrived by a section of Whigs, who had set up Lord Durham as their idol,—it was strange, indeed, that those insults should have been so triumphantly avenged on the whole party, and that in the very person of the man to whom public opinion pointed as the gainer by them, if not as their originator. Private and public enmities are essentially different in their nature: it is possible—nay, very usual—for public opponents to be fast and warm private friends. So far from blaming Lord Brougham for demolishing

Lord Durham, we should not feel half so much inclined to respect him if he had neglected so tempting and so glorious an opportunity. Even as an orator, he was almost bound to do so. A Cicero might have been dazzled into an attack on such a pro-consul. Be the motives what they might, the public looked on with astonishment at the resurrection of Lord Brougham's powers; and if John Bull were not the most slow, obtuse, press-led of beings, he would at once have perceived that he had been made a tool of for the commission of an act of gross political injustice.

Lord Brougham's position has ever since been an ambiguous one. Although he had finally separated from the Whigs, he could not openly join their rivals. He became a political anomaly—an independent man. The result was inevitable. Although there is great talk of party being extinct, it is just as young and lively as ever. The British public have been too long used to idol worship. When Lord Brougham belonged to a party, he, too, was an idol. Isolated, he stands, a kind of titled tribune of the people, but little understood, and still less followed.

But, if seemingly neglected by the thoughtless multitude, he is the more esteemed by the discerning few; although for qualities not usually ascribed to him. It is seen, that whatever may be his motives, his actions are those of a public-spirited man; that after having earned, as few, indeed, of his contemporaries have earned, the right to ease and retirement, he has disdained to 'eat the bread of idleness,' but has devoted himself with an assiduity and self-sacrifice unparalleled in political or professional history, to the performance daily, from an early hour till a late one, of judicial duties of a most wearisome character. Of the hundreds of the vulgar who jest or sneer at mention of his name, how many are there who reflect, that by Lord Brougham—this man supposed to be so unsound and so eccentric—the highest appellate jurisdiction in the country, for a period of many months, up to the last session of parliament, was alone exercised? It is to the honour of the legal profession, that although he

early challenged their enmity, they, if tardily, still honourably admit his legal worth. Again, how many of those second-hand thinkers reflect, that it is to Lord Brougham that we owe all the most important changes made of late years in the law?

Between vulgar abuse or misconception and reasonable criticism, there is a gulf which, in the case of Lord Brougham, requires to be bridged over. For this, the mere incidents glanced at in the foregoing pages furnish the materials. Lord Brougham has been most unduly punished for the enormous share of mob-idolatry he enjoyed in earlier years. Men visit on him the penalty of their own exaggerated expectations; and while most of us are ready enough to read, and even to enjoy an adverse criticism, there are few who will recognise the duty of examining and thinking for themselves.

Lord Brougham is gravely charged with unsoundness, eccentricity, superficiality, inconsistency, insincerity. Only by such a wholesale and sweeping catalogue of faults can the *amende* be made to the *amour propre* of a nation that had by common accord rejoiced in the belief of possessing a great man. Even candid and honourable critics evince a singular forgetfulness of the position, and, if we may use the term, of the mission this extraordinary personage had to fulfil. They expect from one who was essentially a man of action, the qualities of one who had nothing to do but to think. If the secret springs of such judgments could be unveiled, it might rather seem to indicate a latent jealousy, that one who had passed a life of such activity, who had been so ubiquitous, yet so necessary an actor in the history of his time, should also have contributed so much to the sum total of knowledge, or at least should have striven to do so. Englishmen do not like many-phased minds, which are a satire on their own one-sidedness; nor do they forgive any one, however brilliant his talents or his success, who seeks to excel in more than one thing; because such a man is a living reproach to their own servility to the dogmatism of pedantry. If Lord Brougham had had as many aliases as he has had fields of action, he might not with impunity merely,

but with applause, have been the unsuspected Proteus. But to do more than one thing is, in John Bull's eyes, a crime; to do it well, an impossibility.

Among other rare privileges enjoyed by Lord Brougham, has been that of having anticipated the decision of posterity. A hoax practised on the public in 1839 led the journalists (some of them) to canvass and criticise the character of one whom they supposed to be dead. *The Times*, which at first discredited the story of Lord Brougham's death, seized the occasion for an attack on a lion whom it half suspected of 'shamming' dead. It is only on the assumption that there was a little sly malice at work, that the writer of that article can be acquitted of the imputation of extreme arrogance, or extreme incapacity. A depreciating tone pervades the whole summary. The journalist could find no worthier phrases as descriptive of the man, than that he was 'the most voluminous of writers,' the 'most voluble of debaters,' and 'of actors, if not the most efficient and successful, at any rate the most restless and indefatigable.' He denies that Lord Brougham has ever contributed either substance or beauty, on any topic, to the thoughts of preceding writers. In reference to scientific matters, he is sneered at as an 'itinerant'; his oratory is denied the charm of inspiration that warms the hearts of men; and it is gravely stated, that for a man of Lord Brougham's untiring restlessness and noise and tumult, no man has ever failed so palpably in the accomplishment of any one decided object; with much more in the same levelling and uncharitable spirit. *The Morning Post*, which had as steadily opposed Lord Brougham's public policy as *The Times* had supported it, spoke of him as 'one of the greatest and most extraordinary men of his time;' of 'the range of his intelligence' as 'prodigious;' of his versatility as amazing. But more striking than all to this writer was his 'long-enduring and passionate energy;' and he recognised in the oratory of Lord Brougham a 'Demosthenic force and clearness,' a faculty of 'captivating and conquering a great assembly,' in

which he was equalled by no man of his time. And this acute and candid observer had also remarked, that 'even in the most terrific storms of passionate invective, there seemed an under-current of cool reasoning, inventing arguments and suggesting sarcasm;' and that he had 'imagination to create, wit to combine, and a torrent of language at command.' Still more flattering and more true was the article in *The Morning Chronicle*, then the organ of the party from which Lord Brougham had seceded, and which he had punished so severely for treachery and ingratitude. This writer told of 'variety of attainment,' 'facility of expression,' 'energy of purpose,' 'grandeur of forensic eloquence,' 'fervent championship of many great objects of national philanthropy and improvement;' and he avowed his conviction that his distinguished subject had 'well earned by long toil, splendid effort, and gradual ascent, the elevation to which he attained; not that merely of rank and station, but of celebrity and influence.' Here are discrepancies of criticism enough to justify a very careful review of the life and character of Lord Brougham. The contradiction of these opinions may be accounted for on the supposition that the two last were written in the *bond fide* belief that the noble lord was dead, while the first was inspired by a conviction that he was still living—still a fair object for political attacks.

The charge of superficiality, which leavens every estimate we have ever heard of Lord Brougham's character, comes with a bad grace from those whose knowledge on the subject is essentially superficial. In the sense imparted by them to the word, the charge of superficiality is unfounded. If, on the other hand, it is meant that Lord Brougham is not a Locke, a Newton, a Bolingbroke even, then the charge is at once true and innocuous. Lord Brougham does not appear ever to have arrogated to himself the character of an originator or an inventor. He is, and has been throughout his life, an agent, an interpreter. He has stood between mankind and the mysteries that enthralled them, illumining all by the magical light of his

clear and powerful intellect. All the thinking had been done long before. There were stored up ingots of philosophic gold; there was wanted some one to coin them and pass them current. To him might be accorded the privilege of stamping on them his own mark of individuality, but not the praise of having created them. From the man who leads the forlorn hope and storms the breach, you are not entitled to expect a knowledge of the plan of campaign. If you find, in addition to his bravery and self-sacrifice, that he has also the qualities of a general, your admiration is in proportion. Lord Brougham's originality lies, not in having discovered this or that specific truth, or in having excelled most of his contemporaries in the manner of disclosing it, but in the wondrous fecundity and versatility of a mind which could multiply itself with occasions, and ever present a firm, active, controlling force to whatever subject was offered to it. Something, too, should be allowed for the habit of dogmatic criticism acquired in early youth, and something for those arts and practices of the advocate which it is so difficult to shake off. The best answer to this charge of superficiality, however, would be a careful and candid review of Lord Brougham's writings and speeches.

Consistency is not always a political virtue; nor is inconsistency in public men a vice, in a country where public opinion rules, and where abstract theories yield to practical necessities. Lord Brougham is often charged with inconsistency; yet it would seem, by comparison with the most eminent of his contemporaries, that the charge is unfair. Not to go lower in the political scale, let us take the late Sir Robert Peel, Sir James Graham, and the Earl of Derby. It has been the lot of each to be compelled to work out political theories and principles the reverse of those maintained in earlier life. Lord Brougham seems to have been of an unyielding temper; but that is rather evidence of consistency than of inconsistency. Parliamentary Reform, Catholic Emancipation, Law Reform, Negro Eman-

cipation, and generally the removal of all unnecessary fetters on knowledge and popular development—these have been the great objects of Lord Brougham's long and restless strivings. No one will deny that he has pursued them with an ardent devotion and a warm perseverance. In the carrying of Catholic Emancipation, Negro Emancipation, and Parliamentary Reform, he was himself one of the chief agents; the popularization of knowledge has been his own, sole, almost unaided act; and now, at seventy-two years of age, he has the glorious satisfaction of seeing the great question of Law Reform in course of solution,—to his own hands, by the almost universal assent of Parliament, the profession, and the public, being confided the delicate, difficult, and dangerous task. And as to the still-vexed question of Parliamentary Reform, if Lord Brougham had had his own way in 1835, Lord John Russell would not now have before him his appointed task for next session; nor would the country see so humiliating a spectacle as the extension of the franchise put up by all parties to a sort of Dutch auction. The charge of insincerity is a matter between Lord Brougham and his former allies: one thing is quite clear, that he has always been true to the public. As for the imputation of unsoundness—considering the myriad subjects on which Lord Brougham's mind has wrought, the wonder is, not that there should have been some mistakes, but that there should not have been so many more.

As for Lord Brougham's 'eccentricity,' to the vulgar eye it stands confessed, a fact. In the vulgar acceptance of the word, Lord Brougham is daringly eccentric. In free countries, it is not permitted to men to differ from their neighbours, except in very slight and imperceptible shades. Custom out-tyrannizes absolutism. In France or in Germany, one may do as one likes, because society is ground down by a ruthless despotism; but in England, do as you like, if you dare! Lord Brougham, it seems, chooses to do as he likes. After a long day of arduous labour, he prefers a walk

to a ride; and if his blood wants circulating, he walks fast; when he speaks, he speaks aloud, having been used so to do, as a matter of business, all his life; if his hands be cold, he puts them in his pockets; though fashions change for the benefit of tailors, Lord Brougham sticks (as many a north countryman has done before him) to the check or the plaid; not being particular about hats, he does not wear his stuck horizontally on the top of his head, like an inverted chimney-pot, but lets it go aslant on the back, a practice less painful to the forehead; being naturally of an ardent and excitable temperament, he uses much gesticulation in talking,—about as much as a Frenchman would require in order to tell you it is a fine day; in short, Lord Brougham commits divers offences against the leaden sovereignty of custom, all which are peculiarly shocking in a peer. Being, too, naturally of an affable and sociable disposition, he fraternizes quickly with those for whom he takes a liking, and spouts out his thoughts and feelings, instead of filtering them, as your grave ones do. He is in the world and of the world; a fast friend; the gayest and wittiest of companions; the most enjoying and the most enjoyable; a patriarch in experience and sagacity, but a schoolboy in freshness of feeling. He is a man; not an ennobled abstraction. He is odd, unique, bizarre—anything but eccentric; for there is not a man among us who has his aplomb, or whose moral and mental centre of gravity

more firmly pivot the violent oscillations and gyrations of his 'passionate' energy.

If the superabundance of this energy makes him seem to overdo things, we should remember that the tread or the gripe of the giant, however gently meant, comes hard and heavy on us ordinary men. With all his oddities, or his reckless disregard of conventional prescribed laws, his self-possession never quits him for an instant. Go to him when you will, or on what you will, he is ever ready, clear-headed, toned and polished to razor-pitch. Next to the Duke of Wellington, he is the public arbitrator most often consulted on matters coming within the range of his specialties. In private life he is respected and beloved by all to whom he discloses his true nature. Look at his past career, and you have the materials for a dozen ordinary reputations: look at his present position, and you are the more struck with the tremendous energy and perseverance with which he has righted himself in the public mind, after having been subjected to a persecution and prostration utterly without parallel among civilians since the downfall of Bolingbroke.

We have said nothing about Lord Brougham's literary works; nor have we, as would have been easy and congenial, eulogized his oratory: his law reforms would require an article purposely and apart. Our object has solely been to record our impression that, in the public treatment of this remarkable man, there has been, and is, a crying injustice.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1851.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF CAPTAIN DIGBY GRAND;

OR,

'THE DANGEROUS CLASSES.'

PART I.

'GRAND and Buffler to stay!' says the 'prepostor' of the Lower Remove-Remove, as he darts into our hall of learning on his humane errand. Right well do Grand and Buffler know what that simple sentence indicates; and ere the messenger of Fate, in the shape of a short and dirty lower boy collegier, or 'tug,' has departed, they evince by a simultaneous hitching of the waistband, and wistful expression of countenance, their very disagreeable anticipation of the discipline to follow. Gravely the construing proceeds, as it has proceeded from time immemorial within those classic walls, and w^hatever 'Henry's holy shade' might think of it, I can imagine the pagan ghost of heathen Horace would be somewhat aghast, could his repose in the realms of Pluto be disturbed by the blundering school-boy's version of his polished stave.

Let us hear how Bullock-major renders the dreaded Ode. *Justum et tenacem propositi virum*, begins the much-enduring master, giving to the thrilling stanza that harmonious roll, which shows that much and often as his favourite has been murdered to his unwilling ear, he still clings to him with all a scholar's devotion—'*Justum*,' &c.—Bullock-major, go on! Up starts the electrified disciple with all the readiness of a professor, but deep are the misgivings at his heart, and clouded the impression on his brain; for Bullock-major, though as stalwart 'a stroke' as ever feathered an oar round Lower Hope, and as straight as a bowler as ever skimmed the emerald sward of the lower shooting-fields, is yet modestly aware of his own deficiencies, and has a wholesome horror of being, like Grand and

Buffler, 'in the bill.' At it he goes, however, with changeless intonation and nasal twang—'*Virum*, the mast'—pause—'*justum*, just'—pause—'*et tenacem*, and tenacious'—(Bravo, Bull! says the next boy on the form, a scapegrace of some eleven summers)—'*propositi*'—a solemn pause,—dark grows the master's brow—go on, Sir, *propositi*—Bullock grows desperate: '*propositi*—of his proposition.' Hear him, melodious minstrel of Rome's palmiest days!—'Sit down, Sir!—put him in the bill,—next boy go on.' And the unfortunate Bullock-major, embarks in the same boat with Buffler and myself.

Ah! those were glorious days, notwithstanding the 'bill,' and all its horrors; some of the happiest hours that I, Digby Grand, have spent in my chequered career, were passed at dear old Eton; with just enough of school and school-discipline to make the relaxation of play delightful, with every kind of amusement the heart of boy could desire—with boating, cricket, foot-ball, hockey, paper-chases, and leaping-parties, or as we called them, 'levies'—and above all, with that abundance of congenial society, and those cordial friendships, so delightful to youth. No wonder that the old Etonian's heart still warms, when he catches sight of the walls of 'Collegio'—no wonder that he remembers, with a vividness after years can never obliterate, each characteristic of the long past scene. The dreaded Hawtrey, 'my tutor,' by turns loathed, and beloved; 'my dame,' an object now of ridicule, now of affection; Windsor Bridge, Mother Tolliday, the wary and well-informed Spankie himself; the 'ticks up-town,'

the 'sock-shop,' the triumphs on the water, won with sculls and oar—the glories of the sward, when an Eton eleven sacked the second-best team of the Marylebone Club—all and each of these images are clung to and remembered in many a varied scene and distant land; ay, such early impressions as these will return to the imagination of the wanderer, even when the dearest and holiest ties of home are for a time forgotten. But let me also look back through the long vista of years gone by—let me live once more in memory the joyous days of spring, when the heart was merry and the step was light, when the breeze of morning kissed an open brow, as yet unscamed by care, and lifted clustering locks, unthinned, unbleached by time—when to-morrow was as though it would never be, and to-day was all in all—without a care, without a fear, save of the consequences of some youthful scrape, ending in the fatal catastrophe of corporal punishment.

I was brought up a 'dandy'—that was the word in my younger days. From the time I left the nursery, the first lesson inculcated on my youthful mind, was 'Digby, hold up your head, and look like a gentleman; 'Mister Digby, don't dirty your boots.' 'I like the poor people's children.' 'I lost my mother when still a baby; so my ideas of her are chiefly drawn from her portrait in the dining-room—a fair and beautiful woman, with large melancholy eyes and nut-brown hair: I presume it was from her that I inherited those glossy locks on the adornment of which I have spent so much time and trouble, that would have been far better bestowed on the cultivation of the inner portion of my skull. My father, Sir Peregrine Grand, of Haverley Hall, was what is emphatically called, a gentleman 'of the old school; that is to say, his weaknesses were those of drinking a great deal of port at a sitting, swearing considerably even in ladies' society, and taking an inordinate quantity of snuff; but then he was adorned with all the shining virtues that so distinguished that same 'old school: he eschewed cigar smoking as a vice filthy in the extreme. His morals were as loose as those of his

neighbours, but his small clothes were a great deal tighter. He had his hair dressed by his valet regularly every morning—and then *he knew his position* so well, and he took care every one else should know it too. Nevertheless, though an ill-judging, he was an indulgent father to me; and I do believe his dearest wishes were centred in myself, his only child. Not that he thought much of my morals or my intellect, but he took care that I should be a good horseman and an unerring shot; and as some fathers would wish their children to be distinguished in the different walks of public life—as warriors, authors, orators, or statesmen—so was it poor Sir Peregrine's dearest hope, that 'Digby should be a man of fashion—by Jove! the sort of fellow, sir, that people are glad to see, and a man that knows his position, Doctor Driveller—that knows his position, sir. I recollect many years ago, when I was a young fellow, the women called me Peregrine Pickle; I could do what I liked then, anywhere, and with any of them, but I never forgot my position, Sir—never forgot my position.'

'Very true, Sir Peregrine,' said the worthy doctor, who would have assented equally to the most preposterous proposition, if made by my father—'very true; when Digby leaves Eton, he must go into the army.'

'But not the Line, papa!' says the precocious urelin alluded to. 'Fortescue-major, at my tutor's, says the Line is very low, and most Eton fellows go into the Guards. I shall go into the Guards, papa.'

'Hold your tongue, Digby, and hand me the biscuits. Doctor, ring the bell, and we will just peep into another bottle of port.'

Such was the substance of our usual conversation after dinner when I was at home for the holidays, and such it might have remained, without ever approximating the desired end, had it not been for an accidental circumstance, which procured me a friend whose energy urged upon my father the necessity of taking some steps with regard to my entrance into life, and through whose instrumentality I obtained a commission in her Majesty's service.

Everything at Haverley Hall was conducted upon a scale, to say the least of it, of lordly magnificence; and as, during my boyhood, I never knew a wish ungranted, or a request refused, which had for its object the further circulation of the coin of the realm, my boyish idea naturally was, that my father's resources were inexhaustible, and that, to use a common expression, 'money was no object.' How could I tell that the lengthy conferences in his private room—from which our old man of business, Mr. Mortmain, used to emerge with a darkened brow and a drooping chin—had for their object the furtherance of supplies, and for their argument the still-to-be-solved problem of making two and two equal to five;—how could I tell that from sheer mismanagement and love of display, year after year a goodly rent-roll was diminishing, and a fine property alienating itself from its natural possessor? Come what might, Sir Peregrine must have three servants out of livery, to say nothing of a multitude of giants in plush and powder. Though he seldom or never got upon a horse, the stables must be filled with a variety of animals, good, bad, and indifferent. Hating standing about in the cold more than anything, he was not by any means a constant attendant at Newmarket; and when there, wished himself anywhere else in the world; but that was no reason why every list of acceptances, for every doubtful event on the Turf, should not be adorned by the name of one of his race-horses, selected from a string which he never saw, but of whose length he might judge by that of his trainer's bill. One of my first scrapes as a boy was not remembering how 'Euclid' was bred, having confounded that gallant animal with a mathematician of the same name. As for going out in a carriage with less than four horses, Sir Peregrine would rather have walked, gout and all, than compromised 'his position' by such a proceeding; and as all his ideas with regard to dinners, entertainments, housekeeping, &c., were upon the same scale, it would have required, indeed, the fortune of a millionaire to support this style of magnificence.

From my father's increasing indo-

lence as he grew into years, the management of the shooting and the stables came into my hands, at an age when the achievements of most boys are limited to an occasional rabbit slaughtered by favouritism with the keeper's gun, or a stolen ride on the unwilling pony, that goes to the post, carries the game, and does the odd jobs; but long ere I had mounted the tailed coat and stiff cravat of incipient manhood, I could knock over wild partridges right and left, and ride my own line to a pack of fox-hounds, as well as many who, although double my age, had perhaps less experience in these accomplishments. Before I left Eton, I used to make my own horses, as the term is; and as my father never grudged me anything I desired, in the way of extravagance, I had but to gain over the trainer, to obtain as a gift any one of his thorough-bred horses, that in our united wisdom, we should choose to condemn as too slow for racing. I always found this species of request, as involving no immediate outlay of ready money, to be granted most willingly; and it was after a gift of this description that I sallied forth one morning in early spring for the purpose of riding a four-year-old, fresh from Newmarket, over every fence that should come in my way, and thereby perfecting him as a hunter against the ensuing season. Oh! the delight of a glorious gallop over grass, on a fine morning, the easy swing of the free-going animal beneath you, to which every muscle and joint of the horseman instinctively adapts itself; the fresh and exhilarating breeze, created by the rapid motion; the constant change of scene as you scour along over upland and meadow; the 'middle distance,' as painters call it, wheeling into ever-varying beauty: then the reflective flattery, reciprocated by the flying pair; the 'how well I ride *you*, and how well you carry *me*;' the association of ideas, and recollections of the many good runs you have seen, and the many more you hope to see, if you are a hunting man,—as, ten to one, if you really enjoy this sort of thing, you are,—all this makes a morning gallop one of the pleasantest sensations experienced by youth and health; and it was with a full appreciation

of its delights that I sent the four-year-old along on the morning in question, solitary, and, as I thought, unseen. I spied my flight like a seabird on the wing. Everything was most successful at first; my young horse was in the best of humours, and appeared to enjoy his lesson as much as his instructor. We bounded over the park-rails like a deer; we disposed of the Ha-ha—an ugly obstacle enough, in our stride: we went in and out of a rough, tangled, double hedge, that skirted the plantation on the hill, as cleverly as if our united ages had been double their real amount; and when, flushed with success, I turned his head for the vale, a fine grass line of extensive pastures, I felt as if nothing could stop us. But horses, like men, may be somewhat too thin-skinned, and as I neared the high road, I spied a strong, overgrown fence, through whose thorns and briers we should have to force our way; and thick, tangled, and dark was the forbidden leap. I went at it fast, thinking the pace might send us through like a bullet, but, rapidly as we approached, my young horse, when within a stride of the fence, came round upon his haunches with a quickness all his own, and which might have unhorsed many a tolerable equestrian. One more chance I gave him, and then proceeded to coercive measures. The blood of his ancestors was roused, and the battle began in right earnest—the rider applying whip and spurs with sustained vigour—the animal backing, rearing, and plunging, in a manner that threatened soon to put a period to the contest in the downfall of one or both. At last I forced him into the fence; and, as he fell upon his head into the road, and recovered himself without unhorsing me, I found myself face to face with an elderly man in undress uniform, whom I immediately recognised as General Sir Benjamin Burgonet, commanding the district, accompanied by a young aid-de-camp, likewise in the livery of her Majesty.

‘Well saved, my lad, and devilish well. ridden, too,’ said the jolly General, a large, heavy man, with a red face and double chin, perfectly resplendent with good living and

good humour. ‘Got a good horse there for a light weight; and I’ll be bound to say, you make him go. I’ve been watching you,’ added he, as if that fact alone made me worthy of knighthood on the spot. I took off my hat with my best Eton air, and introduced myself to the General as young Grand; adding, that I had the honour of meeting him at a review last year, and concluding by a cordial invitation to breakfast, at which meal I was sure Sir Peregrine would be delighted to see him. It turned out that the General was returning from some duty of inspection, and being an old friend of my father, was actually on his way to pay him a visit; nor, although he had breakfasted once, was the jolly commandant loth to indulge in a second morning meal.

As we rode into the grounds, I communicated to my companion the desire I had long entertained of entering her Majesty’s service, and ere we reached the Hall, the old officer, who had taken a great fancy to me in consequence of the exploit he had so unexpectedly witnessed, made me a faithful promise that he would use all his influence with my father to induce him to consent to my leaving Eton immediately and entering the army, and that his own interest, which was great at the Horse Guards, should be strenuously exerted to procure me a commission.

His visit produced the wished-for effect, and instead of returning to Eton, I remained at home, nothing loth, as may be supposed. It was barely a month after the General’s visit that his promises were redeemed, and his exertions on my behalf crowned with success. I shall not easily forget the day; it was one of our large dinner-parties, when the host of country neighbours came flocking to Haverley, like eagles to the slaughter. My father was very great during these solemnities, and royalty itself could not be more magnificently condescending than was Sir Peregrine to his humbler guests. These dinners, like the tides, and other important evolutions of Nature, depended chiefly on the moon, as our roads, like all county highways and by-ways, were most execrable, and the different tea-boys

and helpers, who officiated as body-coachmen on these occasions, were apt to diverge into fancy driving after their liberal potations of Haverley ale, heaven knows how many 'strike to the bushel,' to use a professional term for extreme potency. Then in order that the 'convives' might get home before 'morning should appear,' dinner was ordered at six precisely, at which hour the good folks would punctually assemble to go through agonies of shyness by daylight in the drawing-room. On the day in question, my father appeared earlier than usual in that apartment, and I saw by the care with which he was dressed, and his determination to be ready to receive his company—for the earliest guests had not yet arrived—that the character of courteous host was to be acted to perfection. He was still a fine-looking man, though bent and shrunk, and must have been very handsome in his youth. His thin white hair was powdered, and his deep white neck-cloth folded with a precision it had cost his valet twenty years to acquire. The black pantaloons fitted tightly as a glove on those well turned limbs, which had not yet lost their grace and symmetry. He was still vain of his foot, and huge bunches of black ribbon, tying the low-cut shoe, made its proportions appear even tinier than those which nature had accorded. A voluminous white waistcoat covering a portly figure—for still the waist increases as the shoulders fall—and an enormous frill, completed my father's 'get up.' And as he stepped forward from the hearth-rug, to welcome Mrs. Pottingden, the doctor's lady, with the air of a sovereign receiving a princess, he looked what he really was—a gentleman of the old school.

Mrs. Pottingden wore a turban, and was mightily afraid of my father. She rejoiced in six daughters, who went out two by two; and these were the two gawky ones.

My father says he is 'glad to see Mrs. Pottingden looking so well, and her charming girls;' and being slightly deaf, does not hear the good lady's reply, that 'the weather is beautiful, and 'Averley,' as she calls it, 'looking charmingly as she

came up the approach;' for the sound of wheels going round to the stables is again heard, and our most pompous of butlers announces, 'Major and Mrs. Ramrod! and Miss Arabella Ramrod!' and the same salutations are again exchanged, with this difference, that the new arrivals vote the weather cold and disagreeable, and ask after Sir Peregrine's gout. The latter inquiry is high treason, only Mrs. R. had forgotten it was so; but my father is courtesy and blandness itself, for the sound of wheels is continually heard from every description of vehicle,—landau, chariot, brougham, dog-cart, and nondescript conveyance with a pair of shafts and a head; and Mr. Soames, the butler, is breathless with the numerous announcements he is compelled to make. The Hickses, and the Johnstons, and the Longs, and old Lady Daubeney, and Admiral Portfire, and Squire Harpole of 'the Hills,' and fat Mr. Sheepskin, the lawyer, and little Mr. Stubbles, the curate—in they pour, ready and willing to pay their court to Sir Peregrine, and make play at the good things with which his table is so well provided. Heaven defend me from marshalling such a party in to dinner; bad enough is it when the order of precedence is duly emblazoned on the veracious page of Burke or Debrett, but who shall endeavour to cope with the difficulty of giving satisfaction, when Mrs. Ramrod's indignation is roused at the affront put upon her, in following Mrs. Hicks into dinner, when everybody knows that Mrs. Hicks's uncle is only a barrister; whereas her (Mrs. Ramrod's) grandfather was a Master in Chancery? (poor Ramrod! you will have it all to-night ere sleep visits your pillow); then, again, Admiral Portfire ought to have taken Mrs. Long, who is a baronet's daughter, instead of making a rush for Mrs. Johnston, whose only qualifications are youth, beauty, and good humour, as that ancient mariner well knew when he secured her companionship at the dinner-table. In short, there was no end to the outrages on all the decencies of precedence; and as I knew my father piqued himself much on his

management of proprieties on such occasions, and his knowledge of every one's 'position,' I anticipated with dread the irritable discussion that would arise on the morrow, when we talked over the events of the preceding evening.

But they settle down for the present over soup and sherry; and through the Babel-like confusion that prevails, I catch my father's courteous tones, as he bows his shining head now to deaf old Lady Daubeney, now to voluble Mrs. Long, while he slices the turbot, and dispenses the precious pearls of his condescension in due share to every guest. He is telling a story of the Prince of Wales and Carlton House to Lady Daubeney; and she thinks, good soul, that he is discoursing of an eminent firm in the city, which has lately failed, and sits—listening it can hardly be called in one so devoid of hearing—with an expression of interest and commiseration upon her countenance which is perfectly irresistible.

Sir Peregrine, though pompous, is seldom at fault, and he cleverly diverts his conversation to his fair neighbour on the other hand, leaving the old lady perfectly satisfied with the share she has borne in the dialogue. And now little Mr. Stubbles, commiserating her isolated position, and emboldened by sherry, hazards a remark across the table, to the effect that 'the weather to-day was remarkably cloudy for the time of year.' The attention of the company is forcibly arrested by her ladyship's loud and irritable interrogative, and poor Mr. Stubbles, in rising confusion, repeats his unfortunate discovery. Again the old lady 'begs his pardon, she did not quite catch what he said,' and the victim, ready to sink with shyness, a third time publishes his meteorological observation. He has at length succeeded in exciting her curiosity, and, leaning back, she desires one of the stately footmen standing behind her chair to fetch her ear-trumpet out of the drawing-room. The instrument arrives, and Stubbles is again placed on the rack. I never saw a man blush so blue. The old lady adjusts her acoustic auxiliary with the nicest care, and repeats her inquiry—and when Stubbles, wishing

that the earth would yawn and swallow him, has stated, for the fourth time, his observation about the clouds, my well-bred father himself cannot resist a laugh at the 'humph' of disgust and disappointment with which the old lady receives the washy substitute for what she hoped would prove a 'real bran-new bit of news.' That dinner, which my young impatience thought interminable, at length came to a close; and as I was ruminating, half asleep, over my claret, and feigning an interest in the lively poor-law discussion carried on across me, by my neighbours on either side, Major Ramrod and old Hicks, the door opened, and Soames, walking gravely round the table, presented me with an important-looking missive, adorned with a huge official seal; above the address I read, with an indescribable thrill of excitement, the talismanic words 'On Her Majesty's Service.' The whole thing flashed upon me in an instant, and long ere I had deciphered the formal announcement from the adjutant of the 101st Regiment of Foot, informing me that 'the Queen had been graciously pleased to appoint me to an ensigncy in that distinguished corps,' and that he, the adjutant, 'had the honour to remain my obedient humble servant,' I was aware that the transformation had taken place, and the bumper of '19, filled by a mere schoolboy, would be emptied by an officer in her Majesty's Service. I passed the letter down to my father with an air of military carelessness, and strove to preserve a becoming bearing of unmoved stoicism, during the congratulations that followed from all present. They drank my health, and success to me in my profession; and I went to bed that night feeling more thoroughly 'the soldier,' than any veteran that ever obtained his long-expected medal as a receipt in full for the wounds and dangers of a hundred fights.

A gallant and distinguished regiment was the 101st Foot, and a well-drilled and efficient dépôt did they possess, then quartered in the north of Scotland, the regiment itself being scattered over some five hundred miles of frontier in Canada West; and as I drove into the bar-

rack-gates, and marked the alert sentry, the lounging guard, and the smart non-commissioned officers hurrying about, my Eton impudence was impressed with a feeling of respect for my future corps; and with a bashfulness the fifth form had not totally eradicated, I walked up to a tall erect serjeant, who was pacing to and fro on the parade, and requested to be informed which were the adjutant's quarters. His quick eye had detected my name on the portmanteau, then being lifted off my post-chaise, and ere he replied, he drew himself up still more, and *saluted his officer*. That salute made a man of me; and I am convinced I grew two inches during my conversation with this respectful warrior, as he ushered me into the presence of my former correspondent and obedient servant, Lieutenant and Adjutant Tompion, who, with Major O'Toole, the commanding officer, was poring over a large interlined volume in the orderly-room. I took it all in at a glance: the boarded-floor, the deal-table, the stand for measuring recruits, the extreme bareness of walls and furniture, the few articles of necessity, looking, as in fact they were, capable of being packed up in five minutes, the only litter consisting of two or three single-sticks, a pattern knapsack, and the orderly-room clerk, a sort of knight-templar, half warrior and half scribe. From these my astonished eyes travelled over the persons of commanding-officer and adjutant, the former a jolly-looking, round little man, close-shaved and clean, in most unmistakable plain clothes, having nothing military-looking whatever about him; the latter a gaunt, weather-beaten officer, with enormous hands and feet, clad in a threadbare blue coat and much-worn pair of scales, without sword, or sash, or any offensive weapon save a stupendous pair of brass spurs, and whose duty seemed to consist in keeping one of his huge fingers pressed on the folio before him, and agreeing cordially with the Major in all his proposals.

'Oh, Mr. Grand!' says the Major, 'how do you do, sir; we expected you yesterday. Hope you have had a pleasant journey. Tompion, you

wrote to Mr. Grand to say when he was to join?'

'Yes, sir; I wrote to inform Mr. Grand his leave would be out on the 31st.'

I apologized for the mistake, saying I understood I was not to join till the 1st.

'Never mind,' said the Major; 'when you have been with us a little longer, you will find out we always get as much leave as we can, so you have only begun on the usual system. But I see my horses waiting. Good morning, Mr. Grand; we shall see you at mess at half-past seven; no occasion to come in uniform, as I suppose your baggage is only just arrived. We shall not trouble you much with drill for a day or two, till you are fairly settled. Tompion, you will show Mr. Grand his quarters, and anything worth seeing about the barracks; I leave him in your hands. Good morning!' And the jolly major swaggered off for his afternoon ride.

'Come,' thought I, 'these are very pleasant people I have got amongst; I think I shall like it. And now to see what sort of a fellow Lieutenant and Adjutant John Tompion is.' Accordingly, as I walked across the barrack-yard with my new acquaintance, I endeavoured, by asking him a few questions as to the customs of the service, to gain some little insight into my new profession; but no; Tompion, though an excellent adjutant, and as steady a drill as ever overlooked the 'awkward squad' blundering through the 'goose-step,' had not an idea beyond his own duty, and that of the serjeant-major. I gave him a capital cigar, one of a lot that I had bought from Hudson, for the express purpose of joining with, and I thought he was disposed to look upon me in a more favourable light after this demonstration; but it was with a sort of dull surprise, as that of one who should see a child unbreeched handling a dice-box, or Tom Thumb struggling with an eighteen-foot salmon-rod; and I have no doubt that I must have appeared a mere baby in the veteran eyes of Lieutenant Tompion, who had been twenty-five years in the service, working his way, without friends or purchase-money, up to his present position. Be

that as it may, he seemed relieved to hand me over to the attention of the quarter-master, a much fatter and more communicative individual, to whose good-nature and activity I owed the comfort of getting my things unpacked, and my bran-new goods and chattels shaken down, for the first time, in my own barrack-room.

'Dandy' Grand, as I had been at Eton, and still was, never in my life was my toilet for the dinner-table more carefully arranged than on that day. Boy as I was, I had shrewdness enough to know the advantage of first impressions; and I felt that, from that evening, I must take my position in the regiment I had entered. Accordingly, as I walked across the barrack-yard to what was termed the 'little mess-room'—the apartment in which the officers met before dinner—I glanced down at my neat and well-arranged toilet, and congratulated myself on having hit off the happy medium between foppery and carelessness that was most appropriate to a man-party. Long ere half the introductions to my new comrades were completed, the bugles marshalled us in to dinner with the appropriate air of 'The Roast Beef of Old England'; and it was with a most confused notion of the different individuals owning the names of Smith, Brown, Guthrie, Random, Captain Levanter, and Doctor Squirt, that I took my place for the first time at the mess of the 101st Foot.

Cordiality, mirth, and jollity reigned paramount; later in the evening, perhaps, there was a shade of 'tipsy revelry;' but in the presence of Major O'Toole, who sat at the right hand of Ensign Spooner, president for the week, and who told some most marvellous stories to his admiring audience, everything was conducted within the bounds of propriety. Constant were the calls—'Mr. Grand, the pleasure of a glass of wine,'—'Grand, a glass of wine with you;' and as all these convivial challenges had to be replied to, and my new comrades pledged in the standard mess-wines, strong port and sherry, a more seasoned brain than mine might be excused for owning in a slight

degree the influence of so many bumpers as I was obliged to quaff.

Some of the officers, then quartered at the dépôt, had seen a good deal of service in India, the Peninsula, and elsewhere; and after Major O'Toole had taken his departure, which he forbore from doing until we had swallowed an infinity of his wonderful anecdotes, and he his full share of the 'Prince Regent's allowance'—as a certain quantity of the mess-wines is termed—a chosen few of us gathered round the fire, and ordering a fresh supply of port, proceeded to make ourselves comfortable for an extraordinary sitting in honour of a new companion-in-arms.

'He's no flincher,' said old Brevet-Major Halbert—a veteran tanned into mahogany by hard service, and a most religious adherence to port wine and brandy-and-water in every climate of the globe—'he's no flincher, that lad,' as he eyed, with marked approbation, the steadiness with which I filled my eleventh bumper of port.

'I think he'll do, at least for a young one,' replied Ensign Spooner, a beardless warrior, some two years my junior, but whose six months' seniority in the Army List gave him all the advantage of comparatively an old hand.

I marked his flushed countenance and wandering eye, as he made his remark, and thought to myself, 'Dandy Grand will see you out, my boy, or his Eton education and his bill at 'The Christopher' goes for nothing.'

'But, Major,' said Captain Levanter, resuming a conversation that our move to the fireplace had interrupted, 'you never finished that out-post story; and I dare say Mr. Grand, and some of our young ones, would like to hear it.'

'By all means, Major,' was the unanimous cry; 'let us have a yarn of the Peninsula.'

If the proverb, *In vino veritas*, has any truth, the officers of the British army must be indeed devoted to their profession, as whenever they exceed their ordinary moderation in the pleasures of the table, their discourse invariably turns to what they call 'pipe-clay,'—a term which must be explained to the civilian to mean all and everything connected with

the stirring scenes, the lights and shades of military life.

'Well,' said the Major, 'if you young fellows like to hear it, you are welcome to the story, though it tells sadly against myself, since I was outwitted, by Gad!—outwitted by a Frenchman! But this was the way it came off. You were all children then, except my old friend Squirt; and he looked older than he does now, for he had not mounted a wig in those days. But I was, even at that early period of history, a lieutenant in a regiment of light infantry; which, from one cause and another, was so short of officers, that I found myself, one fine morning, in command of an important outpost, close to the enemy's lines. There was a mill near my position, and a rapid stream, pretty deep too, which looked to me a tempting sort of a place to throw a fly—a sport, my boys, that, in my humble opinion, beats cock-fighting! Well, I was smoking my weed, after a light and wholesome dinner off a piece of black bread and the outside of an onion, when a brown, dirty-looking fellow, who swore he was the miller, and who talked Spanish, and stunk of garlic like a true 'patriot,' asked to have an interview with 'my Excellency;' and with many compliments, and a great deal of translating by signs,—for my knowledge of Spanish was not equal to my taste in sherry,—he begged of me to allow him to place a couple of planks across the stream, to enable him to carry his sacks to the mill. I never suspected 'a plant' of any kind, and gave the beggar leave to do what he wished, more particularly as I could see the men grinning at his cursed volubility, and my bad Spanish and queer gestures, and I was in a hurry to get rid of him. Off he went, apparently very well satisfied; and in an hour's time I saw a couple of planks had been placed across the mill-stream, and a very commodious foot-bridge constructed by their means. Whether my old colonel thought me too young for 'the situation,' or whether it was accidental, I know not, but I was providentially relieved that very evening by my own captain—poor fellow, I saw him afterwards killed at Badajoz,—and the very first

thing he did, on reconnoitring his ground, was to kick the miller's planks into the stream, and put two extra sentries within sight of the spot where he had made his foot-bridge. Would you believe it?—the very next morning his post was threatened by a squadron of chasseurs, who finding themselves unsupported, retired, after exchanging a shot or two; and a large body of French infantry marched down to the exact spot where the foot-bridge had been erected, commanded by the Spanish miller in person, attired in the uniform of 'Capitaine of the Deuxième Leger.' The clever rascal had disguised himself as a Spaniard, and a miller to boot, and having to do with a young one, almost succeeded in his ingenious plan of forming a means of transport for his company, which he hoped on the morrow to lead to victory, in a brilliant affair of outposts. That fellow was born to be an actor,' concluded the Major; 'and I dare say he is one by this time, for a Frenchman can turn his hand to anything. Pass the liquor, Spooner; talking always makes me so devilish thirsty.'

That evening, like many others in the 101st Foot, concluded with broiled bones, brandy-and-water, cigars, songs, and choral accompaniments, woefully out of tune. I have, even at this distant period, a dim recollection of an imposing war-dance, performed round the mess-table, to the heroic air of 'The British Grenadiers,' and of our carrying Spooner to bed, in a sort of triumphal procession, in which, as the soberest of the party, I bore the huge silver candelabrum and its load of wax lights. After parade at nine, the following morning, I again met my comrades, Spooner included, clean, fresh, and merry, as though they lived on toast-and-water, and went to bed at ten o'clock.

Let me pass over the first two months of military life, taken up, as it was, with my initiation into all the mysteries of war,—'goose-step,' 'extension motions,' 'manual and platoon exercise,' and all the other intricacies of what is termed 'squad drill.' My principal instructor was

a stalwart serjeant of the light company, whose heart and soul were bound up in the profession he had adopted. 'Carry the but of your firelock half an inch more to the rear, Mr. Grand,' would exclaim this warlike enthusiast; 'half an inch, sir, makes all the difference; and no object in nature is more beautiful than a well-carried musket.' How people's ideas of the picturesque must vary.

However, the two months soon passed over, and I was judged capable of being dismissed my drill, and taking my duty; but in the short period which I had spent in the society of my brother officers, I had gained an insight into their several habits, and into the character of the regiment, which convinced me that 'Dandy Grand' was destined for a higher flight than a marching corps in country quarters; and already I nourished hopes of obtaining an exchange into some crack cavalry regiment, or—summit of my ambition!—an appointment to 'the Guards.' The fact is, the 101st was a slang regiment; even the best of them, as I considered him, Captain Levanter, the only officer who, in my secret heart, I deemed a fitting companion for Sir Peregrine's son, even he was given to driving tandems, and such other vulgar accomplishments; and one of my first triumphs was the winning 'a pony' of the captain, as to the feasibility of driving a pair of hired horses, harnessed tandem-fashion, in and out of the barrack-gate, a very awkward turn, placed at an acute angle with the street, a feat which I accomplished in a trot, according to the terms of the wager. Levanter never paid me, but was good enough to grant me his friendship ever after—a boon of which I have no doubt, he over-estimated the value,—and we soon became inseparable companions. The older officers shook their heads at our escapades, but amongst the young ensigns and lieutenants we were perfect demi-gods. I bought two very clever horses, which he and I drove, by turns, to the admiration of the High-street. I won a pigeon-match of Mr. M'Dookit, the sporting lawyer of that locality. I rode Major O'Toole's black mare, for a bet of half-a-crown, backwards

and forwards over the gate that led to our parade-ground; and, as I was better dressed, smoked better cigars, and drank more wine than any member of the mess under the rank of a field officer, it is no wonder that I was considered rather 'a great card' at the depôt of a marching regiment in country quarters.

The weeks slipped away pleasantly enough: one day will serve for a specimen of the rest, as they varied but little in the nature of the pursuits and amusements they afforded. A struggle to get up and be dressed in time for parade, at nine, was the invariable commencement. I buckle my sword-belt and tie my sash as I run down stairs, and make my appearance on parade in time to salute the Major before the officers proceed to inspect their respective companies. The rear-rank of No. 2 is my especial charge, and I walk down the front and up the rear with the air of a perfect martinet. Brown's knapsack is hung too high, Smith's pouch is put on too low, and Murphy is sent to drill for 'unsteadiness in the ranks.' The Major walks down, and compliments me on the progress I make in my duty. The bugles sound—the band plays—the four companies we boast of, form, and march past, saluting Major O'Toole as if he were the Duke of York; the officers fall out, the parade is dismissed, and I go to breakfast. When that elaborate meal is finished, Levanter kindly accepts one of my cigars, links his arm in mine, and we proceed down the town to play out our match at billiards, in which he gives me five out of a hundred, and wins by a stroke. (Levantier can play billiards better than any man in England, and what I have learnt of this crafty game I owe to his tuition, though I must confess my instructor did not teach me gratis.) The admiring Spooner looks on, and, in his regard and affection for myself, loses a five-pound note, or as he calls it, 'a fiver,' to my antagonist. We return to the barracks to readjust our toilets before appearing at 'the gardens,' where our drums and fifes will delight the fair admirers of the military with all the last year's waltzes and polkas, and an occasional quick step or 'galop;' and here I devote

my attentions to Miss Jones, the fort-major's daughter, a crafty young lady of two or three and thirty, with whom I fancy myself in love. Miss Jones hovers undecided between Levanter and myself, but thinks she has the most chance with the young one, and, as she herself would say, 'rather inclines to Grand.' Like all boys, I am not very good at love-making, and the more I find I care for Miss Jones, or 'Fanny,' as I begin to call her to myself, the greater difficulty I have, notwithstanding much encouragement on her part, in telling her so. On the afternoon I am now describing, I got rather further than usual, and found courage to inquire 'for what fortunate individual Miss Jones intended the small nosegay of violets she was carrying?' 'Oh my! Mr. Grand, I'm sure I don't know. Pa asked me for one, and I wouldn't give it him. Are you fond of violets?' Of course ere I escorted Miss Jones to her home, with its green blinds and brass knocker, one of the half-withered, earthy-smelling violets had found its way to the inside of my blue coat. But we had not yet got much further than this sort of harmless flirtation.

'Are you nearly dressed, Grand?—the trap is at the door,' said Levanter, some half hour after our return from the gardens, as he made his appearance in my barrack-room, 'got up' most elaborately in plain clothes, adapted for a very smart dinner-party. He was a fresh-coloured, good-looking man, above the middle size, and inclined to be stout; and as, with his dark hair immensely brushed, his whiskers curled to the very tips, a stupendous white neckcloth, gold-embroidered waistcoat, and blue coat with gilt buttons, he burst into my room, he looked a handsome fellow enough, but wanted a something I could not describe—a sort of finish, to give him the real air of a gentleman.

'Let me put on my driving-coat,' was the reply, 'and then forward.' Another five minutes saw us bowling along outside the town with a pair of quick, high-stepping horses, my property, the leader at an easy canter, the wheeler trotting some twelve miles an hour, on our way to ex-provost M'Intyre's villa, to which

we had been invited, on the occasion of one of that municipal grandee's great feasts.

'What snobs these fellows are,' said Levanter to me; 'you and I dine with this provost because it suits us, but he is a very vulgar dog, and I should cut him if I were to meet him in London.'

'I do not agree with you,' was my reply. 'This man is an unaffected, business-like fellow, a good specimen of a plain, hospitable Scotch tradesman, and he sets up for nothing more. Where there is no pretension there can be no vulgarity, Levanter; and while I respect such a man as M'Intyre, there is nothing I have such a contempt for as a fellow who likes to be thought a greater man than Nature and position have made him.' This, I fear, was an unintentional thrust that my companion did not half relish, as I saw the colour settle for an instant in his cheek, and his brow darken with a scowl I had before noticed when anything occurred to displease him; but he was a man of the most perfect self-command, and if my unlucky observation had made him an enemy for life, he would not have allowed his feelings to be discovered for an instant by the expression of his countenance. He was facetious and agreeable as ever during our drive, and ere we arrived at the ex-provost's villa, we were chatting in our usual familiar and unconstrained manner.

The dinner went off, as dinners do when sped by Highland hospitality; and Levanter and I got into our tandem to drive home, with heated brains, and spirits somewhat too much exhilarated for that particular mode of progression.

As we rattled along by moonlight on our way to the barracks, and smoked our cigars at an hour when a cigar is most enjoyable, the conversation unfortunately turned upon the merits of my leader, a high-bred, impetuous animal, that I fondly imagined would be capable of distinguishing himself in a hunting-country, and of whose jumping prowess I now boasted to my companion with intemperate eloquence. Levanter, who seemed more inclined to be argumentative, and less good-humoured than usual, rather

nettled me by the taunting manner in which he doubted the powers of my horse and, I imagined, by implication, the nerve of his owner. Young, reckless, and excitable, and more particularly now, when my blood was heated by the unusual strength of my potations, and my spirits half-maddened by the exhilaration of 'the pace,' the moonlight, and the night air, this was more than I could stand; and as I felt the devil rising within me, I only longed for some opportunity of giving vent to the wild excitement that was boiling in my veins. Hotter waxed our argument as we galloped on, and ere we neared the town, personalities were freely exchanged, though with a sort of mock-civility, that to a listener would have been inexpressibly ludicrous. At last, stung to the quick by the cool reply of Levanter to some proposition I made about the horse in question—'Perhaps he might, if you had nerve to ride him,' I burst out, 'Nerve! will you have nerve to sit still, if I drive him at the turnpike-gate? I'll show you whether he can jump.'

I thought Levanter's cheek turned a shade paler in the moonlight, as he caught sight of the gate we were now rapidly approaching, looking most forbidding with its series of strong white-painted bars; but though his lip quivered for an instant, he only said, 'Drive on and try; but hold them straight.' And ere the words were spoken, we were too near to be able to pull up at the pace we were going, even had we wished it. I shouted to my horses, and flogged the wheeler, who appeared inclined to waver in his desperate career; the calumniated leader pulling hard, and pointing his ears at the obstacle which he seemed determined to overcome. We were close upon the gate,—I heard Levanter draw his breath hard, and felt the tension of the muscle of his leg against mine,—I saw my leader's back, as he rose high in air, and surmounted the barrier; I heard a tremendous crash, and two fearful bangs against the bottom of the dog-cart, as my wheeler strove to follow his example—and in another instant I was lying in the middle of the road, whose surface, white as chalk in the

moonlight, seemed spinning round and round;—one grasp with my hands, to endeavour to keep my position on what appeared a sloping and revolving plane,—and that is all I can recollect of my ill-advised attempt to jump a turnpike-gate in a tandem.

If there is a dangerous period for youth—if there is a time when the morbid feelings of a false and fevered passion—the creature of the imagination, and not of the heart—exercise their most unbridled sway, it is surely when the frame is languidly recovering from a violent and dangerous illness; when the brain has been excited by fever, the reason weakened by debility, and the affections roused by conscious helplessness. Heaven help the youth, if in addition to all this, his recovery should take place, as mine did, during the balmy sunny days of a late spring, and be attended, as mine was, by a handsome woman, who has made up her own mind on a subject, in the carrying out of which it requires two to constitute 'a quorum.' Let the victim, besides all this, drink green tea, and read Byron; let him find himself quoting largely from *The Giaour*, *Parisina*, and the *Bride of Abydos*, whilst he eschews with a conscious sensitiveness the bantering pages of *Leppo* and *Don Juan*, and we may safely vote him in that hopeless, helpless state which our astute brother Jonathan describes by the graphic title of a 'gone 'coon.' And so was it with me. Picked up by the turnpike-man and Levanter, with a fractured wrist, a sprained shoulder, and a concussion of the brain, I was carried into the fort-major's house, which overlooked the scene of action, and to which the master happened to be returning from a late sitting at mess. My companion escaped, as was but just, with no greater injury than a black eye and a scraped shin; but the unfortunate wheeler was so much damaged, that it was found necessary to destroy him; whilst the leader, the *teterrima causa* of all, kicked himself clear of everything, and galloped scathless home to his own stable. Of all these facts, I was informed in due course of time; as my first attempt at consciousness was some six-and-thirty hours after 'the smash,' when I

found myself lying bandaged and helpless on a sofa-bedstead, in the major's sitting-room; whilst Fanny's long dark ringlets trailed over my face, and I felt her breath upon my brow, as she busied herself about my couch. I was not sure that all this was real; nor was it till at least a week afterwards that I was able to recollect any of the circumstances connected with the accident, or, stranger still, the events that took place some hours before it.

By degrees, I got better, then stronger, and at last, thanks to Squirt's skill and Fanny's nursing, I was able to sit up; but healed as were the outward wounds in my attenuated frame, an internal injury had been inflicted during my recovery, which it took me many a long day to get over—ay, which, embittering as it did my earlier years, was remembered as a gloomy warning in after life, to the stifling and destruction of the purest, holiest feelings of my heart.

I need not now be ashamed to confess that I loved Fanny Jones—ay, loved her with an energy, an infatuation, in my then state of weakness, which was little short of insanity. What was she?—an old barrack-master's daughter, a garrison flirt, hardly a lady by birth, and certainly no fitting mate for laughty Sir Peregrine's son. Good Heavens! he would have sunk into the earth could he have but suspected the truth; and yet I loved her. With all the enthusiasm of boyhood—with all the sincerity and single-heartedness of a child—with the romantic adoration of a dreamer, I loved Fanny Jones. She managed it very cleverly. I have since learnt it was her last resource. But she was playing with edged tools, and came not herself scathless out of the unequal contest. In vain Major O'Toole, performing what he considered his duty, warned me repeatedly that I 'was much too thick with Miss Jones.' In vain old Halberd came to sit with me for hours after parade and laughed at me for being 'such a spoon.' In vain the young ensigns quizzed, and whispered, as much as they dared, 'what a flat Grand was, to be hooked by such a flirt as that!' The only person that seemed to encourage me in my folly, and to assist

me with his counsel and friendship, was Levanter; and I found out in time that his was no disinterested aid.

It was some weeks before I could return to my own quarters in the barracks; and as I sat with Fanny, drinking in the summer air at the open window, and enjoying the fragrance of the flowers she knew so well how to dispose about the room,—as I watched her graceful head bending over the work that those long, drooping ringlets half concealed,—as I noticed the smothered sigh that would sometimes break upon these long, delicious silences,—as I almost shrunk from that upward glance that thrilled to my very soul,—the poison gradually but surely worked its insidious way into my being; and ere my convalescence was declared established—ere I was removed by the doctor's fiat from that cherished scene, I had poured my love-tale into an unwilling ear, and had plighted my faith (tho' faith of a scapegrace of eighteen) to Fanny Jones. Well might I have said, with the sluggard who so quaintly reproves the undue punctuality of his valet: 'You have waked me too soon; let me slumber again.' Well might I have wished to dream on, though ruin and disgrace had been the penalty, rather than be wakened so roughly, as was my lot, from that delirious trance.

I have said that Levanter assisted me much in arranging that my interviews with my lady-love might be uninterrupted, and many a time did he detain the old fort-major over his eternal backgammon-board, whilst she and I enjoyed our lover-like *tête-à-têtes* in what was now considered my own apartment. The Captain generally appeared after parade, and kindly relieved the tedium of my convalescence by a quiet game at 'écarte' or 'lansquenet,' which, in the impossibility of the 'billiard lesson,' served well enough as a pastime to the instructor, who repaid himself to a very sufficient tune for his time and trouble. After this, he would good-naturedly devote himself to backgammon and the fort-major, by which means we were left in uninterrupted bliss, as my brother-officers, who would otherwise have

kindly come to sit with me, thought I was in very good hands during the long visits of Levanter.

Things went on in this way prosperously enough. Fanny and I talked over our loves and our future *ménage*: I quite made up my mind to leave the army (having had been a soldier about four months), and had actually determined to apply for a fortnight's leave of absence, that I might visit Sir Peregrine, on the hopeless task of gaining his consent to our marriage, when the merest accident discovered to the infatuated victim the trap which had been so judiciously concealed, and so temptingly baited for his destruction.

After my thorough recovery left no excuse for remaining any longer under the fort-major's roof, I returned to my own barrack-room,—now, how dreary a solitude!—but morning after morning, directly the parade was dismissed, I sped, like a bird to its mate, down to the well-known house, there to spend the long summer's day with Fanny in her boudoir; and how wearily passed the dull hours of that on which my duty as orderly confined me to the barracks, when my only consolation was a crossed and re-crossed epistle from my *fiancée*!

One bright May morning, it was again my turn of duty to remain a close prisoner within the barrack-gate, to see the men's dinners properly cooked, their rooms and passages properly cleaned, and dismiss their afternoon parade in *proprié personne*, when, as luck would have it, Spooner, whose expectation of some visitor would keep him all day in his quarters, kindly volunteered to take this irksome duty off my hands, and the Major, contrary to custom, allowed the exchange to take place after guard-mounting at ten o'clock; consequently, I was not expected at the fort-major's, and thither I sped with even more than my usual alacrity, as soon as Spooner was installed in my place. The birds sang, the flowers bloomed, and the fresh breeze blithesomely fanned my cheek as I hurried down to the dwelling of my love. How happy I was! I might have known by that very fact, by the exuberance, the bounding delight of my excited spirits, that a damper must be in

store for this excess of joy. So has it ever been with me,—so, I suppose, in this equally balanced world, it ever is. Full of the happy surprise I should give Fanny, I stole noiselessly past the maid who was cleaning the Major's white door-steps, and who was so accustomed to my presence, that she never remarked me, and on tiptoe I crept up stairs, and through the drawing-room, to the door of Fanny's boudoir. It was ajar, and on my startled ear broke the sob of my beloved one in distress. Another step in advance, and my young blood rushed to my brain, till I heard each pulsation like the stroke of a church-clock upon the nerve. My heart sickened; I gasped for breath; but I *would not* fall. With my hand grasping the back of a chair (her work), I steadied myself to gaze upon a sight that well-nigh broke my boyish heart. Fanny in the arms of Levanter!—her head upon his shoulder, and weeping as if in the bitterest anguish and despair! We have all a certain degree of energy—call it rather, pluck—which, if we will but summon it, nerves us *to bear*; and, like an Indian at the stake, heedless of the dishonour that might be imputed to the act—heedless of all but my burning, quenchless, eager thirst for *the truth*, to know the whole, to know the worst—I stood, unobserved, near the treacherous pair, and listened to her pleading voice. Sentence after sentence fell like ice upon my heart—sentence after sentence disclosed a scheme of guilt and perfidy, of which I, the devoted, the true, the faithful, was to have been the victim. Levanter's low tones would occasionally grate upon my ear in exculpation or commentary, proving him, not only an accomplice, but the originator of the plot. Between her broken sobs and caresses, she told her guilty tale; and when, at the conclusion of a passionate appeal to his honour, to his love, to his better feelings, to marry her while there was yet time to save her from her alliance with myself—to let her stay with him, her first, her only love, in any place, in any climate, she added, with a touch of womanly feeling that half redeemed her perfidy—'otherwise, dear, dearest Richard, I must marry him before

it is too late. Poor Grand! poor fellow, so young, so handsome, and so devoted! Ah, Richard! had we never met, I could have loved him dearly and faithfully; but now——' I rushed from the house ere a burst of grief should unman and discover me, and speeding, like a madman, back to my barrack-room, I locked the door, and threw myself on the bed in a passion of misery which wellnigh approached madness. The whole of that day and night appear to me now to have been passed under the influence of some horrid nightmare, and it was not till the bugles sounded the Reveillé the following morning that I returned to a thorough consciousness of my identity and my position. The worldling may sneer at woes such as were then mine—the boarding-school miss, with her overwrought sensibility, may wonder that I ever recovered from them; but he who studies human nature carefully—who looks below the surface—while he appreciates and pities my boyish agony, will see in my very youth the best restorative, the most potent antidote to despair.

My brother officers behaved most kindly to me in my distress. They saw I was afflicted, though they knew not, or only partially guessed, the cause. Major Halberd, whom I had the sense to take into my confidence, scouted the idea of 'calling out' Levanter, which was the first intention of my inexperience; and ere long his judicious kindness and sympathy won from me the confes-

sion that I had had an escape for which I ought indeed to be thankful. 'Better hush it all up, my boy,' said the old campaigner: 'Levantier is gone on leave, and when you meet again, I advise you not to allude to this ticklish subject; take my word for it, *he* wont, and this will be a good opportunity for you to break off your intimacy with him. I don't wish to say a word against a comrade, but Levanter *knows a good deal*, and you are just as well out of his hands. As for Miss Jones—whew!' And here the Major gave vent to his feelings in a prolonged whistle, which clearly showed his opinion of my faithless flame. But well-meant as all this consolation assuredly was, I confess that I was not thoroughly cured till, having officiated at a board, which granted our drum-major his discharge from the service one fine summer's day, the next morning startled the town with the intelligence that that stout, well-whiskered, and musical individual had eloped with the fort-major's daughter. Fanny Jones, who might have been Lady Grand at some future time, is now Mrs. Dubbs; and it is whispered that Dubbs, since he has left his harmonious command, has taken to drinking!

It cured me of love for many a day; and when I embarked with a draft to join the head-quarters of my regiment in America, I was once more as devil-may-care an ensign as ever made a rally from sea-sickness at the commencement of his 'life on the ocean-wave.'

HISTORY OF THE HUNGARIAN WAR.

WE earnestly hope that before long some authentic history of the political course of the Hungarian insurrection will be published by those best acquainted with its true character.—*The Times*, October 17.

CHAPTER I.

OF the wars which sprung from the revolutionary impulse of the year 1848, there was none so fatal in its fury, so important in its results, and so interesting, even to the least political, among the nations of Europe, as the Hungarian struggle for independence. The hostile movements of the German and Danish armies in the Duchies of Holstein and Schleswig were, indeed, protracted through a longer period of time, but their decision was withheld, rather by the artificial means of armistices and negotiations, than by the tenacity of purpose of the belligerent parties, whose movements were, moreover, obstructed by the interference of a third power. The assistance of Prussia, acting for the Germanic Confederation, enabled the Duchies of Holstein and Schleswig to oppose the decree of the Danish king and people; the interference of the said power against the Duchies compelled them to submission before their strength was either broken or tried. The Schleswig war commenced and terminated in the manœuvres of diplomacy, which are naturally slow, temporizing, and of distant and doubtful result. The war in Hungary, which commenced later than the Danish war, and which ended sooner, had no pause for rest, consideration, or mercy: its rapid and destructive career hurried it from event to event, until it reached the goal to which its component elements, rather than the wishes of the antagonistic parties, had been tending. And while in Schleswig, the principal means of attack and defence consisted in foreign troops, whose sympathies were not with the cause they defended, and even the native forces were commanded by foreign generals, hired for the purpose, the Hungarian war was conducted by the natives of the country, with

no other support than the assistance they obtained from a small number of sympathizers and exiles, while its fatal end was hastened by the active interference of a third power, and consummated by the despondency of some, and the treachery of the native leaders.

The Hungarian war, though most commented upon, has been least understood; for so difficult has the study of the political questions which affect the east of Europe always been to those accustomed to deal with the more attractive, because more conspicuous, affairs of the west, that this war, of unappreciated motives, uncertain beginnings, and of a mysterious end, has to this day been treated only by those whose prejudices or interests disqualified them for the task. Histories of military operations have been drawn up by, or at the command of the generals on the Hungarian, Russian, and Austrian side. Political sympathizers of either party have recorded their opinions, rather than the facts of the case, and 'personal adventures' have been published by subalterns, secret agents, and women, until the series of events, which commenced with the invasion of Hungary by the Ban Jellachich, and which ended with General Görgey's surrender at Vilagos, has come to be a popular myth, rather than an important, interesting, and fateful section of the history of this century. Such a state of things must needs be detrimental to a just appreciation of the political condition of Europe, in the present as well as in the future. It has consequently been thought desirable that a disinterested and impartial observer should trace the causes, and record the events of the Croatian invasion of Hungary, of the Hungarian War of Independence, and of the Russian intervention in the affairs of Austria and Hungary.

In order to obtain a full under-

standing of the causes which, for a time, divided one part of the Austrian empire against the other, it must be borne in mind, that the Austrian dominions are not, like France and England, peopled by men whose laws, customs, manners, and language are the same either originally or by the action of a political union, and an amalgamation or absorption of various races. The provinces of Austria, which own the hereditary sovereignty of the imperial descendants of the ancient Counts of Habsburg, were acquired partly by conquest, and partly by treaties between the princes of Austria and the sovereigns of other countries. By these and by other means, of which to treat would be foreign to the object of this history, the Austrian princes, who formerly owned the crown, and sometimes disposed of the power of the Holy Roman and German Empire, attained the sovereignty, and annexed the countries of Bohemia, Moravia, Lombardy, together with many smaller territories and principalities, over which they ruled, without having sufficient power, or, indeed, without the will, to assimilate the Slavonic and Italian tribes, which inhabited the annexed territories with the German population of Austria Proper.

Attempts were, indeed, made for that purpose, and some dependencies, such as Bohemia, Moravia, and Carinthia, were partly Germanized by settlers from the provinces; but the result, instead of creating an identity of interests and uniformity of laws and languages among the subjects of the crown of Austria, tended rather to divide them, and to split every kingdom, principality, or province, into two distinct factions, whose antagonism, though it tended to retain them in subjection, effectually prevented the absorption of the conquered races. Hence it happened that soon after the dissolution of the Roman and German Empire, the Emperors of Austria ruled as kings in Hungary, Bohemia, and Galicia; as Archdukes in Austria Proper; as Dukes in Salzburg, Styria, Carinthia, and Silesia; as Princes in Transylvania; as Markgraves in Moravia; and as Counts in Habsburg and in the Tyrol; while each of these countries

had a distinct administration, and boasted of separate privileges and immunities, by which the sovereign's authority was more or less confined, according to the terms of the original compact, in virtue of which each was subject to the Habsburg family.

This diversity of dominion was necessarily productive of evils to the sovereign, as well as to his subjects; and many princes in the last century and in the present sought, by all the means in their power, to suspend the provincial charters, to abolish the privileges, and to concentrate the administration of all parts of the Austrian monarchy. But the tenacity of purpose of which those princes can justly boast, was paralyzed by an equal perseverance on the part of their subjects, who refused to exchange their laws for a state of absolute dependence on the irresponsible will of the sovereign. In this protracted struggle, baffled violence had recourse to intrigue, and baffled intrigue to violence, until dissatisfaction to the crown, hatred of its German partisans, and a frantic desire for national independence, sprung up amidst the Slavonic Magyar and Italian subjects of the Hcuge of Austria. That this should be so is natural, but it is an extraordinary fact, that each tribe sought to confirm its old privileges, and to obtain fresh immunities, by aiding and abetting the sovereign's plans against the provincial independence of their fellow-subjects. The Emperor's influence threw on the discords, and his power, became absolute by the secret jealousies of the various nations, each of which sought to derive some private advantage from the common ruin.

Hungary was at once the most conspicuous, the most powerful, and the most troublesome part of the Austrian empire. Joined to that empire in the year 1526, immediately after their forces were defeated and their king slain at Mohats, where they had striven, more gallantly than discreetly, to repel the invasion of the Turkish Emperor Suleiman, the Hungarian nation acknowledged the sovereignty of Ferdinand of Austria, conditionally only, against the protests of many, and with the cordial

adhesion of none, except the Queen Dowager Maria, Ferdinand's own sister, and her faction. But so distressing was the condition of Hungary at that time, as the weaker state, and wedged in between the two powerful countries of Germany and Turkey, that national independence could no longer be thought of, and no choice was left to the small remnant of that mighty barbarian nation which at one time overran and despoiled all Europe, between subjection to the authority of Austria on the one hand, or to that of Turkey on the other. Either of these two expedients was perilous: for Austria as well as Turkey had given ample proofs of its disregard and dislike of the liberties which the Hungarians had received at the hands of their native kings, or extorted from foreigners whom they from time to time elected to the throne. Ferdinand of Austria was the last of these foreigners. He took his oath to the constitution of Hungary, that is to say, he swore to respect and maintain the laws of that country such as he found them, and he was consequently solemnly crowned on the 3rd November, 1527.

From that time to the commencement of the last war, the royal crown of Hungary has been part of the inheritance of the Austrian princes of the House of Habsburg, who reigned in Hungary, not by virtue of their sovereignty in other countries, but by the right and on the strength of the original compact of the year 1527. These Austrian princes, though they often neglected to perform that part of the compact by which it was stipulated that they should clear Hungary from the Turks, protect its frontiers against their invasions, and restore them to their ancient extension over provinces occupied by the Turks, or tributary to them, were at length compelled to wage a war of extermination against their pagan neighbours, whose ambition grew with success, and who, not satisfied with invading Hungary, sought also to conquer the German provinces of Austria. About the end of the last century only did the united forces of the Austrians and Hungarians succeed in repulsing the armies which the sovereigns of Turkey every now

and then despatched across their frontiers, nor could successive defeats and terrible reverses awe the Turks or disgust them with their predatory expeditions, until their power was finally broken by its conflicts with the infant strength of the Russian Empire.

The three centuries which have passed since Hungary first acknowledged the supremacy of an Austrian prince, were not only troubled by Turkish invasions, and wars with other foreign rivals and antagonists of the growing power of Austria, but they were filled with disputes between the princes and the people. It was the object of the sovereigns still further to connect the kingdom with the other countries over which they ruled, to accustom the Hungarians to the manners, politics, and laws of Germany, and to suppress their sectarian leanings towards the German and Bohemian reformers, by the establishment of a rigorous and uncompromising Roman Catholicism. To these ends were all the powers of government strained, and advantage was taken both of national weaknesses and national dangers, while the Hungarians in their turn defeated the artifices of a superior policy, and the slow but certain workings of administrative measures, by an occasional appeal to arms. Their insurrection would have been more successful, or less frequent, if they had consented to reform their political constitution, and if, in that reform, they had consulted the necessities of a more enlightened age. But throughout this protracted struggle, it was their misfortune and their crime to defend privileges which had degenerated into abuses, and to claim that justice at the hands of their sovereign which they denied to those who were subject to their own power. For in the same manner in which the Germans, led by their princes, sought to establish themselves in Hungary, with all the prerogatives of a conquering and dominant race, did the Magyar population of that country claim, and also exercise, an arbitrary, and in many instances a cruel, domination over the conquered races of the Serbs, Slowacks, Wallacks, and Croats, and over the vagrant populations of the gipsies and Jews.

Even the privileges and immunities granted by Austrian charter to the German settlers, peasants from Suabia, whom promises of land and money had induced to immigrate into parts of the country which had been depopulated by the cruelty of Magyar dominion, or the passage of Turkish armies—were an object of common discontent among the Magyars, who considered it a grievance that a part of the population of Hungary, however small that part might be, should be subject to the laws of the land rather than to the will of the dominant race. Hence by cruelty, oppression, enmity, and persecution, the Magyar population of Hungary contrived to break the spirit of the Serbs, Slovacks, and Wallacks, to exasperate the Croats, and to impress the minds of the German settlers with the conviction that their own and their children's hopes of peace, domestic independence, and prosperity, were bound up with the maintenance and extension of Austrian power in Hungary.

Thus isolated by their own misdoing, and frequently in the hour of need deserted or attacked by the conquered races,—which, although divided in origin and language, were yet united by a common hate and fear,—the Magyars of Hungary were but ill prepared to resist the influence of Austrian perseverance and Catholic fanaticism. If they did withstand it to some extent, it was owing to events foreign to their control. The common dangers which threatened the empire from the Turks, the religious wars in Germany, and at a later period, the precarious position of the Austrian emperors in their wars with Prussia and France, compelled them to suspend their operations against the independence of the Hungarian kingdom, and to court the support of the bellicose Magyars by flattery, concessions, and promises of future privileges. It is but justice to the Hungarians to say, that on such occasions, they have scarcely ever taken an unfair advantage of the dangers which threatened their kings; that their treasures and their lives were freely sacrificed on behalf of Austria; and that no offers of independence and power could tempt them to abandon the cause of their sove-

reign. But when peace was restored, and the imperial power re-established, the Austrian government resumed its schemes of home-conquest against the very country which had propped up its falling cause, and Hungary, depopulated and drained by the necessities of war, divided against itself, and taking its stand on the untenable ground of stubborn, uncompromising conservatism, was compelled to gather its last remaining strength for a feeble defence against the attacks of a crafty, powerful, and unscrupulous antagonist.

Such was the state of things at the close of the last European war. Throughout that war, in the disastrous campaigns against the French Republic, and in the not less fatal conflict which the Austrian cabinet provoked with Napoleon, the Hungarians had cheerfully borne their part of the burdens, and their regiments had done excellent service on many a memorable battlefield. It is true that their devotion was the result rather of national and individual vanity, than of love for the reigning house of Austria, or of the Emperor, Francis I., whose coarse vulgarity and selfish, cruel disposition had long ago revealed itself by a thousand acts of vexatious despotism. Hence, immediately after Napoleon's reverses in Russia, the estates of Hungary proceeded to besiege their sovereign with petitions, in which they claimed the reward of their loyalty and patriotism; and the ancient struggle between king and people was renewed in all its silent fury. At the Diet of 1812 and 1813, the representatives of the nation remonstrated against the financial measures of the Austrian cabinet—against measures which had involved the other provinces of the empire in a common gulf of confusion and ruin, and the *de facto* influence of which had already been extended to Hungary. Their remonstrances remained ineffectual, and almost unconsidered. Francis I. dissolved the Diet, and resolved to govern without the interference of the nobles, knights, and burgesses of Hungary. This resolution was adhered to, until the troubles of 1819 and 1820 served to intimidate the cabinet of Vienna to

such a degree, that the expedient of another Hungarian Diet appeared acceptable, and even desirable. But the exasperation of public feeling in Hungary threw formidable obstacles in the way of that expedient. It will be readily understood that a Diet was thought of, not as a means of information concerning the wrongs of the nation, with a view to their redress, but merely to amuse the public mind with hopes of a better future. It was also thought desirable that part of the odium which rested on the government, should fall on the representatives of the people, and that the discontents with which the time was rife should be foiled by want of concentration. Measures were taken to prepare and to influence the elections, whose result, it was thought, depended mainly on the energy and ability of the king's lieutenants, who presided on such occasions. It was not, therefore, until the year 1823 that the government thought it safe to convoke the Diet, which, when assembled, proved less corruptible than its originators had reason to anticipate. Among its first acts was the impeachment of the king's lieutenants and commissioners, who were, however, saved by the interference of the crown.

Another result of this Diet was the establishment of the Magyar idiom as the official language in all the administrative and judicial courts of Hungary. A motion to that effect was made by Paul Nagy, the member for the county of Oedenburg; it was assented to by the Diet, and confirmed by the king, who considered this concession as unimportant, and in return, desired that the Diet 'should forget the events of the last years.' The Diet consented, for few of its members were bold enough to court the odium and danger of an uncompromising opposition. The official recognition of the Magyar language was almost the only result of that session, but that result obtained a disproportionate and lasting importance by the indiscretion of the Hungarians, who attempted to introduce their language even in provinces and districts where the Magyar population was out-numbered by other races. Their fanaticism, and the opposition of the conquered races, alike were

urged on and supported by the Austrian agents and functionaries, for the division of the country was the surest guarantee of its weakness.

The French Revolution of 1830, and the downfall and exile of the Bourbons, had their influence on the policy of the Austrian court, and the measures it was thought advisable to take with respect to Hungary. The Diet, which was allowed to meet within three months, was informed of the Emperor's resolution to resign the royal crown, but not the government of Hungary, in favour of his son and heir, Ferdinand. There was nothing in this proposal to provoke opposition, and Ferdinand, the fifth king of Hungary of that name, was allowed to take the customary oath to the constitution. His coronation took place at Presburg, with great pomp and solemnity, and with all that festivity and rejoicing which the great mass of all nations delight in, and which had an irresistible attraction for the enthusiastic, susceptible, and credulous Hungarians. The event justified the policy of the Austrian statesmen. Not only was the session allowed to expire without a single demand for the redress of grievances, and Hungary to remain tranquil during the perilous crisis of the Polish insurrection, but the government demand for fresh levies of recruits was fully sanctioned by the Diet, and an additional levy of 20,000 men decreed, in case the necessities of the time should require the augmentation of the Austrian army. Discretionary powers to this effect were vested in the government.

The next Diet met in 1833, and this time an attempt was made to introduce some order into the Babylonian confusion of the Hungarian affairs. Nor could even the most zealous partisans of the Vienna cabinet deprecate such an attempt as premature or uncalled-for. On the contrary, it appears, from the testimony of almost all native writers of the period, or travellers who saw more of the country than its chief cities and cathedrals, that the errors and sufferings of all classes and races in that unfortunate kingdom, had become beyond toleration as well as endurance. Since

the restoration of peace in 1815, almost all the countries of Europe had increased in wealth, science, and arts: Hungary alone was poor: her peasantry was starving, her aristocracy ruined, or courting ruin by absenteeism. Usury and public and private immorality prevailed to an alarming extent; superstition grew apace, for public instruction had been allowed to decline. Justice was venal throughout Hungary, and all places of trust and importance were either sold to the highest bidder, or given to men whose want of principle recommended them to those in power. The peasantry were overburdened with taxes and feudal imposts and labour. Manufactures there were none, for the want of means of communication obstructed the import and export of produce. Trade was monopolized by the Jews and Greeks, and the country was overrun with vagrants, robbers, and gipsies.

Part of the reproach of such a state of things is doubtlessly chargeable on the Austrian government, which preferred home conquest to home colonization, and hailed the wretched condition of Hungary as a means of obtaining an uncontrolled and irresponsible sway over that country. But the burden of the blame rests with the Hungarians themselves, who at all times chose rather to rise against their oppressors, than to withstand their bribes of favour, influence, or money. If, in its contest with the despotic tendencies of the Austrian crown, the Magyars fought single-handed, they were bound to accuse themselves for separating their cause from that of other inhabitants of the same country, whom conciliatory *manners*, rather than a conciliatory policy, would have converted into their firmest friends and allies. Besides, the friendship or cunity of nations, as of men, is called forth not so much by great and sweeping measures, as by the petty kindnesses or oppressions of every-day life. The same violence and brutality which the Magyars deprecated in the Austrians, were by them introduced into their relations with the non-Magyar population of their country.

A partial step in the right direction was indeed taken by the Diet

of 1830 to 1833, when, in spite of a powerfully organized government opposition, it regulated and, in fact, abolished the feudal burdens which oppressed the peasantry. A bill was passed, limiting the power of inflicting corporal punishment upon the denizens of the glebe (*glebac addicti*), and enabling the peasants to possess freeholds, and to purchase an immunity from feudal burdens and *robot*, or forced labour on the lands of the lord of the manor. This Diet, too, became remarkable for the first popular demonstration against the corruption which had hitherto enabled the government to oppress the Hungarians, by means of their own vices. M. Baloz, the member for Bartsh, and a leader of the liberal opposition, was impeached by the king's commissioners. According to the customs of Hungary, his constituents were called upon to decide between him and his accusers. A member of the Diet, when accused of any crime, was bound to offer himself for re-election, and the result of that election decided his fate. In Baloz's case, great exertions were made to induce the freeholders of Bartsh to return the government candidate, and the promise of their votes was bought by a liberal distribution of five-florin notes, which they accepted. But on the day of the election, they marched up to the hustings with the purchase-money in their hands, and, filing past the king's commissioner, flung it at his feet. Baloz was re-elected.

Nor is this demonstration of electoral independence the only remarkable feature of the Diet of 1833. The debates of that Diet contain the first public records of a man, whose name has since been connected with all political movements in Hungary, and who, from small beginnings, has risen to great power and dignity. Louis Kossuth's public career commenced in the course of that Diet, whose sittings he attended as solicitor and proxy for an absentee. For although various ill-advised attempts have been made by Hungarian and British writers to compare the constitution of Hungary with those usages and observances which in England have limited the violence of hostile factions, and compelled them, as it were, in spite of private passions, to labour for the

public good, it will be found, on closer examination, that the two constitutions are as different in their mode of working as in their results.

In Hungary, the Upper House of the Legislature, or 'Board of Magnates,' consisted of the large landed proprietors and dignitaries of church and state; it was provided that even the widows of magnates, and those whom business, pleasure, or ill health prevented from attending the sittings of the Board, should watch its proceedings by means of a deputy, who took the seat allotted to the absentee, but was not permitted to vote. It appears that the duties of a magnate's deputy were confined to the watching and reporting the debates for the information of his employer. For the functions of that charge were usually conferred on young or briefless barristers and solicitors, who, besides the emoluments of such a situation, were desirous of obtaining that information respecting the details and management of public affairs, which the great newspapers in England convey to all ranks and all classes, but which, in Hungary, by the want of private or official parliamentary reports, was confined to the few whose privilege it was to watch the proceedings of the two Houses. Among the most serious evils of this system upon the conduct of affairs, were the facilities it afforded to the magnates of slighting their legislative duties, and the amount of superficiality, ill-judged zeal, chicanery, and double dealing which it encouraged. Whatever good effects it had, were confined to the training of a few needy and talented youths in the management of public affairs.

Of these was Louis Kossuth, the son of a small freeholder and land-steward in the county of Zemplin, who, born in 1806, had just completed his twenty-seventh year when his hereditary poverty and natural gifts attracted the attention of his father's employer, and procured for him the small stipend of a parliamentary agent and reporter. Although considerable interest has been excited by later events respecting the early career of a man whom many consider as the prototype of the good and bad qualities of his nation, yet so blind were the loves and hatreds

which clung around him, that little or no authentic information has transpired on the subject. But the few facts which can be said to be established, show him a gloomy and eccentric boy, and a youth in whom habits of study and application were curiously blended with some less creditable pursuits. His enemies have accused him of excessive intemperance and sexual immorality, and of gambling and dishonesty in money matters. His friends, on the contrary, would make the world believe that Louis Kossuth's youth passed amidst the purest and brightest aspiration; that he remained a stranger to the vices of the age; and that the dishonesty, intemperance, and immorality of the dominant Austrian faction could never at any time seduce the ascetic severity of his morals, or the Catoic rectitude of his principles. Fiction reigns undisturbed where facts fail, nor is it possible to reclaim the life of the Hungarian dictator from the extravagant assertions of party romance, so long as those who are most likely to know the truth are most interested in concealing it. But there is reason to fear that some parts of Louis Kossuth's life, such as his alleged embezzlement of public monies, will always remain debateable ground for biographers and the writers of political memoirs; for he was charged with that crime and prosecuted, and the documents relative to that prosecution have been destroyed.

There is reason to believe that the corps of magnates' deputies and private reporters of parliamentary debates at the Presburg Diet of 1833 must have been deficient in style, as well as in a just appreciation of the leading points of the transactions; for Louis Kossuth had no sooner entered on the functions of his office, than the manner and style of his reports attracted the attention of his private friends, and by degrees that of members of the Diet, and others interested in its proceedings. His reports and commentaries on the most important debates, were in great requisition, and it was ultimately resolved to print and circulate them. The manner in which this resolution was carried out is characteristic of the time and of the people. The magnates and wealthy

commoners of Hungary, who recklessly spent their incomes, if not more, in pursuits often discreditable to themselves and obnoxious to others, were without an exception unable to afford the funds for the projected *literary* undertaking. A small lithographic printing press was indeed purchased, but the sum required was collected by a general subscription of the liberal opposition. Mr. Kossuth's reports, thus multiplied, were published under the title of a *Parliamentary Gazette*, and distributed among the subscribers, and those country gentlemen who chose to purchase political intelligence at the price of a few shillings per annum. This undertaking, however limited in its extent, exercised a powerful influence on the political development of Hungary.

Up to that period, a general report of the proceedings of the Diet had been published by the government, but its style, like that of most official productions, was not calculated to make it palatable to the generality of readers. Its guarded language; its equivocations and frequent omissions of facts; and, in short, its *edition* for an official purpose, made it an object of public suspicion and disgust. The government reports were, moreover, published with all the slowness which formerly characterized the operations of the continental press. The publication of official returns in particular was carried on by fits and starts, and the public were alternately disgusted by an over-abundance, or a total want of, printed papers. Mr. Kossuth's reports, published daily, after the close of public business, recorded and commented upon the last debates: they came to hand in single numbers, and while the questions of which they treated were still pending, and consequently open to influence from without; and they were confined to the pith and marrow of the matter before the House. His undertaking was eminently successful, and its influence became soon manifest to those agents of the government whose duty it was to watch and report on the state of public opinion in Hungary.

The most grievous fault of almost all continental governments, in the present century, has been their

practice of increasing the popularity of their political antagonists by petty persecutions. Though fully as vindictive, they have been less courageous than the princes and statesmen of former ages, who never struck a second blow. In Austria and in some other German countries, the system of repression by small measures had been carried to an astonishing and a dangerous perfection, for it was calculated to enlist public sympathy on behalf of its victims. Louis Kossuth, the journalist, was a source of serious annoyance to the Austrian government; and an injunction was issued to prevent the publication of his reports by means of lithography. The result of this injunction was, that those reports were copied by a staff of clerks, their language became violent, their price higher, and their circulation doubled.

After the conclusion of the Diet in 1836, Louis Kossuth, whom experience had taught the benefits of persecution, continued to provoke the government by his reports on the transactions of the county magistrates of Pesth. Up to that period, the king's lieutenants in the various counties had succeeded in preventing the publication of the local or county Diets; and by so doing, they prevented all joint action and co-operation of the various Hungarian districts. Injunction after injunction was issued from Vienna, and disregarded by Mr. Kossuth; who, assured of the protection of the magistrates of Pesth, and glorying in the attacks of an unpopular cabinet, continued still further to provoke his opponents to measures of violence. Orders were issued for the arrest of Kossuth; but the Count Raviczky, the chancellor of the kingdom, refused to sign the necessary warrants. He was removed, and his place given to the Count F. Palfy, who became a willing instrument in the hands of the cabinet; and the cities of Buda and Pesth witnessed the extraordinary spectacle of a company of grenadiers, with fixed bayonets, marching to arrest a single and defenceless man. The reason why so strong a force was sent to do the office of constable has never been satisfactorily explained. Even at the time it was a ques-

tion with the witnesses of that exciting scene whether the cabinet sought to awe the public mind by an imposing display of military force, or whether those in power over-estimated the amount of popularity which their persecution had gained for Mr. Kossuth. But whether from bravado or fear, the result proved that the Austrian government committed a terrible fault, if not a crime, in arresting the franklin of Zemplin, the salaried clerk of a country gentleman, and the publisher and editor of a small local newspaper, with all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of a martial expedition.

The news of this event spread like wildfire throughout Hungary. Petitions, remonstrances, and deputations were sent in from all parts; and while Kossuth awaited his trial in the 'New Prison' of Pesth, his name became the watchword of the opposition, and his future liberation was considered as the rallying point of the wildest hopes. Nor could this gigantic popularity be lessened by the arrest of other liberals, although these later victims were more conspicuous, some by birth, and some by a longer and more active public career. The Count Raday, Madaraz, Ujhazy, B. Wesseleneyi, and Balogh shared the journalist's fate, and were arraigned with him before the same tribunal. The sentence against Wesseleneyi and Kossuth condemned them to three years' imprisonment, 'for having disobeyed the king's orders.' This sentence appears extremely mild, if compared with the long terms of imprisonment which the Austrian judges are in the habit of pronouncing against those whom their government has cause to fear or to hate. But so great are the horrors of an Austrian state prison—which the experience of later years shows have been truthfully described by Silvio Pellico and other Italian convicts—that even the confinement of a few months sufficed to affect the health of body and mind of many unfortunate men who were consigned to them. When, after two years' confinement, the menacing attitude of the Hungarian counties induced the cabinet of Vienna to conciliate the public ani-

mosity by the publication of an amnesty, Mr. Kossuth left his cell in the fortress of Buda, broken in health, and exasperated to the last degree. 'My fate rests in God's hands,' said he, at a later period; 'it is His to consign me to suffering, to exile, or to the block; but even His power shall never again make me subject to the Habsburg dynasty!'

It is strangely characteristic of the Austrian government, that after raising Mr. Kossuth from his obscurity to the eminence of a political antagonist, and after giving him bodily proofs of their cruelty and vindictiveness, they should at length, in the eleventh hour, have sought to gain him over to their party. Their measures to that effect were as petty and awkward as their former persecutions. If the liberated convict had been left to starve or live on the bounty of his friends, his very poverty would have ruined his independence, and confined his energy. If he had been appointed to an important and lucrative office, his patriotism would have been suspected, and his condition envied by those who could not hope for an equal amount of good fortune. The cabinet of Vienna, impelled by a strange fatality, chose a middle course between the two expedients. They sought to conciliate their enemy by granting a licence for a newspaper, the *Pesti Hirlap*, and they consented to Kossuth undertaking its management. Nothing could be more advantageous for a man of an almost feminine softness, vanity, indolence, and irascibility, such as he proved to be, than to be thus thrown on his own resources, and compelled to come again before the public, with the reminiscences of a victim and the glory of a martyr. From that time forward, Louis Kossuth took his place among the leaders of the opposition. At the elections for the Diet of 1840 and 1845, the government did indeed succeed in preventing his return as a member of the Lower House, or Board of Estates; but his influence grew apace, and when the Diet of 1847 opened, the opposition had obtained a signal triumph in the elections, and Mr. Kossuth took his seat as member for the county of Pesth.

THE FRENCH CRITIC IN LONDON.

(*A free Translation of the Original Letters [unpublished] in a Paris Journal.*)

London, September, 1851.

I HAVE arrived in London! I might end all I have to say, or ever shall have to say, in that one word. London! It is the beginning and the end, and comprises everything. London! the symbol of a dominion that rides round the world with the sun, and commands the commerce of the earth over seas and continents, through the agency of necromancers seated on tall stools, in little dark dens, with pens behind their ears, their thin legs dangling in the air, and their faces, hideous and cadaverous from the effects of the incantations they perform, brooding day and night, over huge books of magic that are stretched out before them. These are the Ariels that put girdles round the earth in forty seconds—the Prosperos, that agitate the waters and still the tempests at will—the potent spirits that call up out of darkness the hidden treasures of the earth, and congregate by the wave of a quill upon one spot, at a given moment, the industry and genius, the muscle and brains, the art and the science, the energy and the wealth, the past and the future, of all the nations of the globe. This is London—a magician's cell, buried in eternal twilight, where the sorceries are prepared that control the destinies of kings and populations.

They are a wonderful people—these English! One is stunned rather than enlightened by the sights and sounds of the gigantic hive in which they work. All is uproar and confusion,—a Babel of voices and cries, a sea of tossing heads and uplifted arms, a prodigious clatter of wheels and hooves, an eternal crash of frantic noises; the shrieking of engines, the tramp of legions of feet, the din and discord of vagrant bands, organized to scare the people into contributions that are lunged out to them, not to encourage their music, but to bribe them to move on. Everything 'moves on' in London. Nobody is allowed to stand still. You are compelled by law to keep moving; if you stand still, an officer of the police is in-

stantly at your elbow, looking suspiciously into your face, and desiring you, in a fatal whisper, which you dare not dispute, to 'move on.' One knows not whence this teeming multitude has come, or where it is going. You only know that it is moving on, and on, and on for ever, as if that were the whole business for which it was brought together, and as if it were labouring under some malediction which doomed it to perpetual motion.

It is the same night and day. When you think a lull is setting in towards evening, a hundred thousand lamps burst out into a blaze of universal light, that renews the day, and sets the restless population in motion over again. Even in the dead of the night, the riot only dies away in one shape to be taken up in another, for there is sure to be a fire or an explosion of gas breaking out in some inflammable den, or some dense street of ignitable warehouses, that agitates the whole neighbourhood, and calls up the terrified sleepers out of their beds, to make them rush out again into the streets. I have been told that when one of these conflagrations takes place, the sudden gathering of the tumultuous crowds that come to watch the desolating progress of the flames, is one of the most surprising manifestations of the vitality of London. These fires are of frequent occurrence, and happen chiefly in the night-time; but that circumstance, which ought to impart solemnity to the spectacle, produces no more visible effect upon the inhabitants, than if it were the broad daylight, when the means of preservation are ready at hand, and can be worked with facility. No matter at what hour the fire breaks out, the curious multitude are instantly on the spot, pouring in from nooks and alleys, from gateways and dry arches under the bridges, taverns, (which are here kept open all night long,) private houses, and all sorts of bazaars and shops, as if the people had been purposely sitting up waiting for the chance of seeing the devouring

element lapping the timbers of a strong building with its raging tongues, thrusting out the frames of the solid windows, and bringing down the whole structure at last, with its inmates fast asleep in the dormitories, or buried in a profound lethargy under the tables where they had been carousing only a few hours before, in one undistinguishable mass of lurid smoke and sputtering fire. The signal for this extraordinary convention of citizens in the middle of the night is the first reflection in the sky of the burning pile. The moment that well-known signal is cast into the heavens, the whole town starts up, and the race begins to the scene of the disaster with as much avidity and earnestness as if the place were besieged by an enemy, and every man felt it to be his duty to come to the rescue. It is not very astonishing in itself, perhaps, that people should exhibit some curiosity on such occasions; but it is a remarkable trait in the English, that they are prepared to supply masses of spectators at any moment throughout the whole of the four-and-twenty hours, as if sleep, repose, and tranquillity were unknown amongst them. At these unseasonable hours, the population of Paris, nursing their constitutional vivacity, and giving a little necessary rest to their animal spirits, are fast asleep in their beds.

And here, again, they exhibit an extraordinary contrast to our countrymen. Assembled in front of the spectacle, they form into a compact semicircle, every instant augmented in the background by fresh arrivals; and, gazing upwards in silence at the work of destruction, stand swaying to and fro against the red light, more like a congregation drawn together for the performance of a mysterious rite, than an accidental collection of stray individuals tempted into the night air to satisfy their love of sight-seeing. There is not the slightest apparent excitement or emotion amongst them. They look on with a dogged expression of unimpressible imperturbability; and for anything you can detect to the contrary, it might as well be the execution of a criminal they were attending as a house on fire. I understand they exhibit the same sort of sullenness in their liveliest pas-

sages, at their theatres, their concerts, and their balls; and that they dance with a gravity of face which stands out in ludicrous opposition to the gaiety of their limbs. I can easily believe this. I perceive it in their caricatures, which are wonderfully lumpish and heavy, and in which the humour of these thoughtful islanders is always associated with a hideous extravagance and contortion of feature, which instead of eliciting laughter, make you shut your eyes with a shudder. Their *Punch*, which they call the London Charivari! is the smallest fun in the world; there is so much labour in its pleasantry, it works so hard to pump up verbal jokes, and is so painfully deficient in that involuntary and spiritual sprightliness by which the true Charivari is so agreeably aerated.

But beneath this oppressive and confused exterior there is a permanent quality which challenges consideration. They are the most orderly people in Christendom. Even while they are in perpetual movement in the streets, and the whole city is coiled into a knot of inextricable chaos, out of which you can discern no possibility of eliminating form or purpose, and which has an aspect of intense fury and incoherence on the surface, they are secretly governed and controlled by a common principle, which reconciles all contradictions, disentangles all perplexities, and preserves the strictest simplicity and unity of action, in the midst of a roar and tumult that seem to trample upon harmony of design, and to render impossible any conceivable definite result. This common principle is neither more nor less than obedience to the laws. The mob is outwardly the most savage and unreasonable of all mobs, but it is quelled by the appearance of a single policeman, who need only walk into the thick of it, at the height of its violence, and it drops at once into the stillness of a funeral procession, gradually scattering and dissolving away with a hush over it that is marvellous to contemplate. You must not understand from this that the mob is struck with a panic at the approach of a solitary truncheon. It only recognises in that familiar symbol the type of its own real strength,

and the representative of a sovereignty of its own creation. This is the secret of the English power. Every man has an interest in the suppression of disorder; and the pleasure they take in disorderly manifestations, which would be otherwise inexplicable, may be at once traced to the opportunities they thus create for themselves of showing the alacrity with which they submit to the supremacy of the law. Hence the lowest functionary is a great man in his own way in England, and always walks about with an air of authority and consequence. Even the street-keeper and the parish beadle are persons of note and estimation; and the crowd always opens deferentially to make room for them wherever they appear.

I write in the flurry of my first impressions. You must make some allowances for the difficulty of collecting my thoughts in the unaccustomed riot of this heterogeneous metropolis. But I am writing only impressions, and you must take them just as they come.

September 25th.

What I wrote to you yesterday was thrown off within a couple of hours after my arrival. I have since had more leisure for studying the national character, and forming deliberate opinions. But as yet, I see no reason for recalling or modifying a syllable.

I have explored to-day a new aspect of London. Making my escape from the thunder of the streets, I embarked in one of the numerous steamers that ply up and down the Thames from morning till night, carrying legions of human beings from one end of this astounding Babylon to the other, at the rate of a sou a head! I should despair of conveying to you by description the faintest notion of the life by which I was surrounded on the deck of the vessel. It was so crammed with people, that we were squeezed together for standing room, as if we had been packed in a crate, and nearly suffocated, while the fresh breeze off the water was playing idly over our heads. Yet the most distinguished members of the aristocracy, even to Cabinet ministers, prefer this mode of transport to the

risk and inconvenience of the streets. Can it be on any pitiful grounds of economy that they expose themselves to this fearful ordeal?

The river was formerly called the Silent Highway. The epithet is like all other English epithets, and must be interpreted as meaning the very reverse of what it expresses.

The language is as deficient in pictorial force and imagerial power, as the people themselves are in imagination and poetical sensibility. They are essentially and emphatically, throughout all their relations, a material people. They are engrossed in traffic. It is written plainly in every man's countenance. The cadaverous hue of the cheek, the nervous agitation of the lips, the glassy eye, and the encumbered brow, all betoken the sums upon sums of mental arithmetic each man is secretly working as he hastens past you on his way to the counting-house, or the bank, or the manufactory. Nobody appears to enjoy a moment's leisure. There is no repose—no pleasure—no respite. The English live in the Future. They have neither a Past nor a Present. They are perpetually hard at work on the scaffolding, and up the ladders, building houses for their children to pull down, and build up again for the generation that is to succeed them.

The first thing that strikes you on the Thames is the want of a quay. You feel as if you could not breathe against the dark masses of ware-houses and wharves, blotted over with people, and cranes, and bales of goods, barrels, packing-cases, and unsightly loads that abut down upon the very edge of the water. Here and there, a slip for boats, profoundly black and dirty, intercepts the laborious bustle of the colliers and porters, and your aching sight is, at long and distant intervals, slightly relieved by the apparition of a pale tree, which has struck its roots somewhere on a speck of ground, and has grown up into the muttering air, wondering how it got there and what is to come of it; or by a glimpse of a green verandah, or a box of sickly mignonette, which some patient dweller in this murky region has tried to cheer his eyes with, cheating himself, by a melan-

choly fiction, into a feeling of verdure, of which he could disenchant himself by a single glance at the volumes of coal smoke from furnaces and steam engines that are for ever brooding over the river, and dropping invisible rain into it. The life on this river resembles the tossing agonies of the poor souls that are condemned to an unutterable eternity of strife in the sulphurous lakes of a certain place which I shall not specify with geographical precision. The miserable wretches who earn their daily bread upon the stream, bear a close and alarming likeness, both in their aspects and their motions, to the demons who are supposed to be condemned to endless tortures. You see them frantically grasping the ropes of vessels, by which they are swung up into the air, to be flung down into sightless depths, from whence, exhausted, blistered with heat, and blackened with ashes, they presently emerge, to undergo, over again, the same round of horrors, from sunrise to sunset. I have witnessed this sight, and can vouch for the accuracy of my statement; but I can furnish you with no clue to the awful mystery it involves.

Yet, as it is always with this singular people, their greatness in a material sense is indicated under the most unpromising and repulsive circumstances. Some evidence of their commercial and productive activity looms upon us at every turn. This river, with all its lugubrious associations—its mud and its vapours, its stifling atmosphere, and the network of human pain that is spread over it—is a miracle of accumulated power. It has a populace of its own, independent of the land, and having nothing more in common with it than the lace-maker has with the fine lady, or the silkworm with the monarch whose gorgeous canopy it has expended its little life in spinning. Here are the masts and the colours of every nation under the sun; and in these dockyards, and the vast warehouses that rise tier above tier along their sides, are contained an amount of treasures that reduce the Sardanapalus and Cleopatras of antiquity to mere private individuals. The statistics of this river would give occupation to ten thousand Neckars, and the issues of

the calculations of a single year would beggar the golden dreams of all the Bourbons, with John Law at their back to replenish their magnificence with fabulous mines of wealth.

It is curious that a nation so organized by labour, and priding itself so ostentatiously upon its mercantile supremacy, should be enslaved by the meanest and most spurious passions. There is nothing an Englishman is so taken with as a title. They love a bit of blue ribbon, the collar of an order, a scrap of insignia of any kind, whether they know what it means or not, and without caring to pause and inquire, with their usual caution, into its legitimacy. They live in the shadow of nobility; nor is it only their own nobility whom they thus socially deify, but any nobility, however ragged it may be, that comes amongst them. A foreigner with a title—whether he has borrowed or stolen it, usurped it or bought it—may gull the English to any extent it suits his whim or his necessities to practise upon their credulity. They believe in a Count at first sight. If they have little faith in the stability of continental kings, and still less in continental loans, they make up abundantly for it by their implicit faith in continental noblemen—a class of chevaliers that flourish here much more prosperously than they flourish at home. How are we to explain this strange mixture of irreconcilable qualities in the English character? How are we to comprehend the development of a people who present the opposite phases of a sturdy resistance to the encroachments of their own privileged aristocracy, and a gaping, gobe-mouche admiration of foreign aristocracies that never had any privileges, or if they had, are shorn bare of them, and of the means of asserting them, in the present day? You must not expect me to answer these questions: it is enough, for the present, to observe and note the odd things that strike me, leaving to a more leisurely opportunity the task of endeavouring to solve them.

September 30th.

I have visited the Exhibition three times. It adds the representative clamour and costumes, physiogno-

mies and physical varieties, arts, sciences, and manufactures of the whole civilized world to the already deafening and confounding *melange* of London. Conceive this wondrous museum of the races and industries of the earth condensed into a Titanic conservatory, pierced with bazaars and galleries, and crowded with dense masses of spectators, and you may make some indistinct picture to yourself of the interior of the Crystal Palace and the approaches to it, choked up all day long with streams of pedestrians and cavalcades of equipages. But I must reserve what I have to say about this grand, dazzling, bewildering show. My present object is, not the Exhibition, but the people by whose indefatigable genius it has been shaped and accomplished.

In spite of all their glories, territorial and substantial, the English are remarkably defective in those elements of a national history that confer grace and gentleness upon a great people. They have no traditions; or only such as glare upon you in monuments, or are preserved in buried archaeologies. I miss in them the popular superstitions out of which poets and musicians create the lore that embalms the memory of the early ages, when men, if they were not so world-wise as we find them in the nineteenth century, were more genial and full of sympathy, and more capable of living the history of epics and pastorals. The English have none of this. They boast of having trampled out all their old poetry in the daily haunts of life. Their localities have no memories attached to them. All traces of the past are either obliterated or forgotten. You may wander through places hallowed by the noblest recollections, and you will find nobody who can expound them.

A man who has dwelt here all his life knows no more about his former progenitors, or what was done in the old times on the spot where he lives, perhaps in the very house where he was born, than the Arab of the desert. If you want that sort of information, you must go to books; and difficult enough it is to find the sort of books to tell you what you want; and when you do find them, they are so scant and so deficient in enthusiasm, that they only provoke your curiosity to disappoint it.

They have Shakspeare. Shakspeare is the single popular superstition. But the people who talk most about him, are the least able to appreciate him, and for the most part, know him only by report. Shakspeare is a sort of current, empty prattle in England, and serves much the same purpose in polite society as the weather, and the difference amongst the clocks, which is something inscrutable here that furnishes a never-failing topic of conversation. The bulk of the people have run away with his name, and left his works on the shelf behind them. When he is played in their theatres, the benches are empty. If a manager be possessed with an invincible passion for ruining himself, the shortest road to certain bankruptcy is to devote his establishment to the plays of Shakspeare. And this is the way the English glorify themselves upon their great poets.

Hence it is that the streets are so naked of all memorials that typify the grander and more ethereal attributes of man. Commerce and money absorb the masonry and sculpture, as they do the brains and hands, of the people. No such ceremonial is ever heard of as the inauguration of a statue. The English would regard such an awakening of the public mind as a piece of tom-foolery, fit only to make a grotesque tableau in one of their Christmas pantomimes. Statues are amongst their especial aversions. They regard them with a solid contempt, that expressly belongs to the trading mind; and they endeavour to mask their real lack of the intellectual ambition which seeks to educate the people through the medium of art, under the excuse that their climate is obnoxious to out-of-door celebrations of all kinds. Yet, with all this depreciation of art in its dedication to such purposes, they take enormous trouble, notwithstanding, to contradict practically their own theory. In their squares and public places, you find occasional statues squatted upon dwarf pedestals, and trying to look dignified through the mists and fogs. But what are they? Do you expect to find amongst them the grateful tributes of an enlightened race to the apostles of their literature, to their teachers and prophets, their poets, their musicians,

their painters, their sculptors? If you do, you will be grievously disappointed. These statues are consecrated to the great of a totally different class—to kings and aristocrats, to dukes and queens, the high-born and the rich! Sometimes, indeed, you will come upon a plaster effigy perched up in a corner of a quadrangle, representing some dismal individual in a cocked hat, with a great blue coat studded with broad buttons, a pair of yellow breeches, and red hose terminating in high buckled shoes. And when you come to inquire who this remarkable oddity is, you learn that he was some warm citizen, who, in the exercise of a pious vanity very common in this country, endowed an alms-house, shut up in its bounties by quaint and restrictive condi-

tions, and who attached his name permanently to the foundation, that he might go down to posterity on a special hobby of his own, and who, perhaps, to crown his glory, ordered and paid for the very statue in which he is thus belidzened out for your wonder and admiration. And what is this but one of the many shapes in which the English love to celebrate their favourite pursuit of money-getting, and to publish it ostentatiously, and in a taste that harmonizes with its spirit, to the whole world? What has this to do with art and tradition, with the poetry and intellectual antecedents of the people?

Enough for to-day. I have a multitude of peculiarities still more striking with which to regale you by and by.

THE SEARCH FOR SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

AT this season of the year, when we are drawing round our cheerful firesides, which make a 'glorious summer' in our comfortable English homes, it is a terrible thought that our countrymen, who adventured forth full of hope and daring, in the early part of 1845, to discover the north-west passage, are about entering on their seventh winter in the Arctic zone.

This idea acquires additional force when we consider, that the footsteps of the long lost have been discovered, and that they point to regions alike unexplored and unknown. But, in the face of this fact, why is it that the fate of our gallant navigators should still remain a dark mystery?

As the question is one of considerable interest, we propose devoting this article to its consideration. It will, however, be expedient, in the first instance, to give a brief sketch of the history of the searching expeditions during this year. When the exciting intelligence reached us, in the autumn of 1850, that traces of Sir John Franklin had been discovered on Cape Riley, at the eastern entrance to Wellington Channel, and when we were assured that the searching squadron were actively engaged in following up

those traces, it scarcely admitted of doubt, that, before the close of another year, some one or other of the numerous searching parties would find our countrymen, and, perhaps, restore them, or at least a portion of them, to their homes.

Yet, without experiencing any calamity, or, indeed, any accident, beyond the ordinary vicissitudes attendant upon navigation in the Arctic Seas, all the ships composing the searching squadron on the side of Baffin's Bay have returned to England, without bringing any definite intelligence of the object of their search, or, indeed, any information beyond the fact, that Sir John Franklin unquestionably passed his first winter in the vicinity of the locality where the traces of his expedition were discovered last year. The precise spot selected by Sir John for his winter quarters was a cove in Beechey Island, *within* Wellington Channel, and as no written document was found, although not only the cove, but the whole island was, as we are assured, ransacked with the diligence of a Californian gold-digger, it is reasonable to conclude that the expedition was at that period prosperous, and in a fair way of succeeding in its object.

The season was too far advanced when those traces were discovered, to attempt any extensive explorations. A vigorous attempt was made by Captain Penny to reach Cape Walker, but after proceeding twenty-five miles, the ice became packed, and a heavy fog coming on, rendered it necessary for him to regain his former position.

The ships were now secured in bays south of Cornwallis Island, and the usual arrangements were made for their safety, and for the comfort of their crews, during the long and dreary winter months.

The American expedition, consisting of two ships, the *Advance* and *Rescue*, would probably have fared better, had Commander De Haven followed the example of the English ships. But, purposing to return home, and to renew the search in the summer of this year, his ships became entangled in pack ice, opposite the entrance to Wellington Channel, which, closing upon them, rendered them utterly helpless. Thus imbedded in their icy cradle, they were carried up Wellington Channel as far as latitude $75^{\circ} 25'$, the greatest northing ever attained in that meridian by ships, and then drifted down again through Barrow's Straits into Lancaster Sound, which they entered in November. During this time, the violence of the eruptions of the ice was so great, that no regular fires could be kept, on account of the motion of the vessels. The cold was excessive. The mercury in the thermometer fell below zero; the bedding froze in every apartment, and the coffee and soup became congealed as soon as taken off the fire. The principal eruptions in the ice occurred in November, December, and January, on the 13th of which latter month the ships entered Baffin's Bay. While in the ice, they were frequently lifted up by the stern to a height of six or seven feet. During this time, the men had their knapsacks constantly prepared, in case of being obliged to abandon their ships. They were three weeks without taking off their clothes. Fortunately the ice raised rather than crushed the vessels, lifting them on the crest of the upheaving masses.

At this unhappy juncture the scurvy broke out, and attacked all the crews and officers, but fortunately Dr. Kane succeeded in arresting the progress of that terrible disease. After drifting in the manner described for nine months, and for a distance of 1060 miles, Commander De Haven and his gallant little band were liberated from their icy imprisonment, on the 10th June, 1851. It is not a little remarkable that, although exposed to appalling dangers, the ships suffered comparatively little damage. Commander De Haven now determined to renew his search, and, as soon as possible, turned his ship's head to the north. He succeeded in reaching Upper Melville Bay, when he was again hemmed in by ice. From thence he was not released until the 19th August, at which time the season was so far advanced, that it became impossible for him to proceed: he was therefore obliged to return home. It reflects great credit on Commander De Haven that he did not lose a man, although, as we have seen, his expedition was exposed to great risk.

Returning to the expedition under Captain Austin's charge, we may mention that before the winter had fairly set in, a limited number of travelling parties were despatched from the ships as pioneers to the parties contemplated for the ensuing spring, and to plan depots of provisions for future use.

The ships were now prepared for the winter, and every means taken to pass this dreary season as cheerfully as possible. As usual, a great number of foxes were trapped, and liberated, after having collars attached to their necks bearing the position of the searching ships. The scent of these animals is very extraordinary. The smallest fragment of meat thrown on the ice was sure to attract them in large numbers, though where they came from it was impossible to conjecture. On one occasion the officers of one of the ships killed a bear, and as they had not the means of dragging the carcass to their vessel, it was buried beneath the snow, their intention being to return at some early opportunity for their game. A violent snow-storm however came on, and completely oblite-

rated all trace of the *cache*. But though thus buried, the foxes were not long in discovering the dead body of poor bruin. When the officers revisited the spot, they found that the predatory animals had burrowed beneath the snow, and left nothing of the bear but his skeleton.

The great business of the winter was to discuss the spring exploring operations. It was eventually arranged that Captain Austin's officers and men should search the shores and sea in the direction of Melville Island, while Captain Penny undertook the examination of Wellington Channel. In the absence of any written document showing the route taken by Sir John Franklin, it was conceived that further traces of him would be found at Cape Walker, or in its vicinity, as his instructions directed him to proceed through Lancaster Sound and Barrow's Straits to that Cape, and to use every effort to penetrate from that point to Behring's Straits; but at the same time he was permitted, in case of being unable to effect this object, to try any other passage.

'By the 10th March,' says Captain Austin, 'every arrangement had been made and promulgated for the departure of the spring searching parties as early as practicable after the first week in April. All appeared satisfied with the positions assigned to them, and became alike animated in the great and humane cause. With regard to myself, it appeared imperative that I should remain with the ships, and leave to those around me the satisfaction and honour of search and discovery.'

From this period all joined heart and hand in putting forward every effort in the general preparation; walking excursions for four hours a-day, and dragging the sledges loaded with the weights they were destined to carry, were adopted as salutary training measures for the men, while waiting for favourable weather to start on their various expeditions. On the 12th April, all the sledges, fourteen in number, manned by one hundred and four officers and men, and provisioned, some for forty, and others for forty-two days, with an average dragging weight of two hundred and five pounds per man, were conducted under the command of

Captain Ommaney to an advanced position on the ice off the north-west end of Griffith Island, where tents were pitched, and the final preparations for departure made. On the 15th April, the parties proceeded on their several routes. The result of these expeditions was, that Cape Walker and the land trending west as far as $103^{\circ} 25'$ W. longitude was examined, and the south shore of Bathurst land was searched as far as the western side of Melville Island. The latter very extensive exploration, which occupied eighty days, and carried the adventurous party over seven hundred and sixty miles, was effected by six men under the command of Lieutenant McClintock. Greatly to the disappointment of all concerned, no traces of any kind were discovered of Sir John Franklin, and so well had the coast been searched, that it was evident he had not taken the routes by Cape Walker or Melville Island.

Under these circumstances, the passage by Wellington Channel acquired additional importance, and its interest was still more heightened, when Captain Penny, to whom the task of its exploration had been confided, reached Captain Austin's ship with the exciting intelligence that he had discovered an extensive channel diverging to the north-west, about seventy miles from the entrance of Wellington Channel, and that it was perfectly free from ice. Having started from his ships with a sledge-party, he was of course unable, from the want of a boat, to examine this fine expanse of water, to which he gave the name of 'Victoria,' and he therefore returned to his ships, and immediately set about preparing a boat to explore his new discovery. With the boat, Captain Penny reports, that separating from the fatigue sledges on the 17th June, they proceeded about ten miles to the westward, when they were obliged to take shelter in a bay, in consequence of a head sea and strong westerly gale. From this date until the 20th July, three hundred and ten miles of coast were examined by the boat party, under very disadvantageous circumstances, arising from constant unfavourable winds and rapid tides. Their provisions

being reduced to an eight-days' supply, and their distance from the ship such that prudence would not warrant further perseverance upon such scanty resources, they were compelled to return, and reached their ship on the 25th July. It is important to state, that while Captain Penny was thus engaged, his colleague, Captain Stewart, of the *Sophia*, conducted a party along the eastern shores of Wellington Channel as far as $76^{\circ} 20'$ North latitude, when they were stopped by open water. The distances travelled by the Wellington Channel exploring parties were also very great. Captain Penny was out sixty-six days, and explored nine hundred and thirty-two miles; Captain Stewart was absent seventy-six days and explored six hundred and twenty five miles; and it is not a little wonderful, that although the extreme severity of the temperature induced frost-bites, in only one instance did death supervene. This occurred among a party attached to Captain Austin's expedition.

The expedition under the patronage of the Hudson's Bay Company, which consisted of a small ship named the *Felix*, and a galley-tender of twelve tons, commanded by Sir John Ross, was of singularly little service. An attempt was indeed made by Commander Phillips, who was attached to the expedition, to cross Cornwallis Island, but after being absent thirty-one days, he was compelled to return, having, as he supposes, got about three-quarters of the way across.

Such, briefly, were the proceedings of the expeditions during the spring and early summer of this year; for it is to be observed, that all Captain Austin's parties had returned to their ships by the 4th of July, at which period the Arctic summer has not attained its height. There was, therefore, ample time to continue the search in the direction of Wellington Channel, and we have every reason to believe that the officers of the expedition—and not unreasonably—regarded that passage as full of promise. For as the seas and coasts to the south and west of Wellington Channel had been searched, as well as those to the east, and Prince Regent's Inlet explored to some

distance from its entrance, without finding the smallest trace of our unfortunate navigators, it may be assumed, on the most logical premises, that Sir John Franklin did pursue the Wellington Channel route—*within* which strait traces of him have been found, and which he was directed to try in case the passage by Cape Walker should be found impracticable. It is also well known that he had a strong predilection for the Wellington Channel route, and he was well aware that Captain Parry was particularly struck by the great extent of open water which the entrance to that channel presented when he sailed past it in the month of August, in the years 1819 and 1820.

But with all these facts against him, Captain Austin took a totally different view of the case. It appears that when Captain Penny had discovered 'Victoria Channel,'—which, it will be remembered, he was unable at the time to explore for want of a boat,—he hastened to Captain Austin at the earliest opportunity, not so much to report his discovery, as to solicit assistance from him to search the new channel. Captain Austin states in his dispatch to the Admiralty, under the date of the 23rd May:—'This day, Captain Penny reached the *Resolute*, and made known to me that he had discovered a large space of water up Wellington Strait, commencing about seventy miles north-west by north of Cape Hotham. *I much regretted* that our remaining strength did not admit of my placing at his disposal sufficient aid to convey a boat, that he might ascertain its nature and extent.' Now, although Captain Austin loses sight in this dispatch—not the sole instance of the kind—of the chief object of his expedition, which was rescuing his brother mariners,—and not ascertaining the nature and extent of creeks or channels, it is quite evident that Captain Penny asked him to co-operate in examining Victoria Channel. But we know that the latter did more. We have been informed, on high authority, that he implored Captain Austin, but in vain, to detach one of his steam tenders for this important searching service; and it is unfortunately a matter of history that no effort

was made on the part of Captain Austin to follow up Captain Penny's magnificent discovery. It may be urged in extenuation of Captain Austin's apathetic conduct, that Wellington Channel was ice-barred, and that no steamer could have passed into Victoria Channel. But although this was the case in the early part of this summer, who can say that it was not open the day after Captain Austin's expedition left their winter quarters? As early as the 2nd of July, Captain Penny reports, that Barrow's Straits were open as far as could be seen, an occurrence that was to be expected, as the strait was seen to be in motion till the 11th of March. The land-ice had also come out of Wellington Channel as far up as Point Separation.' These facts testify in the strongest possible manner, that had the steam-ships been pushed to the edge of the pack, they would, in all probability, have effected a passage through it before the close of summer.

In fact, there are few phenomena in the Arctic regions so wonderful as the sudden disruption and drift of vast areas of thick ribbed ice. In a moment, with no apparent disturbance of temperature, enormous fields of pack-ice are swept out of channels and straits, which become open water, presenting no obstruction whatever to navigation. The setting of the ice out of Wellington Channel, affords strong evidence that there is a polar basin at the head of Victoria Channel; additionally confirmed by the circumstance, that the temperature was much more genial as Captain Penny advanced northward. But Captain Austin evidently does not wish to stand excused on the ground that it was physically impossible to send his steamers up Wellington Channel; for in his dispatch to the Admiralty, he declares that he does not feel authorized to prosecute, '*even if practicable*,' a further search in the direction of Wellington Channel. But he clearly does not like to come to this conclusion, without being supported in it, or at least having the apparent support of Captain Penny. In his dispatch to the Admiralty, which we have just quoted, he states that 'having communicated with Cap-

tain Penny, and fully considered his official reply to his letter relative to the search of Wellington Strait, he does not feel authorized to search it.' This undoubtedly throws considerable onus on Captain Penny, for it makes him a sharer in Captain Austin's views of the question. For some time the public were ignorant of the official letter alluded to; but after some delay, letters purporting to form the correspondence between Captain Austin and Captain Penny were published in the London papers by the Admiralty. These are so remarkable, and of such importance in our history of the late searching expeditions, that we annex them.

Her Majesty's ship *Resolute*, off the Winter Quarters of Captain Penny's Expedition, August 11, 1851.

SIR,—Having this day most unexpectedly reached your winter quarters, and also having had the satisfaction of a personal communication with you, I now beg leave to acquaint you, that having maturely considered the directions and extent of the search (without success) that has been made by the expedition under my charge, and weighed the opinions of the officers when at their extremes, I have arrived at the conclusion that the expedition under Sir John Franklin did not prosecute the object of its mission to the southward and westward of Wellington Strait.

Under these circumstances, I now await your reply to my letter, transmitted herewith, in order that I may make known to you at the earliest moment the plan for the future movements of this expedition.

I have, &c.,

HORATIO T. AUSTIN, Captain, &c.

Captain William Penny, Her Majesty's brig *Lady Franklin*, and in charge of an Expedition searching for the Expedition under Sir John Franklin.

Her Majesty's ship *Resolute*, off the Winter Quarters of Captain Penny's Expedition, August 11.

SIR,—Having this day most unexpectedly reached your winter quarters, and also having had the satisfaction of a personal communication with you, I feel it incumbent (previous to making known to you my determination as to the further movements of the expedition under my orders) to request that you will be pleased to acquaint me, whether you consider that the search of the Wellington Strait, made by the expedition under your charge, is so far satis-

factory as to render a further prosecution in that direction, if practicable, unnecessary.

I have, &c.,

HORATIO T. AUSTIN, Captain, &c.

Captain William Penny, Her Majesty's brig *Lady Franklin*, and in charge of an Expedition searching for the Expedition under Sir John Franklin.

Assistance Bay, August 11.

SIR,—Your question is easily answered. My opinion is, Wellington Channel requires no further search; all has been done in the power of man to accomplish, and no trace can be found. What else can be done?

I have the honour to be, &c.,

WILLIAM PENNY.

Captain H. T. Austin, C.B., of Her Majesty's Expedition in search of Sir John Franklin.

Her Majesty's ship *Resolute*, off the Winter Quarters of Captain Penny's Expedition, August 12, 1851.

SIR,—I beg leave to acknowledge the receipt of your letter making known to me the result of the search of Wellington Strait by the Expedition under your charge.

I have now to inform you, that I do not consider it necessary to prosecute (even if practicable) a further search in that direction with the expedition under my orders.

It is now my intention to proceed to attempt the search of Jones's Sound.

I have, &c.,

HORATIO T. AUSTIN, Captain, &c.

Captain William Penny, Her Majesty's brig *Lady Franklin*, and in charge of an Expedition searching for the Expedition under Sir John Franklin.

Now, when we consider that Captain Austin had the advantage of a long conference with Captain Penny, during which the latter, as we are informed, put him in possession of all his ideas and wishes relative to the search of Victoria Channel, which we know he was most desirous should be thoroughly explored, it does appear not a little extraordinary that Captain Austin should overlook this most important field of search, and require to be officially informed of the fact already well known to him—that Wellington Channel had been searched.

Had he asked Captain Penny if Victoria Channel had been explored, he would have had a very different

answer. But Captain Penny has to complain of even greater injustice than the publication of his brief answer to Captain Austin's categorical questions; for we are informed that another most important letter, forming part of the above correspondence, has been suppressed, in which, as we are given to understand, Captain Penny enters into the subject of the desirableness of searching Victoria Channel, and places Captain Austin in a position to know how expedient it is that the search in that quarter should be renewed.

It is, indeed, impossible to conjecture even why Captain Austin turned his back on this most promising field. His expedition was in a highly efficient condition; and with respect to the steamers, he admits that their performance was most remarkable. Indeed it is now proved beyond all doubt that these vessels are powerful agents in the Arctic Seas. They towed the ships through large fields of pack ice, and frequently opened passages where otherwise progress would have been quite impracticable. The following extract of a letter from an officer on board one of these ships is particularly interesting, as illustrative of this point:—

This voyage will condemn all full-bowed vessels for ice-work. When I was in England, some used to say that we should not last a week in the ice. We go a-head, and break through a floe, and make a passage for ships nearly half a mile long by steaming at it, while they bury themselves into it every time up to their foremasts. Directly we have a pressure—and we have had two or three,—up we jump two or three feet; and the piece, if it is drifting by, has nothing but our sharp bows to hang against—while the other craft have their great bluff bows to stop it.

It is of course very much to be regretted that Captain Penny's instructions were such as obliged him to return to England, but his anxiety to be at the scene of his discoveries is rendered very apparent, by his soliciting the Admiralty, immediately on his return, for a steamer to proceed at once to Wellington Channel. This request was not, as our readers are aware, acceded to.

At the time when Captain Austin abandoned the search of Victoria

Channel, his expedition was provisioned for nearly two years, and his officers and men were in perfect health. He could not, therefore, return to England without doing something more in furtherance of his mission. He accordingly decided on going to Jones's Sound, with the view of searching that inlet. But here, again, his proceedings are at once inexplicable and vexatious. Favoured by open water, he arrived with his steam-tenders at the mouth of an extensive sound, to the north of Cape Horsburgh, and after exploring it in a north-west direction about forty-five miles, where further progress was arrested by a fixed barrier of ice, he retraced his steps, and returned to England, 'in accordance,' as he states, 'with the spirit of his instructions,' his only regret being, not that he was unable to pursue the search for Sir John Franklin, but that the ice rendered it impracticable for him to ascertain whether the sound he had visited was the Jones's Sound of Baffin. Thus ingloriously terminates the history of the searching squadron which sailed from England in 1850, munificently equipped and abundantly provisioned for three years.

How Captain Austin can reconcile his return home this summer with 'the spirit of his instructions,' we are quite at a loss to understand. These instructions expressly order him to renew the search for the missing expedition in 1851, and he is to return in the autumn of this year, '*unless some traces should be found of the missing expedition.*' This language is far from binding, and we think we shall not err if we declare, that had Captain Austin remained in the Arctic regions even two more years, in the prosecution of his high and humane mission, the Admiralty would not have censured him.

It is, indeed, a fearful reflection, that the ships so liberally sent out to rescue our unfortunate countrymen, should have discovered their traces, and returned to us, leaving the dark mystery which clings to their fate still unsolved; and it is even more terrible to think, that the arm of help may have been almost within their grasp when it was recalled.

Captain Austin is still, as we un-

derstand, firm in his conviction that Sir John Franklin did not pass up Wellington Channel. In this belief we are happy to say he stands nearly alone; for we know it to be the opinion of the great majority of those whose judgment is entitled to consideration, that Sir John Franklin must be sought in Victoria Channel, and in the seas and channels in communication with that strait. And in this opinion we heartily concur; for knowing, as we do, that no traces of the *Erebus* or *Terror* exist in Lancaster Sound, Barrow's Straits, or to the west of those straits, as far as Melville Island, the future searching region is necessarily narrowed to a comparatively small locality. It may, indeed, turn out that Victoria Channel is the magnificent portal to a great polar ocean; but we feel persuaded that Sir John Franklin would not enter the latter without leaving documents of his progress and intention on conspicuous headlands. And failing to find him alive, we shall, at all events, by continuing the search where Captain Penny was obliged to abandon it, in all probability glean authentic intelligence of his fate.

Our readers will, ere this, have gathered from our remarks, that we attach no credit to the story of Adam Beek, which asserts that the *Erebus* and *Terror* were wrecked in the upper part of Baffin's Bay, and that their crews were murdered. Not only do we not credit this story, but we believe it to be a wicked invention of the Esquimaux to serve his own purposes; and we are greatly astonished that Sir John Ross, who, after the report had been thoroughly investigated by the officers of the searching ships, and found to be unsupported by the slightest evidence, declared his disbelief in it, should now unhesitatingly assert that Adam Beek, who acted as his interpreter, was 'thoroughly to be believed,' and that, in short, 'his report is in every respect true.' Such flagrant contradictions carry their own judgments with them, and we conceive it to be quite unnecessary to say anything more to expose the worthlessness of this fabrication.

With the passing away of another year, the fate of Sir John Franklin and his party becomes more than

ever perplexing, and the question naturally forces itself upon us,—Is it probable, or even possible, that life can be sustained in the Arctic regions for several years on the resources which those regions afford? We believe that it may, and we are strongly confirmed in this opinion by Mr. Rae, from whom the following very interesting letter has recently been received:—

It may be supposed by many that to continue the search for Sir John Franklin beyond the summer of 1850 would be a useless waste of time, labour, and money; but with this supposition I cannot agree, and my opinion is founded on a personal experience which few persons have had an opportunity of acquiring, and which leads me to believe that a part, or all, of Sir John's party may still exist in 1851. In 1846-7 I wintered at Repulse Bay with a party of twelve men, only two of whom, before arriving there, had ever practised deer shooting, and two others were fishermen. We had little or no fuel that could be properly so called; the mud with which our storehouse was plastered never dried, but only froze, and it was so cold inside that a man one night got his knee frost-bitten, although he had one of his companions under the blankets with him. Yet we suffered no privation as regarded food, except that during the shortest days we took only one meal per diem as a precautionary measure, not knowing how late it might be in the spring before the reindeer migrated northward. That we were not much the worse for our exposure to cold and low diet may be inferred from the fact, that in the spring we traced about 500 miles of new coast forming the shores of Committee Bay, in doing which, I and one of my men travelled on foot upwards of 1000 miles, and were on our return (although rather low in flesh) as sound and well as when we started. When leaving York Factory, in June, 1846, we had not more than four months' provisions with us; when we returned to that place, after an absence of fourteen months and twenty-three days, we had still one-third of our original stock of provisions on hand,—showing that we had by our own exertions, in a country previously totally unknown to us, obtained the means of subsistence for twelve months. Why may not Sir John Franklin's party

do the same? If he has providentially been thrown on or near a part of the coast where reindeer or fowl are at all numerous, surely out of so many officers and men sportsmen may be found, after some practice expert enough to shoot the former, and fishermen to seize or net the latter, or take them with hook or line, &c., under the ice.

Now, we are informed by Captains Penny and Stewart, who explored Wellington Channel, that innumerable birds were constantly seen, besides bears, seals, and walruscs; and if there be a polar basin with a higher temperature, we may reasonably conclude that musk-oxen and deer will be found on the lands adjoining this water. With such resources it would not be difficult to prolong life for many years; and until we have positive evidence of the death of the party, we are not warranted in arriving at this melancholy conclusion.

Let us hope, however, that their fate will be revealed to us before the close of another year. We understand that it is in contemplation to hold several Arctic councils to deliberate on the best measures to be adopted with reference to the further search for our missing countrymen, the continuance of that search being already determined upon. We trust that such instructions will be given to the commanding officers of whatever expeditions may be despatched, as shall insure the thorough examination of Victoria Channel; and we equally trust that Captain Penny may have the high gratification of not only following up his splendid discovery, but of crowning it with the glory and honour of rescuing our long-lost friends. *Nil actum reputans, si quid superesset agendum*, has ever been the motto of our heroic Arctic voyagers. Among these we are proud to enrol the name of Penny; and we feel confident that, if the means be placed at his disposal, he will solve one of the most painfully interesting questions that has ever agitated the public mind.

VENUS AKESTRIA.

BY W. ALLINGHAM.

O MARYANNE, you pretty girl,
 Intent on silken labour,
 Of sempstresses the pink and pearl.
 Excuse a peeping neighbour.

Those eyes, for ever drooping, give
 The long black lashes rarely;
 But violets in the shadows live;
 O, raise them full and fairly!

Hast thou not lent that flounce enough
 Of looks so long and earnest?
 Lo, here's more 'penetrable stuff,'
 To which thou never turnest.

Ye graceful fingers, deftly sped!
 How slender and how nimble!
 O, might I wind their skeins of thread,
 Or but pick up their thimble!

How blest the youth whom love shall bring,
 And happy stars embolden,
 To change the dome into a ring,
 The silver into golden.

Who'll steal some morning to her side
 To take her finger's measure;
 While Maryanne pretends to chide,
 And blushes deep with pleasure.

Who'll watch her sew her wedding-gown,
 Well conscious that it *is* hers;
 Who'll glean a tress, without a frown,
 With those so ready scissors.

Who'll taste those ripenings of the south,
 The fragrant and delicious,—
Don't put the pins into your mouth,
 O Maryanne, my precious!

I almost wish it were my trust
 To teach how shocking that is;
 I wish I had not, as I must,
 To quit this tempting lattice.

Sure aim takes Cupid, fluttering foe,
 Across a street so narrow,—
 A thread of silk to string his bow,
 A needle for his arrow!

POETS AND PLAYERS.

THE manager who first invented the term 'Legitimate Drama,' was certainly a clever manager, and one who well knew his public. That term seems to act on some minds almost like a spell; by its own mere force, it has created a conviction in many worthy people that plays which can be so *called* have a certain claim on public patronage, and that it is meritorious, and even a duty, to go periodically to theatres where such plays are acted. This is a notion which, of course, is carefully fostered by all actors and others interested in theatres, and especially by the little clique of critics who always spring up wherever there is a green-room, and pompously profess to take the interests of the National Drama under their protection; and as it is well known that almost any abstract principle may be asserted, and will be allowed to pass uncontradicted in England, so long as we retain the right and the power to resist, actively or passively, all attempts to carry it into practice, these gentry have succeeded, as far as *talk* goes, in establishing as incontrovertible, that 'the British stage ought to be supported,' and that he who does not contribute thereto by personal service of some sort, is not altogether worthy of the name of a good citizen or a man of taste.

It is nobody's business in particular to refute these positions: they do not affect our lives and fortunes: no Act of Parliament has *yet* been based upon them, enacting that every inhabitant shall take his family to the play once a fortnight: and so most people are content to continue saying that they suppose they ought to go, but really it is so stupid and inconvenient, and they had much rather stay at home, and so forth; and thus it happens, that the only questions relating to matters theatrical openly discussed are, how the 'British stage' shall *best* be supported, and how the 'aristocracy' shall *best* be sneered at for preferring other amusements to five hours at Drury Lane, while a conclusion which cuts the life out of all such speculations at the very root, has been practically, though silently, arrived at

by the public,—to wit, that they wont go.

Talk, however, as already observed, has hitherto had its own way so completely in the contrary direction, that a man who should now assert such propositions as that the theatre being only one of ten thousand modes of recreation, there is not the remotest necessity to maintain it for the honour or advantage of any country, except so long as it happens to be a popular amusement; that dramatic poetry may be fully and perfectly enjoyed and appreciated, like any other poetry, without any assistance from actors and sceneshifters; and that, in point of fact, Shakspeare's plays are not good acting plays; will probably find that they are stared at as paradoxes, rather than yawned at as truisms, though there is scarcely a man who does not acknowledge them to be simple truths in his feelings, and in his actions, at any rate, if not in his reason.

There is scarcely anything that people will not say in defence of an established idol, while they neglect its worship themselves. It seems agreed, that anything in the form of an argument shall pass for one in such a cause, logical or illogical; and if it has been repeated ten thousand times, it becomes almost irresistible, like the drop of water, *non vi, sed sæpe cadendo*. We are daily told, for instance, that 'the stage is a great moral engine for the education of the people.' And then, 'our immortal Shakspeare' is pressed into the service. He, it seems, has said that 'the end of playing, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature, to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure.' Now, in the first place, Shakspeare never said anything of the sort. It is a gross, though very common, blunder to attribute to Shakspeare all the arguments and sentiments which his creations utter, and he *records*. These words are part of a conversation between a courteous young prince and certain actors, in whom he desired, for powerful reasons of

his own, to produce the impression that they were about to perform in the presence of a favourable and intelligent, but exacting critic, whose standard of excellence was placed very high, so as to spur them to exert to the utmost all the resources of their art: from him, therefore, polite flattery as to the importance of the stage would have been graceful and politic, and might have been naturally expected, without dragging Shakspeare's own opinions into the question at all: in point of fact, however, Hamlet did not use any such artifice, and merely gave some good practical advice to the actors, reminding them of what is, in truth, their sole office,—namely, to *personate*. He bids them ‘suit the action to the word, and the word to the action, with this special observance, that they overstep not the modesty of nature,’ for, he adds, all you have to do is to *hold the mirror up to her*—to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and so forth,—that is, *personate* truly. These simple, plain, and just observations of Hamlet have been over and over again cited as the deliberate expression of Shakspeare's judgment, that the ‘purpose and end of playing’ is to exhort to virtue, and deter from vice!

It is no more the office of a play, as such, to be a moral teacher, than it is the office of poetry in any other form, or of novels, or history, or natural science. If it is the specific distinctive function (*differentia*) of the stage to be a moral teacher, what is that of the pulpit? Surely no one man's reason was ever really

convinced or satisfied by this twaddle, universal as it is. A play is an entertainment: if it is not entertaining, it is nothing. The essence of the amusement is, *seeing actors act*; that is what people really go to the play for. It follows from this, that that is the best acting play which gives to actors the best opportunity of acting; poetical or other literary merit is comparatively unimportant—nay, if of a high order, it is positively a fault in a play, as we shall presently show, by reason of the sense of imperfection and failure which the attempt to bring it down to the coarse conventions of the stage must necessarily excite in the audience.

Though the love of theatrical performances is one of the most universal and apparently natural of all human tastes, it must nevertheless be owned, that they do not stand very high in the scale of intellectual enjoyments; and it will be observed, that the men whose critical judgment is the most pure and refined, and whose poetical sensibilities are the most true and acute, are rarely seen within the walls of a theatre. The concessions required from the understanding are so monstrous, and what is worse, so inconsistent with one another (so that they cannot be made once for all), the shifts and contrivances are so clumsy and scrambling, the purely conventional rules so numerous and so exacting, that it seems impossible to elevate the drama, that is, *an acted play*, into anything approaching to the dignity of a work of art;* and we beg to assure all those who may feel any

* The inventors of the Unities thought to get over this difficulty, but they only succeeded in making a play dull. They lost the liveliness, variety, and stage effects of the Romantic Drama, and got nothing in exchange; for the improbabilities of a Unitarian Tragedy are at least as gross as those of any of Shakspeare's, though of a different kind; in fact, the effect of the Rules is to abolish physical improbability by establishing moral impossibilities. When a critic ventured to object to these, he was told that he was expected not to notice them: if there was any improbability, it was all for *probability's sake*, and ought to be respected. But the Unities are dead and buried: it is needless to insult their graves. Nobody seriously stands up for them. It is true that when a play is called a Tragedy in France, the Unities are still expected; but that is only on conventional academic grounds; and the writer who has sinned against them has only to alter one word in the play-bill, and call his work a Melodrama, instead of a Tragedy, and everybody is perfectly satisfied. Doubtless there is a pleasure in seeing genius working within prescribed limits, and with prescribed means, from the perception of the power, ingenuity, and perseverance called into play by these obstacles; but these limits must not be purely arbitrary or self-imposed—they must be of such a nature as to satisfy the mind that they are either inevitably, or at any rate naturally, connected with the subject. The

misgivings on the subject, that far from being a proof of the neglect of poetry and genius in this land, it would (as far as it went) be a proof that good literary criticism had attained a high degree of purity and wide prevalence, if there were no theatres in London at all for the performance of the drama, legitimate or illegitimate.

Our assertion that Shakspeare's plays are not good acting plays,* may, perhaps, startle some who recollect the pleasure they have derived from seeing great actors perform some of his principal characters. We shall show further on how this not unnatural mistake has arisen, from attributing the delight caused by the actors' acting to the thing acted; meanwhile, we repeat the assertion. In the first place, as will appear more at large presently, Shakspeare's plays are far too poetical to have ever made good acting plays: but besides this, even if they ever were good acting plays, there are sufficient reasons why they should not be good acting plays now. The best play, as we have shown, is that which gives actors the best opportunity of acting; it is obvious, therefore, that what is a good play for one set of actors, may be a bad play for another. An acting play is in its nature local, personal, occasional; every playgoer, if he would but own it, must be aware that the plays that have really entertained him most were those which were written for the very actors who performed them. It is not likely, then, that a play written for such a company of actors, to be played on such a stage,

and witnessed by such an audience as Shakspeare had to cater for at the end of the sixteenth century, should make a good acting play for the actors, stages, and audiences of the middle of the nineteenth. Again, one of the few advantages which in stage representation faintly counterbalance the horrible imprisonment and mutilation to which poetry has to submit, is the increased interest with which we follow the progress of the plot, when presented in the flesh by real men and women; but even this poor compensation we lose when (as is the case with Shakspeare) we know the play by heart, and can foretell every incident that will occur before the curtain rises. Every one must have experienced how heavily a well-known play goes off on this account: the audience are not going along with it, but are watching it.† 'What!' somebody may exclaim; 'do you suppose that Shakspeare did not know what he was about when he wrote plays? Why did he write plays unless he intended them to be acted? And if he thought that it was by means of acting that his creations could best be presented to the world, do you pretend to say that he was wrong?' This sort of argument, whatever may be its value in other respects, has one great advantage—there is no answering it. Of course, *if* Shakspeare could not be wrong, and *if* every act of his life was the intentional expression of a deliberate critical opinion, and *if* he was incapable of being influenced by accident and circumstance, there is an end of the matter, and nothing remains to be done but to

successful accomplishment of any other conditions appears nothing better than a braggart and tasteless *tour de force*. There is a great difference between a minuet and a hornpipe in fetters.

* 'He' (Shakspeare), said Goethe, 'is not a theatrical poet; he never thought of the stage; it was far too narrow for his great mind; nay, the whole visible world was too narrow.'—'It is singular,' said I, 'that the Dramas of Shakspeare are not theatrical pieces properly so called, since he wrote them all for the theatre.'—'Shakspeare,' replied Goethe, 'wrote those pieces direct from his own nature. Then, too, his age and the existing arrangements of the stage made no demands upon him; people were forced to put up with whatever he gave them. But if Shakspeare had written for the Court of Spain, or for the Theatre of Louis XIV., he would probably have adapted himself to a severer theatrical form. This, however, is by no means to be regretted; for what Shakspeare has lost as a theatrical poet, he has gained as a poet in general.'—*Eckermann's Conversations with Goethe*, vol. i., pp. 276, 292. Oxenford's translation.

† When Mr. Phelps first introduced Shakspeare into the remote region of Sadler's Wells, it was rather interesting to observe the effect produced where *this* objection did not (comparatively speaking) exist.

take a box for the season at every 'legitimate' theatre. But to anybody who will consider the matter in a rational way, plenty of reasons (if it is necessary to justify Shakspeare) will occur why he should have written for the stage in the reign of Elizabeth, which, nevertheless, furnish no proof that his plays ought to be acted in the reign of Victoria. Stage success is the most immediate, tangible, and intoxicating of any: this accounts for so many poets turning their thoughts in that direction. The bent of Shakspeare's genius naturally led him to write in the dramatic form, and it probably never occurred either to him or to anybody else at that time, that a poem could be written in the dramatic form, and yet not be intended for the stage. The accidental circumstances of his life, too, threw him into connexion with theatres; and lastly, in an age when there was no literary middle class, the stage was to a poor and independent poet, especially to one who burned, as Shakspeare must have burned, to get at the hearts of all mankind alike—the best, almost the only road to publicity and fame. Surely, before such an objection as we have above supposed is allowed any weight, we have a right to call on the objector to answer us, whether he will undertake to say that Shakspeare, if he were flourishing now, would write for the stage? We cannot believe that he would.

If this sort of sentimental adulation of Shakspeare is to be the only tone in which these questions are to be discussed, we might further retort in a similar strain; it is you who are really depreciating our immortal bard. We say that he is universal; you, that he is technical and local: we say that he is true, great, and beautiful, always and everywhere; you, that he is so only in two or three special buildings, and with the assistance of certain painted men and women: we say that he is a poet; you, that he is a playwright. But there has been a great deal too much of this tone already; the loudest compliment is not necessarily the most intelligent criticism, even of Shakspeare: 'Sing ye praises *with understanding*,' says the Psalmist.

We have already touched upon one question, which, to treat it fairly, would require a long essay, although our present limits and more immediate object have obliged us to dispose of it in a few sentences—the question, namely, whether a play (that is, an acted play) can be properly called a work of art; and we now see opening before us another still more important question, which lies indeed at the bottom of all the considerations to which we are endeavouring to draw the reader's attention, which the same unfortunate necessity equally debars us from discussing at length: that question is, whether there is such a fundamental difference between what is called 'dramatic poetry' and poetry in general, that while one is poetry always and everywhere, and can be enjoyed and appreciated to the full extent of the recipient's capacity without reference to any external circumstances, and without the necessity of any particular mode of presentment, the other can only be fully enjoyed and appreciated, under very special and limited conditions, from which all mankind, except the inhabitants of one or two large towns, are practically debarred? The common tone of criticism is, that there is such a fundamental distinction, that it is only when presented by actors on the stage that 'dramatic poetry' can be properly judged or thoroughly relished. We must, for the present, confine ourselves to saying simply, that from this we entirely dissent. It is only in form, not in nature, that dramatic poetry differs from other poetry; and all in a play that is poetry, the invention, the fancy, the passion, the harmony, can be taken in and enjoyed to the utmost by the same means as are confessedly sufficient for all other poetical compositions. The only qualities which cannot be done justice to in the arm-chair, are those which go to make an *acting* play a good one,—namely, knowledge of the peculiarities of given actors, of the resources of a given theatre, of the intellectual calibre of a given audience, and such like trivial and fleeting accidents, which may or may not be associated with poetical excellence in a play without affecting

its real literary value one way or the other.

The poets, who on earth have made us heirs

Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays,*

named no trustees to interpose their offices between us and our inheritance; it is free and open to every one of us, to have and to hold according to his lights and his intelligence. Ben Jonson has already told us that Shakspeare 'was not of an age, but for all time;' from which it follows, as a legitimate corollary, that neither is he of a stage, but for all climes.

The following sentences are from Samuel Taylor Coleridge's *Lectures on Shakspeare*†—

Men are now so seldom thrown into wild circumstances and violences of excitement, that the language of such states, the laws of association of feeling with thought, the starts and strange far-flights of the assimilative power on the slightest and least obvious likeness presented by thoughts, words, or objects—these are all judged of by authority, not by actual experience,—by what men have been accustomed to regard as symbols of these states, and not the natural symbols, or self-manifestations of them. Hence the appropriate, the never to be too much valued advantage of the theatre, if only the actors were what we know they have been—a delightful yet most effectual remedy for this dead pulsary of the human mind. What would appear mad or ludicrous in a book, when presented to the senses under the form of reality, and with the truth of nature, supplies a species of actual experience. This is indeed the special privilege of a *great actor* over a *great poet*. No part was ever played in perfection but nature justified herself in the hearts of all her children, in what state soever they were, short of moral exhaustion or downright stupidity. There is no time given to ask questions or to pass judgments; we are taken by storm; and though in the histrionic art many a clumsy counterfeit, by caricature of one or two features, may gain applause as a fine likeness, yet never was the *very thing* rejected as counterfeit. O, when I think of the inexhaustible mine of virgin treasure in our Shakspeare; and know, too, that by a conceivable and possible, though hardly to be expected

arrangement of the British theatres, not all, indeed, but a large, a very large proportion of this indefinite all might be sent into the heads and hearts, into the very souls of the mass of mankind, to whom, except by this living comment and interpretation, it must remain for ever a sealed volume, a deep well without a wheel or a windlass,—it seems to me a pardonable enthusiasm to steal away from sober likelihood, and share in so rich a feast in the fairy world of possibility!

These eloquent sentences we quote as well for the sake of the truth as of the error they contain. What Coleridge says of the risk we run of not doing justice to passionate language or action, by reason of the strong reserve and suppression of outward manifestations of feeling now exacted by the laws of society, is most just, and ought to be present with us whenever we read the impassioned poetry, whether dramatic or undramatic, produced in a social state different from our own, or we shall never do justice either to it or to ourselves: but the inference drawn from this as to the advantage of the actor over the poet is most extraordinary; it is hardly conceivable how such a man could have made such a jumble. There is not, and cannot be, any rivalry or comparison between the actor and the poet: for the actor's sole business is to act what the poet gives him, be it bad or good; the real rivalry is between the small poet and the great one; and in that unquestionably the *reality* conferred by stage performance (as explained by Coleridge) gives an enormous advantage to the former over the latter. Because, during a stage performance, there is comparatively 'no time given to ask questions or to pass judgments, and we are taken by storm'—a character weakly or incompletely conceived by the writer gains in force and completeness by being 'filled' (the expressive term of modern theatrical criticism) by an actor who after all is a real man, inasmuch as we cannot even imagine a man whose character is not in some sense complete—there can be no mere voids or blanks, nor any

* Wordsworth. *Sonnets*.

† Vol. ii. of the *Literary Remains*. The language has been a little compressed in one or two places.

absolute inconsistencies in it; and thus what in a book is *washy* or impossible, becomes on the stage full-bodied and conceivable.* But in exactly the same ratio as weak and imperfect creations (if anything weak and imperfect deserves the name of a creation) gain by the assistance of the actor, do vast, profound, and complete creations suffer by his interference. It is idle to talk as Coleridge does of a part being played 'in perfection'; to penetrate fully into one of Shakspeare's characters in his own arm-chair, with every physical and material obstacle removed, is as much as anybody can do, and it is not many who can do that; but to present that complete whole by means of acting to anybody else, is what no mortal ever has been able, or ever will be able, to do, and what no mortal ought to attempt to do. Degradation must inevitably follow on any attempt to present high poetical creations on the stage: the very same process which gives liveliness to what was lifeless, and probability to what was improbable, congeals into one necessarily debased mould what was free and universal, makes earthly what was spiritual, vulgarizes what was beautiful, and not unfrequently falsifies what was most profoundly true. The illiterate, the coarse, or the childish, may doubtless get more deep into a poet's meaning from the performance of an intelligent actor than they could from unassisted reading, and such do well and wisely to 'patronize the legitimate drama;' but that a man of pure literary taste and refined imagination, who knows *who* and *what* Juliet, and Imogen, and Miranda *are*, should maintain that he derives either pleasure or profit—that his conceptions are satisfied or his views enlarged—by seeing them embodied in 'Miss Petowker' or 'Mrs. Crummles,' does seem one of the most incredible of the many incredible assertions that are daily offered up at the shrine of indolent conventionalism.

By way of illustration merely, and not with any pretension to delivering a general judgment on his merits as an actor, let us here briefly contrast Macready's performance (say) of Bulwer Lytton's *Richelieu*, with his performance of Shakspeare's *Macbeth*.

No candid man can deny that the one is pleasant and entertaining, the other painful and unsatisfactory. And why? Because it is necessarily painful and unsatisfactory to see a man of talent struggling in vain, through the few and ungrateful modes of utterance which nature has granted him, to re-produce on the stage a vast and awful image, which, as it sits in cloudy magnificence far, hopelessly far above him, he can himself but imperfectly descry, while, at the same time, he feels that it is in his own organs, not in the great original, that the imperfection lies: and because it is, on the contrary, pleasant and entertaining to see the same talents employed in filling up with delicacy and intelligence the outlines of a figure that never existed except in outline,—a sketch prepared on purpose to be so filled up, and in presenting which to an audience, the actor is consequently creating instead of destroying, wielding with freedom and confidence a weapon fitted to his strength, instead of wrestling hopelessly with an overpowering angel. It may be said that the one attempt is nobler than the other, and that it is a higher and more intellectual enjoyment to see failure in the one than success in the other. It may be said, but it never was felt, because it is not true. The perception of failure is necessarily disagreeable, that of success, pleasurable; and Bulwer mended† is, and always must be, a better entertainment than Shakspeare spoilt.

Doubtless, there are many people to whom a play of Shakspeare, *acted*, is a delightful and ennobling entertainment. But who are they? Not those who know it, but those

* This is what makes a *farce* amusing: the comical jumble produced in the mind by the *actual occurrence*, and presentation to the senses, of what is to the reason absurdly impossible.

† That is, *favourably represented*: the word 'mended' is not here used in any disparaging sense. It is no reproach, but praise, to the author of the *Lady of Lyons* and *Richelieu*, that he has produced *what he intended to produce*,—namely, good acting plays.

who do not; not the cultivated, but the uncultivated; those to whom even the imperfect presentment afforded by the actor is an advance on their previous knowledge; to whom the creations of the poet were not real and complete beings, but mere names and nonentities, and which, consequently, (as already shown,) gain consistency and force to them, just as really imperfect sketches gain consistency and force by stage representation to the educated and intelligent. Doubtless Shakspeare well or even badly acted, is better than no Shakspeare at all; but what we desire distinctly to affirm is, that the true reason why the superior classes (we speak not of mere rank, but of education and intelligence) do not go to see Shakspeare acted in this present age, is not because their tastes are too vitiated to appreciate it, but because they are too refined to be satisfied with it, and that the pretension of actors, and managers, and their friends, that *they* are the sole priests of Shakspeare, and that none may approach him but through their intervention, is one of the most monstrous that ever was put forward.* We beg to remind the reader that we here consider ourselves on the defensive. This will, perhaps, justify the use of stronger language in urging our views than would otherwise have been needful or proper. It is a fact that the cultivated and intellectual part of London society do not frequent the theatres much, and least of all the theatres where the 'legitimate drama' is perpetrated. For this they are perennially and systematically sneered at and vilified by a certain school of critics who pompously take on themselves the office of patrons and protectors of Shakspeare, assume that they are the sole people who truly appreciate his merits, and actually denounce all

other recreations, however little antagonistic to play-going,—balls, music, dinners, and what not,—as deliberate insults to the memory of 'our great and immortal bard,' the 'Swan of Avon,' and so forth; and as proofs that 'the aristocracy' neglect Shakspeare, and by necessary inference are but little worthy of the name of Britons.

Shakspeare neglected! Does a man who does not go to see 'Hamlet' played in a barn or at a puppet-show neglect Shakspeare? Is a man who does not go to hear Mr. Stentor read the *Paradise Lost* charged with neglecting Milton? And why not? The answer to that question which will rise to every one's lips gives the reasons why in these days the intelligent public declines to endure three hours' martyrdom at Drury Lane or Covent Garden.

Again, we remind the reader that our object here is self-defence, which cannot be effected by parrying alone, without making a few lunges also: but we are very far from wishing to affirm dogmatically that whosoever goes to see a play of Shakspeare acted, gives thereby a proof of a coarse or uneducated taste. Everybody is at liberty to form his taste and enlarge his understanding in the way which best suits his accidental habits, or what is called the 'turn of his mind;' and doubtless an intelligent man, who has made Shakspeare his especial study, may have much to communicate, many views to open out, many solutions of difficulties and corrections of error to present, which may be new to the spectator, without accusing him of ignorance or stupidity; but this is just as true of the lecturer and the essayist as the actor; of Schlegel and Coleridge as of Kemble or Macready; and all we are contending for is, first, that stage performance is not the only way (in our opinion it is the *worst*

* 'What injury,' says Charles Lamb (and nobody can say that *he* 'neglected Shakspeare')—'what injury, *short of theaures*, did not Boydell's *Shakspeare Gallery* do me with Shakspeare! To have Opie's *Shakspeare*, Northcote's *Shakspeare*, wooden-headed West's *Shakspeare* (though he did the best in 'Lear'), deaf-headed Reynolds's *Shakspeare*, instead of any and everybody's Shakspeare!—to be tied down to an authentic face of Juliet—to have Imogen's portrait—to *confine the illimitable!*'—Letter to Rogers. See *Final Memorials*, ii. 108. Plenty of texts of a similar import could easily be collected out of the writings of Charles Lamb: his *Essay on Shakspeare* is little more than one continuous protest against thrusting the poet on the stage.

way—but let that pass) in which elucidation of Shakspeare can be conveyed to the public; secondly, that to him who wishes to enjoy his Shakspeare (not to complete his Shakspeare education), a stage performance is necessarily unsatisfactory and unpleasant, however well acted, and in point of fact (seeing the impossibility of having the whole play even decently acted) insupportable.

The love of theatrical entertainments, as already observed, is one of the most universal and most apparently natural of all human tastes: we find such almost everywhere in some form or another; children's earliest games are made up of actors and audience. Far be it from us to speak evil of playgoing! It is an innocent and rational recreation—at least as innocent and rational as reading novels, going to balls and evening parties, or any of the other authorized and established amusements and excitements of modern society. But though there can be no mistake about the *pleasure*, there may be, and is, a great deal of mistake about the *cause* of it. People who recollect the pleasure they have derived from seeing the acting of Siddons or O'Neil, are apt to suppose (and it is a very natural mistake) that it was the poet's work that was giving them that pleasure—that it was because they were seeing Shakspeare that they were delighted; and no less than three collateral influences tend to keep up that delusion: first, it is the theory most complimentary to their own pure taste and capacities for poetry; secondly, it is the theory kept up by the cant of criticism, which has hitherto been allowed to have all its own way; thirdly, it is the theory which supplies the most ready answer and excuse to such of our relations and friends (and all of us have some) who are 'serious,' and 'object' to the theatre on account of its frivolous or immoral character. But it is no such thing: we go to the theatre (the reader must forgive this iteration) to *see actors act*; not to make ourselves acquainted with a literary composition,—we can do that better elsewhere. Seeing actors act is a source of delight; we need not enter into a metaphysical investigation of the

causes of this, for nobody will deny its truth; but it is not a new or a clearer conception of the author's work that you take home with you; it is something else: an addition to your store of pleasant images—namely, the actor acting the part; something quite apart from and independent of the author, who remains to you just what he was before, except so far as the actor may (as already shown) have been to you a lecturer or essayist, in which respect he was not to you an *actor* at all. Vanity and ambition induce all actors to fly at what they consider the highest game—the personation of Shakspeare's characters: a fundamental mistake, if there be any truth in these present speculations; but, mistake or not, that is the only reason why the pleasure derived from seeing actors act has in any way got mixed up with the pleasure derived from poetry; and even now, anybody who will take the trouble to analyze his impressions, will find that Shakspeare's Queen Catherine is to him one thing, and Mrs. Siddons' *acting* Queen Catherine another; he has two noble images in his mind instead of one, and all the better for him; but there is no connexion between them. He was delighted, because genius energizing is a spectacle which must delight; but not because it was Shakspeare—rather *although* it was Shakspeare; for as long as actors will persist in attempting the impossible, the highest praise they can ever deserve as impersonators must be, that they were not ludicrous or disgusting.

Ignorance, vanity, and selfishness are all strong; but it seems almost inconceivable how the strength of all three put together should have been able to raise in these days a cry of 'Shakspeare neglected!' New and cheap editions of his works are pouring daily from the press; there are nowhere in England twenty books together, of which he is not one; no one speaks for an hour without quoting him; the nations who used to scoff, have learnt to pray at his shrine; his words of wisdom have become part of our common language. In the teeth of all this, we are summarily convicted of 'neglecting Shakspeare,' because we decline to 'patronize the legitimate drama.'

THE REVELATIONS OF A COMMON-PLACE MAN.

PART V.

CHAPTER XVII.

ALL was light, all was music; at the first glance one might have added, all was joy. But as the eye grew accustomed to the glare, many a dark speck appeared to break the radiance, many a smile was seen to be mechanical. As I had foreboded, Constance was at once the centre of attraction. Her first dance was with me, and then some one else triumphantly bore her off, but not until she had, as she thought, provided for my enjoyment by introducing me to a very pretty partner, who apparently neither admired my name nor myself. The dialogue languished terribly. I could not think of any one fitting topic, and I was accordingly rewarded by seeing the delight with which the poor girl fled from me to some more amusing friend in splendid uniform.

Common-place as I was, why could I not chatter ball-room nonsense? I sauntered about, and was punished by running against Erasmus Spoonley. After a cordial greeting from him, he burst at once into a volley of news.

'Gad—there is the queerest start! the most remarkably *mal-à-propos* rencontre that ever you heard of, likely to take place. Who do you think will be here anon? Why, our local 'God of War,' as I call him, the Colonel, or rather the Colonel's wife and daughter, for Mars himself has sprained his ankle on the journey, and can't walk. *Verstehen Sie?*'

'I can't say I do,' I answered, coldly.

'My dear fellow, are you fresh from our native haunts, and don't know the little domestic politics which have been whispered about there?'

'Certainly not!'

'What, are you not aware that Gerald Clair, the pet of London coteries, a successful author, with the most poet-like eyes and brow, has rather changed his views since he was an unknown Clair, fresh from college. The best written love-letters weary at last, and when the twain did meet, Hebe had lost her

roses, and was more like a faded daffodilly. Since then, the correspondence has flagged more and more, till something like a breach took place. But the devoted step-mother is by no means willing to give up all chance of getting rid of her sweet child, and rumours reaching her of the faithless swain's worshipping in Leamington at another shrine, she so finessed matters as to arrive here last night, and in a few minutes she will appear ready to confront him with his lorn Ariadne.'

'Do you mean,' I asked, huskily, 'that Clair is here—in Leamington?'

'Here, in this very room, or some one of these rooms. Come, come, Black, don't look so innocent! You must know all about it.'

'It!—what?'

'Why, that.'

And he directed my eyes to the entrance of another saloon, just as two figures disappeared through it. Could I believe the evidence of my own senses? One was Clair, the other Constance.

'A handsome couple!' continued Erasmus, with a sneer, which showed how cordially he hated Clair; 'and a far better *partie* than the Colonel's daughter.'

'You forget, Spoonley, you speak of my cousin.'

I turned away with bitter indignation in my heart and probably in my face. Was all this true, or was I dreaming? I had always thought that I would go hundreds of miles out of my road to avoid Clair, but circumstances had latterly changed me greatly, and now a restless desire to know the worst impelled me to follow that gay couple, even were it to bring me face to face with my former friend. As I threaded my way towards the room they had entered, the probability of Spoonley's narrative struck me more strongly. Constance was of all others the woman I should have fancied worthy of Clair, and I saw how important would be her position to his ambition, if the world had indeed obtained such a hold over him. Wildly I asked of Fate why

my heart had been so cruelly crushed, merely that he might wear for a few short hours, and then fling away to wither, the flower which I would tenderly have nurtured? And why, having robbed me of her I loved, he should now come between me and my cousin? for, as his, Constance could never more be my friend.

The room was full of dancers, but my eye singled them out at once; she, with her white, floating robes, her graceful movements, which were to the eye what music is to the ear, or poetry to the spirit, and on her countenance a subdued look, a something sad, sly, unlike the bright, open smile which always greeted me. Ah! I had only to glance at him to read the meaning of her expression; he was changed, rather worn, rather—. I did not feel that I could now choose him as such an object of worship as he once was to me, but never had he hung half so devotedly on the smiles and words of Kate Thornton, and yet she had preferred him.

I could not bear to look longer. I turned my head away, and saw, standing close to me, but utterly unconscious of all but those two dancers, the pale, faded form of her he had forsaken. God knows I had never desired revenge, or I might now have tasted its sweets fully! How was the round, soft cheek hollowed, the white forehead contracted, the rosy lips colourless and trembling! Never did I behold such extreme agony in any face. All the noise, glare, crowd were unheeded,—to her there was nothing left on earth but those two figures, so beautiful, so gay, so thoughtless of all but their own present joy, which was to her despair. Ghastly she stood; she could not gain strength to move away,—alone, manifesting such bitter anguish, to be the scorn of her faithless lover, the jest of that cold crowd. I forgot all but that, and was beside her in an instant. I drew the unresisting hand through my arm; I do not believe she recognised me, or thought of anything but them. I led her tenderly away, quite away from that turmoil, seated her on a sofa, and begged her to sit still until I brought Mrs. Thornton. My voice broke in

upon her trance; she gave me a wild glance, and then covered her face with her hands. I thought she spoke to me. I bent over her to listen, and at last caught the words, 'Don't blame him; it is my fault.'

I went in search of her step-mother, and fortunately found her immediately. Hurriedly I explained that Miss Thornton was ill, and received from the lady's dark eyes a gaze of unfeigned wonder at my being the bearer of the news. But in the excitement of the moment I forgot all that was awkward in such a reconciliation. Ere we reached Kate, she had somewhat recovered, or rather nerved herself to meet us both, for neither sob nor tear gave token of emotion. But the death-like palor and the quivering of every limb could not be disguised. Mrs. Thornton questioned her eagerly as to the cause; then Kate turned upon me an imploring glance, which almost unmanned me. I was silent; but she faltered out that it was nothing—'Only take me away'; and she clung convulsively to Mrs. Thornton. I went in search of a carriage, and assisted them into it. When Kate sank back exhausted, her step-mother bent forward to me, and said, in a suppressed voice—

'This is like yourself, Mr. Black—always kind. Whatever be the cause of this sad scene, I feel certain that on your secrecy I may rely.'

I bowed, and they drove away.

Strange as had been the encounter, I had no leisure to reflect upon it. Fears and emotion I could not explain urged me to return to the ball-room and seek Constance; but she was no longer dancing. I saw her standing in the shade of a deep bay window; there were flowers ranged in it, and she had the leaves of one plant twisted in her hand, but her eyes were cast down and her countenance troubled. There was a shadow upon the stream, there was perturbation in the mind. She listened, it was true, but her face said unwillingly. Gerald was beside her, speaking earnestly. I paused, uncertain what course to pursue, but at that moment she looked up. Quick as thought she desisted me,—quick as thought her glance entreated me to approach. As I went hastily forward, she said a few low, grave

words to her companion, and then advanced to greet me eagerly.

'Why did you leave me, cousin?'

Gerald turned, and saw me. I also saw him. I read the story in an instant; for did I not know too well the face in which it was written? However I might have forgiven the past, however I might have pitied him now, the spectacle of Kate's sorrow was so recent, that my heart was steeled against him. I encountered his gaze of bewildered astonishment and distress firmly, coldly, sternly, without further token of recognition, and so led away my cousin. But in a large mirror I beheld a true reflection of the bay window we had just quitted, with my old friend still standing there and watching us. Constance clung to my arm with such apparent confidence in my power of protecting her,—that earnest 'why did you leave me?' was so fresh in my ears, that my heart beat with a loud pulse of triumph, as new as it was short-lived.

'I am very tired—shall we not go home?' she asked; and I replied without much heeding what I said. We bowed to some, and smiled to others; to one or two we murmured that it was hot, or cold,—at all events, we departed: the night was dark and misty, the chill air blowing on my fevered brow aroused me from my brief dream. As we drove away, Constance shivered.

'I shall not tax you as chaperon again for long,' she said. 'It is all folly, a mockery, a snare. Did I seem cross just now? I was utterly weary, and bold as I am, I did not feel easy when I lost sight of you.'

I perceived at once her desire of averting my suspicions by ascribing to ennui her evident discomposure. She asked several questions, and then continued, hurriedly, 'Pray, John, if it be not impertinent, may I inquire whether I did not see you lead away a lady who seemed ill? I only just caught a glimpse of you both, but I fancied the outline of her figure familiar to me, yet could not remember her name. Who was she?'

I was silent for a second, and then answered, 'Miss Thornton.'

Constance uttered no exclamation, but I felt her start. The old scene

in the church, and various trivial incidents, told me she knew a little of Kate's story, but probably only as it related to myself. I hesitated; I could scarcely determine how much it would be generous to say—how much I was in duty bound not to leave unsaid. At length I added, calmly—

'She is, or was, until within the last month, engaged to Mr. Clair.'

'Good heavens!'

There was great surprise and some horror in the tone, but nothing more. The rest of our drive passed in silence. It was a relief to me when we were out of the carriage, and in the well-lighted house.

Constance had begged Mrs. Brenton not to sit up, and she had obeyed; but there was a bright fire and refreshments awaiting us. Constance crouched down by the cheerful blaze, silent and meditative. Suddenly she looked up into my face, with a long, fixed gaze, rose quickly, and put her hand upon my arm.

'We are jocund revellers!' she said, pointing to the mirror above the fireplace, which reflected us, as we stood side by side, both pale and sad. 'Yet are we only two of many who went out to-night ripe for enjoyment, and found the draught of pleasure marvellously bitter. I said I wished to come away because I was tired and cold; you replied that you were tired and hot; neither spoke quite the truth—we know that we did not; we each know somewhat of the truth itself, and yet we cannot tell it.' Oh! the heart of man, so deep, and yet so shallow!—so full of strange nooks into which we dare not look ourselves, yet which we can so readily fathom in that of another whom we love! We must not talk sense, cousin. Come, let us have some tea, and chatter nonsense about the pretty girl in pink, the stout girl in green, the long man with a beard, and the whole tribe of puppets in the raree-show, ourselves no less pliable dolls in the hands of the world than they are.'

By this time she was holding out my cup of tea to me, and trying to laugh unconcernedly. Strange girl! so variable, yet so consistent! She was now only sitting up because she saw me melancholy. We did try to jest, but in vain. Soon the laughter

died away, and left us still more sad.

My thoughts reverted, in spite of myself, to Gerald. I could not but wonder what he was feeling at that moment: his face had told a history of bitter mortification—of more than frustrated ambition: in spite of Spoonley's insinuation, I did not doubt that he really loved Constance. It was impossible that it should be otherwise. It was a shock to me when I found myself so deciding. How was it that to *me* it should seem natural to prefer Constance to Miss Thornton?

She sat there, silent as the grave. There was a sternness in her aspect which was new to me, and brought back something of the restraint I had experienced when I first saw her.

Slowly her eyes turned upon me, and that wayward smile came flitting across her lips.

'It is of no use. We must go to bed, and forget our vexations in sleep!'

Did she? To me, slumber was unknown that night.

CHAPTER XVIII.

'EARLY as you are, John, you are not my first visitor,' said Ella, next morning. 'Constance was here as soon as I awoke, and the questions she put to me suggest some which you must answer. She came in, and sat on that chair, folding her hands together as she does when she has disagreeable subjects for reflection, and an unpleasant task to fulfil. She looked at me fixedly, and then said, "Ella, do not call me impertinently inquisitive, but I have a great desire to know Miss Thornton's history. Will you tell me all about her?"'

'And did you comply?' I asked, eagerly.

'Certainly I did,' replied Ella. 'I knew that she never would inquire without just cause. She listened intently. John, whence was this deep interest?'

I had doubted the propriety of betraying Clair even to Ella, but the temptation was too great.

'And she refused him—you are sure she refused him?' she exclaimed, anxiously.

'As sure as I can be, without the positive affirmation of either the one or the other. It is scarcely possible that I could be deceived in the faces of either. But is it not strange that she should be insensible to all the brilliant qualities we worshipped in him?'

'Yes; for the husband of Constance De Vaincy should be no common-place man,' replied Ella, musing.

Later in the day, my sister said to me, 'I cannot forget the singular occurrences of last night. I ventured to remark just now to Constance, "Have you not lately met with Mr. Clair?" she blushed deeply, and assented. "Then do you think my praises of him, or rather, of what he seems to be, exaggerated?" "Perhaps I do," she answered, smiling. "I grant you that he is handsome, gentlemanlike, accomplished, clever, but—he knows it. He is too well aware of his powers of fascination; and that self-consciousness destroys all to me. He is selfish, too; he could never be a great man; he could never concentrate his energies upon any one mighty effort, because self would always step in between. There is to me something repulsive in such a character. A man like that is only amiable because to be amiable is pleasant and agreeable, not because his being so makes others happier, but because it extorts admiration; and that induces in me a disposition to use him as a tool. I like to be amused by his conversation or instructed by his learning. I take all the gratification I can from him, but I do not give the admiration or gratitude for which he toils. Why should I be grateful for efforts which were made only for himself? This is the natural impulse of my mind; but I do not maintain that it is justifiable. It may lead to misapprehension; it may—nay, it does lead to evil. Hereafter I must crush the inclination.' Of course she said no more, nor did I venture on further inquiries.'

I remained ten days in Leamington—ten days of much enjoyment. Gerald had gone to London, and the Thorntons I did not again encounter. There was no cause, therefore, for the revival of painful emotions.

Ells was benefited by the change of scene, and never had Constance shown to such advantage before. She was a charming hostess, and that is no small merit.

It testified my new-born importance, but was not very pleasant to be obliged to tear myself away, and return to Ripplestone, in consequence of urgent letters, demanding so many orders, and relating so many difficulties, that answering them except in person would have been fruitless.

On the last morning of my stay, when breakfast was over, and the letters arrived, amongst them was one of those apparitions which, every now and then, broke in upon my peace—a ship-letter for Constance. On this occasion she hastily tore it open, and glanced at the contents. A startled exclamation aroused us. She had risen from her seat; she was pale, her lip quivered, and she gasped for breath.

‘Good heavens! Constance, what ails you?’ asked Mrs. Brenton.

‘Oh! Mrs. Brenton,’ she cried, ‘Fred is coming home.’ And she quitted the room instantly.

Mrs. Brenton looked greatly perturbed—so much so, that I had scarcely courage to put to her the question—‘Who is Fred?’

‘Frederick De Vaincy, her own cousin, who was brought up with her,’ replied Mrs. Brenton.

How was it I had never heard of him before?

But I had no leisure for further inquiry. Mrs. Brenton immediately followed Constance; and I remained alone to wonder as I might about this new relative. I went away at noon without any solution of my doubts. But Aunt Maddalena, in reply to my demand, ‘Who is Frederick De Vaincy?’ managed to recollect that the mother of Constance had been blessed or afflicted with an only brother, who married imprudently, and died a beggar, leaving a son, who was, in great measure, adopted by her father. ‘I know he was sent to New Zealand or Australia. He quarrelled with Reginald—I mean, her father—I believe he is a singular young man; and I fancy he actually was attached to Constance,

and hoped to marry her, and enjoy Vainton. He, at all events, is not destitute of the family pride and desire of distinction.’

My aunt uttered the last sentence with as much elaborate poignancy as she could improvise, and turned away, just as a servant announced that Fletcher wished to see me: whereupon she uttered a groan, and swept down an embroidery frame with her rustling dress as she sailed towards the other end of the room.

Fletcher was my factotum, and his name painfully reminded her of my degradation. Ah! Fletcher, as we paced the farm-yard, and traversed the fields, how eloquent wert thou on the subject of tile-draining, on green-meat, stall-feeding, and cattle-boxes! How piercing was thy gaze into futurity, where imaginary fields of spring wheat waved already on the unsown ground; where unborn lambs were fattened for market; and the wool scarce grown on the sheep was shorn and sold, and on its way to the factory! How great would have been thy indignation, couldst thou have suspected that he who sauntered by thy side, listening so gravely, was full of other visions, was picturing the homeward course of a gallant vessel, on whose deck paced a young man eagerly longing for land—eagerly thinking of hope, of happiness, of—

‘Folly—madness—absurd!’ I muttered.

‘Sir!’ exclaimed Fletcher, stopping short in astonishment.

‘Certainly, Fletcher; pasture the uplands. I quite agree with you.’

From his puzzled look, I rather concluded there had been no question whatever of the uplands.

Several weeks passed, by no means pleasantly. My father did not appear to live so peaceably with my aunt as he did formerly. He was older, and more peevish—a defect which she could not forgive in any one but herself. He had nothing to do now but enjoy himself; he was more at home; he had more leisure to be annoyed by her peculiarities and her satellites.

I used every effort to maintain harmony, but my influence with my aunt was even weaker than of old.

Her contempt had changed to something verging upon dislike. My occupations were perpetually spoken of as degrading, my opinions derided and contradicted; a silent struggle for power had begun between us. And how I missed Ella! If it were only in the mere fact of losing her beautiful face from our circle, it was a deprivation; and having no longer to comfort her, I had too much time to reflect upon my position, and the prospect was sadly dreary to me. Doubtless, many envied me my destiny, as an only son, as a man of independent property, young and full of health. But to me there was always a blank in the future,—a something wanting,—something which I could never attain, because I was not worthy of it. But I fought against the sensation—I worked hard; and when home became insupportable, I often ventured on no greater diversion than going to Mr. Clifford's cottage, now, really cheerful, for his wife was wonderfully better, and able to bear more exertion. Kate Thornton had returned home. People said that she had been very ill, that she had been jilted; people wondered why Colonel Thornton did not shoot Mr. Clair, and were rather pleased when it transpired that he *had* fought with Gerald, and wounded him slightly in the arm. I saw the Thorntons at church and elsewhere. I fancied they wished to be on more friendly terms with me; but all chance of that was over. A strange indifference had seized me as to the whole of those actors in my own history. My life was monotonous and calm, but I felt that a storm was at hand. It came, and from an unexpected quarter. I first heard of evil in the following letter from Constance:—

MY DEAR COUSIN,—You will be surprised at my addressing you, and I only wish I had a more agreeable excuse for commencing this correspondence. But I write to you because I am very much agitated,—*alias* cross, and would fain have the benefit of your advice. When Ella first came to me, I had the satisfaction of seeing her rally very much, and the physician's assurance that he could discover no confirmed disease gave me infinite relief. But

lately her spirits have been so variable, she has been so fevered, so nervous, that my fears were again awakened. It is only within the last few hours that I have ascertained the cause of this perturbation. Your aunt, it appears, was offended at my not having included her in my invitation. Perhaps I may not have been strictly polite, but as my chief object was to benefit Ella by removing her from a person whose presence always excites her, I have no very lively sensation of self-reproach. Miss de Vaincy has lately written to order Ella home. Ella quietly replied, that she was deriving such benefit from the change, that she had no intention of returning for some time; indeed, that I had invited her to Vainton. Several notes passed, increasing in vehemence, and then Miss De Vaincy despatched a marvellous specimen of eloquence, in which she alluded to the evident slight to herself, treated with contempt the idea of Ella's being really in bad health, repeated her old accusations as to her idleness, and renewed, with ten-fold bitterness, those insinuations and taunts which have long distracted poor Ella's mind. Ella has, I find, retorted violently: she now regrets that she said so much, although she has yet stopped short of the truth: but repentance is vain. Her letter was despatched before I heard its history, and I see no means of remedying the evil, but by informing you of the circumstances. Undoubtedly Ella has been severe; you know the power of her pen, and it is evident that she wrote under preternatural excitement. She is now so exhausted, that I am almost alarmed. I am at a loss how best to act, but you will be on the spot to see how your aunt takes the rebuke, and I have full confidence in your discretion. Be calm, but pray be firm. Make no concessions which may bind again around your sister bonds which have almost destroyed her. Ever affectionately yours,

‘CONSTANCE.

‘Love to your father.’

Fletcher brought the letter to the farm, where I was engaged in my usual work of superintendence. I had no sooner perused the contents than I went home as rapidly as I

could walk. Heated, breathless, I gained the house; but ere I opened the sitting-room door, the sound of angry voices prepared me for a strange scene. My aunt stood there, drawn up to her full height, pale with anger, and with Ella's fatal letter in her hand. One glance at my father showed me that he had lost his temper, and warmly espoused his daughter's cause.

'Is this,' cried my aunt, in thrilling tones—'this the reward of all my long years of more than maternal solicitude?—for more toil and disappointment than perhaps ever before fell to the lot of wretched mortal? To be told that *I* am the origin of all evil to this family,—that the humiliating issue of such hopes, such brilliant teaching, is due to *me*—to me, who blush, burn, weep tears of blood over the ignominy of those I fostered with such different expectations——'

'Ignominy!—Good God! madam, why do you apply such a disgraceful term to my children?—to my good children; for they are good, in spite of all you have done to ruin them.'

'And you, too, join in the accusation! Man, where is your boasted amiability, your tenderness of heart, your respect to our glorious family—your gratitude—yes, gratitude to me?'

'Gratitude!' growled my father; 'you are too fond of urging your claims. I don't see that you have made such prodigious sacrifices.'

'No sacrifices!' reiterated the insulted lady. 'Have I not devoted to your children my youth, my time, my energies—many hopes of happiness, many brighter prospects?'

And as she waved her hand, a long vista of devoted husbands seemed to rise before her ken, as Banquo's descendants defiled before the frenzied eye of Macbeth.

'I don't believe it, Maddalena,' replied my father, sturdily. 'I say I don't believe you ever had a chance of anything better; and if you come to that, I consider that our mutual obligations are pretty evenly balanced. For many years you have had a very comfortable home, which you have made so thoroughly your own, that I have scarcely been allowed to sit at my own table,

whilst you spent my money in feasting your hangers-on.'

'Father, father, gently!' I exclaimed, pressing my hand upon his shoulder.

'No, Jack, I will *not* be quiet; I have endured it for many years; I have been quiet enough, Heaven knows! because I thought it for your happiness; but I see my folly; that letter has opened my eyes, and now I *will* speak.'

'Speak on,' said my aunt, folding her arms, with sullen endurance—'speak on, and your worthy son will applaud you to the *celo*—he that I had destined to adorn a niche in the Temple of Fame, but who is content to be a mere cattle-feeder, swine-keeper, grazier, ploughman, serf!'

'I have done nothing to deserve this outbreak, and it falls harmlessly upon me,' I observed, striving to preserve my temper.

'Nothing!' she proceeded volubly—'nothing!'—no, you profess to be a mere cipher, as innocuous as you are commonplace. But the veil is rent; I see that a mind so mediocre may yet harbour great evil: you are the prompter of your sister's disobedience, the pamperer of her idleness, the encourager of her affectation of illness.'

'God forgive you, aunt!' I said, warmly. 'Is it not enough that my poor sister has so long suffered beneath your goading accusations, but must you repeat them to others——'

A sort of scream arrested my words. Miss de Vaincy raised her arms above her head wildly. 'It is enough—more than enough! Pour no more insults on my defenceless head, ungrateful boy. I go. Other lands shall receive me—others shall henceforth reap the fruits of my care and love. I cast you off for ever. In vain has the De Vaincy blood mingled in your veins with the ignoble gore of a baser race; there is no greatness in you; and a De Vaincy scorns to sit longer by your unworthy hearth.'

With a look which was meant to annihilate, Aunt Maddalena walked backwards a few steps, and disappeared through a side door. It was a grandly absurd scene, but I could not laugh. The exhibition of passion was frightful, the breach too deadly. Bitterly as I had rued her

conduct, she had lived with us too long not to make the threat of her departure come upon us as a shock.

We were both silent at first, and then I said, 'We must not let her go, father; I must follow her. Come with me—let us try to make peace.'

'Never!' exclaimed he, starting from his seat. 'She shall not stay to destroy our happiness, to destroy my child—my own dear child—my Ella.' And his voice was choked by sobs. 'She showed it to me,' he continued, 'to excite my anger against her—against my suffering child; but oh! it lifted the veil from her heart, and I saw all—all the evil that woman had caused. She shall go, Jack—she shall go!'

That day is in my memory like a hideous nightmare. I tried in vain to make peace, or even to obtain a truce. My father was inflexible, and my aunt invisible. She barricaded her apartments, and set herself to the busy task of packing. We sat below, listening to the measured tread above us—the clatter of trunks being collected, the issuing of stern mandates for locks, cords, and other preparations for departure.

The day was gone, the evening followed, but brought no cessation to the sound of toil overhead. Late into the night we sat and listened, and our short and troubled slumbers were broken at early dawn by the same racket. By this time the servants were equally excited. 'She is really going,' was the remark perpetually passing from mouth to mouth. 'I sent in vain to request one interview.' It was refused, and immediately after the carriage was ordered.

'Don't make yourself unhappy, Jack,' said my father, with equanimity far less disturbed than mine; 'she has had a long run of this house, and has saved a very pretty little independence. Don't waste your feelings upon her.'

But I could not imitate this coolness. Hitherto I had trusted that the affair would be hushed up, but matters assumed such a serious aspect, that I determined to seek further advice. Hurrying to Mr. Clifford, I explained what had happened.

'And she is actually going!' he exclaimed—'I am heartily glad of it.'

'Ah, dearest,' said his gentle wife, 'but this is a painful kind of departure. Remember, she is not young,—remember, she is their mother's sister. She is weak, insane, unamiable; but what are we that we should be implacable?'

Even this persuasive pleading failed for a long time to move him: but at length he softened, and agreed to accompany me home as a mediator. When, however, we re-entered Ripplestone, we found the household assembled with an aspect of bewildered amazement on every face.

'If you please, sir, Miss De Vaincy is gone.'

'Impossible!' I cried, rushing into the library, where sat my father.

'Nothing more sure, Jack,' he replied. 'You had scarcely gone, when the carriage drove round—her traps were handed in,—at least, some, for she has left lots of heavy trunks to go by the carriers,—and she followed. I stood at this door as she came down, but she never turned her eyes towards me—stalked through the hall without even a word to the servants, got into the carriage, and drove off.'

So ended the reign of Aunt Maddalena at Ripplestone!

CHAPTER XIX.

MEN have grown so used to captivity, that freedom becomes to them almost an evil, and many from constantly living in an over-heated and contaminated atmosphere, find a well-ventilated room little better than Siberian.

The result of these truisms is, that even the absence of discomfort may be felt at first as a privation. Without Aunt Maddalena's rustling robes and all-pervading presence, Ripplestone seemed desolate. Unmolested, we traversed her peculiar apartments—unhidden my Scotch terrier basked before the drawing-room fire—there was no topic which we could not now freely discuss fearless of contradiction. We remained actually victors in the field, but with much of the humiliating sensation of defeat. My father reproached me with want of spirit.

'You should have spoken up, Jack, and told her what you really thought.'

But in my own heart I was

conscious that my silence had been a conquest, not over her, but over myself. Many bitter mortifications and sufferings had risen to my memory at the moment, and clamoured for revenge, but I remembered that my opponent was a woman—that she had long stood in the position of a mother to me—and by a powerful effort I restrained myself. I was glad now that it was so. It was a great satisfaction to be conscious of having in no way deserved the storm. To my aunt herself we left the congenial task of enlightening her friends as to her sudden departure. 'Not at home,' greeted those who called upon her, and we carefully avoided any personal encounter with them. But I continue to talk of what we did, as if matters had remained in this state for months. Unhappily it was not so. Very few days elapsed before I was summoned to the sick bed of my poor sister. The shock of my aunt's sudden departure had been too much for her enfeebled constitution, and a violent fever attacked her. My father accompanied me, for he was in the utmost excitement about his child, and there for several weeks we watched and despaired, and then again hoped against hope. Oh! weeks of agony, in which each day was a long year of suffering—I dare not even now dwell upon them. There was no ray of light, then, but in Constance, unwearied nurse, patient comforter, and gentle whisperer of truths and hopes, till now but little heeded by me.

In sorrow I had grown docile as a child, and lessons which even from her lips might have at other times fallen on inattentive ears, sank deep into my heart, like dew upon parched land.

'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings' speaketh Wisdom, and it pleased Heaven to enlighten me by the teaching of a woman. At last a hope of Ella's recovery dawned; the fever subsided, but fearful, most fearful, was the subsequent debility. We had the first advice that England could produce, but faint indeed were the expectations the physicians held forth of her restoration to us. It seemed almost impossible—a wild scheme, the mere prompting of desperation, and yet they proposed

her removal to Ripplestone, for which she longed. By-and-by she rallied a little, and we set out upon our tedious and sorrowful return. Almost to our astonishment, it was accomplished with less difficulty than we anticipated. And then a change appeared in the invalid; the restless excitement, the painful irritability, which had severely taxed our self-command, worn out as we were by constant watching, gave place to placidity, to patient endurance. She would lie for hours, holding my hand, or that of Constance, and listening when the latter spoke or read. One evening she roused herself to more than usually distinct utterance.

'Brother, could I live my life over again, how different it would be! Not that, unassisted, I could hope to be free from failing—from many grievous sins. But the strife should be not for learning, not for praise, not for earthly immortality, but for the 'pearl of price;' it would be to grow day by day in faith, to draw nearer and nearer to the fountain of healing, with one watchword ever on my lip and in my heart—'The just shall live by faith!' God reward you, Constance, for leading me to the truth.'

'Of how little avail to me now,' she said, after a long pause, 'are the talents of which I was so proud. What fruit of all my efforts will survive this perishing frame? I go down into my grave, and you will remember me, brother, only as your sister Ella; it will not be the woman of genius you will mourn after, but your sister; you will think of me less in my hours of pride and health, than in these moments of pitiable debility and sorrowful flickerings of life. And so I wish it to be.'

• There was a sob heard, and looking round, we found that my father had stolen in unnoticed and heard all. But he was gone again, unable to bear up against his distress.

'My poor father,' she said, 'I have been to him only a grief—'a cold and thankless child.' And yet I loved him—tell him that I love and bless him. Even to my aunt I have forgiven all. But oh! my brother, to leave you is the bitterness of death—to leave you alone.'

Completely unnerved, I bowed

my head upon the arm of her couch and struggled to regain composure. Instantly a hand was placed upon my shoulder, and I felt that I was not yet deserted.

When I looked up again, Ella slept. As I gazed at her, a change seemed to come upon her. The sharpened features composed themselves to a waxen regularity of lineament, the cheeks seemed rounder, the lips parted in a sweet smile, which yet never varied, although her breathing was louder, and apparently more difficult. Constance sat beside me, intently observing the slumberer. I know not how long our watch endured, but I remember that an undefined and awful sense of some dread presence fell upon us both; and we drew nearer and nearer to each other as we gazed; no sound was audible but that painful inspiration, and once or twice a whispered prayer from the full heart of my companion. All at once that fearful sound ceased. Scarcely conscious of the act, I had clasped the hand of Constance, and I felt a convulsive movement in it. We gazed on Ella—the face was calm and fair, and there was the same unvarying smile upon the lips, from which the breath of life had fled for ever.

CHAPTER XX:

YES! Spring had come to us, even in our heavy bereavement. The first fearful shock was over, and we were calm. I pursued my usual avocations with more than my former energy. I gave myself as little time as possible for repining, and our old hearth was not deserted, for Constance lingered by it still. She had said to us in the bitter hours of trial, 'Do not bid me leave you yet. Do not I grieve even as you grieve? I cannot go among strangers who do not sympathize with my sorrow. Let me stay and comfort you.' How we blessed her for the tender entreaty. She softened to us the severity of the blow; and had it been only her graceful presence in our otherwise desolate home, we could scarcely have been too grateful. But her kindness to my father was indefatigable, and never had he needed attention more. He had aged sud-

denly, and, as it were, grown old in a few weeks.

We were not left utterly without tidings of my aunt. On quitting Ripplestone, she had gone at once abroad to her brother Julian, where she was welcomed very much for the sake of the little independence, which, as my father said, she had managed to save during her reign over us. But with all her folly and anger, the news of our sad loss had stricken her with sorrow and remorse. She wrote, not to us, but to Constance, saying, that if we would make her overtures to that effect, she might be induced to return to us. I had been the one most eager to prevent her departure, but I was not weak enough to wish to have her again beneath our roof. 'No, Constance,' I said, 'it is too late. The pain, the scandal, has been gone through. Never again could we live peaceably together. Much was said which will hereafter be remembered, and we have suffered so fatally from her evil influence and want of judgment, that it would be madness to submit to it again. Let us bear no ill-will to her; let us even be friends; but never let her come here for the future but as a visitor.'

'You are right,' replied Constance, decidedly. 'I only trembled lest you should think otherwise.' And she wrote as I had suggested, kindly, but firmly declining the proposition.

Sunshine once more lighted up hill and dale, and quivered on the tranquil churchyard where my sister was at rest. I sorrowed not as those who have no hope, yet was I very sad. The past was painful, because it was all associated with her image; and the future—ah! for me there was little sunshine there.

Day by day I expected, and shrank from the tidings that Constance was to leave us. Sometimes looking at her and seeing traces of the grief and extreme fatigue she had undergone for our sakes, I thought we were indeed selfish to wish her to devote herself to us. It would be better for her to return to the world, to have change of scene and society. But the idea of her departure was terrible to me. I had another sub-

ject of emotion connected with nothing more uncommon than the arrival of the daily papers, because I observed that her first act was invariably to turn to the shipping intelligence. Fred's return had been announced for months; it was time for him to appear in person. Sleeping and waking, Frederick de Vaincy harassed me greatly, even amid other and more solemn causes for mourning. Often did I in slumber see him arrive, and go through the ordeal of his reception. It seems to me now indescribably absurd how frequently his image came across me during the day. I scarcely ever saw Constance in a meditative mood, without feeling assured that he was in her thoughts. She herself strengthened the suspicion, by often starting and colouring after such reveries, if she caught my eye; and there was not a blush or a sigh which I did not set down to the credit of the absent Frederick. Even the fact of her never mentioning him added strength to my conviction.

One afternoon, when I returned, wearied by a long day of work, I found her sitting by the window, as if looking out for me. She was paler than usual, and I fancied she had been weeping. The weather had for two days been stormy. Did that cause her tears?

'Are you not well, Constance?' I asked, anxiously.

'I am always well,' she replied; 'but I am worried. Do you not recollect how I once boasted of being a great woman of business? Since that hour my vanity has borne many a rebuff; you have gone on rising in the scale of usefulness until there is no busier man in the county, whilst I have sunk deeper and deeper in a slough of embarrassments — have been cheated with my eyes open, and have suffered in pocket considerably.'

'You have no guardian, I believe?' I said.

'Not one. The only person my poor father named as co-executor with me is dead, and the man whom he always trusted most is the villain who robs me. John, I am going to ask you a favour. I have been watching for you for hours, in order to make my request, and now a singular fit of modesty has come

upon me, and I am afraid to mention it.'

'Oh, Constance, can you ask anything which I would not grant, — you, to whom we owe every glimpse of comfort we have had for months.'

'Hush!' she replied, with a faint smile; 'I believe you are sincere, and so I will not scruple, although the task I would assign you is both troublesome and unpleasant. I want your advice in these business matters.'

'My advice!'

'Yes; don't look as if it were worth nothing. I do not agree with you on that point. I never did, if you will please to remember. I want first your advice, and then your active aid. I desire, moreover, to send you a long journey, and that is the most unreasonable part of the demand.'

A journey! — not surely to meet him. God forbid! I am glad I suppressed this suspicion, for on further inquiry I found that there was every reason to fear her agent, Mr. Scruton, had been misapplying her funds in heavy speculations, and in many ways injuring her landed property. What she now proposed was, that I should go to Vainton on her behalf, and investigate his proceedings there.

'I am afraid to go myself, — besides, I do not, with all my conceit, understand these things.'

'I shall be but too happy, Constance, if you can have confidence in my discretion.'

'Perfect confidence,' she cried, eagerly; 'complete reliance on all you may do or say. Act as you may judge best, even without the form of consulting me.'

'It is strange to me that you will persist in believing thus in my wisdom,' I remarked, after a pause.

She laughed.

'However,' I continued, 'I will cheerfully make the attempt to assist you. You may always rely on my aiding you like an affectionate —'

I was going to say brother, but I felt it was a falsehood, and stopped short. She looked up at me in surprise, and then abruptly turned away. Two days after, I started on my expedition. It was my first absence from home since our bereavement, and perhaps Constance

'would have been wise, had she even invented the whole excuse for the effort, so much did it rouse and interest me. I am not one to grumble over the discomfort or fatigue of travelling, and thus my journey was as pleasant as it was safe, and at sunset I drove up the avenue of Vainton Hall. With no small curiosity did I gaze forth on this far-famed seat of the De Vaincys, and prejudiced against it as I was, even by the regrets and praises lavished on it by Aunt Maddalena, its site and aspect struck me as highly imposing. The long, straight avenue shot up a gentle ascent, and the vista was closed by the mansion itself, an old grey stone building, with gables and turrets innumerable, surmounted by figures carved in stone, representing animals and various devices connected with the family, which stood out clearly defined against the bright evening sky.

'It was an irreverent association,' but as I looked at these queer pinnacles, the old nursery rhyme of 'Hey, diddle, diddle, the cat and the fiddle,' jingled in my brain; for all the *dramatis personæ* of that well-known nonsense seemed to have stopped short in their imitation of the cow's lunar leap, and stuck on the top of Vainton Hall. But for that quaint defect, the building was rather grand, and the well-wooded park around set it off to perfection.

My entrance effected, and a respectful reception from the servants in charge, secured by a note from their mistress, I took possession of her favourite sitting-room, not without many singular emotions. Every minute ornament reminded me so vividly of her tastes,—every book bore record of her perusal in the well-known pencil-marks upon the margin.

Next day, ere I proceeded to inspect more serious affairs, I went with much interest over the house. Reginald De Vaincy had religiously preserved a great portion of it in the state in which it had descended from generation to generation. And the family vanity and literary skill had not failed to leave minute accounts of all the treasures it contained. Not a sickly portrait but had a place in the elaborate list,—

not a pin-transfixed butterfly but was carefully labelled. The De Vaincy spirit was diffused over every nook and cranny of the abode, except that boudoir of Constance, and perhaps—My hand is on the lock even now, for the housekeeper stands smiling beside me, and says, 'Oh dear, yes, sir; go in,' though it is her mistress's bed-room.

I hesitate an instant, but it seems absurd, so I summon courage, and walk in. As usual, Constance has cleared the large, cheerful apartment of all De Vaincy associations, and it is full of soft, bright hues and pretty furniture. Above the fire-place are two portraits,—I go up to examine them, and recoil. One is her father; the other a handsome youth with De Vaincy features.

'My poor master, Sir, and Mr. Frederick,' said the officious housekeeper, as if I did not know that it must be Fred!

'I hear, Sir, that he is coming home. Dear, Sir! how glad my mistress will be! She was so fond of him, and fretted sadly when he went off.'

Large as was the room, it grew so oppressive to me, that I almost rushed out of it, and gave up any further search into the mysteries of the house, although that odious woman begged me to look at Master Fred's room, which was just as he left it.

Everything confirmed my view of the tie between Constance and the Australian settler. The thought was rather bitter to me that I was despatched to settle all disagreeable matters before he returned, and clear the intricacies of his cousin's affairs, that he might have the more leisure to enjoy the goodly land. I banished the unworthy suggestion very soon; for what right had I to complain?

Had Constance ever led me to hope that I could be more to her than I was? Did she not know that I had, as it were, rejected the idea of her being more to me than a sister? Was I worthy of even the high post I held as her representative in this weighty business? And did I grudge my exertions in the behalf of her, who for weeks sustained my sister in the agonies of death, and for months had given up all the delights of life to comfort us

in our afflictions? I set earnestly to work to examine every point to which she had directed my attention. I found much that was wrong and difficult to remedy. I had expected to be detained at Vainton two days; I remained there more than a week, and yet my task was not complete.

By Mr. Scruton's maladministration, Constance was a heavy sufferer in pecuniary matters; and in dealing with him I foresaw much trouble.

It was a cold night, and having ordered a fire in the beloved boudoir, I sat beside it, busy with leases and surveys. Without, the hail pattered on the windows, and the wind, sweeping in terrific gusts along the avenue, thundered against the front of the venerable mansion. One of these tornados had just shaken the old walls to their foundations, when high above wind and hail came the barking of dogs and a violent clatter at the stupendous knocker. I laid down my pen to listen; I heard the servants rush to the door, and a perfect hurricane seemed to dash into the vast stone hall, rushing through every chink into my snug domicile. A confused murmur of voices gradually subsided, or rather swelled into one,—a loud, eager exclamation of,—‘Not here; at Mr. Black’s? Who’s Mr. Black? Good God, not here!’

An incoherent muttering followed.

‘Who do you say? Mr. John Black here. Who’s Mr. John Black? Eh! what, in *there*? in *her* room!’

‘Fred De Vaincy, by Heaven!’ I exclaimed, leaping to my feet.

The room ran round with me. I wished the earth would engulf me! But the rapid step of the settler traversed the hall, and I had but time to steady myself when he burst in.

Wrapped in great-coats, whitened with hail, dripping with rain, his long black hair hanging lank and wet round his glowing face, there stood the happy lover, and stared at me.

Pale, stern, dejected!—how different was the person who received him to her he had expected to embrace—the joyous, beaming, beautiful Constance!

I went forward.

‘Do I see Mr. Frederick De Vaincy?’ I asked, coldly; and I became aware that the dark eyes of

the new-comer flashed forth at me a glance of distrust and dislike as strong as what burnt in my own breast.

‘Certainly,’ he replied, abruptly; ‘and may I ask who *you* are?’

His keen gaze examined me from head to foot, and then the sunburnt brow frowned on me portentously.

Many evil passions were busy in my heart; but I tried to curb them.

‘I am sorry for your disappointment,’ I said, with an attempt at cordiality; ‘but my cousin has been at Ripplestone for some months, and I came here merely to execute some commissions for her.’

‘Your cousin, sir!’ exclaimed Frederick, with a look of bewilderment, and an upward curve of his mustachio, which, displaying a row of ivory teeth, gave him at the moment a most vindictive aspect.

‘It is her fancy so to term herself,’ I replied; ‘and I *am* related both to her and to you. My mother was a De Vaincy.’

‘Black—oh, by Jove, I recollect!’ and he condescended to shake hands with me, in recognition of the relationship.

Cold and wet as he was, I scarcely knew how to address him. I could not proffer the usual civilities to a new-comer, lest he should misunderstand my position, or consider that I assumed the airs of the master of the house. I leaned against the back of the arm-chair, from which I had just risen, and contemplated him, as he stood before the fire, his quick glance traversing the room, noting, doubtless, every change which had taken place since he departed. On a side-table there was a glass shade over a little model of a vessel. When he caught sight of that, his eyes flashed with delight, and he made a rapid stride forward to examine it. Of course, it must have been his handiwork. Above it hung a small painting of a group of flowers, from the skilful hands of Constance herself. He lingered a few minutes earnestly gazing at it, and then I heard a sigh. Flowers which he had probably culled, and she had fondly preserved to memory by this copy! He turned round, observed me, bit his lip, and, after violently ringing the bell, began to tear off coat after coat, until he at

length emerged from all his extraordinary mufflings, a very tall, manly fellow, with the aquiline nose of our family looming proudly over a mouth much richer and fuller in its development than those which De Vaincy noses usually surmounted. The arrogance of their nature spoke forth in his face with a considerable mixture of less spiritualized tastes and passions. But with all that, there were good nature and much humour in his expression when the old housekeeper entered; there were the boyish joy at returning home, and the cordial, unaffected interest in everything and person at Vainton, which tell of a warm, though it may be undisciplined heart.

'And Constance, dear Constance, how is she? how does she look? are her spirits good?' he asked, after running through a list of dogs and horses, most of whom were dead or superannuated.

The housekeeper turned to me with a slight curtsy,—

'Mr. Black knows more about my mistress than I do, she has been so long at Ripplestone.'

Thus directed to me, I felt bound to furnish him with some information, though I hated myself for the cold tones in which I conveyed it.

'And why, may I ask, does my cousin devote so much time to your family?'

Again the frown and curve of the moustache. But I resolved to be peaceable, and so, with a glance at my mourning apparel, I replied that we had been in great affliction, and Constance had remained to comfort us.

In spite of his obvious prejudice against me, a sudden sympathy appeared in his face. He seemed sorry he had been so abrupt, and from that moment tried to be more cordial, but not very successfully, since, battle with myself as I would, not one genial spark of liking towards him could I fan in my breast into a tolerably friendly warmth. Oh! jealousy, what an all-pervading, all-distorting atmosphere is thine! It makes me smile now, to recollect how many trifles which at any other time I should have scorned to notice, offended me in him. Even his voracious appetite disgusted me, as he discussed the supper provided

for him, although I generally could eat very tolerably myself. When he had finished and drawn his chair to the fire, he entered on a minute inquiry as to the distance to Ripplestone.

'For you see,' he continued, 'it's a great disappointment to me not to find Constance here, and I can't live through a couple of days more without seeing her, now I am once in the same country with her. And if she once hears I have arrived, she will be on thorns till we meet.'

I grimly regarded the self-satisfied speaker by the ruddy firelight, but nothing spake.

'I suppose you won't mind my going to your house, eh?' he added, with a sudden recollection of propriety.

Thus reminded of my duty, I said, of course, we should be most happy, and that I would myself accompany him, were it not that I should be detained by particular business at Vainton until Saturday. Upon my honour I felt privately that I could not have retained my senses on a *tête-à-tête* journey with that man, listening to his prattle about his dear Constance, and with the prospect of seeing her at its close rush into his arms in an ecstasy of joy. So I politely gave him full directions as to the best means of travelling to Ripplestone, and after a little further meaningless discourse, I rose to take my leave for the night.

'Stop and have a cigar, old fellow,' said Fred, with a familiarity almost as detestable to me as his rudeness had been. But I declined coldly, and left him to enjoy one in that pretty, delicate-looking room, very likely cheered by further gossip with the garrulous housekeeper.

And was this the chosen of Constance de Vaincy? this careless, boisterous fellow, with his loud voice and abrupt manner? Was it for him that she had rejected Gerald, and dismissed many others with disdain? What a sphynx-like riddle is the heart of woman!

What was I to do? I had an ardent longing to fly the country, to go anywhere; to Africa, or Siberia, or to perish at the North Pole, it mattered not, so I were but far enough from that detestable cousin.

Yet I knew well that to leave Eng-

land, even for a few weeks, was impossible. I was fettered by my avocations, and by the still stronger claims of my poor, desolate father upon my affection.

Half maddened by such painful thoughts I lay down to rest. At daybreak I was startled by unwonted sounds in the house, and as I finished dressing, I looked out just in time to see Fred driven away in a gig, his handsome face full of glee and animation, and his pea-coats bearing evidentsigns of having been carefully brushed by the attentive servants. In a few hours he would be with her.

And I must follow on Saturday, although I knew it would be to certain misery.

CHAPTER XXI.

I ARRIVED rather late, and ran up to dress for dinner without seeing any one. When I came down again, my father was in his usual seat, and Fred coolly lounging on a sofa beside Constance. He was not satisfied with looking handsomer than ever, being washed, combed, and in something like civilized attire, but there was extra provocation in his careless attitude, one arm resting on the back of the couch, and he himself leaning down to watch those slender fingers as they knitted a purse, of course for him.

Constance raised such a bright face from her work. But when she saw me, she sprang forward to welcome me warmly. In vain did I try to seem as usual, in vain strive to throw cordiality into my greeting to her cousin, who shook my hand, and then relapsed into his old attitude, as if he had been *l'ami de la maison* for years. At dinner we got on little better; Fred ate and laughed, and told anecdotes of the bush, and of his men, and his clearings, until I was sick of him and of Australia. But Constance sat smiling and listening with evident delight. Only once, during dessert, when he was in the midst of a long narrative, and I fear my face expressed a few of my sentiments, I suddenly caught her eye fixed upon me. It was full of wonder, anxiety, and grief. My father evidently enjoyed these wild accounts of a settler's life. He seemed even to like

Fred himself, and I was alone in my antipathy. When we all quitted the dinner-table, unable to endure more, I went into the library, and tried to compose myself. The windows opened out upon the lawn, and, after a time, I heard the handle of one lock turned, and saw Constance standing without. I started up and opened it. She entered, looking very different from what she had been an hour before. She was now grave, rather sad, and gazed at me earnestly.

'I am glad you are come, Constance,' I said; 'we can now enter upon business topics more clearly than by letter.'

'No,' she replied, sitting down languidly, 'do not let us rush at once into them. I want, first, to hear of yourself.'

I concluded she meant of my journey and my accommodation at Vainton, and so I endeavoured to satisfy her.

She paused, beat time rapidly with her fingers on the arm of the chair, and then observed—

'I am so grieved that you do not seem to like Fred. I thought you would. And yet I took such pains to prevent prejudice or disappointment by never describing him to you.'

'How do you know that I don't like him?' I demanded, completely confounded by the accusation.

'Do I not know every tone of your voice, every expression of your countenance? and were there ever greater tell-tales upon earth?'

'Are they?' I said, sullenly, and added to myself, 'why does she not proceed at once, and tell me I must learn to like him, because he is to be her husband?'

'I have no doubt,' she continued, by and bye, 'that his peculiarities may at first offend a stranger. To me, having been used to him from my infancy, they are of course less remarkable. And though he is very unpolished, rash, headstrong, and not over-discreet, he has the best of hearts, the most generous of dispositions. I hope you will in time find out his virtues, for I trusted you would be a very valuable friend to him, and give him some good advice as to the best way of investing the little property he has come

over to receive from me, under my poor dear father's will.'

If ever I heard a woman speak dispassionately of her affianced, it was now; so much so, that I could not help gazing at her with astonishment.

'His mother's family,' she continued, 'were worthless people. Of them he knows nothing. The De Vaincys despise him, and I, as you are aware, detest them. So to your counsel and good offices I was sanguine enough to look with hope, for I would not have poor Fred fall into evil hands during his short stay here. Indeed, happy as it makes me to see him again, I strongly advised him not to return. It seemed to me absurd, as he can remain for so limited a period.'

'Are you quite sure, Constance, that his stay will be only temporary?'

'Certainly,' she said, with a sort of alarm. 'Who says otherwise? He is going on so well abroad: and I am sure it much better suits his peculiar talents. What do you mean? John, there is some mystery here. Explain—explain, I implore you.'

By this time I had grown half ashamed of my suspicions, and happier beyond conception. I was resolved to ascertain the truth of the whole.

'The fact is, Constance,' I replied, firmly. 'I begin to fancy I am under some delusion. Many little circumstances induced me to suppose, and what Aunt Mad told me, confirmed the impression, that when Frederick de Vaincy returned to England, he would never leave it again; that, in short, he was to remain as—as—'

'What, in Heaven's name?' cried Constance, opening her large eyes in amazement.

'As—as—your husband,' I said, with a desperate effort.

'Oh!' A smile parted her lips, and was arrested there by some grave thought which for an instant knit her brow, and suffused face and neck with the deepest crimson. 'And did this make you dislike poor Fred?' she asked, immediately.

'Perhaps so,' I replied, with much hesitation. 'I could not have imagined that you would choose him.'

'You are fastidious, then, in your

matrimonial views for me?' and the smile became a bright one.

'The greatest man on earth is not good enough!' I said, involuntarily.

'Certainly not, if you mean by greatness, rank.'

'But I mean talent.'

'Then you talk at random, and forget that I am not such a worshipper of talent, at least apart from sense, and I prefer good common sense alone to all the cleverness in the world without it. So much for my taste, and, in the meantime, I will tell you at once, with my usual love of candour, that, warmly attached as I am to Frederick de Vaincy, I would not marry him for the three kingdoms. Nay! the idea is monstrous to me. We ran about together in our earliest childhood. We grew up together. We—never speak to me of it again.'

'But was there never a question of it?'

She paused.

'John, I will answer you; but understand, that only to you would I say what I am about to do. When Fred was a mere boy, he took it into his head to fancy himself in love with me. I don't believe it ever was so. It was a thorough delusion. And so I told him plainly. Had all been left in my hands, nothing would ever have been heard of the fantasy again; but my father was irascible, and attached to the affair a perfectly unnecessary importance. He never rested till he sent poor Fred away, although, long ere he sailed, he acknowledged he had quite given up dreaming of me. I was wretched because I called myself the cause of his banishment, and I had many conflicts with my father, because I never would relinquish seeing and writing to him. I knew my own sentiments thoroughly, and I knew his also. I was resolved not to throw him off. And I am completely rewarded. He is very sincerely fond of me, but he is well aware of what I feel and think on the subject.'

It was a great relief, but, after all, it scarcely altered my position.

'Are you satisfied?' she said, at last, turning to me. 'Or is there any other grave secret weighing on your mind? You look still peculiarly discomposed, and I am not sure that

I ought not to insist upon being acquainted with it before I go to entertain Fred, who has surely finished his cigar by this time. Are you ready for confession, John?" And she laughed.

"No," I replied, "I am afraid to confess, Constance; because I should then lose all your regard and esteem."

She stopped short, and I saw her become deadly pale.

"Good heavens! Lose my regard! and how miserable you look! What have you done?"

"I have done nothing," I said, in great agitation; "it is only what I thought of doing. But no, it is impossible! I feel that it is little short of madness. Oh! that I were in Australia!"

"Now you do seem mad indeed!" she exclaimed, with tears in her eyes.

"What hope of happiness have I here?" I asked, wildly.

"Much, I should fancy," she replied, gravely.

"No! Constance, because when you know all, you will hate and despise me. I have hated myself for days past. It is impossible not to look with scorn upon my perverted view of Fred. I was the slave of jealousy. And now if I say more I shall alienate you for ever."

"I do not think that possible, John!" said she; and though tears were now streaming down her pale cheeks, a smile beamed through them, like sunshine through a shower.

* * * * *

What further passed on that occasion I need not here set down. I have confessed all my own secrets, but hers are infinitely more sacred. Suffice it, that I issued from that library a very different being, filled with more self-respect, and looking forward with hope to a happy and useful future, where all my cares and trials would be cheered and lightened by the companionship of her who had ever been my good angel.

So thoroughly were my feelings changed, that in another hour I regarded Frederick de Vaincy as what I ever afterwards found him, a kind, joyous, cordial, amusing fellow. Nor do I believe that any heart was more light than his, when, two or three months after, he presided over a certain gay

breakfast at Vainton Hall, and the subsequent feasts in which the tenants rejoiced. I was as sorry as Constance, when he finally returned to Australia, having invested his money profitably, and chosen a very pretty helpmate. We receive many packets from them, and every year tells of increasing prosperity. Aunt Maddalena was invited to the wedding, but inexorably declined to honour us. We saw her no more, until a short time ago, when we were suddenly summoned to soothe her last hours. She had quarrelled with Uncle Julian, and was returning to England when a fatal illness seized her. Then with softened heart, she appealed to me, her nephew, not to leave her to die alone. She was still sufficiently herself to recognise me, but she persisted in mistaking Constance for poor Ella, and would beg her pardon like a child, or tell her feebly, how thankful she was to find that, after all, she was alive, and would yet do great things. So still longing for vain earthly fame, she passed into the world where it availeth not.

My excellent father has greatly recovered from the shock of my poor sister's death, and my marriage has only increased his comfort. Ineffably delightful is it to him to have no interference with his indolent habits, to saunter about the garden, to be driven out daily by his daughter-in-law in her pretty little pony-chaise, and to be treated by her on all occasions with the utmost respect and affection. I have succeeded him in his magisterial duties, and have now quite overcome my surprise at finding my decisions and opinions received with deference.

We cling still fondly to Ripplestone, having found an excellent tenant for Vainton Hall. The question of a residence was soon settled by Constance.

"Your father will never be happy in a new home, and he is our first duty. Moreover, neither of us can pretend to any love for our ridiculous family. Why, then, should its possessions be more sacred in our eyes than this dear old house, where we first met?"

One sacrifice we have, with great regret, been compelled to make. Reginald De Vaincy had coupled his

property with the proviso, that whoever married his daughter should take her name. And thus, after much hesitation, I was forced to relinquish my own vulgar patronymic, and sign myself 'John De Vaincy,' an exchange to which I have never become thoroughly reconciled.

Several times, of late, we have encountered my *pseudo* friend Gerald; but our acquaintance has not been renewed. He has not improved. Flattery has wrought his ruin, and a personal calumny has embittered his disposition. The slight wound which Colonel Thornton inflicted upon his arm led to further consequences, and finally obliged him to submit to its amputation. When we saw him last, he was a sad wreck of the 'brilliant, handsome Clair,' there were wrinkles on the splendid brow, and the sweet mouth had learned to wear a constant sneer; his gilded idol, self, was fast turning into mere clay. Poor Gerald! when we next meet we must try to show him some kindness.

Kate is Miss Thornton still, and I think will always so remain. We often ask her to Ripplestone, compassionating her unhappy life at home, and when Colonel Thornton dies, we have some idea of arranging that she shall reside with our dear Mr. and Mrs. Clifford.

I smiled the other evening, when, coming home very weary, I found my wife sitting by the fire, with a book upon her knee upside down, and her eyes fixed upon the ruddy coals.

'What are you dreaming of?' I asked, putting my hand upon her head, and gently holding it back that I might see the musing face.

'A very odd subject,' she replied. 'Kate has just left me, and I was

reflecting how much better Fate would have ordered all, if you *had* married her instead of me.'

'Really?' I said, with doubtful satisfaction.

'Certainly, because I should have made such a much happier, busier old maid; I should not have relapsed into crotchets and fretting; I should not persist so vehemently in staving off the dread hour of assuming caps. Now poor Kate would have made a merry little wife, with a capitally managed house; and I should have been a queer, amusing, eccentric, useful appendage to a neighbourhood—a person to be godmother at all christenings, and confidante in all imprudent matches. I really do believe I should have been an excellent spinster!'

'I am very sorry,' I observed, standing behind her chair in some trepidation, 'to have unfortunately interfered with so brilliant a destiny.'

'Ah! *but*,' burst in Constance, laughing, and turning round, 'that is all supposing I had never become acquainted with *you*.'

'God knows,' cried I, 'it was not a very great temptation.'

'You insult me by that remark,' she exclaimed. 'By undervaluing yourself so perpetually, you throw a slur upon the discernment of your wife. I do hope that, before you finish writing those Revelations of yours, you will try to explain that there are many qualities which one may esteem, respect, and love fondly—much to make one truly happy even with—'

'What? my dearest Constance.'

She took my hand, sadly bronzed as it is, and pressed it to her lips, as she replied—

'A common-place man!'

OUR WARS IN CENTRAL ASIA.*

IT appears by recent accounts from the East, and by sundry ominous hints in the German papers, that Central Asia is once more on the eve of a crisis similar to that which led to the disastrous war in Afghanistan, in 1838. The death of the ruler of Herat has plunged the whole of that country into a convulsion the desolating nature and extensive action of which cannot be thoroughly comprehended, without reference to those historical antecedents which to this hour exercise a fatal influence over the destinies of the people. The same motives are at work, and even some of the same actors are again upon the scene, that committed us thirteen years ago to a ruinous expedition, from the effects of which we have not yet entirely recovered; and if the reports that have reached us may be credited, we may again look for internecine wars, rendered more formidable and complicated than ever by new claims upon the vacant throne—with Persia, as before, invading the disputed territory, and Russia, who is said to have already landed a body of troops on the southern coast of the Caspian Sea, hovering in the background, and watching her opportunity to descend upon Hindostan. The appearance at this juncture of a full and authentic history of the former war, from the misfortunes of which we may gather admonitions for the government of our future policy, since, in all probability, we shall have the same ground to traverse under nearly identical circumstances, is, therefore, an incident of more than ordinary interest and importance.

Before we enter upon the retrospect to which this work invites us, it will be useful to show how directly and urgently it bears upon the speculations and probabilities of the present moment. When we collected the memorable army of the Indus for the purpose of invading Afghanistan, Herat was invested by a Persian force; the Afghan chiefs

of the then dominant party were intriguing with the Court of Teheran; and Russia, busy in the Persian camp with diplomatists and engineers, was making formidable preparations for the invasion of our territories. We were at that time very imperfectly acquainted with the interior of Afghanistan, and these rumours, menacing our border, were exaggerated by distance and want of accurate knowledge of the perils against which we might have to contend. One thing alone was certain—that it was indispensable to the security of our oriental empire, that we should look vigilantly to our frontier lines. The tribes inhabiting the districts immediately beyond, were beginning to betray symptoms of disquietude; and even within our own provinces, the news of the movements in the north-west produced a feeling of unrest, which the author of the work before us describes, as ‘a state of ignorant expectancy—a looking outwards in the belief of some coming change, the nature of which no one clearly understood.’ In the following passage, we have a plain and succinct statement of the real danger we had to apprehend:

The dangers which threatened the security of our Anglo-Indian Empire, in 1837-38, were seen through the magnifying medium of ignorance, and greatly exaggerated in the recital. But the appearance of the Persian army before Herat—the presence of the Russian officers in the Persian camp—and the intrigues of the Barukzye Sirdars of Afghanistan, were, at all events, substantial facts. It was little doubted that Herat would fall. There seemed, indeed, no possibility of escape. The character of Mahomed Shah was well known; and it was not believed that, having conquered Herat, he would there stop short in his career of conquest. It had long been officially reported, by Mr. Ellis and others, to the Anglo-Indian Government, that Mahomed Shah encouraged very extensive ideas of Afghan conquest, and that the Russian officers about his Court were continually exerting themselves to foster the flame of his ambition. It

* *History of the War in Afghanistan.* From the unpublished Letters and Journals of Political and Military Officers employed in Afghanistan throughout the entire period of British Connexion with that Country. By John William Kaye. Two Vols. Bentley. 1851.

seemed probable, therefore, that Herat, having fallen into the hands of Mahomed Shah, the Persian monarch would either push on his conquests to Candahar and Canbul, or, having transferred the Heratee principality to the hands of the Candahar Sirdars, and rendered Dost Mahomed such assistance in his wars against the Sikhs as would make him, in effect, the vassal of Persia, would erect, in Afghanistan, a platform of observation which might serve as the basis of future operations to be undertaken, not only by the Persians themselves, but also by their great northern allies.

Such was the danger that threatened us in 1838—and such, after many conflicts and dynastic revolutions, is the danger which recent circumstances have revived, with increased confidence on the part of the aggressors, derived from the costly experience of the past. The invasion of Hindostan is as popular, though neither so ancient nor so national, an article of faith in Russia, as the conquest of Constantinople, to which the Russian still turns as the metropolis of his religion. We have never been secure against this favourite dream of Russian aggrandizement; and hence, it has always been our policy to detach Persia from the influence of the Czar, and to cultivate the friendship and promote the independence of the kingdoms skirting our borders in that direction. When we find, therefore, that Persia is again not only contemplating, but has actually carried into effect, an expedition against Herat, aided and abetted by her old northern ally; and that Russian troops are actually on their march to the same destination—we naturally revert with a deep and earnest interest to the history of that protracted struggle, in which we were once before engaged on this very battle-ground for the maintenance of our power in the East.

The origin of that struggle dates as far back as the opening of the present century. At that period, the entire range of the Derejat, Cashmere, and Afghanistan, was embraced within one sovereignty, under the imperial title of the Douranee Empire. A glance at the map will discover that this empire occupied a position on our north-western frontier, which rendered its alliance of

the last importance to us, should France or Russia (at that time France was the power we had most reason to be watchful of) attempt a descent upon Hindostan. The high-road to British India lay through this very country; yet, incredible as it may seem, we took no trouble even to obtain any information concerning its resources, until, alarmed by symptoms of an invasion on the part of the reigning monarch (which could have inspired no alarm had we then known, as we do now, how little we had really to fear in that quarter), we despatched Captain (afterwards Sir John) Malcolm on a mission to the Court of Persia, some fifty years ago. The most valuable results of Malcolm's mission consisted in the report he brought home concerning the population and military capabilities of that vast empire.

It appeared that the Douranee country was inhabited by a group of races, as turbulent in their natures as they were belligerent in their habits. Fighting was the occupation of their lives, and in lack of external enemies they fought amongst themselves. The general aspect of the surface was wild and forbidding, made up of mountain passes, open valleys, and sandy tracts, here and there slightly varied by spots of a softer and more pastoral character. That the ruler of this country, who at any time would have found it very difficult to raise sufficient troops for the purpose—to say nothing of the impossibility of finding money to pay them—should ever have dreamed of invading Hindostan, does certainly now appear to us something almost miraculous. The Malcolm treaty, and a better acquaintance with the Afghan region, dissipated so completely our apprehensions on that subject, that, with the exception of a temporary panic, occasioned by French intrigues, which the victories of Wellington triumphantly set at rest, we suffered no further disquietude concerning our north-western frontier, until a Persian force appeared under the walls of Herat in the Autumn of 1837, and Peshawur was wrested from Dost Mahomed, the reigning sovereign of the Douranee empire, by the Sikhs, a new power that had grown up in the interval.

As it is not our intention to trouble our readers with an historical *resumé* of events which they will find related in full in Mr. Kaye's volumes, to which we earnestly commend them, but rather to elucidate those points in this strange oriental retrospect that bear directly upon present circumstances, we will confine ourselves chiefly to explanatory details illustrative of the scene of the approaching struggle, and the interests involved in its issue.

In the first place, it is necessary to bring the reader acquainted with Dost Mahomed, who figured prominently in the war of 1838, and who still lives to agitate the country intervening between the Indus and the spot upon which Persia has resumed the hostile attitude she was formerly compelled to abandon.

The group of races inhabiting the Douranee empire might be divided into two principal tribes,—the Populzyes and the Barukzyes. The Suddozye, a royal race, which supplied the throne with its hereditary sovereigns, was a branch of the former. Even the Wuzeership—by which the English reader must understand the office of Prime Minister, a function somewhat more warlike in its development than that which is exercised by Lord John Russell—was vested in another branch of the same tribe. The Barukzyes were inferior in power to the Populzyes, but more numerous. As far as such a phrase can be understood in reference to Eastern nations, the democratic element may be said to have resided in this populous clan. Dost Mahomed was the youngest of twenty-one sons of a Barukzye chief, who, having been treated with ingratitude by his sovereign, was put to death for conspiring against him. An Afghan never forgives, and the sons lived to take an ample measure of retribution upon the Suddozye princes. How Dost Mahomed, who was bred up in poverty and menial offices, came ultimately to oust the reigning sovereign, Shah Soojah, is one of those stories of Asiatic reality that have no parallel elsewhere in the history of the world, and are scarcely exceeded in the qualities of the wonderful and the marvellous by the *Tales of the Genii* or the *Arabian Nights*. Out of a

youth of wild and dangerous excesses—of neglect and idleness, grew up a manhood of prudence, wisdom, and self-restraint, which would have extorted respect even in the Western World, and must be regarded as a sort of moral miracle in the East. He started with everything against him; even his brothers, all older, better trained for power, and more influential than himself, contested the ascendancy with him. But when at length, vanquishing all obstacles, he became supreme at Caubul (the capital of this Douranee empire), all opposition sunk into the dust before his loftier genius. Mr. Kaye's sketch of his character at this, the culminating point of his early career, is full of interest:

And now it was that Dost Mahomed began fully to understand the responsibilities of high command, and the obligations of a ruler both to himself and his subjects. He had hitherto lived the life of a dissolute soldier. His education had been neglected, and in his very boyhood he had been thrown in the way of pollution of the foulest kind. From his youth he had been greatly addicted to wine, and was often to be seen in public reeling along in a state of degrading intoxication, or scarcely able to keep his place in the saddle. All this was now to be reformed. He taught himself to read and to write, accomplishments which he had before, if at all, scantily possessed. He studied the Koran, abandoned the use of strong liquors, became scrupulously abstemious, plain in his attire, assiduous in his attention to business, urbane and courteous to all. He made, and without exposing himself to a charge of hypocrisy, a public acknowledgment of his past errors and a profession of reformation, and did not belie by his life the promises which he openly made.

We might pursue the portrait with advantage, showing how simple he was in his manner, how accessible to his subjects, how he listened to every petitioner that accosted him in the public streets and highways, as he rode abroad, and how he became so famous for the equity of his administration, that whenever an injury went unredressed, the people would exclaim—"Is Dost Mahomed dead; that there is no justice?" but we cannot stop to linger over these agreeable features of a character almost exceptional in the East. We must turn from the able usurper to

the shallow and feeble monarch he displaced.

Shah Soojah, who had risen to power by conspiring against his brother, Mahmoud, a prince who had himself leaped into the throne by driving out his elder brother, Shah Zemaun, was a weak and incapable ruler, much given to show and parade, and utterly deficient in firmness and sagacity. His whole career, even at the height of his greatness, was marked by vacillation and vicissitude. One of the first glimpses we have of him in these volumes may stand out for the permanent portrait of a man, in whom the tailor had a considerably larger share than the statesman. It was on the occasion of Mr. Elphinstone's mission to him, in 1809. The scene is Peshawur, and, British ambassadors being at that time rare in those latitudes, we will give Mr. Kaye's graphic sketch of the progress of the mission through the streets, as a curiosity in its way:

Crowds of wondering inhabitants came out to gaze at the representatives of the nation which had reduced the great Mogul to a shadow, and seated itself on the throne of Tipoo. Pushing forward with the outstretched neck of eager curiosity, they blocked up the public ways. The royal body-guards rode among the foot-passengers; lashed at them with their whips; tilted with their lances at grave spectators sitting quietly in their own balconies; and cleared the way as best they could. But fast as they dispersed the thronging multitude, it closed again around the novel cavalcade. Through this motley crowd of excited inhabitants, the British Mission was with difficulty conducted to a house prepared for them by royal mandate. Seated on rich carpets, fed with sweetmeats, and regaled with sherbet, every attention was paid to the European strangers.

There were some disputes about the forms of presentation; but at last a day was appointed for the grand ceremonial, and here we have Shah Soojah in his glory.

When the eventful day arrived, they found the king, with that love of outward pomp which clung to him to the last, sitting on a gilded throne, crowned, plumed, and arrayed in costly apparel. The royal person was a blaze of jewellery, conspicuous among which the mighty diamond, the Koh-i-noor, destined in after days to undergo such romantic vicissitudes, glittered in a gorgeous brace-

let on the arm of the Shah. Welcoming the English gentlemen with a graceful cordiality, he expressed a hope that the King of England and all the English nation were well, presented the officers of the embassy with dresses of honour, and then, dismissing all but Mr. Elphinstone and his secretary, proceeded to the business of the interview.

Elphinstone afterwards declared that he was quite surprised to find that the Donrance monarch had so much of the 'manners of a gentleman;' but the *suaviter in modo* is of little use to an Afghan king, when, as in Soojah's case, it is unaccompanied by the *fortiter in re*.

The reader will perceive that at this reception Shah Soojah was covered with a blaze of jewellery, amongst which the famous Koh-i-noor diamond was conspicuous. The history of that diamond is very much like his own; and the brief episode of its fortunes, which we find touched upon in these volumes, may be accepted as a sort of counterpart of the life of its owner.

Immediately after the mission departed. Shah Soojah was worsted in open battle, and his royal person seized, and carried off in bondage to Cashmere. 'Here,' says our author, 'he was offered his release at the price of the Koh-i-noor; but he refused to surrender this magnificent appendage to the crown of Cabul, and rescued it from the hands of one plunderer only to suffer it to fall into the gripe of another.' Runjeet Singh, it seems, was very covetous of the possession of this diamond, and poor Shah Soojah, much in the same way as foxes are hunted for their brush, appears to have been chased, and tempted, and menaced, and bribed with all manner of promises, for the sake of this one precious jewel. Yielding incautiously to the advice of others, he was thus induced, when driven out of his own kingdom, to pay a visit to the crafty Runjeet, who no sooner got him safely housed in his capital, than he began to lay siege to the Koh-i-noor.

On the second day after Shah Soojah entered Lahore, he was waited on by an emissary from Runjeet, who demanded the jewel in the name of his master. The fugitive monarch asked for time to consider the request, and hinted that, after he had partaken of Runjeet's hos-

pitality, he might be in a temper to grant it. On the following day, the same messenger presented himself again, and received a similar reply. Runjeet Singh was in no mood to brook this delay. Determined to possess himself of the Koh-i-noor, he now resorted to other measures to extort it from the luckless owner.

Shah Soojah tells the story himself in the singular autobiography he left behind him. Failing in his attempts to procure the diamond by direct means, Runjeet Singh had recourse to violence. Making a prisoner of his defenceless guest, he placed sentinels over him, and nearly starved him for a whole month; and then, when he had reduced him to such a condition as to make him an easy prey, he sent 'confidentially' to him to know if he wanted 'ready cash,' and whether he would enter into an agreement for the diamond. In this forlorn and hungry state, what could the Shah do but submit? Soojah *loquitur*:

We answered in the affirmative, and next day, Ram Singh brought 40,000 or 50,000 rupees, and asked again for the Koh-i-noor, which we promised to procure when some treaty was agreed upon. Two days after this, Runjeet Singh came in person, and, after friendly protestations, he stained a paper with safflower, and swearing by the Grunth of Baba Nanuck and his own sword, he wrote the following security and compact:—That he delivered over the provinces of Kote Cumaleeh, Jung Shawl, and Khuleh Noor, to us and our heirs for ever; also offering assistance in troops and treasure for the purpose of again recovering our throne. We also agreed, if we should ever ascend the throne, to consider Runjeet Singh always in the light of an ally. He then proposed himself that we should exchange turbans, which is among the Sikhs a pledge of eternal friendship, and we then gave him the Koh-i-noor.

We have in this story a characteristic specimen of Eastern treachery and cupidity, wherein we may see the sort of elements against which our countrymen in India have to contend in their negotiations with these decorated robbers. But worse remains behind. Runjeet Singh had no sooner obtained the diamond than he showed great reluctance to fulfil his promises; and, in order to get rid of the obligation, he took the Shah upon an expedition, in which he held out hopes to him of regaining his throne. He had not gone very far,

however, before he abandoned the undertaking, and consigned the fugitive king to the charge of some of his chiefs, by whom he was shamelessly plundered. In this condition he returned to Lahore. Here he was stripped naked of everything he possessed; spies were set over him; and, to use his own piteous language, 'seven ranges of guards were put upon our person, and armed men, with lighted torches, watched our bed.' At length he contrived to effect his escape, and to take refuge under British protection at Loodhianah, where he found another royal pensioner on our large-hearted bounty, in the person of his luckless brother, Shah Zemaun, whose eyes had been plucked out by his brother Mahmoud, whom Soojah had in his turn deposed.

Such, then, were the characters and fortunes of Dost Mahomed and Shah Soojah. The contrast between them is as striking as the exposition of it is essential to a just appreciation of the policy we afterwards adopted between them. While Soojah was living upon our bounty, Dost Mahomed was ruling the Dourance empire with unexampled discretion and success. In his autobiography, Soojah takes credit to himself for tenderness and forbearance to his enemies, while writers, who have endeavoured to justify our subsequent interference on his behalf, seek to cast upon Dost Mahomed the charge of excessive cruelty. Mr. Kaye vindicates him from this aspersion, and says that his vices were rather the growth of circumstances than of any 'extraordinary badness of heart.' The whole passage shows how difficult it is for an Afghan chief to resist the indigenous evils by which he is surrounded.

Dost Mahomed was not by nature cruel; but once embarked in the strife of Afghan politics, a man must either fight it out or die. Every man's hand is against him, and he must turn his hand against every man. There is no middle course open to him. If he would save himself, he must cast his scruples to the winds. Even when seated most securely on the musnud, an Afghan ruler must commit many acts abhorrent to our ideas of humanity. He must rule with vigour, or not at all. That Dost Mahomed, during the twelve years of supremacy which he enjoyed at

Caulbul, often resorted, for the due maintenance of his power, to measures of severity incompatible with the character of a humane ruler, is only to say that for twelve years he retained his place at the head of affairs. Such rigour is inseparable from the government of such a people. We cannot rein wild horses with silken braids.

The wonder is, not that Dost Mahomed exhibited traits of severity in extreme cases, but that his government was so free from excesses of all kinds.

We now turn to Herat, where the events were maturing, which really led to the war in Afghanistan. The necessity of maintaining our influence in that country cannot be very clearly understood without an accurate knowledge of the position of Herat, and of its importance to us as an exterior bulwark against invasion.

The city or fortress of Herat occupies a commanding site in a fertile and well-watered valley on the frontiers of the Afghan country, is one of the greatest emporiums of the commerce of Asia, and, from its position, offers such signal advantages for an enterprise against Hindostan as to acquire for it the descriptive oriental title of the Gate or Key to India. Always amply provided with stores, and possessing great resources within itself, it is said to be capable of affording supplies for 150,000 men. 'From this point,' observes a modern writer, 'the route to the Indus lies comparatively open, presenting no difficulties in the way of provision for an army, or the means of transporting its material.*'

Of this city—the first object of attack whenever our possessions have been menaced by foreign powers in that direction—Mr. Kaye gives us some new and very interesting details. It appears, that while without all is bright and rich, within there is nothing but filth and misery. It will be perceived that he speaks in the past tense. The war had so altered the smiling aspect of the surrounding country (once called the 'Granary of Central Asia'), dotted over with little fortified vil-

lages, corn-fields, vineyards, and gardens, that it could hardly be recognised by its former visitors.

The beauty of the place was beyond the walls. Within, all was dirt and desolation. Strongly fortified on every side by a wet ditch and a solid outer wall, with five gates, each defended by a small outwork, the city presented but few claims to the admiration of the traveller. Four long bazaars, roofed with arched brickwork, meeting in a small domed quadrangle in the centre of the city, divided it into four quarters. In each of these there may have been about a thousand dwelling-houses and ten thousand of inhabitants. Mosques and caravanserais, public baths and public reservoirs, varied the wretched uniformity of the narrow dirty streets, which, roofed across, were often little better than dark tunnels or conduits, where every conceivable description of filth was suffered to collect and putrefy.

Built entirely of solid brick masonry, with lofty ramparts, and numerous towers, Herat was a place of considerable strength. Nothing could be more wretched than the life of its inhabitants. The governor being compelled to hold office on a small salary, sought to make up the deficiency by plundering the houses of the inhabitants. No man was safe; and you could detect the evidences of fear and insecurity in the looks of the people, as they cowered and shuddered through the streets, looking into each other's faces with anxiety and suspicion. It was dangerous for a stranger to walk out, unless he was attended by an escort to protect him against the risk of being seized and sold into slavery. So great was the terror of the people, that the shops were closed before sunset, and the stillness of the night was constantly broken by cries and challenges.

Reverting to Mr. Kaye's picture of the condition of affairs in the autumn of 1837, the English reader may now distinctly see why the British authorities evinced a sudden interest in the struggle that was going on in Central Asia, and bethought themselves of the necessity of interposing, as a matter of self-defence. Lord Auckland was then Governor-General—a peace-loving man, who,

* *History of Russia*:—Lardner's *Cyclopædia*, in which the whole question of the practicability of a Russian invasion of India will be found fully discussed.

in spite of his pacific tendencies, was so easily led by the last speaker, that he was the worst qualified man in the world for the grave crisis he was now called upon to meet. The first measures adopted in this emergency were to send Sir Alexander Burnes to Caubul, and an envoy to the Persian camp; the former, charged with a political mission in a commercial disguise, and the latter, with remonstrances against the bad faith of Persia, the siege of Herat being an open violation of an existing treaty. Both missions failed—the one, because our agent was thwarted by the supreme government in his negotiations; the other, because Persia had grown insolent under the wings of Russia.

One of the glaring errors of our Indian government on these occasions was, that of checking and impeding the action of its agents, who, judging of events on the spot, must be better able to form sound conclusions as to what is necessary to be done, than the council sitting in executive ignorance in Calcutta. A wider discretion ought to have been confided to Burnes—whose energy and enthusiasm were cruelly damped by instructions which completely nullified his utility, and which travelled so slowly to their destination, that by the time they arrived there, the circumstances of the case had undergone a change that rendered them wholly inapplicable. Major Edwardes, in his work on the Punjab, complains of the same injustice that inflicted a censure upon Burnes for proposing a course of policy which the authorities afterwards acknowledged ought to have been acted upon.

Failing in these negotiations, Lord Auckland issued a manifesto, declaring war against Dost Mahomed. This fatal step was adopted upon the advice of three young and irresponsible attachés whom he had taken with him to his pleasant retreat at Simlah, in the cool ranges of the Himalaya, separated from his responsible council at Calcutta, without whose deliberate sanction, so gigantic and costly an enterprise should never have been embarked in. We have now for the first time before us in these volumes a complete and dispassionate history of

the origin and disastrous conduct of that most iniquitous and unjustifiable war. Mr. Kaye has removed the diplomatic and official veil which hitherto mystified the incidents in which it originated, and the ignominious reverses which disgraced its progress; and we are bound to say, that so humiliating and discreditable a chapter of calamities, springing from the grossest injustice in the first instance, is not to be found in the annals of modern Europe.

The *casus belli* set forth in Lord Auckland's manifesto embraced two subjects, which had about as much connexion with each other, as India itself has with Africa or America. First, the infraction of existing treaties by Persia in her descent upon Herat; second, the restoration of Shah Soojah to his sovereignty. Upon the face of this incoherent declaration of war, for objects so distinct, we are instantly struck by the shallow sophistry which in this memorable document seeks to blend them together. Why we should have gone to war with Dost Mahomed because the Shah of Persia had besieged Herat, is one of those profound mysteries which must remain unexplained till the crack of doom. The fact was, Lord Auckland had grossly mismanaged Burnes' mission, and had committed the fatal blunder of throwing Dost Mahomed's alliance to the winds, and suffering him to seek the protection of our enemies. In the exigency to which he had thus reduced himself, he thought there was nothing left but to crush the power he ought to have conciliated, as if it were cheaper and easier to set up a monarch of our own selection than to secure the friendship of the existing monarch, who had given us signal proofs of his desire to cultivate amicable relations with us. Having resolved to go to war with Dost Mahomed, in despite of reason and justice, his lordship must have secretly felt how difficult it was to justify so iniquitous a measure, when, casting about for a pretext to hang it upon, he linked it with the invasion by a foreign power of an independent province on the remote confines of the Afghan empire! The argument of the wolf, when, failing in the

direct *casus belli*, he swallowed up the lamb, with—'Well, then, I believe that the whole race of you hate me,' had more colour of justification in it, than the pretence assigned by Lord Auckland for going to war with Dost Mahomed.

So far as Persia was concerned, the object was perhaps sufficiently legitimate; but unfortunately even that excuse was taken away from us by the abandonment of the siege of Herat before the army of the Indus, which was ostensibly collected to oppose it, had crossed the frontier. His lordship, however, having determined to go on with the enterprise, persisted in his design, although there was no longer an enemy to fight withal. As to Shah Soojah, we had not only over and over again refused to interpose on his behalf, standing on our declared policy of non-interference, but had emphatically deprived ourselves of the right to do so, when, by sending an ambassador to Caubul a few months before, we had publicly recognised the established authority of Dost Mahomed. From the very first step to the last,—from the moment we sent our troops in full flush and panoply of war into the plains and fastnesses of Afghanistan, to the hour when the wretched remnant of them returned to tell the tale of disgrace, insult, and massacre,—we were in the wrong, and the retribution we deserved tracked us in blood to the close.

The declaration of war was in itself an act of open and barefaced violence; nor was its absolute injustice more obvious than its impolicy. It was undertaken in opposition to the opinions of all the men who were acquainted with the scene of hostilities, and the temper and resources of the Afghan government; against the deliberate convictions of all the statesmen and military authorities, whose voices ought to have been deferred to on so responsible a measure; and even in contempt of the remonstrances of the Supreme Council at Calcutta, whose sanction, by some unexplained misconception (to speak charitably) Lord Auckland announced in his manifesto to the people of India! It was, indeed, as Mr. Kaye says, at once a folly and a crime; and posterity will ratify

the sentence which the intelligent and dispassionate historian thus pronounces upon an act which reflects so much discredit upon our Indian annals:—

It was commenced in defiance of every consideration of political and military expediency; and there were those who, arguing the matter on higher grounds than those of mere expediency, pronounced the certainty of its failure, because there was a canker of injustice at the core. It was, indeed, an experiment on the forbearance alike of God and of man; and therefore, though it might dawn in success and triumph, it was sure to set in failure and disgrace.

The narrative of the war contained in these volumes is drawn almost exclusively from unpublished sources, and presents not only a variety of details that will be new to the reader, but supplies for the first time, with a complete view of all the operations that were carried on at Caubul, Jellahabad, and Candahar, winding up the chronicle with the subsequent reprisals of Pollock and Nott, and the final restoration by our own hands of the very sovereign whom we had undertaken this disastrous expedition to remove. The novelty of the matter, the clearness and brilliancy of the descriptive passages, the sound judgment evinced in the summary criticisms on our policy and its development, and the intimate acquaintance with Central Asia, and the habits and institutions of its mixed population, displayed by the author, render the publication one of the most interesting and important contributions to Indian history that has for a long time issued from the press. Mr. Kaye appears to have had the whole correspondence of the war placed at his disposal, including personal diaries and private letters, throwing a flood of light upon passages which had hitherto escaped notice altogether, or been very imperfectly related. He is thus enabled to correct many errors which, from want of authentic information, have passed into current history, and to clear up many doubts and obscurities. In this work, for instance, we see how the suggestion of the war was first presented to the mind of Lord Auckland, and how his own pacific and credulous nature yielded

to the dangerous ascendancy of rash advisers. Here, too, we learn the real opinions of Burnes upon the expedition, and are shown the madness of the policy adopted, by seeing it directly contrasted with the practical policy of a totally different cast, which was recommended by Burnes, Wade, McNiell, and others; and in no point of view is this valuable publication more likely to be of service to the future student of our eastern diplomacy, to the soldier in the camp, or the civilian in his distant agency, than in its faithful reflection, as in a mirror, of the antecedents, incidents, and issues of an enterprise which illustrates with singular force the greatest errors ever committed in our Indian administration, and the helplessness of heroic devotion and trained sagacity to struggle against them.

Nor is it alone by his comprehensive grasp and luminous review of the origin and conduct of the war, that Mr. Kaye establishes his claim to an honourable place amongst contemporary writers. He exhibits other qualities no less important. The historian of a past epoch possesses many advantages over the historian of recent events; time has mellowed and matured the public judgment, and, in the shape of accumulated authorities, prepared to his hand the materials with which he has to work. But he who undertakes the history of yesterday, its wounds still fresh, its effects still in operation, and many of its actors yet alive, writes in the face of surviving prejudices and influential checks and temptations, which it requires more than ordinary courage to resist, while he labours under the additional difficulty of having to open up the original sources whence his narrative is to be derived. Mr. Kaye has responded to these demands with an amount of industry which has left no source of information unexplored, and with a fearlessness and impartiality that reflect the highest credit upon his independence. In several places—as an example of the spirit in which the whole work is written—we find him restoring the text of the official correspondence where it was mutilated for publication in the *Blue Book*, these passages being de-

signedly cancelled, for the deliberate purpose of suppressing every tittle of evidence that could tell in favour of Dost Mahomed, or that was calculated to expose the injustice and impolicy of the war. Hear his eloquent and indignant protest against these base practices:

I cannot, indeed, suppress the utterance of my abhorrence of this system of garbling the official correspondence of public men—sending the letters of a statesman or diplomatist into the world mutilated, emasculated—the very pith and substance of them cut out by the unsparing hand of the state-anatomist. The dishonesty by which lie upon lie is palmed upon the world has not one redeeming feature. If public men are, without reprehension, to be permitted to lie in the face of nations—wilfully, elaborately, and maliciously to bear false witness against their neighbours, what hope is there for private veracity? In the case before us, the *suppressio veri* is virtually the *assertio falsi*. The character of Dost Mahomed has been lied away; the character of Burnes has been lied away—both, by the mutilation of the correspondence of the latter, have been fearfully misrepresented—both have been set forth as doing what they did not, and omitting to do what they did. I care not whose knife—whose hand did the work of mutilation. And, indeed, I do not know. I deal with principles, not with persons; and have no party ends to serve. The cause of truth must be upheld. Official documents are the sheet-anchors of historians—the last courts of appeal to which the public resort. If these documents are tampered with—if they are made to misrepresent the words and actions of public men, the grave of truth is dug, and there is seldom a resurrection.

There is not a shadow of ex-*uso* to be offered for the shameless falsification of official correspondence thus earnestly denounced. Let correspondence be withheld altogether from publication, if its publication be likely to lower the authority or endanger the safety of government; but let it not be garbled to suit a purpose. We freely admit that a larger measure of discretion in such matters must be granted to those who are responsible for the conduct of our affairs in the East, than to any other executive authority under the English rule. The position of the Governor-General and his advisers is at all times extremely difficult, and demands the most delicate

and adroit management. Government here is neither legislation nor administration, but diplomacy—diplomacy, too, of a peculiarly intricate and evasive character. Surrounded by conflicting interests, which it is our policy at once to conciliate and extinguish, it is nearly impossible to preserve on all sides, do what we may, an unimpeachable reputation. We cannot avoid *appearing* insincere, and sometimes we cannot help *being* so. Our envoys and agents, working their hazardous way in the face of numerous obstacles, in hostile camps, and dens of cities and forts, where every step is taken in the midst of masked enemies or doubtful friends, are always exposed to suspicions. * Even if the chiefs are favourable to them, or affect to be so, hatred of the Feringhees lurks in the masses, and frequently shows itself in such acts of treachery as broke out in the massacre of our defenceless countrymen at Mooltan and Caubul. The slightest accident, such as the death of the Persian minister at Bombay, in 1802, on the one side, or the ill treatment in the Persian camp before Herat of a messenger in the British service, might precipitate a war. Such accidents are continually happening, and are unavoidable, in the mixture and collision of miscellaneous multitudes of men, who regard each other with secret hostility. For these reasons, no doubt, considerable latitude must be allowed to the Indian government in the public use it makes of state documents and official correspondence; but there is a wide difference, which should never be forgotten, between the exercise of a necessary prudence, and the practice of a veiled fraud.

The account given in this work of the siege of Herat, which lasted ten months, and ended by the retirement of the besiegers, is entirely new, and is one of the most picturesque narratives on record. The preservation of the place was mainly to be ascribed to the presence within the walls of a gallant young English officer, Eldred Pottinger, to whose journal our author is chiefly indebted for the details of which he has made so skilful a use. Our space is too limited to admit of ex-

tracts characteristic of the variety of exciting scenes enacted under and inside the ramparts of the besieged town; but we must make room for one passage of remarkable interest. On this occasion, the Persians had collected their whole strength for a grand attack, assailing the city at five different points. At one point they carried the works, and the fate of the city was trembling in the balance, when it was saved by the indomitable courage and presence of mind of the young Bengal artilleryman. Yar Mahomed (at that time Wuzeer to the Khan of Herat, and afterwards sovereign of the province) and Eldred Pottinger went down together to the spot where the slaughter was going forward.

As they neared the point of attack, the garrison were seen retreating by twos and threes; others were quitting the works on the pretext of carrying off the wounded. These signs of the waning courage of the defenders wrought differently on the minds of the two men who had hitherto seemed to be cast in the same heroic mould—soldiers of strong nerves and unflinching resolution. They saw that the garrison were giving way. Pottinger was eager to push on to the breach. Yar Mahomed sat himself down. The Wuzeer had lost heart. His wonted high courage and collectedness had deserted him in this emergency. Astonished and indignant at the pusillanimity of his companion, the English officer called upon the Wuzeer again and again to rouse himself—either to move down to the breach, or to send his son, to inspire new heart into the yielding garrison. The energetic appeal of the young Englishman was not lost upon the Afghan chief. He rose up; advanced further into the works; and neared the breach where the contest was raging. Encouraged by the diminished opposition, the enemy were pushing on with renewed vigour. Yar Mahomed called upon his men, in God's name, to fight; but they wavered and stood still. Then his heart failed him again. He turned back; said he would go for aid; sought the place where he had before sat down, and looked around, irresolute and unnerved. Pointing to the men, who, alarmed by the backwardness of their chief, were now retreating in every direction, Pottinger in vehement language insisted upon the absolute ruin of all their hopes that must result from want of energy in such a conjuncture. Yar Mahomed roused himself; again advanced, but again wavered; and a third

time the young English officer was compelled, by words and deeds alike, to shame the unmanned Wuzer. The language of entreaty was powerless; he used the language of reproach. He reviled; he threatened; he seized him by the arm and dragged him forward to the breach. Such appeals were not to be resisted. The noble example of the young Englishman could not infuse any real courage into the Afghan chief; but it at least roused him into action. The men were retreating from the breach. The game was almost up. The cowardice of the Wuzer had well-nigh played away the last stake. Had Yar Mahomed not been roused out of the paralysis that had descended upon him, Herat would have been carried by assault. But the indomitable courage of Eldred Pottinger saved the beleaguered city. He compelled the Wuzer to appear before his men as one not utterly prostrate and helpless. The chief called upon the soldiery to fight; but they continued to fall back in dismay. Then seizing a large staff, Yar Mahomed rushed like a madman upon the hindmost of the party, and drove them forward under a shower of heavy blows. The nature of the works was such as to forbid their falling back in a body. Cooped up in a narrow passage, and seeing no other outlet of escape, many of them leaped wildly over the parapet, and rushed down the exterior slope full upon the Persian stormers. The effect of this sudden movement was magical. The Persians, seized with a panic, abandoned their position and fled. The crisis was over; Herat was saved.

The heat and fury of a desperate conflict, the wild energy and breathless suspense of a struggle upon which the fate of a kingdom depended, have seldom been more powerfully expressed than in this passage.

With the siege of Herat terminated the only excuse we had for marching an army into Afghanistan; yet thither we marched notwithstanding, and met with so much success at the outset, that we plunged into fresh acts of oppression in the exultation of our triumphant progress. Throughout the whole line of country traversed on the route, supplies were enforced for our troops, the amceers of Sindh were mulcted in large sums of money, for the payment of which they already held a receipt in full, and an existing treaty, prohibiting the transport of military stores along the Indus, was openly

and unscrupulously violated for the convenience of the expedition. Injustice begets injustice, says our author, but it also, sooner or later, begets its own punishment. At Peshawur, Shah Soojah was formally installed; he was restored to his monarchy under a royal salute, and in the presence of a grand holiday review of British troops. And in due time this promising ceremonial was followed up by the expulsion of Dost Mahomed, who, for a long period, gave us heavy work to do in chasing him, through mingled fortunes of victory and defeat, all over the country. 'I am like a worder spoon,' cried Dost Mahomed: 'you may throw me hither and thither, but I shall not be hurt.' Beaten in one place, he immediately started up with renewed vigour in another. Wherever he went, he set the whole population in a blaze. But this could not last for ever. On the 2nd of November, 1840, the doom of Dost Mahomed went forth, but he reserved to himself the glory of pronouncing it. After having eluded the British troops like an *ignis fatuus*, he re-appeared at the head of a handful of followers in the valley of Purwandunah. The British force was posted opposite to him. It was a clear, bright morning, and the crisp, fresh air seemed to breathe confidence and courage. Our cavalry advanced to outflank the enemy, and from that moment Dost Mahomed cast behind him all thought of retreat. At the head of a small band of horsemen, badly mounted, he advanced to meet his assailants.

Beside him rode the bearer of the blue standard, which marked his place in the battle. He pointed to it; reined in his horse; then snatching the white *lungi* from his head, stood up in his stirrups uncovered before his followers, and called upon them, in the name of God and the Prophet, to drive the cursed Kaffirs from the country of the faithful. 'Follow me,' he cried aloud, 'or I am a lost man.'

We need not enter into the particulars of the fight. The Afghans, advancing steadily, drove the British cavalry like sheep before them. Two of our bravest officers were cut to pieces. Dost Mahomed was master of the field. This overwhelming disaster filled the English with dismay.

It had a different effect on Dost Mahomed. He knew that his temporary success would only hasten his ruin, by inducing the British to redouble their exertions; and he resolved to anticipate the destiny he could not avert. The scene that follows is one of the most touching in a narrative crowded with striking and pathetic incidents:—

He had met the British troops in the field, and, at the head of a little band of horsemen, had driven back the cavalry of the Feringhees—his last charge had been a noble one, he might now retire from the contest without a blot upon his name. So thought the ex-Ameer; as was his wont, taking counsel of his saddle. None knew in the British camp the direction he had taken—none guessed the character of his thoughts. On the day after the victory of Purwundarra he was under the walls of Caubul. He had been four-and-twenty hours in the saddle; but betrayed little symptom of fatigue. A single horseman attended him. As they approached the residence of the British Envoy, they saw an English gentleman returning from his evening ride. The attendant galloped forward to satisfy himself of the identity of the rider, and being assured that the envoy was before him, said that the Ameer was at hand. ‘What Ameer?’ asked Macnaghten. ‘Dost Mahomed Khan,’ was the answer; and presently the Ameer himself stood before him. Throwing himself from his horse, Dost Mahomed saluted the envoy, and said he was come to claim his protection. He surrendered his sword to the British chief; but Macnaghten returning it to him, desired the Ameer to remount. They then rode together into the mission compound—Dost Mahomed asking many eager questions about his family as they went. A tent having been pitched for his accommodation, he wrote letters to his sons, exhorting them to follow his example and seek the protection of the British Government.

The object of the expedition was now accomplished; but Shah Soojah was to be kept upon the throne to which we had raised him, and our army was to make its way home again. These ends were not so easily achieved as might be supposed. It soon appeared that Shah Soojah could not control the power he was set up to govern; and while our troops were yet in sight of his capital, the people broke out into rebellion, the first intimation of which was the butchery in cold blood of Sir

Alexander Burnes. Then ensued that long train of humiliations and harassing defeats which terminated in the total extinction of the whole army before Caubul, and its numerous followers, of whom but one man escaped alive to relate the tidings. The retreat from Caubul had an ominous prelude in the murder of Sir William Macnaghten in broad daylight, on the open plain, and the recreant submission of our troops, whose spirit was effectually broken, to the assassination of their chief before their eyes. ‘Not a gun,’ says Mr. Kaye, ‘was fired from the ramparts of the cantonment; not a company of troops sallied out to rescue or revenge; the body of the British minister was left to be hacked to pieces, and his mangled remains were paraded in barbarous triumph about the streets and bazaars of the city!’ The history of the subsequent retreat of the army, literally shot down like dogs in the savage passes of the mountains, is detailed with terrible minuteness in these volumes. They had struggled on from day to day, every hour thinning their numbers, and filling the survivors with a ferocious despair,—struggling on through the human shambles, in the hope of reaching Jellahabad, where Sale was shut up with his brigade. The sequel is briefly told.

On the 13th of January, when the garrison were busy on the works, toiling with axe and shovel, with their arms piled and their accoutrements laid out close at hand, a sentry, on the ramparts, looking out towards the Caubul road, saw a solitary white-faced horseman struggling on towards the fort. The word was passed; the tidings spread. Presently the ramparts were lined with officers, looking out, with throbbing hearts, through unsteady telescopes, or with straining eyes tracing the road. Slowly and painfully, as though horse and rider both were in an extremity of mortal weakness, the solitary mounted man came reeling, tottering on. They saw that he was an Englishman. On a wretched, weary pony, clinging, as one sick or wounded, to its neck, he sat or rather leant forward; and there were those who, as they watched his progress, thought that he could never reach, unaided, the walls of Jellahabad.

A shudder ran through the garrison. That solitary horseman looked like the messenger of death. Few doubted that he was the bearer of intelligence that

would fill their souls with horror and dismay. Their worst forebodings seemed confirmed. There was the one man who was to tell the story of the massacre of a great army. A party of cavalry were sent out to succour him. They brought him in wounded, exhausted, half-dead. The messenger was Dr. Brydon, and he now reported his belief that he was the sole survivor of an army of some sixteen thousand men.

It was said that Colonel Dennie predicted this issue, that but one man would survive, and that he would come to announce the destruction of the rest; and when he did come, he exclaimed—'Did I not say so?—Here comes the messenger!' These oracular inspirations affect the mind painfully on such occasions, and shed a tinge of gloomy superstition over scenes already abundantly dismal.

We must not attempt to track the concluding events of the war, but we will make room for a passage that will complete the history of Shah Soojah's career. Unable to quell the insurrection, or to protect in his own dominions the friendly troops that had entered them on his behalf, he crowned his recreant inconsistency by entering into a negotiation with the son of Dost Mahomed, whom he had dethroned, and marching out of his capital to assist him against the English at Jellahabad. Mark the end of this double treachery.

Rising early on the morning of the 5th, he arrayed himself in royal apparel, and, accompanied by a small party of Hindostanees, proceeded under a salute, in a chair of state, towards his camp, which had been pitched at Secah-Sungh. But Soojah-ool-dowlah, the son of the Nwab, had gone out before him, and placed in ambush a party of Jezailchees. As the Shah and his followers were making their way towards the regal tent, the marksmen fired upon them. The volley took murderous effect. Several of the bearers and of the escort were struck down; and the king himself killed on the spot. A ball had entered his brain. Soojah-ool-dowlah then rode up: and as he contemplated his bloody work, the body of the unhappy king, vain and pompous as he was to the very last, was stripped of all the jewels about it, the jewelled dagger, the jewelled girdle, the jewelled head-dress; and it was then cast into a ditch.

It would make an appropriate

companion picture to this passage to extract the account of Dost Mahomed's restoration; but we must hasten to conclude.

Lord Ellenborough succeeded Lord Auckland, and his first act was to reverse the policy of his predecessor. The whole world had cried out against it, and we had paid the costly penalty of our injustice by the sacrifice of many thousands of lives, and the expenditure, to our eternal disgrace, of a prodigious sum of money. Nor was there wanted at the close a startling circumstance to impress the lesson more deeply upon after ages. From the very same retreat in Simlah in which Lord Auckland wrote his declaration of war, Lord Ellenborough issued the proclamation by which the whole spirit and purpose of that policy was explicitly condemned and retracted!

Mr. Kaye has rendered good service by the publication of this work at this juncture. Independent of all party influences, it exhibits the course of that fatal expedition with a vigour and impartiality of delineation that cannot fail to produce the best effects at the present moment. According to the last accounts from India, the chiefs of Candahar, mustering a body of 4000 horsemen, have entered Herat, under the protection of the Shah of Persia, who is stated to have occupied the city with a force of no less than 12,000 men. In addition to this intelligence, we hear of the advance of Dost Mahomed, who has organized an army under the command of his son, Hyder Khan, for the invasion of Herat. This Hyder Khan founds some title to the throne by virtue of his marriage with the widow of his brother, Akbar, a daughter of the late sovereign; while Mahomed Khan, another of the Barukzye race, brother of Dost Mahomed, and formerly ruler of Peshawur, sets up a similar claim. Herat is thus again in the market, to be contested by rival princes, each having some shadow of a right, and followers enough to enable him to assert it; while our interests in that quarter are still more seriously endangered by the appearance of the Russians in the field, who are said to have landed a body of troops on

the southern coast of the Caspian Sea, with the undisguised intention of investing the beleaguered city. Let us, then, in time take a profitable lesson from the misfortunes of the past, and instead of treating with indifference or hostility the friendship of the Afghan sovereign, let us seek to conciliate his alliance, if the recollection of the wrongs he has

suffered at our hands do not impel him to forbid the bans. With the Afghan, revenge is virtue; let it be our course to subdue its demonstration, not by levying a new army of the Indus, but by an open and honourable policy, which it is clearly as much the interest of Dost Mahomed as it is our own to cultivate with earnestness and sincerity.

FLAX AND FLAX-COTTON.

SIX periods, as they are called, have elapsed since the supposed creation of the world. They are represented thus: the Primitive, the Persian, the Egyptian, the Grecian, the Roman, and that which is termed the Middle Ages. These periods were subdivided into what conventionality designates ages and generations. As those ages increased, the progressive development of the human mind kept pace with them, as it found fresh objects for investigation in their application to the uses of man. Each of these ages has left for posterity some peculiar characteristic, which stamps at once its name. The invention of gunpowder is associated with one; the art of printing with another; the revival of letters illustrates the annals of a third: Shakspeare rendered the era in which he lived memorable; and the name of Milton emblazons the page of the history of King Charles. Again, Newton and his theories earn a reputation for the reign of Queen Anne second only to that which Shakspeare earned for that of Elizabeth. If we reflect for a moment, we shall find that the discoveries and inventions in science and art which have taken place in our own time, give to the present age an importance equal to that of any which have preceded it. Steam, for instance, which, though, known to the past age, is unquestionably identified with our own era, whether we view its uses in the elevation of mineral substances from the crusts of the globe, or of its agency in bringing us, as it is proposed, within seven days' journey of Cal-

cutta. Scientific researches on solar light have given to art a wonderful discovery, known, from the name of its founder, as the Daguerreotype. By this system may be accomplished in four seconds a more perfect likeness in its details and truthfulness, so far as regards the features, than was ever produced by a Reynolds, a Lawrence, or a West, in an equal number of months.

Lightning conductors. Look at their uses. Imagine the fragments of the Duke of York's column scattered about the Athenaeum and Senior United Service Clubs by the electric fluid from the want of a lightning conductor; or the Crystal Palace shattered into a million particles from a like cause. Running through the list of important inventions, we have stopped to pause on the utility of the safety-lamp, electro-plating and gilding, and that most wonderful of all gifts of science, the electric telegraph. Each of these displays very clearly the genius with which this age is endowed.

Contemporaneous with those great inventions, plans have been, and are being, worked out for the increased happiness of the human family. As the powers of steam are more and more developed, bringing within easy distance of the enlightened inhabitants of Europe, the rich and luxuriant soils of New Zealand or Australia, of Port Natal or Vancouver's Island, so the increasing population relieve the parent Nature, of the burden of supporting them at home, and they go forth to found new cities and empires, the Anglo-

Saxon race leading the van of civilization, of commerce, and of industry, in the New World, as it does in the Old. Emigration is one remedy; colonization another. Persons emigrating may have some idea of returning to Europe laden with the riches produced by either sheep's wool in Australia, or the spoils and trophies of a hunter's life in Africa. Those who go forth to colonize have no intention ever to take up a permanent residence at home again. Both are generally poor in representative wealth. Human labour is, therefore, greatly in demand. Reaping by machinery must for a time be known to them only as a thing existing. No wonder, then, that the labouring population leave England and Ireland. There is but little difference in the change, after all. A few associations to forget—a few months' voyage by sea, and instead of the laws being filtered for their safe government through the Home Office in Whitehall, they are handed over for execution to the Colonial Office in Downing Street.

Another change for the people at home has taken place,—some are of opinion for the better—others, for the worse: that from a prohibitive duty on the importation of foreign grain to free trade. Time will decide which policy is right—a free trade or protection.

The agitation consequent upon the abolition of the slave trade, arising from the probable scarcity of sugar, set men's heads to work, and, as a substitute, the production of sugar from beetroot was proposed. Sugar from the cane is, however, still plentiful, and there is no occasion for the beetroot sugar yet.

The flax movement is the newest thing out. It is the great gun of the season; and as a matter of national importance, its culture is now engrossing much attention. All classes of the community, from the peer to the peasant, manifest much interest in its extension. The government itself appears to be deeply sensible of its utility in enriching a hitherto poor country—Ireland. Its cultivation in that country, in its manufacturing and commercial bearings on

the welfare of the people, cannot be over-estimated. Nor in England can it be less so. The objection to encourage its growth which has hitherto prevailed, on account of the want of a proper system of steeping to make the commodity marketable, as well as the erroneous impression which farmers entertained respecting its exhaustive effect upon the land where it was grown, has now been met. In the first instance, by an invention, simple in its organization; in the second, by what experience has shown to be the contrary. By chemical analyzation we are told,* that if the construction of the plant be closely examined, it will be found that those portions of it which absorb the alkalies and the nutritive properties of the soil are those which are not required for manufacture—i. e., the woody part of the plant, the resinous matter, and the seed. The capsules of the seeds, the husks of the capsules, and the seeds contain* a very large proportion of nitrogen and phosphoric acid, and may, consequently, be advantageously employed for the purpose of manure, or for the feeding of cattle. That part of the plant which is required for manufacture—viz., the fibre, consists of about forty-seven parts of carbon in 100, united to the elements of water. It may be said, that the principal constituent parts of the fibre consist of hydrogen, oxygen, and carbon—all of which are derived, not from the soil, but from the atmosphere.

Respecting the exhaustive powers of the crop upon the land, accounts have been given by many eminent landowners demonstrating the fallacy of such an opinion. Exhaustive it must be to a certain extent, but less so than wheat. The latter, it is asserted in Somersetshire; grows best after the former.

Lord Montecagle has grown some flax upon his land in Ireland, and the result has been, that though the land had been rather exhausted before he had sown it, that land became better than any other on his estate, and the best grass was got off the meadow in which flax had been grown. Mr. Druce, of Enslam, Oxfordshire, has, like hundreds of

* *The Flax Movement*, by Chevalier Claussen.

others, added his testimony to the fact that its growth cannot be deleterious to the land. If chemical analysis and practical experience can confirm that opinion, which in the second 'period' of history existed—namely, that flax* is an article of general utility, and a marketable commodity, little blame on the side of posterity, even if the views of the greatest supporters of the movement be not carried out, will attach itself to this age for the endeavours which are now being made to render it an useful and staple commodity. There is little doubt that the grower of flax will find a ready and remunerative market to dispose of his crop.

It is asserted that one half of the present demand for cotton may be advantageously supplied by home-grown flax. The climate and soil of England are peculiarly favourable to its growth. Belgium has, hitherto, been considered as the best soil for flax. Circumstances have, however, proved the contrary. The severe droughts to which that country is subject, not unfrequently inflict serious damage upon the crop. The damage must be increased, too, if those droughts occur in the spring of the year, from the fact that the crop is young, and consequently less able to withstand their deleterious effects. It is astonishing that in the United Kingdom the plant has been brought to great perfection in localities where, from the state of the soil, it would be least expected. In the fen districts of England, flax has been produced. An Irish bog has produced a crop. It has been grown upon the beacon-hill of Norfolk, and reared its head on the summit of the Wicklow mountains. The facility of inter-communication between agricultural and commercial districts is now such, that no great difficulty would be found by the grower obtaining a market for the disposal of the plant. Flax is now being employed in our silk, woollen, and cotton manufactures. The largest portion of the article employed is of foreign growth. It must of necessity become larger from the continually increasing demand, unless the encouragement of its growth at home be fa-

voured. A British agriculturist should not lose the profit which would be realized by the consumption of flax in his own country. If he wishes to import, why he had better do so. On the other hand, if flax would pay him as well as wheat, or even as oats or potatoes, he should consider that by not producing it, a considerable sum of money leaves the country annually, which might be kept at home. In oil-cake alone 70,000 tons are annually imported, exceeding a value of 500,000*l.* This 70,000 tons is for feeding English cattle. The agriculturist ought, in our opinion, to produce the oil-cake himself.

Flax seed for sowing and crushing is imported annually to the amount of 1,820,000*l.* taking the quantity imported, 650,000 quarters, at 7*s.* per quarter. Linseed-oil pressers are thrown for dependence upon foreign supplies. Why may not 2,000,000*l.* annually be saved to England? which would be the result if our agriculturists cultivated flax at home. Another of the advantages that the agriculturist would experience, if a crop were produced at home, would be, that instead of having the mere refuse and husks which remain after the expression of the oleaginous properties from the seed which appertains to the oil-cake imported from foreign countries, he might send his seed to the oil-presser, who would return the refuse, and he would thus be enabled to fatten his cattle upon cake produced from home-grown instead of foreign linseed.

In our manufactures the relationship in which the fibre of the plant stands is worth a moment's consideration. In two main branches of our textile manufactures we are completely dependent for the supply of the raw material grown in foreign countries. Cotton and linen are the two articles. Of the first we must remain dependent for the supply required for home use and for exportation. But, on the other hand, by the adaptation of flax to cotton machinery, the extent of dependence will, it is asserted by those interested in the movement, be considerably lessened. This result will, however, be determined by the

spirit in which our agricultural population take it up. The manufacturing districts await with anxiety the decision of our farmers in the matter. Manchester and Leeds, the former in cotton, and the latter in wool, are of opinion that the combination of the fibre with the two articles just mentioned would reduce their price to the consumer at least twenty per cent.—not to speak of the increased employment that those districts would derive from its introduction in an agricultural, as well as a commercial view. In our linen and other manufactures 100,000 tons of flax are annually consumed; 75,000 tons are imported; and the British Isles, where the article of linen is completed for consumption, furnish 25,000 tons.

It is computed that the total value of all the articles of British manufacture, in which the flax fibre imported is employed, exceeds 5,000,000*l.* annually.

The great object of those who identify themselves with the movement should be to make the plant a marketable auxiliary to cotton. Hitherto that difficulty has been a great drawback to those agriculturists who felt disposed to encourage its growth. The mode of steeping may be set down as the chief impediment. By a happy invention, however, before alluded to, this impediment may be said to have been got over; and the Chevalier Claussen, to whose credit the origin of the new system is due, as well as its practical application, is now in a position to prove its truth.

The Hand-book to the Official

Catalogues of the Great Exhibition, edited by Robert Hunt, Esq., thus describes the advantages of the process as exhibited by the Chevalier Claussen:—

In the first stage it will enable the farmer, by mechanical means, and with little trouble and expense, to reduce the bulk of his flax crop, so as to give him access to markets, and render it marketable. It will enable him at the same time to preserve, to be returned to the land, those portions of the crop which tend to exhaust the soil; the produce being a description of fibre adapted to the coarser kinds of the flax manufacture. By the second, or boiling operation, the long, troublesome, and noxious process of steeping may be dispensed with, in the preparation of flax for the finer purposes, for which long fibre is spun in the ordinary way. * Lastly, by reducing the flax to short fibre, and by splitting it up by means of the chemical process above described, a great extension of the demand for flax may be expected, to be spun on cotton, wool, and silk machinery alone, or in combination with any of those substances. All these results will have been obtained through microscopic researches into the structure of the flax plant, and the application of chemical knowledge to the improvement of old processes for preparing it for use.

There are many inventions of this age that must necessarily meet with inconsiderable success; many that will meet with no success at all. The invention of the Chevalier Claussen is, however, if we are not greatly mistaken, destined to enjoy great popularity, and his name is as indissolubly connected with flax as that of Arkwright or Watt with cotton and the steam-engine.

EDMUND BURKE.

SOME years have now elapsed since our readers were gratified by the publication of the *Correspondence of the Right Honourable Edmund Burke, between the years 1744 and the period of his decease in 1797*. The letters have now taken their place among the literary treasures that we owe to the distinguished man by whom they were written; and they form an excellent supplement to his great works. They were edited without the least affectation by Earl Fitzwilliam and Sir Richard Bourke, and the public were told, for the first time, the reason why the manuscripts which Burke was known to have left had not sooner been given to the world.

Executors, like other men, must pay the tribute of mortality. Dr. Lawrence and the Bishop of Rochester both died before they had finished their labour of love. The manuscripts were then taken into the care of the late Earl Fitzwilliam: but he, too, died; and it was not until Burke had been sleeping peacefully for almost fifty years in the church of Beaconsfield, that his letters saw the light.

It is needless to say that they confirmed the impression of his character that all judicious readers of his works must have entertained. They had, however, scarcely been well read and considered before the world was astonished by another French revolution. From France this democratic spirit spread with the rapidity of electricity over all Europe, and no country was free from its effects. It turned the minds of all thinkers back upon the history of the last seventy years, and kindled a fresh interest in the writings of Edmund Burke. To some people it might seem that the value of his speculations had diminished, while to others it might appear that his wisdom was more and more proved. It cannot, therefore, be deemed unnecessary, or of little consequence, if after the lapse of many years, we endeavour to give an impartial consideration to the writings of this great man.

Edmund Burke was born in a house on Arran Quay, in the metropolis of

Ireland; but his health being very delicate, and a tendency to consumption having shown itself, he was after some years removed to his grandfather's residence at Castle Town Roche. As of nearly all young geniuses, tales have been related about his love of learning, and his superiority to the children among whom he was placed. His brother Richard always declared that Edmund had monopolized all the talent of the family; and that while the other children were always playing, he was always reading. The boy was father of the man; seldom, indeed, it was when the statesman was not busy. How long he remained at Castle Town is not very well known, but it seems probable that five years was the period. He then returned to Dublin, and shortly afterwards was sent to Ballitore. Here his acquaintance with the Shackletons commenced. Nothing is more honourable to Burke than the manner in which he preserved, during all the brilliant scenes of his life, the sacred remembrance of his school-days and of his boyish friendships.

When the whole world was ringing with the fame of the great orator, his heart still yearned towards the places and the companions of his early days. Proud and unbending to some of the great political leaders of his time, he never was otherwise than kind, frank, and unassuming to the humble Richard Shackleton, the old steward, and his poor relations.

After spending some years at Ballitore, he entered Trinity College, at the age of fifteen. Of his college life not much is known, although some of his admirers will have it that his academical career was highly distinguished. He certainly was elected a scholar in 1746; but it does not appear that he was considered anything more than an ordinary, clever young man, steady in disposition, and ardent in the pursuit of knowledge.

He was of course a dabbler in poetry; and his biographer, Mr. Prior, as usual with biographers, thinks that his verses have great

merit. His translation of the conclusion of the second 'Georgic' is much better done than most of our college prize translations; but it is ridiculous to consider his poetical effusions as anything more than good academical verses. Every year such rhymes are abundantly poured out; and every year, after being read by admiring friends and relations, they are forgotten, or are only brought out on family anniversaries from the treasures of kind aunts or of exulting grandmammās.

He seems to have acquired a good stock of miscellaneous knowledge; but he did not differ much from his fellow-students. We are told of his great love for English authors, and it is not our intention to question the sincerity of his love. It is certain, however, that his learning was too much the learning of colleges: that for a thinker so great and original he showed not much discrimination. This even was characteristic of his later years. Burke often quoted Shakspeare, and often praised him; but he never showed much reverence for the greatest of all dramatists. His favourite author was Milton, whom he placed at the head of English literature. With him, however, he classed an author of very inferior merit. He loved Young so much, that he is said to have been able to repeat nearly all the *Night Thoughts* by heart. Nay, he went even further than this in his admiration. On a fly-leaf of the volume which he used to carry about with him, he wrote:—

Jove claimed the verse old Homer sung,
But God himself inspired Young.

On the 23rd of April, 1747, his name was entered at the Middle Temple; and in 1750 he left Ireland, with the ostensible purpose of keeping his law terms in London.

A very interesting letter to one of his young friends is in existence, and from it we learn his first impressions of England.

The young adventurer soon found, however, that learning and genius were little patronized, and that he must work his own way. In rather bombastic language we find him declaring, that the fine arts still flourished; that poetry raised her enchanting voice to heaven; that

history arrested the wings of Time; that philosophy, the queen of arts and daughter of heaven, daily extended her empire; that fancy was sporting on airy wings; and that metaphysics spun her cobwebs. The House of Commons raised strong emotions in his breast. He felt that there was a theatre as noble as any that Greece and Rome offered in their proudest days. William Pitt was at that time the most brilliant orator; and all that he was he had made himself by his eloquence and patriotism. The political world, indeed, was not very stirring. The reign of the Pellams was undisturbed. The very name of opposition appeared to be forgotten. Garrick had just become manager of Drury Lane; Reynolds was busy at his easel; Fielding struggling with a broken constitution, and a not very honourable name; and brave Samuel Johnson residing in a humble dwelling in Gough-square, and writing the *Rambler* for his daily bread.

All the young stranger's enthusiasm for the living did not prevent him from paying more than one visit to the resting-place of the illustrious dead. He stood among the monuments in Westminster Abbey, and unutterable thoughts flashed across his mind. After life's fitful fever, the statesman and author sleep well! The struggles, the enmities, the heart-breakings, the rivalries, the aspirations influence no longer; poverty, misery, abasement are at length vanquished, and a peaceful halo of glory is resting on their graves.

On describing some of his sensations to his early correspondent, two or three sentences, exquisitely characteristic of Burke's habits and feelings, fell from his pen. Even then, with all his ambition and enthusiasm, he had no desire to sleep in the great Abbey; and this love for a more humble grave continued during the whole of his long, arduous, and glorious career. He was always a lover of his household gods and family fireside; and declared that the prospect of a quiet grave among his kinsmen, in a little country churchyard, was to him more pleasing than the proud mausoleum of a Capulet.

Little is known about his pro-

ceedings during the first year of his residence in London. His declared object, of course, was the study of the law; and, perhaps, for some time, he may have thought that he was fulfilling his father's wishes by acquiring a good stock of legal knowledge; but, as is the case with many imaginative minds, the charms of literature proved too seductive; and his heart, never much attached to the less engaging mistress, soon forsook her for her more attractive rival. His health, too, was not so robust as it afterwards became; and this, perhaps, might appear to him a sufficient excuse for allowing many a legal folio to gather dust upon his shelves. His vacations were generally spent in excursions about the country. His terms fast succeeded each other; but whatever may have been the reason, and however much his poor father may have been disappointed, it is certain, that after passing the usual time at his legal studies, he was not called to the bar, and that law was soon afterwards abandoned. Burke became a man without a profession. He cut a sorry cable that bound him to the moorings of his youth; and leaving the common track, by which a safe and sure voyage might be effected, the young adventurer launched out alone, on an unknown sea, without any guidance but his own brave heart, and his ardent and enterprising soul.

It is not known what were the subjects that first employed his pen. They were, doubtless, of little consequence, or they would not have been suffered to pass into oblivion. We hasten to his first important publication.

In the year 1756, the *Vindication of Natural Society* was published. This work, the first of Burke's acknowledged productions, deserves a more attentive consideration than it has generally received. It has often been said that the fruits of his mind ripened before the blossoms appeared, that his early works were cold and unimpassioned, while, as he grew older, his style became more declamatory, and his eloquence more gorgeous. This is, undoubtedly, in some respects true; although this imitation of Bolingbroke proves it not to be so unreservedly true as it

has been asserted. Burke did not resemble Bacon so much in this mental characteristic, as in others of much more importance.

If we look only at the *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful*, and compare it with the *Reflections on the French Revolution*, there is, indeed, a most striking difference in the style of the two celebrated works. The first was written in the author's youth, the latter in his old age: how strange, then, it has been said, is the mental phenomenon that is here exhibited! Youth is generally the time of imagination, of passion, of love, of poetry, of eloquence, old age the period when the judgment is matured, when the passions have subsided, when poetry, rhetoric, enthusiasm, and all the glittering dreams of early days, charm us no longer, when the world has lost its attractions, when the freshness of its colours has passed away, when one illusion after another has left us, and we smile bitterly and sadly at many things that once appeared noble, beautiful, and true. Yet Burke was more enthusiastic, more chivalrous, more imaginative, more impassioned at seventy than at twenty-five. All the splendid visions of youth played round the death-bed of the grey-haired old man. To him the world was still beautiful, life was a noble drama—love and truth were not mere names. At all times he was open, straightforward, and manly; but it was only as years rolled on, and time marked the wrinkles on the philosopher's brow, that his sterling qualities were richly decorated with the graces of humanity. At twenty-five, he had to fight his way to power and glory; at seventy, honour and fame were his in an abundant measure. He had had rather an earnest game to play, yet he had played it like a man: he had seen much of baseness, cowardice, and perfidy, yet his heart had not become cold, his sympathies for his fellow-man were not languid. Around the bed on which he was dying, the echoes of a mighty earthquake were heard, a great change was coming upon the nations, and each man seemed determined to do that which was right in his own eyes. The fire of the old statesman glowed in its ashes. Over the whole

world his voice resounded, and all ears were turned to listen, some in wonder, some in fear, some in admiration at the brilliant death-notes of that 'old man eloquent.'

Circumstances undoubtedly have a great effect upon men. A minute's delay at a railway station may permanently influence the history of years. It would be a great error to imagine that Burke's eloquence, passion, and declamation, were the effect of some mental growth, that only attained perfection during his later years. This *Vindication of Natural Society* is not, in many passages, different from the *Letters on a Regicide Peace*, so far as mere style is considered. It would seem to indicate that Burke had several styles which he could wield at will; and that he sometimes adopted one, and sometimes another, as he thought it might best answer his present purpose. No author could ever write with more fervid eloquence, no author could ever write with more purity and simplicity. Of his simple style, the *Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful*, written, it has been said, about the age of twenty, and the *Observations on a late State of the Nation*, written about the age of thirty-nine, are examples. The *Vindication of Natural Society*, written at twenty-five, and the *Letter to a Noble Lord*, written at sixty-six, are specimens of his more brilliant and rhetorical composition.

No man better understood the art of writing. He on one occasion said, that 'without much pretension to literature himself, he had aspired to the love of letters.' The reason of this humility was obvious. Burke had a fine sense of the becoming; but he was, indeed, a master of style. Whoever wants to know the various capabilities of the English language, should study Swift and Burke. They are both great English writers, perhaps the only authors of whom we can say with truth, that their prose is perfect. For Addison, with all his idiomatic graces, seldom has much vigour; and Johnson, though forcible enough, has his dignified strut everywhere intruding upon the scene, and disturbing the emotions he would excite. Hume loved

Frenchmen and French literature so much, that while he attained in his own writing much of the precision and polish of Voltaire, he never stirs the blood with true English eloquence; and Gibbon, with more real English feeling than Hume, has all the pomposity of Johnson, and all the Frenchified affectation of his brother historian and sceptic. True English writing is really a very scarce article; and, what with orators and German philosophers, it seems every day getting scarcer than ever. Oh, for the English of Shakspeare, and of our good old Bible!

But it is not the style alone that makes this little piece of philosophical irony so peculiarly interesting. Burke appears here very much in the same light as he does in his *Reflections on the French Revolution*. When he thus in his youth ridiculed the paradoxes of Bolingbroke, he little knew what was fermenting in men's minds, what terrible events were approaching, what a hideous shape this mis-called philosophical spirit would assume. The old saw tells us that the playthings of children are neglected in boyhood, and laughed at in manhood; but the philosophic toy of Burke's youth waxed great, and became the bloody monster that made him tremble as he descended in a green old age to the tomb. How little we know what the revolution of seasons may mature! how little cause we have to put faith in our boasted reason! Fifty years! fifty years! where shall we all be?—where shall the world be in fifty years? What a spectacle Europe presented when this eighteenth century commenced! A different drama, and yet the same, is now in progress. Monarchs, dynasties, statesmen, generals, authors, have been born, grown to maturity, died, been wept, and been nearly forgotten. The golden balls have been tossed from hand to hand, yet the angels may weep, and the fiends chuckle, to see us still playing at our little game.

Burke has been often accused of inconsistency. The principles of his youth and of his manhood have been considered directly opposed to those of his old age. Some of his admirers themselves, while admitting

this, have endeavoured to justify him for standing aghast at the spectacle that France presented as the snows of age were falling upon his head. As far as it relates to his political opinions, this inconsistency will be afterwards considered, but the *Fin-dication of Natural Society* is itself sufficient to show that the philosophy and metaphysics of the young writer, were the same as those of the old statesman. This pamphlet breathes the same spirit as the *Letter to a Member of the National Assembly*, and, indeed, of all the most brilliant writings of his later years. It is true, that the deistical opinions of the French philosophers were not so prevalent in 1756 as they were in 1791, that the *Contrat Social* and the *Nouvelle Héloïse* had not yet borne fruit; but the state of nature that Rousseau panegyricized, and the evils of civilization that he exaggerated, are ridiculed in this masterly essay with as much sincerity, if not with the same passionate energy, as when his mind was full of frightful presentiments, at the sin, misery, and bloodshed that seemed destined to devastate the world.

As an imitation, too, the essay is perfect; it is the very mind of Bolingbroke. It is well known, that it was for some time believed to be the production of the versatile peer, and that Mallet, the editor of his works, went to Dodsley's shop, at a time when it was crowded with literary men, to disavow it as the authorship of his patron.

A few months after the publication of this essay, an unpretending little volume, at the price of three shillings, was advertised. This was the famous *Enquiry into the Origin of our Ideas on the Sublime and Beautiful*. It did much to advance his reputation as a writer. In his own times, it was considered even by such men as Johnson as a model of philosophical criticism; while in ours, it has been often spoken of with contempt, as quite unworthy of the great political philosopher. Yet it is still published in collections of English classics, and uneducated people who have never heard anything of the *Reflections on the French Revolution*, at least know that there was a man called Edmund

Burke, who wrote a treatise on the Sublime and Beautiful.

This opinion is well illustrated by an incident that occurred to ourselves some years ago. We happened to meet in a watering-place in the North, a venerable old gentleman with white hair, and after some conversation, we discovered that he was the old village schoolmaster, who had taught us our first rudiments of knowledge. A strange feeling came over us at the sight of the retired pedagogue. His ferule, wig, and spectacles, had been laid aside; he had done his part in life; the little boys whom he had caned had become fathers of families, and he was now tottering on the verge of the tomb, and patting the heads of his pupils' babies. He did not at first recognise us, and we chose to talk to him without enlightening his darkness. It was during the summer of 1848, that summer of revolutions, and we naturally proceeded to talk about those terrible days of June. To our astonishment and mortification, our old master, whose word was once law, at whose glance multitudes trembled, and whose head was believed to contain all the knowledge that ever a human head could possess, talked the language of a little child, and had never heard of the great continental revolutions. We quoted Blake. He stared vacantly, as if he had somewhere before heard the name, and then said, 'Ah, he wrote on the Sublime!'

We are, however, far from being disposed to join in the fashionable condemnation of this metaphysical essay. It is true, that it does not exhibit all the peculiar powers of its author's mind. It is true that many of the philosophical doctrines are absurd; and, indeed, when we look at them now, appear perfectly ridiculous. If Sir Joshua Reynolds be worthy of credit, Burke, himself, in his later years, was as ready as any one to make merry with some of the blunders in his own work. The statesman could afford to laugh at the metaphysician. All this, however, may be admitted, and yet this work on the Sublime and Beautiful has always appeared to us an able work, and by no means unworthy of the author's name. Though as a

whole his theory may be incorrect, though pleasure may not be the *cause* of the beautiful, nor terror of the sublime, yet surely when we consider the age of the writer, the state of this branch of metaphysical science at the time when the book was published, it must be allowed to be a masterly work.

Nor are we inclined to lay much stress on what has been called the analysis of the mind. More than one critic has attempted to prove that it was quite impossible for Burke to write a satisfactory essay on the subject, because he did not possess abilities fit for abstract reasoning. It has been said, that he always failed when attempting to analyse very closely, and that it was in observation that the great strength of his intellect consisted. It is, however, rather singular that the author of the essay on the *Sublime and Beautiful* has also been accused of too great a tendency to speculation and refinement. It appears to us that the contradictions and errors which abound in this treatise might be found in the speculations of the most subtle reasoner, and that many of the faults belong to the nature of the subject itself. Such defects may be discovered in all the metaphysical works of the eighteenth century, and in none more frequently than in those of the Scotch metaphysicians. It will scarcely be said that Hume's mind was incapable of close analysis, for surely no human being ever possessed a more subtle intellect. Yet does not Hume's most elaborate work abound in absurdities and contradictions almost as striking as any that can be found in the *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful*? It is, perhaps, impossible to reconcile metaphysics and physiology, and hence many of Burke's errors.

His theory is entirely mechanical, and this is not a little singular when we consider how he disdained all mechanical philosophy in his political reasonings. He always asserted that there was something higher than logic, and that the strange creature man, had desires and aspirations such as no mechanical philosopher could ever explain. A greater truth was never preached. It is as applicable to the science of metaphysics

as to that of government: and one cannot but wonder why the greatest political philosopher the world has ever seen, should become so mechanical, when treating one of the noblest subjects that could ever occupy the mind. Now and then, indeed, he speaks out in a truly philosophical spirit, and some of the critical remarks are beautiful and true; but he soon relapses again into the usual tone, and with a pair of ordinary spectacles seems passionately determined on exploring the darkest mysteries of humanity.

The origin of our ideas concerning the Sublime and Beautiful is surely a great subject. But is it likely to be thoroughly understood by discourses about proportion, fitness, smallness, smoothness, variation, and the mere physical causes of love? Is everything in this world so entirely dust, that no rays of Divine wisdom can be seen? Is everything, then, of the earth, and earthly? What, then, becomes of the doctrine, that there is 'nothing beautiful but what is good, and that the beautiful includes the good'? Undoubtedly, proportion is not the cause of beauty either in vegetables, animals, or the human species; but is it creditable that a man like Burke should believe beauty to be only 'some quality in bodies acting *mechanically* upon the human mind by the intervention of the senses'? What gives beauty to the glorious bow that spans the skies? Does the knowledge of all the laws of optics make us admire the rainbow more? Does its beauty depend upon the theory of colours? When the sky has been blackened, and the rain has poured in torrents, and the clouds are again beginning to break, and the rays of the sun to gladden our eyes, with the words, 'I set my bow in the heavens' in our memory, we care little for the laws of refraction and the primary colours, as we feel our eyes gladdened, and our hearts comforted, on looking at the symbol of peace to a deluged world. In the twentieth Section of the third Part, Burke says, most truly, that the eye has a great share in the beauty of the animal creation; but is it sufficient to declare that this beauty consists merely in its clearness, motion, and union

with the neighbouring parts? There are even brighter and more moving objects than the eye, and yet they never approach to it in beauty; is it not because the eye is the index of the soul that it is so exquisitely beautiful? All eyes are not beautiful. The brightest and most active eyes are perhaps the maniac's, and yet, do they affect us with any idea of beauty? It is the eye of affection, the eye of genius, the eye of innocence, in which beauty is found; because affection, genius, and innocence are really qualities that we love, admire, and esteem. This same great law is prevalent through all the different objects that raise in our minds sublime and beautiful ideas. To affect us very powerfully, there must be some human interest in the things we gaze upon. Could the knowledge of the refrangibility of the rays of light ever make the tints of the evening sky appear more beautiful to a reflecting mind? 'So dies a hero, to be worshipped,' exclaimed Schiller, as the sun was sinking behind the distant mountains. All the mechanical theories in the world will not explain the different emotions that arise when we gaze on the face of a sleeping infant, when we look into the happy faces of boyhood, when we gaze into the eyes of her who awakened the mysterious sympathies of love in our young hearts, when we stand by the altar where beauty and innocence plight their troth, when we comfort the afflicted, admire the generous, alleviate the pains of sickness, and smooth the pillow of the dying.

It would be easy to point out many faults in the essay; but we should unconsciously be writing a treatise on the subject. The book soon reached a second edition, and the author's name became known in all literary circles. Hume mentions him as 'the author of a very pretty treatise on the Sublime.'

But however much he might be delighted with the success of his work, his health had suffered dreadfully during its execution. After it was published, he went down to Bristol, where he resided with Dr. Nugent, a native of Ireland, an excellent physician, and a good man. As it is not very extraordinary for young authors to do, he fell in love

with the daughter of his host: she could love a man of genius, who offered her himself, at that time all his worldly possessions. They were married, and the marriage was a source of great happiness.

During the years that immediately followed the publication of the *Enquiry*, Burke appears to have written much for the booksellers. He is known to have laboured with Dodsley in the establishment of the *Annual Register*, and to have written an unfinished essay on English history. Many other publications are said to have proceeded from his pen; and doubtless, if it be true, as it has often been asserted and, notwithstanding the efforts of Mr. Prior, still remains very probable, that he was often involved in pecuniary difficulties, and had to depend for subsistence entirely on the booksellers, his unavowed productions must have been very numerous. But his friends and biographers seem to have a great fear lest the Right Honourable Edmund Burke should be known to have spent his early years in writing for his subsistence. It appears that at one time he was obliged to sell his books; the humiliating fact having been discovered by the coat-of-arms that was pasted in them. From his correspondence, we learn that he received occasional remittances from his father; but the fact that these are mentioned proves that they were only occasional. Mr. Prior has so much horror lest Burke should be considered poor, that he makes the desperate assertion that the writer received even so much as twenty thousand pounds from his friends. This is most absurd. Burke, after he had become connected with the Marquis of Rockingham, paid a great sum for the purchase of an estate called Gregories: he had then inherited the property of his family, and it is well known that he owed much to the friendship of his noble patron; but in his earlier years everything shows that he was poor indeed. The attempt to conceal such poverty in a man of genius is discreditable only to those who make it, and think it reflects any shame on his memory.

By the friendship of Lord Charlemont, Burke became connected with

William Gerard Hamilton, and accompanied him to Ireland. This alliance, after continuing for two or three years, was broken off, the pension that Hamilton was said to have procured for his assistant, resigned, and Burke again unsettled. The quarrel with Hamilton was in one sense fortunate, for in a few months the adventurer became private secretary to the Marquis of Rockingham.

The administration of his patron continued one year and twenty days. Before it reached the period of its brief existence, Burke's star was fast rising in the ascendant. He was considered a person of so much importance, that he was indirectly offered a place in the new arrangement. This, contrary to the disinterested advice of the Marquis of Rockingham, he declined, and cheerfully took his seat on the opposition benches.

He drew up, on the spur of the moment, a 'Short Account of a late Short Administration;' a little piece that does not occupy three octavo pages, but is at the same time a brilliant defence of his friends.

Two or three important years passed away, when he again made his appearance in the literary arena as the champion of the Rockingham party.

The ministry that was formed by the Earl of Chatham proceeded most inauspiciously in its career. The guiding hand of the great Palinurus being taken away, the vessel of the state was driven at the mercy of the waves, now in one direction, now in another, and in every direction but that in which its nominal chief intended it to go. The storm that, during the short sway of the Marquis of Rockingham, had nearly subsided, now burst forth with redoubled fury. The whole kingdom was convulsed; a sense of insecurity became general; men looked in each other's faces, and trembled at the thoughts they read there. Libels, such as were unexampled even in the most troubled political times, were printed and daily poured forth from the press. Nor were these the most threatening symptoms, informing all men that evil times were approaching: on the American continent the clouds grew blacker and blacker, and Burke's eye became more earnest

and anxious as it scanned the political horizon.

The opposition was composed of two parties, the Rockinghams and the Grenvilles; but they had very little in common: they seem indeed for some time to have hated each other much more than they hated the ministry that they both assailed. A torrent of publications of all sizes, quartos, octavos, pamphlets, and squibs, was diligently poured by the Grenvilles on the heads of the Rockinghams. For a long while the patriotic whigs forbore to reply to all these assaults, but at length a pamphlet called, *The Present State of the Nation*, written, if not by Grenville himself, certainly under his immediate direction, made its appearance, and the long-tried patience of their opponents gave way. To this production Burke replied by his great political treatise, the *Observations on a late publication entitled 'The Present State of the Nation.'* The reply was every way conclusive, powerful, and triumphant. Some critics have regretted that this pamphlet, and many others of Burke's compositions, should be so much devoted to the topics of the day, and that therefore they become less interesting as these temporary events fade away in the darkness of the past. We cannot think that Burke's choice of subjects is to be regretted. If the use of studying the political writings of past times, is to instruct us amid the perplexing difficulties of the present, no works equal these in the attainment of this great end. To the mere lover of fine writing, the *Observations* may be less attractive than any of his other political pamphlets; but to the philosopher, economist, and historian, few even of Burke's works more deserve an attentive study. It abounds in statistics, but the statistics have one merit often wanting in the statistical works of some other times; for instead of confusing, they really illustrate the subject.

George Grenville had many admirers. Bred a lawyer, and connected with families of great political influence, he was of course introduced early into the House of Commons. After he had once set his feet in St. Stephen's Chapel, he appears to have believed that there were no manners,

customs, or ways of thinking in the world, except what were dreamed of in the philosophy of the clerks. The Journals were his Bible, the ministerial benches the seat of all human happiness, and revenues and statistics, the be-all and the end-all of existence: for them he lived, in them he died; he was the embodiment of official regulations, the personification of red tape.

It is amusing, if also melancholy, to see the profound ideas that this great statesman had about the government of mankind. Burke himself says that a man is rendered somewhat a worse reasoner for having been a minister; and undoubtedly this assertion is very well borne out by the reasonings of Mr. George Grenville. While the Tower guns were announcing victory after victory, Grenville was weeping for the downfall of England. While the French finances were ruined, the government without credit, and the people starving, Grenville shuddered at the flourishing condition of the rival country. While every sea was covered with our ships, and our language heard on every shore, Grenville was in dismay at the decline of British shipping, and the want of British enterprise. While great manufacturing cities were starting up on barren heaths, and all parts of England and Scotland were resounding with the busy hum of industry, Grenville was sighing for the loss of our manufactures, and the increase of imports over exports. While little bands of our countrymen were extending the dominion of England in the countries watered by the Ganges, while our American colonists in little more than half-a-century were doubling the commerce of Great Britain, and on every side the genius of the great Saxon race seemed waging war even with Nature herself, Grenville was rending his clothes, and putting ashes upon his head, that he might bear his part in the humiliation of his country. Our conquests, he said, were fallacious; our exports were principally consumed by our own fleets and armies; our seamen were wasting their energies in privateers and men-of-war; our carrying trade was entirely engrossed by the neutral nations; the number of our ships was diminishing;

our revenues were decreasing; our husbandry was standing still for want of hands: on all sides it became quite evident that our glory was departing. Such were Grenville's ideas on the *State of the Nation*, and of such nonsense was the work composed that Burke ridiculed. And yet Grenville was by no means considered an ordinary man, though nothing can appear more childish than his notions on all the affairs of his time. To him, in this work, Burke applied the happy quotation:

— Tritonida conspiciat arcem
Ingeniis, opibusque, et festa pace virentem;

Vixque tenet lacrymas quia nil lacrymabile cernit.

It would have been well for England, however, had he never done anything but stand on her citadel, and weep over her peace and prosperity; but alas! this man, by his own madness and folly in his day of power, did indeed leave as an inheritance to his successors many causes for bitter tears. The defeat of our armies, the loss of our maritime pre-eminence, the increase of our debt, the dismemberment of the empire, and a legacy of hatred from generation to generation, were what England owed to the weeping patriotism of Grenville. His economy was 'penny wise, but pound foolish;' the evils that he did lived after him, and his whole parliamentary life showed how little wisdom is necessary to make a legislator.

The *Observations*, however, is something more than a masterly refutation of fashionable sophisms. It shows how deeply, even from the commencement of his political existence, Burke was conversant with all subjects relating to political economy. He was not only far beyond his own age, but in some things far beyond ages which have prided themselves on their enlightened commercial opinions. His notions are universal; they are truly liberal, for they embrace the interests, not of one class, but of all classes; showing most distinctly how the interests of the manufacturer and the interests of the agriculturist are identical, and that the prosperity of the one must conduce to the prosperity of the other. We have intentionally forbore to make quotations from his

works, but there is one passage concerning trade in a letter addressed a few years afterwards to the merchants at Bristol, that we think it our duty to copy, as illustrating the views he entertained. The merchants of Bristol of course did not agree with him, and it was one of the causes of his defeat for the election of that great trading city.

I am sure, Sir, that the commercial experience of the merchants of Bristol will soon disabuse them of the prejudice, that they can trade no longer, if countries more lightly taxed are permitted to deal in the same commodities at the same markets. You know that, in fact, you trade very largely where you are met by the goods of all nations. You even pay high duties on the import of your goods, and afterwards undersell nations less taxed, at their own markets, and where goods of the same kind are not charged at all. If it were otherwise, you could trade very little. You know that the price of all sorts of manufacture is not a great deal enhanced (except to the domestic consumer) by any taxes paid in this country. This I might very easily prove.

This range of mental vision is, perhaps, the greatest of all Burke's characteristics. In one sense, his political life might be called a failure, for during a service of thirty years, only a few months were spent in office. He was so much above the greatest statesmen of his generation, that while always admitting his industry and eloquence, it was long, indeed, before they had any idea of his great political wisdom. He did not inspire great masses with confidence. He did not keep together for any length of time any great combination. His life was to many people an enigma; his thoughts were not their thoughts, nor his ideas their ideas. He sat in his place at Westminster among men, but not of them; it was, as he said himself, a custom among the leading politicians to have his word go for nothing. Why was it that Fox and Pitt were so much more followed, and so much more trusted? Not, surely, because their abilities were superior to his, not because they were more eloquent, more learned, more cautious, or even more practical. They surpassed him in influence, simply because they were inferior to him, because their ideas were more the ideas of ordinary

men. For there is one great secret in politics. It is possible for a politician to be very wise, and yet, at the same time, not wise in his generation. The plainest country gentleman, the most prosaic merchant, could understand all that William Pitt or Charles Fox said on any question: these two celebrated men only put into their own language the ideas of common people. But it was not so with Burke. He could not but be at all times a great philosopher, thinking deeply on the nature of man, and the condition of society. These were his constant themes, his thoughts by day, and his dreams by night. He looked at them from all points of view, and while examining one point, never forgot its relation to the other. Hence it is that he never would go all lengths with any party, and was called, even during the early part of his career, a man of aristocratic principles; for these seemed to be a just middle ground between the doctrines professed by the gentlemen who called themselves king's friends, and those of the city tradesmen who cheered Jack Wilkes. Hence it is that we find him so often accused of inconsistency; men did not know what to make of him; for though, during the American war, he strenuously opposed the Stamp Act, the Massachusetts Bill, and all the other violent proceedings of the ministry, he contended with equal vehemence for the supremacy of British legislation over all the British dominions, and, contrary to the opinion of Chatham, supported the Declaratory Act. Hence it is, that with such powerful argument and impassioned eloquence, for the first twenty years of his career, he threw himself so manfully against the influence of the court; and that after this influence had been curbed, when wild democratic notions began to threaten all courts and thrones with destruction, and when revolution, like the giant on the mountains, stood up and shook her bloody locks in the face of the whole world, with argument not less powerful, and with eloquence still more impassioned, he endeavoured to rouse all Europe to eternal battle against an enemy that he believed opposed to the interests and the civilization of mankind.

His contemporaries, the liberal politicians of the following age, and even a distinguished statesman and orator of a later time, did not give him credit for this comprehensive faculty. They looked only at one side of the question, and therefore accused him of inconsistency; but the fact is, that while inconsistent in name, he was always consistent in spirit.

There is one circumstance in his political life that has been overlooked by his accusers. Before the outbreak of the French Revolution, Burke confined himself entirely to the politics of this empire, and professed himself a Whig. Now there is nothing paradoxical in saying that the principles of the old Whigs and Tories were national principles, that they sprang out of the party disputes of this island, and could only be well understood and applied to the politics of Great Britain. They are as natural to England as our roast beef and plum-pudding: nowhere else could they exist in such perfection. So Burke appears always to have considered, and his political writings, until the year 1790, were all on national affairs. But the French Revolution was not a mere national movement; its distinguished advocates declared and boasted that its principles were universal. Burke, therefore, addressing his *Reflections* and his *Letters on a Regicide Peace* to all Europe, was obliged to be more general in his observations than he had been while he directed his attention entirely to English politics.

On reviewing his first philosophical treatise, we said that it showed the same aversion to the philosophy of the French and English deistical writers that is seen in the publications of his old age; and we now affirm, that in his first great political work, the *Observations*, the germ of even his later political opinions may be seen. This does not look like inconsistency; and we know well what we are saying.

Grenville, little as he was of a popular politician, and with all the contempt that his administration showed for popular prejudices, still, when out of office, such is the wonderful effect of sitting on the opposition benches, became an advocate

for parliamentary reform. The man who asserted the omnipotence of general warrants, and would maintain his Stamp Act by fire and sword, when contending for place, proposed, in his *State of the Nation*, to increase the number of voters in England, and to grant to America the privilege of sending representatives to the British parliament. Both of these political nostrums, Burke in his work condemned. He said that he did not mean to reprobate speculative inquiries on such subjects; but that so far from thinking, in the present state of England, that the enlargement of the number of representatives would be a benefit, he thought it might have directly the contrary effect. And as for America, he declared, what was sufficiently evident, that Nature set herself in opposition to Grenville's schemes. We find him protesting against abstract principles as strenuously as he did during the debates on the French Revolution; and this is the great key to Burke's political system. He said at all times that he detested abstract reasonings in politics, that he hated the very sound of them, for that reason was far from being the god of the earth, that it had a very small part in the government of mankind. Nor when we look at the state of the public mind during his time, when we consider that education was far from being so prevalent as it now is, and, consequently, that the great majority of the nation was much less enlightened, is it easy to show that even his opinions of parliamentary representation were erroneous. Are we justified in believing that, had our Reform Bill been carried a century earlier, it would have been a great blessing? Were the people so much more liberal than their representatives? The prisons and chapels gutted and in flames, the mob prowling about like wild beasts, and threatening the doors of the House of Commons, all London for four days without police, law, or government of any kind, may, perhaps, answer this question. And yet the Gordon Riots occurred little more than seventy years ago, and at the mere whisper of toleration.

In the *Observations*, there is one important paragraph, that, if we

would really take an impartial view of all Burke's political principles, and understand the correspondence of his earlier and later opinions, must not be passed over. It relates to the condition of France. Grenville, after drawing his melancholy picture of the state of England, to comfort the people further, declared that France was in much better circumstances, her revenue in every way superior. Her very bankruptcy proved her superiority, and on that account her cities would be inviting asylums to British manufactures flying from the ruin of their country. Burke proved, it was not difficult to prove, that the finances of France were in the worst possible condition; that her debt was much heavier than that of England; her resources more scanty, and her credit, indeed, entirely gone. The taxation was not lightened. The charges of the state not disbursed. The annual income was a million and a half short of the provision for the ordinary peace establishment. And the great political philosopher concluded by a declaration, as memorable as Chesterfield's, that the French finances were so distracted, the charges so far outran the supply, that every one might hourly look for some great convulsion, of which the effect on all Europe might be very difficult to conjecture.

What we have ventured to say about Burke's political principles, during the first half of his parliamentary life, is still further illustrated and confirmed by the work that, a year afterwards, proceeded from his pen, and by his speeches on the Act of Uniformity, and on Alderman Sawbridge's annual motions for shortening the duration of parliament. He always spoke contemptuously of this last measure, believing that it would produce, not partial good, but universal evil. He feared that the gentlemen of England could not afford to have frequent contests with the Treasury, for it was very easy to see whose purse would the sooner become empty.

The *Thoughts on the Causes of the Present Discontents* is written with the greatest simplicity. It is one of the best specimens of his less ambitious style, and bears unusual marks

of finished and elaborate composition. We know that it was not dashed off in haste, and that it was submitted to the consideration of the Marquis of Rockingham and the principal men of his party. It may therefore be called the textbook of the old Whig principles, and as such it is quite evident that the author intended it.

It points out with peculiar energy all the evils of the system of favouritism that the reign of George III. introduced, contrasts the turbulence of the times with the glories of the period when the Whig grandees encircled the throne of the reigning monarch's grandfather, and concludes with an elaborate defence of party connexions. None of his works exceed it in political wisdom. The king's friends are gibbeted as remorseless as the Grenvilles in the *Observations*. It is exactly what it professes to be, a series of 'thoughts' on the discontents of the time. Burke also discusses the remedies for such distempers, and, true to the principles which we have endeavoured to point out as characteristic of all his works, again expresses his dislike of triennial parliaments, and of many other very popular medicines for the existing abuses. His ideas here and everywhere are eminently practical. He is never in the clouds, never forming visionary republics, never forgetting the nature of man. He therefore disclaims all intention of pleasing the popular palate, and says he never talked with any one much conversant with public affairs, who considered short parliaments as a real improvement of the constitution. He says the opinion of such people may be interested, but that it is a vulgar and puerile malignity to imagine that every statesman is of course corrupt, and that the authority of such a man may be of as much weight as the ideas of those who, with purer intentions, have less effectual means of judging.

Mr. Macaulay, in his review of Hallam's *Constitutional History*, however, declares that Burke and Junius, in ascribing the discontents of this period to the system of favouritism, were decidedly in error. This error still appeared to the accomplished Edinburgh reviewer ex-

cusable, for they lived too near the events they criticised to form an impartial judgment. We do not mean to say anything about the opinions of Junius, for this masterly satirist was in no sense of the word a political philosopher. He stabbed in the dark, he was surrounded with mystery, and thus acquired a greater reputation for wisdom than he seems to have deserved. No person who has paid the least attention to the spirit of Burke's writings could believe that he had anything to do with the composition of these celebrated letters. To us they seem to be contradicted by every part of his character, moral and intellectual. This even Mr. Macaulay himself acknowledges, although Lord Brougham, in his *Lives of the Statesmen*, says, that nothing but Burke's express denial of the authorship of these epistles, could rebut the strong internal evidence that they supply. 'They who cannot see how decidedly these letters are opposed to all his ideas, and who, doubtless with most charitable intentions, and with the most sincere admiration for the author, still wish to consider him as Junius, may see his indignant disavowal in the Correspondence. Mr. Prior would fain make Burke Junius, and seems quite unconscious of the ill-effects that the fact of Burke's having the least knowledge of Junius would have on the reputation of the great man whom he reverences and eulogizes. Biographers, indeed, seem to have strange ideas on morality. Burke could not be proved to be Junius, without being proved to be also one of the greatest scoundrels that ever disgraced humanity.'

Mr. Macaulay, in the same sentence, manages to praise and blame the author of the *Thoughts on the Present Discontents*. Thus, in the essay on Hallam, he says that Burke could not form a correct idea of his own times; and again, in his essay on Chatham, when speaking of the king's friends, he says—'The character of this faction has been drawn by Burke with even more than his usual force and vivacity. Those who know how strongly, through his whole life, his judgment was biassed by his passions, may not unnaturally suspect that he has left

us rather a caricature than a likeness; and yet there is scarcely, in the whole portrait, a single touch of which the fidelity is not proved by facts of unquestionable authority.'

Withal due respect to the brilliant essayist and historian, this sentence appears to us almost a contradiction in terms. What! an avowed party politician, writing on the events of his own times, to give such a faithful picture of the enemies of his party, that 'there is scarcely in the whole portrait a single touch of which the fidelity is not proved by facts of unquestionable authority,' and yet, at the same time, through his whole life, his judgment to be strongly 'biassed by his passions'? Mr. Macaulay follows Burke's *Thoughts* almost literally, in his account of the earlier part of George III.'s reign, and yet he says that his great prototype's judgment was, during his whole life, 'biassed by his passions.'

Burke's life was very peculiar, and his writings will never be properly understood until they are looked at in connexion with each other. It must be remembered that the ideas which Lord Bute and the king's friends entertained about government, were principally derived from the writings of Bolingbroke. It was Bolingbroke who first talked about the ambition of the Whig nobles, of the manner in which they had degraded the sovereign, and how, by the exercise of the royal authority alone, all these difficulties might vanish.

George III. began to reign by carrying out Bolingbroke's ideas of a patriot king, and the Toryism of that time was altogether the Toryism of Bolingbroke. If there be one author for whom Burke at all times seems to have had the greatest contempt, it was this noble person, whose ideas were now brought into practice. As we have seen, one of his first publications was an attempt to ridicule Bolingbroke's philosophy, and in his old age, he characterized the eloquent peer as a flimsy and superficial writer. 'Who now reads Bolingbroke?' he asks—'who ever read him through?' These *Thoughts on the Causes of the Present Discontents* are, therefore, as much philosophical as the *Vindication of*

Natural Society, written when he had little thought of being a great politician, and the leader of the Rockingham party. Yet his ideas are the same, and his principles entirely the same. Is it, then, surprising, when, in his later years, he found Bolingbroke's works adopted as part of the gospel of the French revolutionists, that he should have condemned them with as much sincerity and more vehemence, as when they were admired by literary men, and carried into practice, at the risk of shaking the very foundations of society, and at the expense of all the great interests of the empire, by the self-called king's friends of George III. ? Is this time-serving ? Is this being inconsistent ?

We have dwelt long on these earlier productions, because they are less read, and perhaps less understood, than the other works of this great man. It is necessary that they should be well considered by all who would appreciate the tenour of Burke's life. As yet he had published none of his speeches. The two political pamphlets that we have reviewed are, of all his works, those which are most devoted to party politics ; for this was the era of the Grenvilles, the Bedfords, and the king's friends. Burke was, however, gradually working himself clearer and clearer from all obstacles, and acting more and more an independent part. Two subjects of great importance to the civilization of the world were gradually drawing his attention to them. They were subjects admirably fitted to employ the great powers of his mind, and make him ask himself what was the duty of a wise statesman.

Since the success of Clive, the East India Company had held a most anomalous position. Professing to be mere merchants, they had acquired a mighty dominion on a foreign soil, and the fate of millions of dusky Asiatics, worshipping strange gods, speaking strange languages, and living in a strange social condition, were dependent upon their wisdom. The spirit of trade and the spirit of philanthropy were at once brought into collision. Many and fearful were the evils that at first arose from this advance of European civilization,

with all its strength, and without its humanity, into tropical countries.

Lord Chatham, before his genius had become eclipsed, meditated the introduction of a great reform into these Eastern dominions ; and this was, perhaps, the question that most perplexed his distracted cabinet. For years, the Eastern empire was the principal subject of the debates in the House of Commons, until even it was for awhile forgotten as another menacing meteor appeared in a different part of the heavens.

The seeds of great empires, like the germs of all true greatness, in both the natural and the moral world, are imperceptibly sown. The acorn is blown about for months, the sport of every fitful breeze, before it finally takes root in the soil ; and season must follow season, and fashions ebb and flow for many years, before the matured oak spreads its branches to the skies, and bids defiance to the wintry blast. Myriads of little shell-fish die, and for centuries the waters roll above them before the coral reef is formed ; but it is formed ; and slowly yet surely raises its head above the waves, and wrecks the proudest vessel as it proceeds on its way. A Shakspeare lies in his cradle, with few eyes looking down upon his infant slumbers. He grows up from boyhood to youth, and from youth to manhood, without its being known that a mighty man is born into the world. He wanders among his native woods and streams, inquiring and thinking, thinking and inquiring, little cared for by the great men of the earth. He comes to London, poor, friendless, and with much difficulty keeps himself from starving by holding horses, and shifting scenes at theatres. He works for the day that is passing over him, and finds it long before he can spare thought for the morrow. He retires, at length, like a respectability, to his native place, dies as his fathers had died before him ; and on his death-bed, when his last hour is near, the beams of the sun dance on the window-panes as usual, the grass grows as usual, the flowers open their buds as usual, the evening star

that night gazes wistfully down as usual, people eat and drink, laugh and chat, make merry and make money, go to bed, put their foolish heads in night-caps, and dream foolish dreams as usual, and the world the next morning rolls on as usual; as though Shakspeare had not died, as though Shakspeare had never lived, as though the world had nothing to do with Shakspeare. But Shakspeare lived, and Shakspeare still lives, and *Hamlet*, *Lear*, *Othello*, and *Macbeth* still remain, and are realities amid a world of nothings. As it is with the growth of an oak, as it is with the growth of a coral reef, as it is with the growth of a Shakespeare, so it is with the growth of a great empire.

It was thus that the great empire on the American continent at first struggled into existence. It was engendered by persecution, it had its birth amid darkness, convulsion, and blood. Two centuries ago, emigration was not the matter of course that it now is. A man who left England to cross the Atlantic, did not expect to see another England on the distant shore. Wild Indians brandishing their tomahawks, savage beasts prowling through the forests, and making the solitudes re-echo with their howling, were the welcome that the daring adventurer had to anticipate. But the great decree of Providence had gone forth, and the Saxon race was to increase and multiply in a new world, where the soil had not yet been upturned by the plough, where the sky had not yet been darkened with the smoke of great cities, nor the mighty rivers been defiled by the tarry keels of heavily laden vessels. The word 'colony' had not at all to English ears a majestic sound: it, at most, brought to mind the idea of a handful of men, who were erecting huts, felling trees, and with the utmost difficulty preventing themselves from being scalped and eaten. The Greeks and Romans had a much nobler idea of colonization than any of our countrymen ever entertained until the speeches of Burke were given to the world.

These colonies had flourished by neglect: they were not coddled in their infancy: they were left to the

energies of unassisted nature, and this was enough to make them great and prosperous. Hume, in his *History of England*, during the reigns of James I., Charles I., Charles II., and James II., scarcely deigns to mention them; and when Grenville first determined to tax them, he seemed to care no more about what they thought of his financial scheme than an omnibus-driver considers the weight of the passengers that his horses have to draw up Holborn Hill.

Nor, indeed, was Grenville behind his age; nearly all his countrymen shared in his delusion. This is proved by the way in which the Stamp Act was first received. As long as the English language is spoken, that important, that inconsiderate, that most unhappy measure will be remembered; for from the day in which it was introduced into the House of Commons must date the independence of America. It told the hardy labourers across the Atlantic, for the first time, that English statesmen did not consider them as Englishmen, and that they had not the same rights and privileges as the English people. Learning that they were not Englishmen, they began to look upon themselves as Americans; and as wrong followed wrong, and oppression was heaped upon oppression, they grasped their rifles, and swore to make their title good. When the Stamp Act was passing, so little was thought of it in England, that there was actually only a single division during the whole of its progress through both Houses of Parliament, and in that division the minority did not amount to forty. Able editors thought it not worthy the employment of their pens; nor great orators of their eloquence; nor one noble lord of a protest. 'See, my son,' said a great man, 'with how little wisdom the world is governed.' The history of all ages proves the truth of this saying; but never was it found truer than when applied to our quarrels with America.

There was, however, one man, and perhaps but one man, in all England at that time aware of the awful responsibility that our legislators were incurring. Burke sat, a mere stranger in the gallery of the House of Com-

mons, and listened to the languid debate; he afterwards declared that it was one of the dulllest discussions he had ever heard. He was well acquainted with the subject, much better, indeed, than any one of the honourable gentlemen who exulted in the idea that the colonies should be placed at the feet of the British parliament. It cannot be doubted that the wise and just sentiments which the Marquis of Rockingham always held on this subject, were inspired by his eloquent and philosophical private secretary. Burke, whilst endeavouring to support himself by his pen, had been engaged in drawing up *An Account of the European Settlements in America*, and indeed at that time was inclined to push his fortunes in the New World.

The manner in which he looked on our colonies was peculiar to his great mind. While all other statesmen saw nothing but the object of the hour, he loved to let his imagination play on the future glories of America. But while thus indulging in his prophetic visions, he never forgot the realities of this working world. There are two great philosophers and orators to whom Burke has often been compared, Cicero, Bacon. In moral qualities, there can be no question that he was far superior to either of those celebrated men. But perhaps in no respect did he so much resemble Bacon as in the comprehensive faculty by which he was able to look on every side of a great question, and the almost prophetic power of piercing into future times. Bacon, as he thought on all the hidden secrets of nature, which the inductive philosophy would one day disclose, and all the benefits which, when rightly applied, it would bestow on the human race, in old age, disgrace, sickness and sorrow, forgot the present, and exulted in the triumphs of distant times. The world was unconscious of the glory that awaited it; people smiled bitterly, and pointed with the finger of scorn at the fallen statesman and courtier passed by. Minions who had flattered him, and cringed to him during the sunshine of his worldly prosperity, jeered at him as his dishonoured head afterwards appeared. It was bitter, in-

deed, to endure such insults from such gaudy insects of the hour, and ten times more bitter when the conscience of the great philosopher smote him, and told him that this humiliation was deserved. Then as he turned his thoughts inward, and considered his intellectual glories, the heart that had but a few moments ago been wrung with anguish, swelled proudly, and he looked forward with confidence and joy to the judgment of the 'next age,' 'foreign nations,' and 'future generations.' 'The empire of darkness had been smitten; he had struck a blow that would resound through the universe; even as he sunk into his grave, the first faint echoes reached his ears, and visions of railways annihilating distance, steam-vessels sailing against the wind, electric telegraphs conveying information with the rapidity of lightning, printing presses illuminating the cottage of the labourer with the rays of literature and philosophy, disease, filth, and crime flying away at the approach of philanthropy and science, all these, and more than these objects, appeared before his dim eyes as they closed on this world for ever.

What Bacon was to experimental philosophy when applied to scientific researches, Burke was to political philosophy brought into practical government. Addison, speaking through the *Spectator*, tells us that as it was said of Socrates that he first brought philosophy down from heaven to earth, so he was ambitious of being considered as the man who first brought philosophy out of the study into the drawing-room. It may be said with truth of Bacon, that he first brought philosophy into the workshop, the factory, and the laboratory; and it may be said with equal truth of Burke that he first introduced real political philosophy into the House of Commons. As Coleridge says, 'he habitually recurred to principles; he was a scientific statesman.' And then his dreams were like Bacon's; his imagination was as splendid; his visions about America have all been, even in the period of less than a century, almost literally fulfilled. He delighted in contemplating these brave descendants of

Englishmen, who had sought in the American wildernesses a place of refuge, where they might worship God in the way that their hearts and minds most approved. He exulted in their flourishing condition, in the increase of their wealth, their commerce, and their numbers. He pictured them reaping their golden harvests, throwing the harpoon on the coast of Africa, and penetrating amid icebergs into 'Hudson's Bay' and 'Davis's Straits,' meeting in their provincial assemblies, and with true English feeling attempting to form an image of English freedom, congregating on Sundays in their plain buildings for prayer and thanksgiving, and thus gradually striking the roots of the Protestant religion deep into the American soil.

The angel that he introduced into his speech on 'Conciliation,' drawing up the curtain and unfolding the rising glories of America, was not brought in, as even such a man as Lord Erskine appears to have believed, merely to afford the orator an opportunity for the display of his eloquence. So far from that noble passage being a mere beautiful episode, the statistics that preceded it are not more properly used to give his hearers a just idea of the subject. Had his applauding admirers been less inclined to consider his illustrations as beautiful metaphors, and had they opened their minds to the importance of the great empire they professed to govern, our thirteen colonies would not have been so disgracefully torn from the bosom of the mother country. Not many years elapsed, after the publication of the two great speeches on America, before even Lord North was obliged to admit that Burke's eloquence was really profound wisdom.

But not even his eloquence, not even his wisdom, is more admirable than his philanthropy. This is seen as much in his speeches and writings on India as in those on America, but then it is exercised in behalf of people for whom, in general, Europeans have little sympathy. This philanthropy is one of the characteristics in which he most excels the great Roman orator. There is nothing more likely to enlarge the

mind than to compare the spirit of Burke's speeches with that of Cicero's declamations against Catiline and Verres, and the other celebrated remains of Roman eloquence. It is only by such an attentive consideration, and such a course of systematic study, that we can form a good idea of the difference between ancient and modern civilization.

There was much difference between a country that had been subjugated by Roman arms, and a country that had been colonized by Roman people. The happiness of the conquered millions seldom occupied the thoughts of the Roman statesman: their prosperity was nothing when placed by the side of the glory of Rome. It was the city of the seven hills, it was the reputation of the eagles that had so often followed in the footsteps of victory, it was the applauding shout of the multitude that accompanied the car of triumph down the Sacred Way, it was the sympathy of the citizens whose votes he solicited in the Campus Martius, to which all the efforts of the prætor or consul were directed. The greatest Roman patriot, the immaculate Brutus himself, was charged with extortion; and Verres seems to have been only a little more imprudent and barefaced than many other provincial governors. Times of corruption are times when civil freedom is the most endangered. No great assembly was ever more corrupt than the Roman senate, when the republic verged towards its downfall. The wealth of the provinces was regarded as the prey of the fortunate prætors who held the temporary domination. In those days there was no 'special correspondent' in the different countries, eager to point out any peculation, cruelty, or maladministration on the part of the rulers. The facts which we glean from the literature of Rome indicate that the yoke of the republic was not easy to bear; but the groans of the oppressed seldom reached the ears of the citizens who stood listening to Cicero's eloquence until the clouds of night had gathered over the proud city.

And this great orator was scarcely more enlightened than his hearers. It cannot be denied, that admirable

as the writings and speeches of the Greek and Roman statesmen are, yet the declamations against tyrants, and the praise of liberty, however fine they might sound in the ears of the sympathizing listeners, can scarcely be applied to the present state of the world. Their terms are indeed very vague; their ideas of freedom never embraced all mankind. Political philosophy as yet was not; but it was even a gentler influence than any that political philosophy can ever exercise that first loosened the shackles from the hand of the slave. It was Christianity that first taught, and by something better than even the eloquence of Plato, that the whole human race was connected together by a chain that could never be snapped asunder, and that the most degraded wretch bearing the image of man was the brother of the proudest citizen of Rome. There is nothing, indeed, so easy as indefinite declamations in favour of freedom. So far from these being characteristics of the best times, we may be assured that when they are most general, society is in an unhealthy state. In the time of Nero, Seneca ranted about liberty.

These always were Burke's opinions. Even in his speeches on America, he never indulges in any loose expressions. We see here, as everywhere, his aversion to those general principles that had no relation to times and different social conditions. He never liked to discuss the abstract rights of parliament. Lord North was much more ready to talk about Brutus and Cato than his opponent, who was endeavouring to maintain the unity of the empire. 'Be content,' he exclaimed, when taunted about the rights of the colonies, 'to bind America by laws of trade; you have always done it. Let this be your reason for binding their trade. Do not burden them by taxes; you were not used to do so from the beginning. Let this be your reason for not taxing. These are the arguments of states and kingdoms. Leave the rest to the schools; for there only they may be discussed with safety.' And then he says that he considers the imperial rights of Great Britain and the privileges of the colonies to be quite reconcilable. The parliament sat

at the head of the empire* in two capacities; the one, as the local legislature of this island; the other, as the superintendent, guide, and controller of all inferior legislatures. The powers of parliament were therefore boundless; but it did not follow that it was wise on all occasions to use those boundless powers. There ought to be a competent sovereign power; but it ought to be no ordinary power, and never used in the first instance. 'Such, sir,' said Burke, 'is my idea of the constitution of the British empire, as distinguished from the constitution of Britain; and on these grounds I think subordination and liberty may be sufficiently reconciled through the whole; whether to serve a refining speculatist, or a factious demagogue, I know not; but enough, surely, for the ease and happiness of man.'

We have now seen Burke in many different circumstances, in times of peace and in times of confusion; in poverty and obscurity, as well as when he was playing a great part in the face of the world. If his opinions and principles have been found systematical and consistent during all those varied scenes, if he have preserved some uniform character, so that he may be considered as a man not likely to adopt or abandon his sentiments and ideas for the convenience of the hour, we may with some interest and profit follow him through the still more perplexing and awful scenes of his closing years. His life had all the interest of a drama; scarcely one great act concluded, before another and a still greater commenced; and the final one was the grandest, the most important, the most startling of all.

But the observations we have presumed to make on this first half of his political life and writings would perhaps be incomplete if we were to make no mention of his visit to France about the year before he delivered his speech on American taxation. His mind was then occupied with these Transatlantic affairs. But he little knew all the mighty effects that the American revolt would have on the world. Grenville, in one sense, may be said to have caused the great continental revolution; for undoubtedly his ill-

'judged' and arbitrary proceedings awoke the infant democracy that was slumbering amid the American forests. The spirit, however, once roused, was not to be again laid at rest. Deep called unto deep; young democracy from the other side of the Atlantic gave the death-stab to the old feudalism of Europe. Thus society was dying, and society was being born; the old system was

going out, and the new was coming in. It may seem singular, but to those who really understand his writings, quite natural and proper, that Burke should have been the greatest admirer and defender both of Young America and Old France. He stood by the cradle of the one; he watched the death-bed of the other.

MINISTERIAL CRISIS IN FRANCE.

CHRONIQUE DE PARIS.

FROM the 12th or 13th of the month of October, our neighbours on the other side of the Straits of Calais have been in what is called a ministerial crisis: and even at the period at which we write, the *imbroglio* seems to become more and more entangled. France has, undoubtedly, herself to thank for this—to use a word adopted from her own expressive vocabulary—*gachis*. To the country, it may be fairly and truly said—*Tu l'as voulu, Georges Dandin; tu l'as voulu*.

Instead of choosing, in December, 1848, a man of probity and honour, a distinguished soldier, an able politician, a man without stain and without reproach, a moderate and sincere Republican, a respecter of treaties, a friend to peace, and order, as well as a rational lover of liberty, a Republican of the school of WASHINGTON—we mean, CAVAYHAC—the country adopted M. Louis Napoleon Buonaparte; and the consequence has been, that the hero of Strasburgh and Boulogne has, ever since his election, adopted only a personal feeling, and looked only to personal views. Give him but a prolongation of his own power,—give him but income, luxury, and state, which have now become necessities of his nature,—and the actual President of the French Republic cares not by what men, by what principles, or by what means, he governs France. He has coquetted with all parties, and been faithful to none. He has tried Royalists, Reactionists, Fusionists, Philippists, Orleanists, Republicans of the eve, and Republicans of the morrow,—and to each and all he has

been found unfaithful. Why is this? Because, since the day of his election, he has pursued but one undeviating course; because he has been actuated only by personal and dynastic views, instead of considerations of public principle. We are not here contending that many of the public men whom M. Buonaparte consulted, have not been using him for their own purposes and personal views, as he has fancied he has been using them; but this game of double-dealing on the part of old politicians is no excuse for the elect of six millions of Frenchmen—is no excuse for a man chosen to defend and maintain the constitution of 1848. One expected better things from the Prisoner of Ham—from the author of *Idées Napoléoniennes*—than from such hacknied and worn-out politicians as the GUZOTS, the THIERS's, and the DUVERGIER D'HAURANNES; but he, too, has shown himself as selfish, as narrow-minded, and as purely personal in all his ends and objects as the most tricky politicians of the two last monarchies. The reason put forward for the repeal of the law of the 31st May is not the real ground on which the President would recommend such a measure. It is not because he wishes to extend the franchise, or because he desires to widen the basis of the national representation, that he would recommend such a measure, but because he hopes by a message of a popular nature to regain his waning popularity, and to be again elected in the teeth of his legal ineligibility, according to the letter of the constitution. With a

majority of the Chamber against a repeal of the law, and against, we believe, a revision of the constitution, is it possible that either one or the other can be carried legally? Four hundred and thirty-three members voted in favour of a restricted suffrage; and though many of these gentlemen would now be prepared to modify their own work, and to extend the suffrage considerably, yet few of the majority are prepared to recur to universal suffrage. By the present Chamber, it seems difficult to imagine that a measure of quasi universal suffrage would be carried. If not, would the mere proposal of such a measure at the twelfth hour, after three years of an opposite policy, rehabilitate M. Buonaparte in the opinion of the masses, or give him a majority with a restricted suffrage? We are of opinion that it would not; and even though he were again chosen by half the number of electors that formerly voted for him, we believe the Chamber would pass him over as an ineligible, because illegal, candidate, and would take means to inform the electors that votes given contrary to the constitution would be thrown away. If M. Buonaparte persevered in his schemes of personal ambition after this parliamentary and legislative check, he could only rely on illegal force and *coups-d'état* for any hope of success. But in all the army of France we believe there is not one general officer, of any name or note, who would give illegal pretensions any countenance; and even though such a man were to be found, he might order his men to march, but not one would follow him. The idea of *coups-d'état* is therefore simply absurd. The man who could think of resorting to them is a fitter subject for Charenton, or a *maison de santé*, than for the Presidential or Curule chair.

We believe that, though M. Buonaparte may find a ministry to present a message recommending a total repeal of the law of the 31st of May, yet that this state paper would little help him with the country at large, and would not serve him to obtain a revision, so as to render him again eligible. He will, therefore, to use the words of the old song, 'have been off with the old

love, before he is on with the new;' and like many superior men between two stools, will ultimately fall to the ground. But though the individual may fall, the law and the constitution will triumph; and this will be the most important event that has happened in France for the last three years. Some of the parliamentary parties contributing to this result, no doubt will hope to profit by it personally or politically; but from all we see and know, we are convinced that the legal ineligibility, or even the setting aside of M. Buonaparte, can in no wise, *at present*, contribute to the advantage of either the elder or the younger Bourbons. No government is possible in France at the present moment but the form now prevailing, and any attempt to upset it or set it aside, could only lead to civil war. France can never have any stability or repose till the Republic has had a fair trial; and though this has not been the case since the election of M. Buonaparte, yet it is strange that every effort of men and parties, in a personal sense, has only served to consolidate and strengthen the very institutions against which they were working. The real truth is, that the majority of Frenchmen are so weary of change, and so apprehensive of the result of anything like political agitation, that they are prepared to endure worse evils than they have yet known, rather than resort to civil war; for without civil war—the fact should be known—there cannot be, *at present*, a return to monarchy. This plain truth seems at length to have penetrated even the *Quarterly Review*, a journal which, for the last quarter of a century or more, has been preaching the most reactionary and exploded doctrines in reference to the government of France. The sooner, therefore, our statesmen and public men adopt this notion of the *Quarterly*, the better for themselves, and the better for this country, in its international relations with France.

Assuredly we are no panegyrists of Republican institutions, but, as practical politicians, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact, that, for the last seventy years, the tendency of French literature, of French poli-

tical discussion, and of French material improvements, has been all towards equality, which is a Frenchman's only practical notion of Republicanism. And of this we are assured, that any attempt, by force or fraud, to turn the current of the thoughts of a high-spirited nation into an opposite direction, can only end in egregious failure. It is plain that M. Billault, a man of very great perspicacity, and of a sagacity of a high order, is penetrated with this view, and has shaped his conduct accordingly.

Though M. Billault may not accept the responsibilities of office at present, yet the great future is open to him, and to men like him.

While the President of the Republic is likely to tack, and veer, and compromise, to gain parties and persons—while the heads of parties themselves are also playing a discreditable, a personal, and an essentially unsafe, because unpatriotic game, France is confident and assured in her strength, aware that her liberties and institutions are beyond the reach of the intrigues of parties, or the *coups-d'état* of ambitious pretenders.

Paris, Oct. 24, 1851.

Since the foregoing was written, nothing has been satisfactorily settled concerning the Ministry. At least half-a-dozen gentlemen, all thought of to form a cabinet, have had interviews with the President of the Republic, but, somehow or other, though not one of them has expressed any repugnance to a repeal of the law of the 31st of May, or to a legal revision of the constitution, no one among the many consulted has been enabled to agree with the President on the terms, on

which office should be accepted. The public has thence come to the conclusion, that there are personal pretensions and exigencies which stand in the way of public business; and this, together with the placing two additional departments in a state of siege, has produced an exceedingly ill impression on the public mind. There are now seven or eight departments under military law, at a time when the profoundest tranquillity reigns throughout France generally—when the general spirit of the army is unexceptionable—when jurors have shown a tendency rather to convict than to acquit, and when the heart of the nation is completely sound. Why, under such circumstances, should recourse be had to an exceptional system?—why, in a word, should not the ordinary tribunals be appealed to? Again it is *pessimi exempli* that an ex-minister, discharged of all present responsibility, should counsel so extreme a measure as putting the *Nièvre* and *Cher* in *état de siège*. This would seem to cap the climax of his arbitrary rashness, and would go far to prove how unfit he was for the situation in which he was placed.

In any event, however, whether the ministry to be named be a parliamentary or a non-parliamentary ministry, we look at the law of the 31st of May as doomed, and no revision to be possible but a legal revision. If the President is wise, he will see and admit this. So long as he remains within the four corners of the law, he is safe, politically, and better his condition. The moment he takes one illegal step, he is undone. It is because the people of France feel and know this, that they are tranquil and self-possessed.

WHAT HAS THE BRITISH TAX-PAYER TO DO WITH COLONIAL WARS OR CONSTITUTIONS?

WHILE we are anxiously looking out for some chance of reducing the Income Tax, with what new taxes are our representatives going to saddle us at the opening of next session, to support the lavish and unchecked expenses of the present (which is the seventh) Kafir war? Three more regiments, with additional artillery, are just ordered out, and this in consequence of those 'fresh despatches' which Lord John Russell assured our contentedly departing legislators, on Sir Harry Smith's authority, would no doubt bring us news of the conclusion of the war. It is allowed by the government that this affair may be *calculated* (accounted it never will be) to cost us 100,000*l.* per month; that is to say, if the colony holds together, these wars, which will no doubt be coeval with its duration, and nurse it to its final dissolution, will cost us 1,200,000*l.* per annum.

According, not only to our own experience, but to all experience of such disciplined barbarity as British troops are now waging in this savage wilderness, there can be no speedy conclusion; nor, whenever and however this war may be concluded, shall we attain more than another idle stage in our Sisyphean labours,—the seventh instalment of an endless succession of similar follies,—until the whole policy is reversed: that is, until the colony, with the gift of powers, has the task allotted to it of its own defence.

This Kafir war is one of the natural features of Lord Grey's colonial policy. He has, indeed, made this particular outbreak peculiarly his own individual affair. His measures led to it, encouraged it, paralyzed the arm which might have crushed it, and he now cherishes and aggravates it with bitter perseverance.

However, it is no use carping at a tax which we are fairly in for.

Parliament is prorogued. During its session, it was not supposed worth while to check this war in its commencement, or hand it over to the colony, which eagerly asked to assume its proper duties, together with its rights,—now Parliament

sleeps in recess, or dreams of other things, while for six good months Lord Grey can freely and fully prosecute his avowed resolution 'to show the colony (at our expense) that his determination is not to be reversed'—that is, except when he pleases, which no doubt is often enough. By the time Parliament re-assembles, if the country will even then think this to be a colonial matter worth consideration, and if a colony still exists in Africa to fight about, a debt of 1,000,000*l.* will have been incurred on its account. Let us think, *to whom? for what? how? and why?* this debt is falling on us—then let us think what sort of tax we shall best like to meet it with—whether by an increment of the special war-tax, though no special favourite—we mean the Income-tax; or shall we prefer a loan and increase of the National Debt; or shall we please Lord Grey and hoodwink ourselves by letting it pass bit by bit, as we have already passed the first little instalment of 300,000*l.*, amongst the estimates? We might indeed still further profitably consider what other things might be done for 1,200,000*l.* a year, which we must forego in order to prosecute this *guerilla* of Lord Grey for a colony abusing us all the while, and offering itself to put an end to it. Cobbett used to say, 'Every 1*l.* a year paid away for useless purposes by government, withdraws from the public the means of giving active employment to one head of a family, thus depriving five persons of the means of sustenance from the fruits of honest labour, and rendering them paupers.' According to this calculation, we have but to divide 1,200,000 by 18, and multiply the result by 5, to know the number of our own population annually deprived of employment by this thankless, barbarous, and good-for-nothing war-system in Kafiraria.

We once entered into a war to compel the Americans to be taxed by our Parliament, and to pay whatever civil-list the Crown, by sign-manual, might choose. The Americans triumphed, and separated from us,

and during this unnatural conflict, the interest of our debt increased from 5,000,000*l.* to 9,000,000*l.*, and our taxes rose from 9,000,000*l.* to 15,000,000*l.*

Our colonial administration seems to consist of little else than a repetition of such unconstitutional attacks on British rights and British interests in the colonies, each with similar financial results at home. The present catastrophe on the frontiers of the Cape may all be traced to Lord Grey's unjustifiable attempt to compel that colony to receive our convict criminals, as a service for past favours. The colony will continue to triumph over his unnatural assumption of such rights as these; and if similar treatment be persisted in, they will either separate from us, or fall to pieces in the struggle; the latter issue now seems most probable. By the time we have destroyed this colony, we wonder what lasting reminiscences it will have left upon our budgets! Ever since Lord Grey conceived the fatal project, under pretext of past obligations, to demand unwilling service from the Cape for England's *dirty-work*, and his prolonged and treacherous dalliance with their remonstrances, there has been nothing but agitation and suspicion in the aspect of that colony towards this country. Former injuries from our colonial government had become forgotten. The Boers had forgiven our interference with their social institutions, and even the Kafir wars, created more by the vacillation than the intrusive nature of our frontier policy, had for the sixth time subsided into peace. Lord Grey's new experiment of military commissionerships over the present scene of warfare, and his settlements of worn-out pensioners, by whom the two great objects of defence and cultivation were to be ingeniously combined, had as yet done no more mischief than by holding up this country to the world's scorn, as ready to abandon her old skill in colonization in favour of theories of French colonial despotism; and to economize her old soldiers' well-earned pensions, by screwing out of them in their season of repose fresh services, which their exhausted nature could neither fulfil nor endure. It required Lord Grey's

convict scheme to stir up again, and apparently in permanence, the sluggish yet dogged resentments of this colony: and so effectually did it do this, as to make it thenceforth difficult for the best-intentioned minister to tender offers to that colony, even the fairest and most liberal, without incurring fresh suspicion. No doubt, for instance, Lord Grey meant the constitution lately offered, to be a boon to the colony, though oddly synchronizing with his studious reopening of the partly healing convict-wounds, by lingering sneers and even bribes against the patriot party; and they at first evinced returning confidence and a ready thankfulness; but a re-appearance of the old bad faith, even in this act of favour, again embittered into venom the acrimony of an inveterate suspicion. The promise of a constitution was balked in its fulfilment on the spot, and all the gall of past resentments returned, and became infused into the very cup of kindness. The tribes along the frontiers, with all their proverbial sagacity, saw at once their opportunity in the divisions and discontents of the colony. For though the colonial community was neither divided nor discontented in itself, yet alas! opposition to the British government, in our present colonial system, means a division yet more fatal than internal discord—a severance of the community from its means of defence, a separation of the staff of power from the hand and sinews of strength, an inaction of the arms at the bidding of the head. Our present colonies are not like the older offshoots of the English nation, which, scarce arrived at their new shores, formed themselves into self-acting extensions of an empire, whose life, and soul, and national pre-eminence consist in this very spirit of self-action. If a governor of Massachusetts offended his colony, and evinced a treacherous subserviency to other interests than their own, they had their own resource within themselves. Who, for instance, does not recollect Franklin's self-formed police, organized against the wishes of the governor, and without the aid of the proprietary, which became the germ of armies, which, while we acted fairly by them, conquered Canada for us, and when we tried to

subvert their liberties, conquered us. Virginia, our first, and not our freest American colony, had not existed many years, when they indignantly deposed a governor who seemed to them to have betrayed their interests, and themselves successfully maintained their rights. The Kafirs saw the Cape colony a lifeless mass, alienated and apart from its unnatural government, its pretended and only support proving its weakness in the hour of trial, and itself a powerless weapon of a thankless and unsuitable office. They seized this opportunity, and have found, as they expected, that British power without national support flourishes to no purpose that sword which has been seldom drawn with the concurrence of the nation in vain. Every day has added to the numbers of the insurgent tribes, as every day proves more clearly the impotence of the British army fighting the battles of the colonial office in an unwilling colony. The colony is at this moment in the act of decomposition. The Boers are trying to emigrate out of our noxious rule into regions, though less valuable by nature, yet more valuable tenfold by riddance of English interference, and by the possession of those powers of self-government, which have enabled their compatriots who have already escaped from us, to maintain amongst the savage tribes a prosperous and peaceful republic.

Lord Grey has four notable plans with which to rectify the disasters he has occasioned. First, he maintains a perpetual abuse of the malcontent colonists, which are ninety-nine out of every hundred of the population. He stigmatizes them as a vexatious faction, and ignores their petitions, or accepts the governor's account of them as mere sedi-

tious or fraudulent impertinences, not worth noticing.* Secondly, he splits up the popular discontent into real factions and divisions, by proposals to move their seat of government to other places about the colony, which will appear to those who know what pickings attend a seat of colonial government, a pretty handsome bribe for a scramble, and an ingenious stratagem for creating a diversion. If it be really a grave scheme to remove discontent by the removal of the capital, it can scarcely be expected to succeed better than Lord North's very similar removal of the Boston custom-house to Salem. Thirdly, he extends the British claim of empire, at one tiger-bound, up to the equator, so as to include in an Atlantic grasp, without escape, a whole continent in his monopoly of misrule, and divide a quarter of the globe with the French, in one great experiment of military colonization. Fourthly, he sets up, *ad interim*, within the Cape colony itself, by a stretch of power apparently wholly illegal and unconstitutional, a retrograde scheme of despotic government, handing back again to a council of six myrmidons the entire control over the liberties which he had already induced her Majesty to recognise and advance—liberties which, if fully established, would have averted the mischief which he seeks to remedy by their destruction. These four achievements will be the vacation amusement of Lord Grey, and the laughing-stock of the world at our expense. If successfully carried out, they may indeed make all our American war-taxes and Canadian rebellion expenses seem child's play, by the side of the coming African war loan and the demands of the single department of Lord Grey's English Algeria.

* Sir Harry Smith's despatch accompanying the petitions, described them as fraudulently got up, and full of fictitious signatures—an accusation which is well known to be without foundation; which, if credited, should have been investigated; and which the Cape agents in London in vain sought opportunity and means to refute publicly. The best critics on American history, attribute England's blindfold self-precipitation into the loss of her colonies, to nothing so much as the captious complaints of the royal governors, in their letters to the ministers, written when they were baffled in their attempts to enforce the unjust claims of the prerogative, and irritated by the steady opposition of the assemblies to their imperious demands, when in fits of ill-humour they would accuse the colonies of disloyalty, and of nurturing a spirit of revolt. Governor Bernard, in 1768, transmitted the protest of the Massachusetts assembly, with a very similar comment to Sir H. Smith's, assuring Lord Hillsborough that their resolution of grievance (though passed unanimously) 'must have been contrary to the real sense of the assembly, and procured by surprise.'

• Meanwhile, every proposal made for better policy, every suggestion that colonies are faster friends and more worth having, when not, as Mr. Hawes described them, so 'laboriously trifled with,' every argument against the costliness and mischief of our colonial administration, though in the *ipsissimis verbis* of the present Minister out of office, are by the same minister in office denounced as proposals for abandoning the colonies. The colonies are said to be worth these wars, and the trouble and expense of governing—granted, if these wars, and this expensive meddling called government, is the way to retain them. But what if both the wars and meddling are severing and ruining them, while they are burdening us? Is it no affair of the British tax-payer to keep his money in his pocket, and his colonies all the safer, instead of losing both his money and his colonies, to please Lord Grey?

At this moment, America talks of offering £20,000,000, or 100,000,000 dollars, for the possession of Cuba. Can our statesmen tell us why Cuba should be talked of as a good purchase by these long-headed children of ours at such a price, while we make only burdensome incumbrances of our colonial possessions?

Lord John Russell says he is ready to keep our colonies, even at a loss, for the sake of national prestige, however his mode of 'keeping' them may be thought to contribute to our dignity. Mr. Cobden is ready to throw them all away, because they are maintained at a loss, and he cares not for the prestige. But Brother Jonathan has a wrinkle by which he gets out of his colonies both real prestige and immense gain, instead of perplexity and loss, and that with no navigation laws or artificial perquisites of any kind. How can this riddle be solved? *Proh pudor!* that Englishmen should have to ask the question! Lord Grey could once have given an answer, but his whole mind seems so intent on imitations of Algeria now, that he serves us only as a warning how like a French minister an English statesman, spoiled by the Colonial-office, may become. We will not take the answer from his former speeches so belied; Burke shall give

it fresh from the times when we first departed from a true and prosperous colonial policy, and left our mantle of a repudiated yet unrivalled skill with the repudiated yet unrivalled offspring of its creation, destined themselves both to evince its virtue and to surpass it:—

'As long,' said Burke, 'as you have the wisdom to keep the sovereign authority of this country as the sanctuary of liberty, the sacred temple consecrated to our common faith, wherever the chosen race and sons of England worship freedom, they will turn their faces towards you. The more they multiply, the more friends you will have; the more ardently they love liberty, the more perfect will be their obedience. Deny them this participation of freedom, and you break the sole bond. Do not dream that your letters of office, your instructions, and suspending clauses, are the things that hold them. These things do not make your government. It is the spirit of the English constitution which, infused through the mighty mass, pervades, feeds, unites, invigorates, vivifies every part of the empire.'

In the same spirit, Adam Smith observed, on the colonial aspect of the question, that 'the progress of the ancient Greek colonies towards wealth and greatness was very rapid, because they were at liberty to manage their own affairs in the way that they judged was most suitable to their own interest. The history of the Roman colonies was by no means so brilliant; they were not always at liberty to manage their own affairs in the way they judged most suitable to their own interests.'—Book iv. cap. vii. The protest of the Virginian Assembly, 1642, twenty-three years after its formation, addressed to Charles I., against the attempts of the English Parliament to disturb their free form of government, argued that 'There is more likelihood that such as are acquainted with the clime and its accidents may upon better grounds prescribe our advantages, than such as shall sit at the helm in England;' and, in reply, the king secured to them the government in which they 'received so much content and satisfaction.'

Now if this free government and self-administration be the secret of good colonizing, and good colonizing be the secret of our national prosperity, let us test, by one example, how far the object is as yet attained—how nearly we already act up to the avowed criterion of such free colonial government as really opens wider limits for national growth, while it secures colonial contentment. The example shall be New Zealand, as we have at hand an able statement of the condition of our settlements there just published by a colonist returning from long official residence in those islands.* It is a startling picture, this great settlement of Englishmen made infants, swaddled up in costly bandages, or tied like fantoccini to the fingers of a concealed showman—their revenues eaten up by English ministerial patronage—their institutions the veriest caricatures of what they were born to and made for—and the interval of a voyage round the world forced to intervene between the plan and execution of their most ordinary local undertakings.

We must assume, what every Englishman allows to be indubitable, what Lord Grey used elaborately to argue, and still parades in prefaces to his most contradictory dispatches, that English colonies locally self-governed have been, and would again be, the mainstay of England's prosperity; while the laborious trilling of Downing-street, the depth of misgovernment to which the distant despotism of a free country especially reduces the dependencies it attempts to govern,† will speedily go far to ruin both the colonies and ourselves. We take New Zealand as our gauge to test the measure of self-government now granted to our colonies, by which, with general consent, we shall also test the advantage and prosperity we mutually derive from each other. If we find the vigorous action of men managing their own affairs, we must then obey the

hint to look elsewhere to understand what drags and checks our prosperity at home; but if we at once detect the fatal finger of the *Ministre de l'Intérieur* playing with the machinery of our distant governments, we account for all the stoppages and disorder throughout the entire apparatus of English empire. In the confusion so created, we learn why our National Debt will not diminish even in unprecedented European peace; in the costly retinue of an elaborate governmental interference, we trace the agency which converts productive commerce into dead taxation; in the check so given to extended settlement, we recognise the narrowing of our field for investment; the crippling nursery of English emigration seriously increases our poor's-rates; while the recoil of industry, diverted from its outward tendency, strikes back upon its home resources, and labourers, turned depredators, consume, in hulks and gaols, the capital they were meant to energize and fructify. Whilst, moreover, all around the empire the fundamental maxims of the constitution are inverted, and British rights are made the plaything of a minister, can we wonder at great difficulties also in effecting reforms at home? The very springs of British liberty are polluted in this hidden quarter of irresponsible caprice and corrupt patronage. Think not, because we see it not, we remain uninfected; we had great statesmen once who thought otherwise, when the control of Indian government was aimed at by ministerial ambition. How beats the very life-pulse of our liberty, under this lethargic indifference to uncontrolled taxation? It was a fundamental principle of our monarchy that the people should keep the control of their own money. The loss of liberty, said Burke, in England, fixed and attached itself on this specific point of taxing. But we are contented with our financial surveillance, if we see Mr. Humo playing with the spray and sprink-

* *The Six Colonies of New Zealand*, by William Fox. John W. Parker and Son, West Strand. Far the best account, and furnished with the best map of that colony, yet published.

† The words quoted are partly Lord Grey's, partly Mr. Hawes', in both cases extra-official.

ling of taxation, while this Niagara of fathomless wastings rolls unheeded beneath his feet. In the matter of our military expenditure, we have this year economized a sum of 50,000*l.*, by omitting the customary drilling of the yeomanry, while we overlook Lord Grey's expenditure of 1,200,000*l.* in a Kafir *commando*; and farmers' friends kick violently against those rates and income taxes which annually recur upon them from exactly that very quarter into which they refuse to look.

But to the test. With what appearance of unshackled freedom does the government of New Zealand present itself, as a sample of our colonial system? Hear Mr. Fox: 'The form of government,' says he, 'outwardly resembles a mixed monarchy; but neither of the two powers which appear to control the absolutism of the governor, the Legislative Council, or the Colonial-office, have the smallest practical influence on his acts.' His theoretic reference to a remote authority, in effect, only relieves him of that single check of personal responsibility which mitigates the arbitrary rule of Russia, so that the more enlightened of the colonists declare they would much prefer to be subjected to outright despotism. To this impalpable yet all-pervading superintendence are referred the minutest details of all local as well as general concerns, while the mischief of such ceaseless interference is aggravated tenfold by its subsequent repetition on a larger scale, in tedious correspondence about its final confirmation at the other extremity of the globe.—Mr. Fox recites a recent instance, in which

seven months were occupied in obtaining the required sanction to negotiate for the purchase of a district of land near Wellington.

The Governor, however, though sole in direction, is a very Briareus in the multitude of his executive. We read of his requiring 100 paid officials to govern a population of 10,000 Europeans, and an expenditure of 14,000*l.*, out of a revenue of 19,000*l.* (i. e., 74 per cent. of the whole revenue), to pay their salaries; while almost all the remainder of the colonial income is expended on police, printing, and other matters, involving patronage. The colonists say, they could maintain their own government with half the revenue, which is thus almost wholly absorbed by English ministerial placemanship. It must, however, be admitted that we pay a good part of this flourishing revenue ourselves, in duties on the supplies of our own troops, which we furnish so liberally to the northern province of New Zealand, that our soldiers exceed in number the adult colonial population!

It is clear that no English community can thrive so overlaid with functionaries imposed on all their offices by appointments from another hemisphere; yet they might tolerate even such an imposition, if working men were sent them for their money. The reverse seems to be the case. For instance, they may not exercise an unpaid magistracy amongst themselves, but are forced to pay—for what?—more efficient stipendiaries? No such thing—but half-pay lieutenants of the army or navy, old land-surveyors, cast-off agents, architects, and men of any profession, except, it seems, of the law, to serve them for a magistracy. There is a

* This is a striking instance of the shallow imitation frequently attempted—not of English principles, but of the accidental contemporary phases of those principles in England to Colonies, however dissimilar their circumstances, and the stage of their national development. It would be less anachronistic to burlesque a Wittenagemote or Runnymede in New Zealand, than to commence by superseding with stipendiaries that unpaid magistracy, which only Liverpool and Manchester have yet outgrown in England.

It was in this vein of false analogy that Lord Torrington was instructed by his Whig employers to re-enact, at all hazards, in Ceylon, the great commercial revolution which Sir Robert Peel had just achieved in England. The very quacks of politics, they took up his great measure, and thought to identify themselves with it by miniature repetitions in the dependencies, whatever their ailments or their no-ailments might really require. In the case of Ceylon, the poor little patient was thrown into convulsions by the violent English regimen, so they took to bleeding it profusely—almost to death; and they now boast of their successful treatment of those convulsions, which others rather accuse them of having caused.

bitterness of caprice in this; such unlimited patronage might be better assorted, and the purlieus of the law are never deficient in a supply of hungry applicants for jobs in the way of that profession, particularly for such as these, which are paid with all the proverbial liberality of remuneration from another's purse.

A further aggravation of this hardship is the fact, that all the colonial stipendiaries, together with the legislative and judicial officials, are quartered on the colonists, by the fiat of a functionary wholly irresponsible to them. This is a material feature of constitutional disfranchisement which runs through our colonial institutions, of which Lord Grey wholly loses sight, when he frequently assures his clamorous remonstrants that whatever they may say, they have the very counterparts of British forms. He lately replied to the petitions from the Cape against his proposal to place their Chief Justice in the chair of their legislature, by pointing to the Lord Chancellor on the British woolsack. Such a parallel between an English judge, appointed by a responsible minister, and a colonial chief justice, appointed by a power wholly irresponsible to the colony, and, moreover, holding office and salary at the pleasure of the crown, exhibits an astonishing misappreciation or misconstruction of the principles of the British constitution.* So, also, argues Lord Grey, the judges in the colonies ought to have their places and salaries secured, *because it is so in England*; but appointments at home are made by responsible ministers, which destroys the analogy altogether. The colonies complain that the colonial minister appoints their judges, and fixes their salaries: it is no answer to say, that a wholly *different* kind of ministry appoints *similar* officers at home. A like false analogy has even been set up between the proposed life-nominees for colonial councils, and the peerage of England in the

gift of the crown! Colonies, however, must swallow whatever constitutional nostrums the minister may prescribe for them; they must live on the very acetate of their mother's milk, and are expected to thrive upon it; and Englishmen wonder why they do not contribute their share to the general prosperity of the common empire.

Let us take from Mr. Fox's work one more illustration of the treatment our colonies suffer, which we address especially to men of business—to men who would start and stare, if one of their own representatives were, for instance, to propose and succeed in carrying through Parliament an act placing the funds of the Bank of England at the disposal of government, with unlimited power of appropriating the monies invested; making, moreover, its paper legal tender, and charging all possible losses on the consolidated fund! If such things were possible in England, we suspect, in spite of all our patriotism, some of the shrewder sort would pretty quickly transfer themselves and their investments elsewhere, to countries better secured against such wonderful pranks of government. Yet the supposed case occurred literally in New Zealand the other day. In 1847, by an ordinance confirmed in 1850, a government bank was established on terms which left in the governor's sole discretion the investment of surplus specie, the notes being legal tender for sums above 2*l.*, no other banks being allowed to issue paper money, and specie equal to one-third of the issue being retained in hand. Would a representative legislature ever have passed such an ordinance as this—and could any country thrive under the daily liability to such legislation?

It requires some consideration and reflection—more than most Englishmen will give to any colonial matters—to connect this distant misgovernment with the tax-papers and levies called for at our own doors. What matters it to us, who are at

* When we hear of a colonial judge rivalling Chief Justice Pratt's verdict for 1000*l.* damages against Lord Halifax for seizing Wilkes's papers, we will cease to draw distinctions between home and colonial judges. There will shortly be a good opportunity for the exhibition of such independent judgment upon Lord Grey's late proceedings at the Cape. We shall see.

the heart of the empire, how the extremities fare? But it is this very distance that makes our misgovernment intolerable to the colonies. They *will*—they *must* resist again, as they have done before; and we cannot coerce them; we shall lose them. That is one serious consideration. We shall sink ourselves to a second-rate nation in losing them. That is another serious consideration. Yet might we, with the stroke of a pen, make them our fastest friends, the most loyal of subjects, and the greatest contributors to our own wealth and prosperity, instead of rankling leeches on our very life-blood. That is a third point worthy of our serious consideration. True, the navigation laws are repealed; artificial advantages are no longer drawn from colonial commerce. But why, then, keep up the costly machinery of an oppressive system, when its gains are gone? And is there nothing to be gained from a free commercial intercourse with colonies? If for that commerce with our fellow-countrymen—far surer and better customers than foreigners—we now trust solely to their energies and freedom, in common sense let us give full scope to those energies, and unshackle that freedom from oppressive government. Let us give our colonists full liberty to develop their immense resources, while they still remain healthily attached to ourselves. Shall we still think of fastening these great and growing limbs of empire by tightening bonds, which only numb and deaden, and cause them at last inevitably to drop off from us?

With all this amount of misgovernment, which we readily allow we could not tolerate in England, such is the exuberant vigour of our rising offshoot nations, that Australia alone, though more injured in her origin and progress than country ever was before, already almost engrosses the supply of the material of one of our principal manufactures, and employs a very considerable proportion of our shipping—to say nothing of the wealth in precious minerals which nature now promises to add to all her products. Sir J. Graham, in his late speech at Carlisle, truly told the agriculturists that the land must be the basis of our prosperity. Shall we then jeopardise our extension of

territory, and throw away our acquisitions of land? He pointed out the immenseness of the capital we have invested in our four great fabrics, and that of the four raw materials, silk, cotton, wool, and flax, we might produce the two latter almost wholly independently of foreign nations. Shall we prefer the amusement or display of managing colonies to these grand results of their unshackled industry, or turn them into foreign nations as a preliminary to their development? Imperial commerce and extended empire, we must indeed forego, if we think our present colonial system not worth the trouble of reforming—nay, more, if we will retain 100 officials to take care of every 10,000 of our able-bodied colonists, we must be content, like the man in the fable, with floundering efforts to carry the steed which would have borne us through many a difficulty.

There is no alternative to colonial reform, but colonial abandonment, and the interval between the two is a dreary and disastrous struggle. Bad government must ruin British colonies—their very vigour turns to desperation under its galling influence. What are the consequences of bad political institutions to any country? Why, that the country either languishes in enervation and torpor—leaning on the very hand which slabs it—or else frets itself away in chronic agitation and sour discontent. Either consequence involves a waste and loss of all natural advantages. Besides a burdensome expense in management, and a complete paralysis of productive vigour, there must follow a conversion of the very elements of growth into a nucleus of disorder and disease. Amongst the secondary causes which determine the productiveness of a country, says Mr. John Stuart Mill, the most important is security *against the government*. The only insecurity which is altogether paralyzing to the active energies of producers, is that arising from the government, or from persons invested with its authority. Against all other depredators, there is a hope of defending oneself. Flanders and Italy, in the middle ages, were insecure, yet free in their governments, and their riches were constantly on the increase. Roman despotism relieved

its subjects from insecurity, but enervated and impoverished, them by the oppression of its own government. But the fiery spirit of the free and vigorous Anglo-Saxon race, least of all mankind, will brook the fretting interference of distant central government. And this fierce spirit of liberty, says Burke, is even stronger in the English colonies than in England itself. The office which Lord Grey once denounced and now administers, itself wholly and alone accounts for the apparent paradox, that America should talk of offering 100,000,000 dollars for Cuba, while New Zealand is largely plundering, though herself as largely plundered by, this country.

It is scarcely credible, yet true, that the kind of government we give our colonies now, is almost identical with the form of restricted liberties which parliament passed as a *penal sentence* on Massachusetts after her first act of overt rebellion, in 1774. The Act for curtailing her charter, vesting the nomination of counselors, judges, and magistrates in the crown, astounded the Rockingham party, as 'a bold assumption of dangerous powers, unknown to the British constitution, not to be justified by any act on the part of the colony.' What have our present colonies done to incur these ultra-punitive conditions as their normal constitution? Let us add, in further quotation from the same speech of Lord Rockingham, 'to render the colonies permanently advantageous they must be satisfied with their condition;' and nothing will satisfy a British community as their constitutional condition, short of a full and express delegation of authority to do, and have done by officers responsible to themselves, within the colony, all that the imperial power has no proper imperial object in preventing, or regulating according to its own views.

But to proceed:—the great home questions of emigration and transportation, are also involved in that of our present colonial policy—too plainly and too largely for a full discussion of their wide and manifold bearings here.

As we have taken solely what rather *seems*, than really *is*, the lower ground of appeal, that namely,

ad crumenam, we will say no more of emigration, than that if it were unfettered, and placed on its proper free and noble basis, it would not only open the most captivating, the most exalted, and the most lucrative of all investments to English capital, but it would put our local rates and burdens—the severe, as well as unequal pressure of which forms a staple of our present home grievances,—on the same light and easy scale as that to which the same process of free emigration has reduced them in the United States. As it is, this greatest and most vital interest of our old country is degraded to be the job of a back-office of Downing-street, which conceals within some purview of Westminster the largest staff of clerks and agents in proportion to the work done, that has survived in this finance-reforming age. The Emigration Commission has only perverted the spirit of emigration, and kept down its idea to a pauper scheme, which it has at last starved into a state of inanition, without, however, at all reducing its own proportions. The precincts of the Abbey never achieved such complete security, even in the days which permitted *sanctuary*, as in the seclusion of this job from the keen search of Mr. Hume, who has spent long and frequent nights in the House of Commons scrutinizing many an estimate, which, compared in amount of *profitable* expenditure with this Emigration Commission, would seem the very paragons of strict economy. But this is not all. The fact that the Government nominally undertakes this department of national enterprise is a *check*, as well as degradation to all private colonizing adventure. It acts, much as the Chancellor of the Exchequer's interference has acted upon the great enterprise of Australian steam communication with this country,—that is, as the dog in the manger, the contents of which, unable to eat them himself, he made it his business, with much labour and assiduity, to prevent others eating. It acts as the public worship fund in New South Wales acts, which, though insufficient to provide for a church establishment, is just enough to prevent all private endowment, or any grant from the local legislature

offended by the assumed appropriation. It acts as every branch of our Colonial Administration acts, which seems to bear to our colonial enterprise the same relation as that which was maintained between the orders of the Admiralty and Lord Nelson's exploits. It is ever presenting itself as a sort of incubus under the name of superintendence; hampering without directing; shamming responsibility, realizing only patronage and interference; spoiling every undertaking it meddles with, and only harmless when doing nothing, or disregarded: a very costly parade of agency, for work which, to avoid confusion, must really be transacted elsewhere and by others. Colonization, indeed, in its proper and larger sense, *may* require the aid of the united national resources, to be adequately and successfully undertaken; yet if Government would only forbear to impede and degrade the enterprise, it might almost trust to this country's energy, and the expansiveness of English capital, opening out this area for crowded industry. In this view, the subject of emigration is but a part of our previous topic; for the simple emancipation of colonial territory from the government of Downing-street would, besides its direct economy, be a greater spur to the higher kind of emigration than could be effected even by government loans for the purpose, equal to all the amount we now waste in colonial mismanagement and disturbance.

It is also as part of the same subject, though large enough for separate discussion, that we allude in passing to transportation. Most intimately do these two great questions relate to one another. The stifling up by government of the natural safety-valve of emigration, collects those choking and infectious masses which become, in consequence, what Miss Carpenter calls 'the perishing and dangerous' population at home. These are classes, for the most part, though by no means altogether, whose energies, perverted from unprovided occupation to self-provided depredation, become the grief of the economists by causing the heaviest direct burden on the national industry.

We will not, however, calculate now the possible reduction of our

calendars of crime, and the consequent economy of turning a predatory population into productive classes, and so reducing the costly apparatus of criminal justice. We will not here conjecture whether the reduction might not even be so great as to do away with all necessity of transportation, and its innumerable mischiefs—whether emigration might not as wholly supersede transportation, as transportation now degrades and impedes emigration: nor will we expatiate on the horrible anomalies, and the confusion of all distinctions between right and wrong, which must result from the present contemporaneous and united conduct of the two—the dangerous conjunction and well-nigh fatal identification of this nation's highest enterprise and greatest punishment short of death; we will only dwell for a moment on the hazardous crisis to which our transportation system has now driven us, and the need we have, that some at least of our representatives should lose no time in attending to *this* branch of colonial policy.

Whatever may be said in justification of exile to Siberia, or to countries which are not settled, or can never be settled, one thing is clear, that the transmission of the criminals of one settled and populous country into another similarly occupied and inhabited country, can only be done by the force of superior power, in defiance of every dictate of justice, right, and humanity. Nature revolts at the very idea; and there is probably scarcely a people so degraded in the world that they would not kick even against a superior power attempting to inflict such united insult and injury on their country.

Lord Grey unintentionally succeeded in putting the system in its most revolting light, in his attempt to thrust it forcibly upon the hitherto unviolated ground of the Cape; and his natural temper seems fated to give a concluding lesson against it on the replete and overflowing shores of Van Diemen's Land. He first roused that respectable Anglo-Dutch community into an attitude of sustained defiance, to which he gave its full significance and inference by a lingering and reluctant concession; and now he has combined all the Australian colonies just in time

to use their newly-granted organs of public opinion in a first and united blast of execration, in resolute and indomitable resistance, and in new disputes as to the limits of England's supremacy, on a ground most disadvantageous for a trial of her rights before the judgment of the world.

This great association of the Australian colonies was inaugurated in the city of Melbourne during the month of January last. Their wrongs had been admitted by her Majesty's Ministers, and relief was promised, but withheld. In violation of acknowledged principles and pledges, thousands of home-bred scamps and ruffians are still let off, year by year, from hanging here, to be thrust into the thickly-peopled island-home of our Van Diemen's Land compatriots, and to wander thence into neighbouring colonies in still more direct violation of express parliamentary stipulations. In answer to remonstrances, Lord Grey angrily repudiated alike the professions of his ex-ministerial oratory, and the explicit pledges of his ministerial authority. He has even attempted an ingenious distinction of the subject, from the category of matters of local concern which he has been forced into conceding to colonial control by constitutional enfranchisement; thus, as in the Cape case, raising suspicions of evasion and bad faith, as well as of tyrannical intention, in the colonial mind—fatal both to the honour and power of this country. There is a remarkable recurrence of folly in these battles of England with her colonies. They bear about them the 'tenth transmission of a foolish face.' Mr. Grenville told America that the Stamp Act was to pay for our expenses in that country (though we had just voted 200,000*l.*

to indemnify America for her assistance in the conquest of Canada); so Lord Grey called upon the Cape to receive our convicts, in return for 2,000,000*l.* which we had spent on the sixth Kafir war; and now, he has again made out a debtor and creditor account with Australia, and alleges the expenditure of England in making their country an English prison, as justifying his claim on their submission to further outrage. There are hereditary features also in the mode of colonial self-defence. Australia Proper first tried to save herself from the deplorable fate of her neighbour, Van Diemen's Land, by enacting an ordinance against immigration thence. This, however, Lord Grey vetoed—affording a memorable illustration of the present use of the imperial veto on colonial legislature, which amounts to nothing short of a secret, dark, irresponsible power to crush the most vital interest of any of our numerous offset nations, whenever one member of the Home Administration finds it convenient, and that without the possibility of redress, or even of complaint.*

The Australasian League became the leviathan offspring of this mad administration. To its funds many individual colonists have subscribed a hundred guineas apiece, and already 10,000*l.* has been contributed—a large tax for merely checking English government—and double that amount is asked for and expected. Will this league remind Lord Grey of Franklin's unions, and their result? or must we pay as dearly for a perverse administration again as we have paid before, and hold ourselves up to the laughter of the world as very incurables in blindness?

We need not now discuss our *right* to transport criminals into colonies;

* The right of petitioning is the last hold of expiring liberty, yet even this is practically denied to our colonists: see Mr. Fox's third chapter, on *Government*, p. 113: 'Innumerable complaints of the governor and his acts are made to the Colonial Office by the colonists, but they must be forwarded through the governor himself, and go home accompanied by his comments and explanations, which are never seen by the colonists, or open to any reply from them till they perhaps appear in a blue book eighteen months after the question has been decided against them.' The contents of blue books are only plausibly collocated selections made by the Colonial Office, which invariably sides with the governor; practically, a tribunal of reference pledged, as well as interested, to decide always in favour of one party, and doing so always in an underhand manner. Poerio, sunk beneath the sea, has proved himself more fortunately situated to gain a hearing of his grievances than any of our colonists. Let the King of Naples look for his best rejoinder to Mr. Gladstone's accusations of his frustration of constitutional rights in this quarter.

but, for the present, granting the right, we only ask, are there not some rights more valuable and more creditable in their abandonment than in their maintenance? 'The question,' said a great statesman, 'is not whether you have a right to render your people miserable, but whether it is not your interest to make them happy.' In this case of Australian transportation, the obstinacy of our minister is driving this country into an assertion of right beyond the very ultimatum of its possible justification, and those colonies into an inevitable and irresistible position of defiance. England will both peril her whole colonial supremacy by selecting for its battle-field so odious and impracticable a claim, and will incur again the frightful perplexity in which American emancipation from like tyranny involved her—namely, the simultaneous and unprepared loss of all her criminal depositories. Such was, at that time, this country's terror of, the congregated masses of her most abandoned characters in her hulks and around her shores, that statesmen of known humanity did not scruple to propose the most desperate remedies for an emergency which Lord Grey is now wilfully bringing back upon us—while he refuses to recognise its approach and to prepare for it in time. The crisis hurries on—the sudden transformation of our bed of punishment into a bed of gold has rendered Australia more the lure than the terror of thieves. Our perplexity is already upon us—this unforeseen apparition of treasure has made those territories the very focus of the world's attraction. Our highest penal deterrent suddenly coincides with a kind of universal law of gravitation. We had already some suspicion of that gravest of national perils creeping over us, a diminution of the dread of national punishments; we find ourselves now in the very climax of that peril, treating our worst criminals with the extreme gratification of the very appetites which led them into crime. Among all the scarecrows ever invented, no one has suggested a heap of corn to terrify the feathered grain-filchers, nor will our new El Dorado serve as a purgatory for our banished gold stealers. Nature has vindicated

her own wrongs; and by a species of inoculation of the disease itself, has repelled from those shores the possibility of further external infection. England has lost the opportunity of a generous and enlightened action, and will have so timed and tempered her loss of all the advantages of selfishness, as to incur in disastrous concentration all its possible evils. When, a few months hence, we shall hear of Parkhurst, Portland, Spike Island, and the hulks crowded with the surplus of suffocating gaols, and fiad every outlet shut against us; when alarms of violence and prison tumults, and gangs broken loose, may frightfully synchronize with other disquietudes,—for all is not dead calm ahead,—if it then at last becomes a matter of fruitless regret that the past and present treatment of Australia went unheeded among colonial doings, it will also be but a melancholy satisfaction to some that they strove against the apathy and the obstinacy which alike refused to recognise the close and constant connexion between the self-interest of this country and a just consideration of the colonies.

If from simply calculating pecuniary loss, we were to proceed to estimate the whole political damage caused by an unheeded licence of unconstitutional government in any department, we might repeat those solemn words of Burke, which first roused England to alarm and to a hasty repeal of the fatal Stamp Act, teaching her to appreciate its consequences to themselves. 'In order to prove that the Americans have no right to their liberties, we are every day endeavouring to subvert the maxims which preserve the whole spirit of our own. To prove that the Americans ought not to be free, we are obliged to depreciate the value of freedom itself; and we never seem to gain a paltry advantage over them in debate, without attacking some of those principles, or dividing some of those feelings, for which our ancestors have shed their blood.' Or, in the present aspect of our colonies, one might recal the too scantily treasured wisdom of the elder Pitt, such as fell from him when Grenville accused him of exciting sedition by his advocacy of colonial claims, and

he replied:—‘Sir, I rejoice that America has resisted—three millions of British subjects submitting to such tyranny would have made slaves of all the rest.’

But we have not space to follow up this train of thought, nor is it necessary; suffice it now to contemplate the uncontrolled taxation incurred by a colonial system which bears no fruit* but colonial disturbance and discontent, and enough of danger to constitutional freedom also will be inevitably involved in such a contemplation. Give a minister an unlimited credit on our taxation, and suppose him sufficiently unscrupulous, obstinate, and capricious in his use of it, and our liberties will dwindle as fast as our resources. The control of both must go together. If, then, we are yet unprepared to hand over our liberties to any minister, let us dispute the present unbridled appropriation of our revenue in distant colonies. In this particular department, if anywhere, all practical retrenchment must commence.

No present case can illustrate this point so fully as that with which we began, and with a further consideration of which we will conclude—the Kafir war. *To whom* are we incurring a debt of millions for this war?—to certain commissariat contractors, if we are rightly informed, who retrieved themselves from bankruptcy by the last Kafir war, and have no objection to enlarge their fortunes by another. About fifty per cent. of every 100,000*l.* we monthly pay, goes, not even for their supplies, but for simple peculation; nor will Kafir wars and their like all over the colonial empire cease, while the English treasury is so profusely open, and local funds are allowed not only a reckless, but profitable immunity. Lord Grey knows, and has warned us of all this himself, yet proceeds.

For what are we contracting such immense liabilities? We have shown the kind of government which requires to be maintained by it—yet the half was not told; for even the

scandalous burlesque of government of which New Zealand gave us a sample, is somewhat, at least, *à la règle* compared with the novel experiment of Military Commissionerships under which Lord Grey has organized the territory now the seat of so-called war. The Cape colonists, around whose frontiers this new experiment of government has been attempted, wisely refuse to implicate themselves in its disasters; they have, besides, enough to do to defend their homes from the dangers it has brought about their neighbourhood. They lament, indeed, that while their governor, in his capacity of Military Commissioner, is carrying on an interminable border fray with British troops, they are left without a government of any kind. Their old council, which has now been formally reduced to a nullity by Lord Grey's last stretch of power, had not met, indeed, for years before; still, if their revenue is to be permanently appropriated for them by a British officer, they would prefer having that officer resident within the colony, than for ever engaged in fruitless efforts round their frontiers to improve on their old Commando system, the cruelty and inefficiency of which were the pretext for his neglecting the proper duties of a governor, to supersede their accustomed self-defence.

Consider, further, the nature of this war, and then consider the chances of its termination, and we may at least be spared the laborious conjectures in which some of our journals vainly indulge, as to the disposal of our surplus revenue.

It is the first time that England has attempted,† in apparent imitation of Louis-Philippe in Algeria, though without his reasons, the dispossession of savage tribes and a military occupation of their territory. The Kafirs are our Kabyles, and Kafraria our Algeria. England, from whom other nations were striving to learn the art of colonization, grown weary of that wonderful success of which the Western World is

* Some, indeed, have the courage to say it bears another fruit, and not a bad one in its amount of ministerial patronage, which, as a snug preserve for the influence and support of the British Crown in times of democratic tendency, may sustain our balanced constitution in approaching struggles.

† It is important to know the exact principle of our newly adopted substitute for colonization, from the description given of it by the French themselves:—‘Ce système

her perennial record, thirsts for a fresh experiment, and in a freak of greatness longs to show how she can triumph, perhaps, where France has found only ruin and disgrace. But this is not colonizing; and France, though the worst of colonizers, will beat us at the game of military settlement—nor is the palm desirable. We thought, indeed, the tale of Marshal Bugeaud's raid against the Kabyle tribes would have shocked the moral sense of civilized Europe, and caused us some misgivings as to the effect of such a brutalizing occupation on an army whose high-minded gallantry softened the horrors of our former wars, but whose courage, so trained into ferocity, may be a more terrible scourge for us in store. We may not yet have directly equalled in Kaffraria the infamy of Pelissier's suffocation of his captives in a cave, yet we deal with an enemy which does not scruple to roast prisoners alive, and our own revenge is in devastation and the work of famine; and we think there are few Englishmen who have read the accounts given by private letters of the man-shooting and cattle-stealing in which our troops are now engaged in Kaffraria, who will care to make minute comparisons, and few officers who can desire much more such exercise for the British army—*non Ros quasitum manus in usus*. Sir Harry Smith himself describes the warfare as so barbarous as to be revolting to all the ideas of a Christian; and yet the sole pretext for our undertaking it at all—instead of leaving, as at first, the task of frontier defence in the hands of the colonists themselves—is the fond desire of this tender mother-country to check the asperities of self-defence, as well as the indiscretions of self-government in her infant colonies.

Such are the wars of British-Algerian colonization—a feature in our present colonial system sufficient of itself to condemn the whole. We do not scruple to say, that until this department of administration is wholly changed, all other constitu-

tional reforms will be fruitless. Yet what chance have we of changing it, unless the constituency of England will bestir themselves? Who will cleanse this Augean stable for us? Lord Grey gave us great hopes it would be cleansed before he had it in his own keeping, but now our only hope from him is that he will make it so much more loathsome, as at length to rouse our slow disgust. We have, for instance, shown that this Kafir war was wholly of his creation: we will even show further, that when commenced, it was within his power to stop it; but—the spoilt child of our neglect—he preferred to fight it out. Though Lord Grey's policy had been pretty equally aggressive on the rights of the colonists, and on the territory and independence of the tribes, yet both parties were willing—nay, even asking—for an imperial interposition, which might have settled differences, and put things on a better footing, enabling the one to undertake their own affairs, and concluding our own disturbance of the relations of the other. It was urged in vain that a special commissioner should be sent out by her Majesty, as was done in the case of Canada, and as had been done before in the Cape itself. We still think that advantage might be taken of the first considerable success Sir Harry Smith may obtain to send out such a messenger of peaceful settlement, of constitutional reform, and of ameliorated policy. Lord John Russell defeated the proposition in the House of Commons—he did worse—he caricatured it; and under the pretext that a commission of arbitration would weaken the authority of Sir Harry Smith, he substituted a sub-commission of two unpopular and useless underlings to assist Sir Harry in carrying out the very policy which demanded change. Lord John further, as if confessing that he had plunged into this savage war and colonial dispute without sufficient information, instituted a Committee of Inquiry up stairs, upon which those members of the House

consistait à envahir par zones le territoire, et à refouler les populations Arabes hors de ces zones, gardées par une série de postes militaires . . . marchant avec les razzias nombreuses, avec la dévastation, et l'incendie des goubis, des silos, et des moissons, il ne laissa pas de relâche aux tribus de l'Algérie.'—*A. Debay*.

Lord Grey's imitation is so faithful and exact, that we only quote the French description as the original, not as in any way differing from our own late accounts.

of Commons who were in communication with the Cape indignantly refused to serve, knowing that it was intended only to blind and tongue-tie the House of Commons, and to rid the Colonial Office of their interference; and foreseeing that it would end, as it has, in irritating the colony, continuing the war, and pledging this country to satisfy the vague expectations and assumed responsibilities which may attach to this wonderful inquiry.

There is no hope while Lord Grey holds office. He has, indeed, in a way fulfilled his promises—he *has* changed our system—but not to recal our earlier wisdom, but to practise English statesmanship in French ideas. See how he asserts, only to spoil the principles of our Provincial Government! Does he recognise the distinction between supreme prerogatives and local immunity? He does so only to proclaim high hopes and disappoint them. He doles out local privilege with supreme caprice. He thinks he recognises local rights, when he hands them over, one by one, at his imperial discretion, so that if ever pleaded against his will, he may still proclaim rebellion. He advances liberal principles under protest, and indulges in despotic power under cover of their vain proclamation. He may thus give up, in detail, such questions as that concerning rebellion losses, or clergy reserves, to Canadian local decision—*unus et alter*—yet for fear of enunciating his general principles, he will both forfeit all the gratitude due to his concessions, and all power of reserving, when needful, the legitimate supremacy.

As long as Lord Grey presides over England's colonies, the English tax-payer must make his mind up for the continuance of all such costly features of his system as we have recounted, and many others like them. He will have to pay for Kafir wars and New Zealand patronage—poor's-rates for the support of would-be emigrants, and county rates for the punishment of vitiated industry—his energies must exhaust their produce in maintaining an unnatural contention with his best customers, and the colonies must fret on under a blistering process of being for ever taught their rights without enjoying them.

But worse misgivings still come over us. Will a change of administration ameliorate our colonial system? Would Lord Derby end this wasteful policy? Does he encourage such a hope, by now guiding his powerful opposition against it? We answer—No. He had the opportunity in his hands towards the close of the last session, yet he lost it. When Lord Grey, to carry out unflinchingly his South Algerian scheme, at length was driven to a stretch of power, in the re-institution of abolished despotism at the Cape, which several of the first lawyers in this land publicly and after deliberate and repeated consultation pronounced to be an unconstitutional and illegal assumption on the part of the crown, Lord Derby had both the minister and his system in his power. Unless we wholly miscalculate the strength of that noble leader and his party in the House of Lords, it required but moderate determination, and no great effort on their part, to secure the triumph of the motion of censure, which was lost by the small minority of six. It was a great occasion, for the question involved in its discussion not only the fundamental principles of colonial government, and the limits of Crown power in constitutional matters, but to Lord Derby himself it presented, in a nucleus, the whole essence of the distinctive policy of his party. That noble Lord and Mr. Disraeli have frankly and publicly declared their abandonment of all hopes of restoring protective duties on agricultural imports, at all events in the present state of public feeling on the subject. They state, however, that they have an equivalent policy for the defence and vindication of the landed interest, in the equalization of taxation, and the relief of those classes from an undue pressure of public burdens. For our part, we heartily sympathize with these resolutions, both as to the impracticability of restoring protective duties on corn, further than may be included in an equal imposition of revenue duties, and in the justice and expediency of a consequent relief from that taxation, the unequal pressure of which on the land is the sole legitimate claim to any special agricultural protection. The Protectionists, if they have

now any policy at all to hold out as their claim to a party-following, can have no object so palpably foremost in their estimation as a general retrenchment of taxation. It is their sole distinctive policy. Every *needless* head of expenditure,—still more, any *mischievous* drain on the national industry,—whether met by exclusive contributions of agricultural classes, or by general taxation ever tending to preponderate on the land, must be the very focus of their chief and most united opposition. When, therefore, even a colonial question came under debate, involving as its principal feature a war of vast and thankless mischief at unbounded expense, the leader of the Protectionists, in arraying his party against the administration on such a question, was fighting the great battle of all his party preceptions, and staking on the issue all the distinctive principles and the most essential interests, the defence of which he assumes as his special province. The whole surplus revenue on which his client's hopes are fixed was being dissipated by this one colonial transaction, and a large increase of their denounced Income-tax was being incurred by its relentless progress. Yet when the occasion for decisive action upon both objects thus presented itself, and he confronted it, he was satisfied to claim the one without securing it, and to denounce the other without impeding its increase.

We seem, then, to have no hope in this quarter. If we look to other leading statesmen, we find Sir James Graham, at Carlisle, taking pride in the vast energies of the nations sprung from our American colonies, and rejoicing even in the rivalry of their hereditary spirit; yet not a hope has he ever given that he draws from them the lesson that other British colonies have within them the same internal spring of self-relying energy, which, if thwarted, must either break them from us into rival states, like the American, or, yielding, let them

droop in languid weight on our resources; but if allowed fair play, so far from burdening us, would display in each their native vigour, not in alienation from, but in warm attachment to us; not in jealousy, but in a healthy nourishment of mutual resources. It is, indeed, a melancholy fatality that leads England to take up, in endless instalments of unavailing experience, these obvious lessons. The warnings of the colonial reformers throughout the session of 1850, against the adoption of the ministerial measures of that year for an Australian constitution, are only now, in the autumn of 1851, becoming sufficiently audible, by their re-percussion from the colony itself, to awaken this country into a recognition of the alarming degree in which, in that case, Lord Grey had misunderstood even the very wants and wishes that he desired to gratify. At last, and alas! too late, this country sees how entirely the colonial reformers agreed, and how entirely the Colonial Office disagreed with the colonists, during the debates on the Australian Colonies Government Bill.

We can only take up the warning which seems now the key-note of all advisers, 'The tax-payers must help themselves!' So say alike Mr. Disraeli to the farmers of Buckinghamshire, and Sir James Graham to those of Cumberland. If the constituencies of England would cease to rest satisfied in handing over all colonial affairs to a minister, and tell the candidates for their representation at the coming election, besides minding other things, to see if the very elements of retrenchment and reduced taxation, as well as many other national requirements, may not lurk in this particular department of too-unheeded misgovernment, the Economists may possibly find their panacea, and the Protectionists their long-lost idol, to be, after all, identical, and hidden in the identical *cul de sac*.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

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GASTRONOMY AND CIVILIZATION.

TWO conditions are necessary to the cultivation of the science of gastronomy, national peace and individual taste. Wherever these have existed, the science has progressed, with more or less credit, limited by temperance and rational festivity where men were refined, and degraded into fantastic gluttony where they were licentious. The greatest abuse of this science has been under the monarchical form of government from ancient Egypt to modern Russia. Republican virtue has thriven on simple fare, from the turnips of Cincinnatus to Andrew Marvel's cold shoulder of mutton.

In Egypt, where luxury was carried to the greatest excess, superstition spoilt many a goodly mess, by interdicting the use of onions and leeks, of which restriction Juvenal writes,

Porrum et cepe nefas violare, et frangere morsu,

while to gratify their ambition for costly and unheard of delicacies, the rulers of this people misapplied things intended to minister to other senses, by forcing them into the service of the palate, as exemplified in Cleopatra's extravagant beverage seasoned with melted pearls.

In ancient Greece, temperate enjoyment administered unrivalled hospitality. When Phoenix, Ajax, and Ulysses, at the head of Agamemnon's deputation, waited on Achilles, Patroclus, himself the son of a king, cooked the dinner and attended to the fire; and though camp performances may be no standard for ordinary practice, yet, as Homer particularises the skilful carving of Achilles, it is probable he intended to represent the best manners of the period, which, though simple, were not rude, as it is evident that careful arrangement and courteous attention, the primal elements of scientific festivity, presided

at the unexpected banquet, (*Iliad*, ix.) It is remarkable that there should be no mention of either fish or fruit in the Homeric repasts. It is evident that both must have been used when the *Iliad* was written, as a description of the angler drawing a heavy fish to shore is used as a simile in the 16th Book; and as fruit is mentioned growing in the garden of Alcinoüs, it may safely be inferred that it was eaten. Athenæus accounts for the omission of these articles on the supposition that Homer did not think it dignified to particularize them at the meals of his heroes. It is worthy of notice, however, that when Nestor returns to his tent with Machaon, after the latter has been hurt in battle, Hecamede gives the wounded warrior green honey, sacred flour of barley, probably made into little cakes, and an onion relish, previous to presenting him with a strengthening draught composed of Pramnian wine, in which goat's-milk cheese and barley are grated. (*Iliad*, xi.) It may be that the meal of a wounded man being medical as well as gastronomical, and requiring more than ordinary skill in its arrangement, made Homer think it worth while to give these particulars. Salt, apparently a more superfluous article, is sometimes mentioned, but then it bore a triple signification of sanctity: first, it was held sacred, because it possessed the divine power of preserving meat from putrefaction (*The Scholiast*); secondly, because it was used at sacrifices; when Chryseis is given back to her father, salt is sprinkled with barley between the horns of the hecatombs as they are going to be slain (*Iliad*, i.); and lastly, because it was used at meals, and was therefore regarded as a bond of union between men. (*The Scholiast*.) In the repast given by Achilles to the deputation sent by Agamemnon, Patroclus sprinkles salt over the meat he is cooking; but this

is an exception to the general rule: it is usually flour that is strewn over the roasting meats in the *Iliad*.

The only method of preparing the Homeric repasts is roasting, yet, as there is an allusion to pork boiling in a pot, used as a simile in the 21st Book of the *Iliad*, it was clearly a mode both understood and practised. Several striking examples of the ready hospitality of Greece occur in the *Odyssey*. It is effectively illustrated when Telemachus invites Minerva to share the banquet preparing in the palace of Ithaca; as the invitation is not given to the goddess either in her divine character or in the assumed one of Mentor, both of which are unknown to Telemachus, but simply to a stranger as such, with whose name, position, and purpose he is entirely unacquainted. (*Odyssey*, i.) It is exhibited under a different phase when Telemachus, and Minerva, under the form of Mentor, come upon Nestor and his sons sacrificing to Neptune on the Pylian shore, and are promptly invited to join the rite and the feast without any preliminary questions of their names or business. (*Odyssey*, iii.) And again, in another aspect, when Ulysses, journeying on foot as a poor old beggar, is received into the house of Eumæus, the steward of the swine, where he is entertained and lodged in the best manner his host's circumstances allow. (*Odyssey*, xiv.) These features of the old heroic ages were the basis of social life in Greece, and expanded into the fullest development in her wonderful republics, where enjoyment was ministered by courtesy, tempered by sobriety, graced by art, and dignified by science. The luxury of the Greeks has been much misunderstood and exaggerated. Gluttony was a rare thing amongst them, and never, at any period of their independent existence, a national characteristic. In the times of Socrates, there were three meals which answered respectively to our breakfast, luncheon, and dinner. The first usually consisted of bread dipped in wine, which gave it the name of ἀκράτωμα. The luncheon, ἄριστον, was a simple meal, of which the substance varied according to the circumstances of different families; the time for it was also uncer-

tain; but in the regular life of cities it was probably about noon, as Philocleon describes the satisfaction of going home to lunch after the business of the courts of justice was over, and gives a lively description of the manner in which his wife and daughter pressed him to try several things. (Aristophanes. *Vesp.* 605, 612.)

The principal meal, δείπνον, occurred late in the day, sometimes at sunset. In the houses of wealthy Athenians, this meal consisted of two courses: the first comprising fish, flesh, fowl, vegetables, bread, and the invariable ψάχα, a preparation of flour and wine; and the second, which combined the features of our third course and dessert, was composed of confections, fruits, and sweetmeats. The Athenians were a very social people, and seized on every good excuse for dining together, such as religious festivals, family anniversaries, or the natal days of illustrious men. The young men, as early as the time of Homer, had an entertainment something like the modern pic-nic, being a joint-stock meal, to which each person contributed a share of the provisions, or subscribed an equal portion of money to purchase them. On ordinary occasions, the dinner was cooked, or superintended, by the mistress of the house, but for great banquets a professional man cook was engaged. The Athenians bathed and dressed with care when they went out to supper, and reclined while taking their meals. It has not been ascertained when reclining superseded sitting; it has been conjectured that this mode was adopted when baths were introduced, but this explanation cannot be supported, as the Homeric heroes invariably sat, and they took the bath before supping. (*Iliad*, x.)

The Greeks have the reputation of being great drinkers, which is an exceedingly mischievous error, built up into a popular doctrine from some such conclusive evidence as that their great solemnities were barchie, and that Anacreon and Cratinus were jolly fellows. Even Alexander, who has the most suspicious character in this respect, has been very unjustly aspersed. It is certain that if he ever exceeded at all, it was only

when the duties of the day were over, and never till the latter part of his life; but it is probable that the violence attributed to this part of his career rose from ungovernable pride and unrestrained temper, rather than from intoxication. It is certain that he was remarkable for his temperate eating; and though he was very particular in providing a good supper for his guests, and careful in helping them attentively, he disregarded dainties himself, and when rare fish and fruit were brought to him from a distance, he divided and distributed them among his friends, seldom retaining any for himself. The grateful Queen of Caria frequently sent him delicacies and choice viands, but when she forwarded some of her best cooks and bakers to him, he declared he had no use for them, as his tutor Leonidas had supplied him with far better, a march before day to get his dinner ready, and a light dinner to prepare his supper. His habits were simple and soldierly; he never reclined till supper, when the day and its work were dispatched, but sat to his dinner like the Homeric heroes. Plutarch says he sat long after supper, not to drink, but to talk, which is in perfect harmony with the character of the soldier in every age.

Bacchus, and the festivals in his honour, come in for a large share of this misrepresentation. This god was the most chaste, temperate, and beneficent of all the heathen deities: he taught men the use of the vine and the cultivation of the earth, and achieved the conquest of India chiefly by the introduction of these benefits. He instructed in the use of the fruits of the earth, but did not sanction their abuse. It has been well distinguished by an American poet, who has read the mythic meaning with a gifted eye, that 'Bacchus was the type of vigour, and Silenus of excesses.'

The excitement which possessed people during the Dionysia was the result of religious enthusiasm, a d not of intoxication. The Bacchantes were animated by inspired fervour alone, therefore the beautifully executed figure of the drunken Bacchante in the French department of the Great Exposition perpetuates an erroneous conception. The priest-

esses were not admitted to the mysteries of the Anthesteria, one of the most ancient Attic festivals, until they had undergone especial preparation and purification; and as men were excluded from these mysteries altogether, it is easy to see that these rites could not have deserved the character for licentiousness which some have ascribed to them.

In private life, the Greeks did not drink unmixed wine till the first course was removed: after which they washed their hands, and poured out some wine as a libation before tasting it themselves. Excess of every kind was discouraged in Greece, both by the precept and example of philosophers, and by the enforcements of law. In Sparta, men were obliged to dine at the public tables, supplied with very simple fare, in order that luxury might not creep into the state through the home habits of the citizens. In Athens, the laws of Solon, which flourished 400 years, excluded the debauched from the right of public speaking; and though Plato permitted men after the age of forty to become intoxicated at the Bacchic festivals, yet, as he prohibited wine altogether to youths under eighteen, and from that age till thirty allowed but a moderate quantity, the tendency of his indulgence is clearly to establish sobriety, as no man who had cultivated temperance till he was forty years old, would be likely to become a toper afterwards. Yet, even during this elevated condition of public and private morality, the cant of an austere virtue sprang up, and the cynics asserted that the perfection of human life consisted in a total subjugation of the flesh. They substituted mental for physical excess, and disgraced virtue by the manner of their protest against vice. 'I see your vanity through your rags,' said Socrates to Antisthenes, the founder of the system. Finding it easier to suppress their desires than to regulate them, they made an ostentatious boast of the abstinence which emanated from the vanity and weakness of their natures; and so, like some of us, turned their failings to a profitable account. They taught nothing, they only railed. Diogenes, who made

himself the most conspicuous of the sect, indemnified himself for the discomfort of his self-imposed renunciations by snarling at the comforts which he had not the temperance of spirit to enjoy with moderation. He received a well-merited rebuke from Plato, when, stamping on the decorations of the divine philosopher in presence of some noble guests who were supping with him, he exclaimed, 'Thus I trample on the pride of Plato!' 'And with greater pride, Diogenes,' answered the temperate Athenian.

The Greeks did not disregard dietetics, nor did their greatest philosophers neglect to warn against the use of unwholesome articles of food, while inculcating simplicity of diet. Their gastronomy was simple, as contradistinguished from rude on the one hand, and gluttonous on the other.

It is singular that the popular conception of the sensualist refers his parentage to precisely that philosopher who had the most temperate doctrines and practice. Free from all extremes, Epicurus inculcated moderation in all things: he taught that only in the equal exercise of all his faculties could man attain happiness, by which he understood the happiness of his whole life, not the exaggerated felicity of any one moment. In the chosen retreat of his Attic garden he enjoyed tranquil speculation, the social intercourse of his friends and followers, and dispensed simple hospitality to all who needed it. Wonderful days in the world's history were those of republican Greece, where all that was lofty, heroic, beautiful, and good, met in one place and at one time, to be a pattern and a glory for ever. Who would not have lingered over his wine to drain the richer draughts of wisdom from Socrates, to drink the sublime eloquence of Plato, the calm philosophy of Epicurus, and listen to the rare melodies of that lost music, whose recorded effects have become a fable and a dream? The Romans, although they imitated the Greeks in many arts and practices, did not get their licentiousness from them, as the vulgar error supposes. Livy traces the degeneracy of Rome from the introduction of luxury by the Asiatic army after the triumphs of Cn. Manlius Vulso,

A.U.C. 565, and sets down amongst its worst effects, that cooks were then for the first time held in value, and that what had formerly been esteemed as the meanest of service, began to be considered an art: '*tum coquus, vilissimum antiquis mancipium, et estimatione et usu, in pretio esse: et quod ministerium fuerat, ars haberi cepta.*' The Romans became more remarkable for gluttony than for rational gastronomy: their *grands gourmands* combined the voraciousness of a Justice Greedy, and the fantastic fancies of a Cleopatra, with the impudent foppishness of a Brummel. Horace illustrates the two first of these characteristics, in his satire on the supper given by Nasidienus to Mæcenas, amongst the component parts of which, in addition to various wines and many substantial dishes, he mentions broiled flounders' entrails, and gander's liver stuffed with figs; the host, during the entire feast, ostentatiously bragging of the superiority of his wines, viands, and inventions, and setting forth their varieties and qualities in a strain of endless dulness. Horace is a more just and credible satirist than either Seneca or Juvenal, because his sympathies are more extensive and his judgment more lenient: jovial and social himself, he is more likely to censure abuse fairly, because he is better qualified to distinguish it from use; and we may conclude, from the general tone of his writings, that his own opinion is expressed when he makes Ofellus condemn the nonsensical preference given by his contemporaries to a poor-flavoured peacock, on account of its gay plumage, over a fat pullet:—

Vix tamen eripiam, posito pavone, velis
quin

Hoc potius, quam gallina, tergere palatum,

Corruptus vanis rerum.

The doctrine which he puts into the mouth of Alphius, who declares his preference for simple diet, giving easy digestion and cheerful spirits, and affirms that neither curious fish nor rare birds are so acceptable to him—

. quam lecta de pinguissimis

Oliva ramis arborum,

Aut herba lapathi prata amantis, et
gravi

Malvæ salubres corpori;

may also be presumed to be the opinion of Horace himself, as the apostasy of Alphius, at the conclusion of the satire, throws discredit on his own tergiversation, and does not affect the principles he assumed.

But the fullest and most curious account of Roman luxury is that given by Petronius in his *Feast of Trimalchio*. This elaborate supper began with ripe and unripe olives, by way of stimulants, with which were served dormice seasoned with honey and poppy juice; sausages accompanied by Syrian plums and pomegranate seeds; and a wooden hen fashioned as if sitting on eggs, which when examined, proved to be made of paste containing each an ortolan surrounded by yolk of egg sprinkled with pepper. The second service was served entire on a round repository. It consisted of twelve dishes, representing the signs of the Zodiac, on each of which some emblematical article was placed; and while the guests were testifying by their abstemiousness their disappointment at such meagre fare, the upper part of the repository was lifted away, (just as we would take off a dish cover,) and exposed a goodly service of meat, game, and fish, the most noticeable articles being a hare so arranged as to represent Pegasus; and at the four corners of the tray a statuette of a satyr pouring garum—a sauce probably very similar to our Anchovy—Brillat Savarin thinks it was Soy, —over fish, which in a vessel at his feet seemed to be swimming in the Euxine sea. Next followed an enormous wild sow, out of which flew a flock of live thrushes, and from whose tusks depended two palm baskets filled respectively with Theban and Syrian dates. She was surrounded by a litter of little pigs, made from some kind of cake-paste. When this course was removed, three pigs of different ages, decorated with handsome bells, muzzles, and halters, were marched into the banquet-hall, and Trimalchio having selected the largest, it was carried off to be killed, and re-appeared cooked in as short a time as it would have taken an ordinary cook to prepare a fowl. But it is remarked, that this pig is larger than the wild

sow that had been previously served, and Trimalchio observing it intently, discovers that it had not been opened; whereupon he sends, in a towering passion, for the cook, who arrives in fear and trembling, and pleads as an excusable oversight that he had forgotten to eviscerate the animal; but Trimalchio, regarding the omission in a very serious light, desires him to strip (*despolia*), like Vatel in Scribe's admirable vaudeville of that name, who visits his son's culinary errors in the same severe manner—*Dépose tes insignes, je te dégrade!* Trimalchio's cook is being marched off between two torturers, when the company intercede for him, and the courteous host pardoning him at their request, orders him to open the pig, and remedy his forgetfulness in public, which, having re-donned his tunic and knife of office, he proceeds to do, when, from the first incisions, hog's puddings and sausages bound out in all directions. The servants compliment their master with loud acclamations on the success of this farce, and the cook, who had so cleverly performed his part, receives a silver garland and the honour of drinking a goblet with the company. Then follows a boiled calf; and while the guests are engaged in dispatching him, the whole *triclinium* trembles, the ceiling cracks, and while the affrighted company are rising in consternation, a vast hoop descends through the opening, with garlands and pear-shaped boxes of perfumes attached to it; and during the time that each person is helping himself to these, a light service of cakes and fruit is placed on the table, which yield a delicious odour of saffron on being touched. This is succeeded by a course called *matteæ*, consisting of delicacies and choice dainties. In this instance it was composed of fat pullets dissected and boned, surrounded by thrushes, and goose's eggs surmounted by a paste crown. Then followed an after-course (*epidipnis*), brought in on fresh tables, containing some curious specimens of culinary achievements. Thrushes stuffed with a peculiarly light kind of wheat (*silego*), flour, raisins, and nuts of some kind, probably walnuts. Quinces stuck full of prickles, to

resemble sea-urchins, similar to that well-known ornament of our own refined supper-tables—asponge-cake hedgehog, sprinkled with cut almonds. These are accompanied by a goose, various fish, and many kinds of birds, all of which Trimalchio assures his astonished guests are made out of pork by his skilful cook. This making one thing out of another was a favourite achievement, probably originating as an expedient, and perpetuated as a diversion, as it is related that when Nicomedes, king of Bithynia, being three hundred miles from the sea, longed for fish, his cook contrived to produce something which satisfied both his eye and his palate, so exactly did it represent the object of his desires. While this course of transformations is being examined, two slaves enter the hall, disputing with such intensity, that they pay no attention to Trimalchio's remonstrances, and presently each breaks the other's *amphora*, from which oysters and all sorts of shell-fish roll out; these are collected by a serving-boy, and presented to the guests. The cook, so ingenious in masquerade dishes, then enters singing, carrying little shell-fish smoking hot on a silver gridiron: and this would have concluded the repast, but that just as Trimalchio is delivering a 'won't go home till morning'* sentiment, he is interrupted by the crowing of a cock, which is instantly caught and cooked.

The manners throughout this long feast are deserving of notice;—first, it is observable that Trimalchio enters the hall and takes possession of the seat that has been reserved for him, after his guests are placed, with a regal air worthy of a colonial court. Petronius mentions that this was a newly-introduced fashion. When settled on his be-cushioned *triclinium*, he makes use of his tooth-pick very elaborately and ostentatiously before touching anything: a silver tooth-pick being a mark of

luxury, he is anxious to exhibit his wealth in this very disagreeable manner, and it is to be regretted that many modern Trimalchios make an equally reprehensible display of an instrument which, while designed to relieve its possessor, should not be made an infliction on his neighbours. An accidental and more favourable opportunity for display occurs in the course of the festival, when one of the attendants lets a silver dish fall to the ground, and Trimalchio will not let him pick it up, but desires the groom of the furniture to sweep it away with the refuse. The bread was handed round as at our own tables, and no water was allowed; and when Trimalchio perceived that some of that simple beverage found a place at his costly board, he ran round the table vociferating that it should be carried away. There were professional carvers, and this important art was performed to the sound of music, and with appropriate gesticulations. We wish our modern gourmands would follow the very good example of Trimalchio, in this respect, and if they must have their viands carved on the sideboard by servants, take care that, like his carvers, they are trained to the art.

Luxurious and debauched as the Romans were, Trimalchio, is, even for one of them, a very absurd and exaggerated person, bearing about the same proportion to one of the nobles of his time, as a new city lord of these days does to the cultivated gentleman. All his devices to entertain his guests are of the tight-rope merry Andrew order, scenic shows, pre-arranged and perhaps rehearsed between himself and his servants, like those of the pretended unopened pig, the mock fight resulting in the broken *amphora*, and the shower of shell-fish, and the 'four-and-twenty blackbirds baked in a pie' effect, when the live thrushes fly out of the gigantic sow. He is, nevertheless, seen to be a

* *Quare tangomenas faciamus, et usque in lucem cenemus.* There has been much discussion about this word *tangomenas*. We have little doubt that it is a corruption of the two first words of the well-known fragment of Alcæus: *τῆγγε πνεύμονας σίτω*, 'Moisten your lungs with wine.' '*Quare, τῆγγε πνεύμονας faciamus*' is, therefore, equivalent to, 'So let us sing, *Soak your clay.*' Naples being a Greek colony, the colloquial phrases abounded with corrupted Greek. The writing of Petronius is extremely pure, and his manner the very perfection of style; but the dialogues throughout his satire are sprinkled with bastard words of the kind in question.

good-natured kind of person, and when any of the servants or slaves commit any real fault, his threats of punishment generally begin a sentence which ends with their forgiveness. The servants sometimes venture to get up a little scene on their own account, which they would not have dared to do if he had been as fierce and relentless as he thought it dignified to appear. They turn his pretensions and foibles to their own profit with impunity. A young slave, desirous of obtaining his liberty, tumbles over Trimalchio, who, though wounded, instantly gives the youth his freedom, in order that it might not be said that so illustrious a personage as himself had been hurt by a slave. When half-seas-over, at the end of the feast, he quarrels with his wife, Fortunata, whom he had extravagantly landed at its commencement, and after throwing a cup at her in the heat of the moment, he gravely decrees that she shall be punished by not being permitted to kiss him when he is dead, and that her figure shall not be carved on his tomb. The artistic entertainments are of the most vulgar kind, tumblers, tricks, recitations of nonsense, and music and singing performed by his slaves: his own philosophical and historical dialogues are as ridiculous as Mrs. Malaprop's phraseology; but the conversation of his guests is very amusing, and the whole satire conveys a most graphic and minute picture of Roman manners. Petronius was held in such esteem by the learned German Meibomius, that seeing in a letter from Bologna the words *Habemus hic Petronium integrum*, ('we have here Petronius, entire'), he took it for granted the complete manuscript of Petronius was there, and posted off in search of it; when he arrived, he asked where Petronius was to be found, and on being informed he was kept in the church, he expressed his surprise at such a place being chosen to deposit him in; upon which his informant asked what fitter place could be found for a sacred body than the church; and the discomfited scholar found he had travelled with such infinite diligence only to discover the mummy of Saint Petronius!

As we have said so much about

Petronius, we will add that, with all deference to Niebuhr, we agree with those who assign him to the age of Nero, and rejoice with Otto Jahn (*Prol. ad Pers.* xxxiv.), that Stüder has re-vindicated him to that period.

It is to be regretted that the bill of fare which Cicero gave to Julius Caesar has not come down to us, when Cicero, who had expected his guest to show himself very unamiable, was agreeably surprised by the justice Caesar did to his hospitality, in eating a great deal more than he found it convenient to keep on his stomach. (*Ep. ad Att.* 13, 52.) Roman gluttony became so excessive, that laws were framed to repress it; a decree passed interdicting the use of pork, sweetbreads, cheeks, &c., at their public suppers, and the Emperor Hadrian issued an edict prohibiting all persons from bathing before the eighth hour, to prevent the abuse of the bath, which was systematically used after immoderate eating, to give relief by assisting the digestion: the Emperor Titus is said to have died from this cause.

Between Greek and Roman luxury there was a wide distinction; the Greeks were infinitely more refined, temperate, and artistic; in their states, individuals were not able, as in Imperial Rome, to amass extraordinary riches; of what they did possess, they expended more upon art, and less upon indulgence. The Romans had no social arts, and endeavoured to supply their deficiency by profusion. They hired dancers, singers, musicians, and jokers to amuse them; the Greeks amused themselves, for though they also possessed professional singers, dancers, and musicians, the most illustrious of their warriors, poets, and philosophers were versed in one or more of the festive arts, without which society would lack grace and animation, and festivity become rude and licentious. Epaminondas was a skilful dancer, an accomplished singer, and a clever performer on the harp and flute. Pelopidas was celebrated for his graceful dancing and musical skill. Socrates reproached Alcibiades because he had not learned to play on the flute; and Themistocles had to excuse himself in the zenith of his popularity for his want of accomplishments, by pleading his naval

achievements, by which he had saved his country from the Persian invasion. The Romans had no sympathy with this artistic culture; their musicians, even if they were citizens at all—which is by no means certain—were very lightly esteemed; they were low, vicious and greedy.

The Romans were not, like the Greeks, persuaded of the immense power of music upon the mind. Cicero ridicules Damon (in Plato) for dreading lest the city itself should be altered if the kind of music which distinguished it were to be changed. Among the Arcadians a man might be ignorant of every art but music—not to know which was a disgrace. Throughout Greece, it was esteemed a grievous reproach not to know how to play, sing, and dance; music was introduced at banquets, and the guests were expected to sing to it. The arts and graces were innate in the Greeks; the Romans only borrowed them, and endeavoured to make up by profusion and exaggeration what they wanted in taste and quality. Their one animus under every form of government had been to conquer other nations and enlarge their own. Consequently when they sat down to enjoy the fruits of conquest, they proceeded in a very rough, unscientific manner, having given all their best energies to the arts of war, and very small attention to the graces of peace. But when we speak of the degeneracy of Rome into luxury, we must not forget the remark of Voltaire:—‘As if virtue consisted in robbery, and vice in enjoying the spoil.’

We remark such a close affinity between the Roman and German cookery and festive habits, that we believe all that now remains of Roman gastronomic art must be sought only in modern Germany. The agro-dolce sauces, by which the former was characterized, still distinguish the latter: the *bizarre* admixture of meat and fish, of sweet fruit sauces with meats, the large proportions of wine used in their dishes, the marinated viands having boiling vinegar poured over them just as they are ready to be served, and the vast assortment of sausages—including those made of fish,

which are said to have been invented by the Emperor Heliogabalus—all tend to establish a Roman origin. Added to which, there is the additional presumptive proofs of several Roman games and habits, having synonymous representatives in the Zollverein. The ancient pastime, *micare*, still survives there; and the wealthy Frankfurt merchants sometimes have a kind of lottery at their magnificent parties, entitling each guest to some present inscribed on the ticket which he obtains; after a fashion identical with the *apophoreta* of Petronius and Suetonius. In the German Christmas-tree, we probably see Trimalchio's hoop (*circulus ingens*), with its presents of garlands and perfumed boxes.

Though the light of the kitchen fire was probably the brightest spot in the dark ages, yet as its reflection has not come down to us, we can only conjecture that barbarian kings would feast, as they did everything else, coarsely and ravenously. The continental nations preserved traditional traces of Roman luxury; and Eastern festivity, extinguished by a long series of invasions and disasters, revived in a much more agreeable form under the Saracens. Dr. King relates that the maid of an inn served a poisoned shoulder of mutton to Mahomet himself, remarking, with Oriental nonchalance, ‘If he is a prophet, he will discover it: if he is an impostor, no matter what becomes of him.’ No authority is given for this anecdote, *ma se non è vero, è ben trovato*.

The *Arabian Nights* furnish vivid and picturesque accounts of the gay, light, and graceful banquets of the true believers, to which flowers and perfumes were as necessary as food. Tinged and coloured meats and grains; snowy pullets, reposing on plains of verdant rice; chickens, looking as rosy as the flowers that surrounded them; the permitted wine of dates, and, occasionally, the forbidden vintage of the infidel; with the variety and quantity of fruit, sweetmeats, and cakes, which formed the basis of all their entertainments, are described over and over again, with all the honours of Oriental recapitulation. But it is

the perfect social equality of all true Mussulmans which strikes us most forcibly in those delightful tales. The meal of the traveller is ready in every house. Every guest that presents himself is welcome, irrespective of condition. If a man exhibits unusual perturbation, when he discovers that he has been unwittingly supping with the Caliph himself, it is not the rank that disturbs him, but the consciousness that he may have been very near losing his head—an infallible consequence, if any of his words or looks had given umbrage to the mighty potentate. With this one little drawback, all are equals. Zobeide and her sisters entertain the porter who carried home their provisions, the three Calenders, and the disguised Caliph and his Vizier, with equal attention and hospitality. And the only difference that we perceive in the guests at this charming supper is, that the porter appears to be the most intellectual character of the set. Where there is any demur about eating in unfitting situations, the difficulty arises from some source independent of the condition of the company. When the Vizier and Agh's grandmother are so enraged with the servant, who has taken their little relative to eat in the cook's shop at Damascus, it seems evident that the cause of their wrath must be sought elsewhere than in the different ranks of the parties, as the internal evidence throughout these tales exhibits persons of all classes dining together without demur. But as it was customary to perform ablutions before eating, and as the Orientals are very strict observers of etiquette, we conclude it was the omission of ceremonial, consequent on taking a repast at a cook's shop, which incensed the child's illustrious friends; and this was an error which would, of course, be aggravated by the elevated position of the defaulter.

We are confirmed in this opinion by the present practice in Persia with regard to cooks' shops, to which only the common people go to dine; for though the middle classes and shopkeepers very frequently send to them for their supplies, they take their meals at home.

As we before remarked, the Continental nations preserved traditional traces of Roman luxury, which served in some instances as a basis, in others as an indication, for the creation of their respective kitchens. But England owes her characteristic dishes and drinks to her native people: it was not till the time of the Norman Conquest that any material invasion of foreign dishes took place in the British kitchen. The native Britons had an illustrious appreciation of good ale long before the Saxon invasion. Prince Aneurin's poem of the battle of Cattraeth, composed in the sixth century, in commemoration of the heroes who perished at it, attributes the loss of the battle by the Cambrian Britons to the state of intoxication* in which they entered the field. Some of the oldest Welsh songs are in praise of ale, which they celebrated in conjunction with the Hirlas.

But we from the horn, the blue, silver-finned horn,
Drink the ale and the mead, in our fields
that were born.

Some centuries before,
King Harthnute, midst Danes and
Saxons stout,
Caroused in nut-brown ale, and dined
on grout.

By Chaucer's time, gastronomy had made such progress that cooks were almost as accomplished in the art of cheating as those of our own highly ingenious days. Before the cook is allowed to tell his tale to his fellow-pilgrims, he is admonished of his culinary delinquencies—

Now ~~tell~~ ^{good} on, Roger, and loke that it be
good,
For many a pastee hast thou letten
bloed;
And many a Jacke of Dover hast thou
sold,
That has been twies hot and twies cold;
Of many a pilgrim hast thou Cristes
curse,
And of thy perseele yet fare they the
worse,
That they have eten in thy stoble goos,
For in thy shop goth many a fle loos.

This worthy 'Cook of London' was evidently at once a restaurateur, a pastrycook, and a baker. If the pasty had been made by himself, he would have had no interest to deprive it of gravy; it must, there-

fore, have been sent to him to bake. The nature of the Jacke of Dover has been much controverted, but as it is impossible to ascertain what it was, we must content ourselves with determining that it was something named after a Jacke of Dover, just as the well-known tea-cake is christened by Sally Lunn. It is certain the illustrious Jacke was a celebrated character, as he is often mentioned; and there is besides a biographical sketch of a portion of his career, entitled, *The Adventures of Jacke of Dover in search of a greater Fool than himself*.

We do not know whether the French, when they invaded Italy under Charles VIII., in 1494, introduced new ideas of cookery as a portion of their conquest; but it would seem so from Berni's *risciacimento* of the *Orlando Innamorato*. Bojardo's ideas of cookery are simple and severe. Berni has high notions of sauces and seasonings. For instance, the Giant, in Canto VI., who has Orlando in an iron net, speculating on his plumpness and the good supper he will furnish him, says—

Intiero a cena me l'avrò mangiato,
Sol d'una spalla vùò fare un boccone :

but in Berni he projects a recondite stuffing, and says—

Arrostò fia un boccon delicato,
E l'impierò di mille cose buone.

Bojardo's Giant is a hungry glutton; Berni's is an epicure.

We have before us a comedy, which, from internal evidence, appears to have been written in the year 1550. The first printed editions appear to have been by Aldus, at Venice. Our copy is a Milanese edition of 1519. It is extremely rare. It is entitled—*Commedia Nuova composta da Nocturno Neapolitano*. There are, in the British Museum, two copies of some of the works of this author: but neither of them contains this comedy. This author, however much neglected now, seems to have been highly esteemed in his own time, as may be seen by the many editions of him, and by the Strambotti beginning:

Dunque tu sei quel unico Nocturno,
Che non hebbe mai par ne in ciel ne in terra.

At the end of this comedy is a

marriage-feast, of which the bill of fare is given in great detail. It consists chiefly of birds and confections, no fish. Solid roast meat is mentioned, but nothing specified but veal. It is also to be observed that there are dishes *all'Inglese, alla Catalana; alla Romana; none alla Francese*; which may confirm what we have before said, of the probable introduction of French notions of cookery after the time of Bojardo. Wine is not particularized; but the house of the heroine is abundantly stored with it, as every servant who goes into it comes out drunk, with exuberant commendation of the excellence of the liquor. We give that portion of the scene which relates to the bill of fare. Provida and Virido are the bride and bridegroom. Scaltra is charged with the arrangement of the banquet.

Virido. Ma dimmi un poco l'ordin
d'isto pasto,
In che maniera e modo il guidarà—
Scaltra. Til diro, perchè cauto fu
rimasto.
Prima, puffari e trombe,—se vorrai.
Che a te sta questo,—che agh spirti
umani

Dan gran conforto, e tu gran lede avrai.
Da poi l'acqua odorifera alle mani,
E tuttavia in argenti aurati e belli,
Per non parer da rustici e villani.
E una salata minuta de ocelli.
E dopo vo chel rosto sia venuto :
Prima a guacetto giotti, figatelli.
Tordi, quagli, ocellin conci a stranuto,
Lepre, canigli, cercene e pigioni,
Ranci, limon . rosto grosso e minuto :
Il lessò poi, fagian, storne e pioni,
Conci a l'Inglese ed alla Catalana,
E il rosto de vitello con caponi :
Zelatine diverse alla Romana ;
E torti bianchi e verdi, con cupata
Da leccar il taglier, ovver la piana :
Poi pere guaste, zucha e codognata,
Ranzato, riuci, e cedri più perfetti,
Marzapan, pignochado, e morselata :
Poi l'ultima mestura dei confetti,
Pignol, mandole, nice e fulignati,
Anesi, curiandoli e rancetti.

Così di grosso— or che ti par ? sta bene ?
Virido. Sì per mia fe ; che gli hai
ben ordinato.

It is curious that of the vast numbers of recorded and narrated festivals, it is in most instances impossible to obtain the bill of fare; of real banquets it is almost hopeless to make any researches; and the details of fictitious feasts are extremely rare.

Henry Machyn, citizen and merchant taylor of London, records in his Diary, 1523, the funeral feast of Alderman Sir William Roche, Knight, before the Reformation:— 'After the dirige came back to his house, and had spice-bread and comfits (confections), wine, ale, and beer. The next day the mourners went again to church, where they had a collacion,' and afterwards returned to the son's house, where the company dined, excepting the Drapers' Company, which dined in Drapers' Hall. The first course at the son's house consisted of brawn and mustard, boiled capon, roast swan, capon and custard; and the second course contained pigeons and tarts, bread, wine, ale, and beer; to which Lady Roche sent, 'of her gentylness four gallons of French wine, a box of wafers, and a potell of ipocras.'

The same kindly gossip records how, 'on the 30th July, 1557, himself, Master Dave Gyttons, Master Meynard, and Master Draper, and Master Smyth, Master Caldwell, and MasterASSE and Gybes, and Master Fackington, and mony mo, did ett allf a bushell of oysters in Auchur-lane, at Master Smyth and Master Gytton's seller a-pone hoghedes, and candyll lyght, and onyons, and red alle, and clarett alle, and muskadylle fre cope, 'at VIII. in the mornyng.'

We infer that this jolly fish breakfast was to celebrate the season that brought oysters in again; and allowing for the old style and the slow traffic of those days, there would seem to be very little difference between the time of their coming in then and now. We perceive also in that dark cellar faint glimmerings of the light which afterwards blazed into Lovegrove and Greenwich.

The old dramatists furnish the fullest details of the manners and feastings of our ancestors. Shallow's supper to Falstaff is ordered with expressive brevity:—'Some pigeons, Dave; a couple of short-legged hens; a joint of mutton; and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.' A more comprehensive idea of the notions respecting a good dinner in those days is expounded by Justice Greedy, in

Massinger's *New Way to Pay Old Debts*—

Puff paste too! Sir Giles, A ponderous chine of beef! a pheasant larded! And red-deer too, Sir Giles, and baked in puff-paste! All business set aside, let us give thanks here.

He is afterwards involved in weighty disputes with Sir Giles Overreach's cook, and has great difficulty in persuading him to roast a fawn with a Norfolk dumpling for stuffing, without which, he says 'we wise men know'—'tis not worth threepence.' He is further tormented by the cook's obstinacy about woodcocks:

— he has found out A new device for sauce, and will not dish them With toasts and butter; my father was a tailor, And my name, though a justice, Greedy Woodcock; And, ere I'll see my lineage so abused, I'll give up my commission.

Ben Jonson's Sir Epicure Mammon, in his anticipations of luxury, dwells almost exclusively on reviving the cookery of the ancients: though he seems to expect the invention of a new sauce:

— an exquisite and poignant sauce, For which I'll say unto my cook, there's gold, Go forth, and be a knight.

Fletcher's 'Lazarillo,' though he throws no light on cookery, is too noticeable a gourmand to be passed over. This indefatigable hunter of delicacies, having discovered that the head of an umbrana, a fish, like our own sturgeon, appropriated to the royal table, is to be served at the duke's board, turns courtier for the nonce, and manages to get invited to the court dinner, but immediately afterwards hearing that the rare fish has been sent to a courtier, he makes his escape and pursues it to its new quarters, where he has no sooner overcome all impediments, than he learns it has gone elsewhere, but he still keeps up the pursuit, until he is at last obliged to contract a very disgraceful marriage in order to enjoy it. (*The Woman-Hater*.)

The introduction of French cookery by Mary Queen of Scotland is associated with a terrible history

of unhallowed love, infanticide, and execution. An old ballad or complaint written in the character of the unfortunate maid of honour, thus pathetically records her approaching expiation,—

Yestreen Queen Mary had four Maries;
This night she'll hae but three;
She had Mary Scaton, and Mary Beaton
And Mary Carmichael and me.

The queen and her ladies frequently amused themselves by

making *petits gateaux*, but whenever after Mary Hamilton's tragic death, any tale of palace scandal spread among the good folks of Edinbro', the old wives would shake their heads, and exclaim with doleful mispronunciation, 'Aye, aye, they ha' bin playing at 'petticoat tales' again.'

We have been favoured with a copy of the bill of fare of a feast of the East India Company in the time of James the First, which we give entire.

The serving in of the feast of the East India Comp^a at Merchant-tailors hall, 20 January, 1622 [23].

The vpper table, 4 messe.

THE FIRST COURSE.

Grand boyled meate.
Boyled pheasants, 2 in a dish.
Boyled partridges, 6 in a dish.
Forced boyled meate.
Boyled teales, 4 in a dish.
Boyled larkes, 12 in a dish.
Sowssed cappon.
Grand sallet.
Rost kid, wholl.
Lamb, a venison pasty.
Rost mutton with oysters.
Boyled carpe, hott.
Rost pheasant, 2 in a dish.
Paris pie.
Rost hearons, 2 in a dish.
Sweet breade pie.
Fresh salmon whole.
Made dish.
Boyled pike.
Pheasant pie.
Rost cappons, 2 wherof, 1 wth oysters.
[?] Tarte.
Sowssed carpe.
Rost Turkey.
Quince pie.
Almond leach.
Cold baked meats.
Rost turkie chickens, 4.
Gamon of bacon.
Leach of fruit.
Dowcetts.

Nota. That there a lackt 2 dishes of Turky chickens, and instead thereof were 2 dishes of roasted hare.

THE SECOND COURSE.

Gelly rockt.
Rosted lambe in jointe.
Potatoe pie.
Preserved dish.
Boyled oysters. Dicto broiled.
Rost ducks, 6 in a dish.
Oyster pie.
Standing dish.
Marled smelts.
Rosted house pigeons, 6.
Partridge pie, 2 in a pie.
Sowssed pigg.
Orringeadoe pie.
Rost suites [snipes], 10 in a dish.
Chines of salmon broyled.
Sowssed eele.
Sett tart.
Rost larks, 2 dozen.
Dried neats tongues.
Pickled oysters.
Anchovees.
Canded tart.
Amber leach.
Sturghion, one jowle.
Caviare.
Rabbett suckers, 6.
Dried salmon.
Pickled herring.
March paine.

The 2 side tables, 14 messe; and 2 messe for the gallery.

THE FIRST COURSE.

Grand boyled meate.
Forced boyled meate.
Boyled ducks, 2 in a dish.
Grand sallet.
Rost mutton with oysters.
Rost Turkie.
Venison or lambe pasty.
Boyled pike.
Paris pie.

Rost lamb.
Made dish.
Rost capon 2, whereof 1 with oysters.
Quince pie.
Almond leach.
Fresh salmon.
Gamon of bacon.
Boyled carp, hott.
Fruite leach.
Dowcetts.

France, but it remained for the republic to diffuse amongst all classes the good living previously arrogated by one.

The proprietors of cooks became suspicious characters during the great revolution; they were regarded as aristocratic luxuries, and, as such, exposed their masters to danger; and as no one was prepared to lose his head for the accommodation of his stomach, they were universally dismissed, and, quitting the inhospitable shores of France, they distributed themselves throughout Russia, Austria, and England. This dispersion produced a great change in French social life: kitchens dispossessed of cooks became useless, and everybody of every class had to seek dinner at public tables. These were at that period few and mean, but the supply soon answered to the demand; that which had heretofore maintained only the condition of a cabaret, quickly expanded into a restaurant, and, finally, took that universal development which threatens to supersede domestic life in modern France. The fictions of the ante and post revolutionary periods demonstrate this difference with very precise demarcations. Louvet and Paul de Kock depict, respectively, the social and gallant life of France as it was and is, with this difference, that while with Paul de Kock's characters, dinner is as important as love, Louvet's never think about the matter. We see that Paul de Kock represents an age when the pretension to gastronomical enjoyment is as universal as liberty, equality, and fraternity; from the discriminating gourmetise of the young nobleman, to the expansive gourmandise of the voracious grisette, all are more or less gastrological. In Louvet's time luxury was greater, but it was confined to a smaller circle; and although his writings aimed at the view of that particular class, he ignored their general excesses, which did not come within his mark, in his zeal to expose those which were his peculiar object; and as the popular manners would not supply the evidence which he overlooked in the exclusive aristocracy, he passed that phase in silence. There is no mention of feasting with him, excepting

incidentally; when he has given a minute account of his hero's career for twenty-four hours, and it is quite evident that he must be starving, Louvet gives him a fowl or a pot of jam, and that is all you hear about the matter.

What the culinary excesses of that period were we learn from Voltaire's letter to the Comte d'Autrey, wherein he expresses his condemnation of the fashionable cookery, and signifies his objection to see a sweetbread smothered in a highly salted sauce, and a hash composed of turkey, hare, and rabbit. He also condemns the indiscriminate use of essences and spices, by which cooks transformed and encumbered food otherwise wholesome. He repudiates the *soi-disant* improvements, such as bread without crust; he declares his own rational taste, which was, like Rousseau's, to prefer things in their natural seasons, to adhere to simple diet, while, at the same time, he avoids both indifference and excess. 'Je trouve fort étranges,' he writes, 'les gens qui mangent sans boire, et qui ne savent pas même ce qu'ils mangent.' Whatever the habits of others may be, the true republican is invariably simple in his manners. Mirabeau's stomach was stronger than his conscience, but then his convictions were unsettled: Danton and Desmoulins talked of Spartan broth and quaffed champagne. There was no more simple liver than Robespierre: no one, with so much power, ever lived or lodged so humbly as this 'grand incorruptible.' The Consulate and the Empire brought *recherche* dinners in again, beginning with Cambacères, and continuing with Talleyrand. When Napoleon was First Consul, the little conciliatory dinners which he gave at Malmaison were characterized by a simplicity which could not conceal the ambition that lurked behind the apparent moderation. The poet Ducis was about to depart from one of these important little banquets in a hack coach, when Napoleon declared that such a conveyance was very unfit for a man of his age and talent, and begged to be allowed to arrange that he should have a carriage of his own. The venerable republican pointed to a bevy of wild ducks that

were passing over their heads,—‘There is not one of that flock,’ said he, ‘but can smell powder from afar, and scent the gun of the fowler. I am like one of those birds, Citizen General; I, too, am a wild duck.’ When he afterwards refused the Cross of the Legion of Honour, Madame de Boufflers exclaimed,—‘That is just like Ducis; he is an ancient Roman.’ ‘Not of the time of the emperors, at least,’ answered her husband.

It is to be lamented that the bill of the supper given by Jerome Buonaparte, on the evening of his nomination as King of Westphalia, to Pigault le Brun and another friend, at the Palais Royal, has not been preserved. When the repast was over, and the bill presented, his majesty found that neither himself nor his guests could muster enough to settle it. In this dilemma, the host was summoned, and the difficulty explained to him. He asked the names of his debtors, but when the two friends announced themselves as the chamberlain and librarian of the King of Westphalia, the host, thinking it a joke, said, ‘I suppose you will tell me next that your fat companion is the King of Westphalia.’ ‘Precisely,’ replied the new, appointed monarch. But the landlord, believing he had to do with a set of rogues, declared they should relate their pretensions to the guard; upon which Jerome, in a terrible taking, offered his watch as a pledge, and departed. The trio were scarcely out of the house, when the restaurateur discovered the imperial cipher on the watch, and flew with it to the commissary of police; the commissary posted to the prefet, the prefet to the minister, and the minister to the emperor. The next day his Majesty of Westphalia departed to enter on the government of his kingdom.

Doctor Reveillé-Parise bewails the dearth of profound gastronomers in France at the present time, and laments, above all, the decadence of his medical brethren in the social art. He celebrates the illustrious fraternity of the eighteenth century, as remarkable for their inventive and appreciative genius in culinary matters, as for their extraordinary medical proficiency. They seem to have been a very jolly set of fellows,

from Chirac, the inventor of a sauce with which it might be held excusable for a man to eat his own father, to Maloët, lamenting when old and ruined, that his circumstances permitted him only two indigestions a week. We must not omit to chronicle Doctor Gastaldy, who when reminded by a lady that he was taking a large portion of macaroni after a very plentiful dinner, replied, ‘Madame, le macaroni est lourd, mais il est comme le doge de Venise; quand il arrive, il lui faut faire place, tout le monde se range.’ Still less must we pass over the nameless *confrère*, who, precise in his sauces, learned in tit-bits, and particular in his *modus operandi*, finished his repast as the most picturesque of *convives*. ‘C’était une chose curieuse de l’observer après un long et succulent repas: ses yeux brillants, un peu voilés, sa respiration légèrement précipitée, un doux mouvement de gonflement ondulatoire abdominal, sa pose nonchalante, déterminée par une copulence pansue, annonçaient l’homme plongé dans cette torpeur digestive pleine de béatitude pour le gastronome consommé. Quelquefois, néanmoins, il semblait se rauimer: c’est alors que, frappant légèrement du plat de ses mains sur les parois de son vaste abdomen, il s’écriait, plein de jubilation: Dîner! savoureusement dîner! Ah! que j’ai bien rempli cette loi de mon être!’

The learned Doctor looks for a gastronomical index to returning order and re-invigoration of the social body, and believing that the flames of sedition are incompatible with a scientific kitchen fire, he refuses, with Henriot de Pensey, to believe in civilization till he shall behold a cook at the Institute. He holds that in his country the heart may sometimes be republican, but the stomach never: but he does not seem to take into consideration the wonderful versatility of the French temperament, which can accommodate itself with Aristippian philosophy to every variety of circumstances, as exemplified by Mathews’ *Monsieur Zephyr*, who described the luxuries of his altered circumstances as only a Frenchman could:—‘In Londorn I dine for von penny, superbe,’ said he: ‘A Monsieur come to my door ev’ry day with his own

cabriolet, and call ca's meat; I nev'ver could tell vat it vas, dis ca's meat, but it ver good.'

If we examine impartially the progress of gastronomy in England, we shall find that we have not advanced as far as we think. The last century was distinguished by a generation of hungry gluttons and inveterate toppers, whose excesses do not sleep with them in the tomb, but walk the earth the bluest of all possible devils, in the stomachs and brains of their nervous, morbid descendants. If we have abandoned some of their bad practices, we have lost some of their good ones: we no longer force our guests to eat more than they can digest, or to drink till they disappear under the table; but we have only escaped Charybdis to founder on Scylla. We add to the business-imposed late hour of dining the fashionable affectation of later, and offer to stomachs too fatigued to cope with boiled mutton ambitious failures of all sorts of incongruities. We have added to the number of our dishes, and have forgotten how to melt butter. We have let the beer of the people disappear, and have grown ashamed of roast beef. There is no set of men of whom we could now say with Young Loveless in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*,—

Ale is their eating and their drinking solely.

Draught ale has vanished, and all the bottled compounds that go by that name are but unwholesome concoctions of drugs and camomile. We have brought chemistry into our kitchens, not as a handmaid but as a poisoner: she would have taught us the principles of assimilation, affinity, and harmony, and would have instructed us in the laws of preparation, arrangement, and the true theory of the application of heat, but we desired her to conjure bread with muriatic acid and soda, and separate osmazome from gelatine and albumen. We attempt more, and know less how to set about it. If we have got rid of our gluttons and toppers, we have replaced them by a set of *nil admirari* wafers whose only art is that of a refined nothingness: we can boast some gourmands and gourmets, but very few gastronomes. We introduce foreign

manners either without object or made ridiculous by misapplication. Legs of ham and mutton are always enveloped above the knuckle in cut paper. We adopted this from the French, where it was, and in the provinces still is, the custom for ladies and gentlemen to hold the leg with one hand, while they carve it with the other. We have also borrowed the fashion of leaving the table-cloth on for dessert,—a necessary ugliness with the French, who have scarcely any dining tables that are fit to be seen, but with our beautiful mahogany an unpardonable infliction. We have rose-water carried round in a finger-glass after dinner, and not two persons out of twelve know how to use it: instead of flicking the corner of a napkin in and out, with the dexterity of a Frenchman, your neighbour probably dips his damask into the delicate fluid, and then squeezes the superabundant moisture back again, and so passes it on for your use. We have very little hospitality; our ideas of comfort have turned our houses into impregnable castles, which no one may approach without previous notification. You arrive in town from a northern county; you have plenty of intimate friends there, but you know that there is not one of them to whose house you may venture, and be sure of a welcome, a dinner, and a bed. Of course, if this permission were universal, it would be an abuse, but the total absence of any such familiarity deprives hospitality of all social utility, and demonstrates our very contracted view of it. Instead of expanding the comfortable dimensions that will include the accommodation of our friends, we have contracted it to encircle our own vanity and selfishness, and that we may not be discovered with a three days' table-cloth and a cold leg of mutton, our Glasgow chum must find

His warmest welcome at an inn.

There are not many who can make their friends feel at home when they have them there. Hospitality is not to be measured by the square inch, and calculated by cubic feet of beef and mutton: it is dependent more on quality than capacity, and requires generosity, delicacy, liberty, and taste for its true administration: it preserves our own personal duties

and habits intact, without inflicting any that may be distasteful to our guests, while it legislates for the free exercise of their particular comforts and practices, within the limits of general compatibility.

Our public and great city dinners, where political, scientific, and literary bonds are cemented by common enjoyment, and animosities are softened by the intermediary offices of an unpremeditated libation, are productive of great good. Hearts expand simultaneously with mouths; the pride of office thaws in the refulgence of the reflected kitchen fire; genius and talent unveil themselves; prejudices vanish before experience; and the mahogany of a goodly table frequently becomes the bond of reconciliation between ancient feuds; then the hitherto unperceived merit of an enemy is brought to light by aid of the magnifying powers of a jorum of claret. The complicated hatreds, jealousies, and prejudices of our social system would coat the wheels of life with invincible rust, if honourable members and learned gentlemen did not rub off with oil at dinner the asperities of public opposition.

We have thought over those of our friends who constitute the pleasantest company, and we must say we find them, with very rare exceptions, amongst those who enjoy a good dinner. It is wonderful what a humanizing effect this habit of decorous conviviality has on men who, from their studies and pursuits, would otherwise be 'as dry as the remainder biscuit after a voyage.' The practice of dressing for dinner, the cleanliness and propriety of costume, the entire arrangements of a well-ordered table, are all efficient superinducents of cheerfulness, good humour, self-respect, and reciprocal kind feeling.

We shall take the opportunity of entering our protest against an innovation which is going too far. That some of the more bulky dishes, the *pièces de résistance*, should be placed on the side-table, well and good—though even to this Addison objected, and not without reason; but that the fish and the game should be so bestowed, and distributed like rations to paupers, by attendants, who for the most part

cannot distinguish between the head and the tail of a mullet, the flesh and fin of a turbot, the breast and leg of a turkey, the wing and thigh of a woodcock, and are totally ignorant of the boundaries of the alderman's work in a haunch of venison, is enough to disturb the digestion of the most tolerant gastronome, and send him home with all the symptoms which are precursory of nightmare. We must say, we like to see our dinner, most especially the fish, and to see every part of it in good hands. Trimalchio's carvers were trained in the art. The fashion to which we allude will render necessary the establishment of a college of carving; and a professor of the side-table, who has finished his education with credit, and received his degree, will become as important a person as the cook himself.

We agree with Addison, that 'he keeps the best table who has the best company at it;' but 'he table must have its own recommendations to attract the best company.'

The arrangement of the bill of fare is another important matter: it should be composite, to meet the demands of the delicate and the *bon vivant*. There is then a certain harmony of succession, which the accomplished gastronome will carefully study and pre-arrange, like the Frenchman, who, being asked what he would have, answered—'*Je n'ai pas formé mon plan*.'

Despite philosophical panegyrics on plain living, practically very few even among philosophers really dislike a good dinner. Some, like poor Spinoza, prefer gruel, as the symbol of liberty, at home, to the grand repasts of others, which might have trespassed on his independence. Others, like Descartes, detected by a gay aristocrat in the act of discussing a savoury repast, will say, as he did, in answer to the Marquis's question, 'What, do you philosophers eat dainties?' 'Do you think God made good things only for fools?' Many are like Pope's Catus:—

Catus is ever moral, ever grave;
Thinks who endures a knave is next a
knave:
Save just at dinner, then prefers, no
doubt,
A rogue with venison, to a saint with-
out.

There is every shade of gastronomic proficiency, from the glutton, gourmand, and gastrolâtre, to the gourmet and gastronome; but these are generally herded together as synonymous terms. The wise man will not assume a distinction he has not attained. The philosopher, though he may be very positive about what he does know, is equally ready to admit what he is deficient in. 'I am told you are a great epicure, Mr. Hume,' said a lady to the distinguished historian. 'No, madam,' he replied, 'I am only a glutton.'

Excesses degrade, but rational gastronomy is consistent with prudence and conducive to generosity. Quin, of whom it is related that the only marriage he cared about was that of John Dory and Ann Chovy, made his last appearance, for the benefit of Ryan, a brother actor, in 1752, having been on the stage forty-two years. On this occasion he acted Falstaff, and with such success that Ryan solicited a similar favour in the following year; to which Quin replied, 'I would play for you if I could, but will not whistle Falstaff for you. I have willed you 1000*l.*; if you want money, you may have it, and save my executors trouble. James Quin.'

We have recorded, as historical evidence, that the most incorruptible republicans were austere and abstemious; but it is still a question whether they would not have exerted a more beneficial influence, and have been better men, if they had moistened their throats with Madeira and enlarged their sympathies with grouse. Solitary habits take away many means of forming correct opinions, and prevent opportunities of removing prejudices. The student in his cabinet is an impartial spectator, and may be a wise judge, but he is never a good governor. Austerity, as Plato says, is the companion of solitude. It is problematical whether Coriolanus would not have gained the consulship, and thereby have saved his country from war, and himself from disgrace, if he had been conciliating and social, instead of isolated and overbearing. If Robespierre had held companionship with others, he might have exercised in public the tenderness that characterized him at home, where it was never believed that he had committed the severities that distinguished his career. '*Il était si doux*,' was the invariable reply of the girl where he lodged, to every accusation that was brought against his memory.

M. M.

PROGRESS OF THE ENGLISH CHOIR.*

PUBLICATION is ever the faithful index to progress in music. What the operas, the concerts, or what the singers or performers of a season have been, matters little; for a fresh inundation is always gathering to sweep the fashionable novelties of the current year into oblivion. But if we mark the first appearance of a book calculated to place science on higher ground, and to give new life to social and choral performance, that work endures as a rock, unmoved amidst the ever-shifting scene. The first appearance of a choral work of Sebastian Bach—his far-famed six motets for a double choir—in a complete English dress, is a trophy of quiet national

progress, which shows what is doing and going forward in the undercurrent of musical society in this country, far more satisfactorily than any tumultuous gathering at the Opera pit or in the concert room. The school in which Mendelssohn studied and formed his ear for those broad and grand harmonic combinations which have charmed the public in his oratorios, is now open to all England. An abundance of combinations, never yet heard in the choral music of our country, present themselves in this volume; and when the choir can execute them as they are intended,—without accompaniment, beginning and ending at the same pitch—we shall have

* *J. S. Bach's Six Motets in Score.* The English version by W. Bartholomew. London: 1851.

realized that 'pure consent' in part singing, which is ever haunting the imagination of the musician, but is rarely attained.

As the electric telegraph and railroad have changed, of late years, all the established habits of social and mercantile intercourse, so also has music been altered by a cosmopolitan art of arrangement, through which the productions of one country are quickly naturalized in another. Society in England has been gradually adapting and preparing itself for a change of this sort. Organists, cantors, and chorus-masters, extending from one extremity of our island to the other, have now grown into a very numerous and important community. Their names seldom appear in public, but their combined influence and connexions are extensive. Even in many large manufacturing and workshops, where the employer is musical, and diffuses a taste for his own pursuit, the whole establishment is found to revolve more harmoniously on its wheels, through the social cultivation of part singing. London life is, for the most part, a splendid solitude, where each man passes an isolated existence, and forms but a very inadequate idea of the moral influence diffused through the practice of choral music in the country. In remote districts, however, where the objects and business of life are circumscribed, music becomes the cement of society; the evening of practice is that of recreation and enjoyment; the organist-director and his choir feel that they are united in one elevating pursuit, and their well-conducted meetings act not less as a discipline of benevolence and humanity, than of harmony.

Choir music is a great branch of the art for which the musician will always cherish affection, on account of its abstract object—its superiority to passing influences or the dictates of fashion. Its aim is defined, and its progress constant. The expression of the loftiest thoughts and aspirations of mankind, in one united voice of many parts, and the development of the art of counterpoint and fugue, the energetic living principle of music, are both intimately concerned in the progress of the choir. Religion finds, in its varied

tones and cadences, expression for every solemn feeling. The 'resonant fugue,' with its several parts inverted, above, below, or in the midst, revolving like a planet in its orbit, seems to symbolize eternity; and the chant or response which dies off under the cathedral roof, leaves in the memory an effect as permanent as the building itself.

But we need not borrow from ancient architecture or historic association anything to heighten the powers of that wonderful instrument—the human voice. The voice of a multitude is everywhere tremendous: it shook the nerves of the open-air preacher, Whitfield, at the hill-side, when he heard a congregation of thirty thousand begin their hymn. If such be the effect of sound in its rudest agency, we may expect much from the elementary education in music now imparted in schools, which will, eventually, combine numbers with skill and experience in the performers, sufficient for the purposes of the composer. There is no limit to which the cheapest, and, indeed, the universal organ of music need be confined, save in those unhappy spots of our country in which the benefits of civilization, education, and industry have made no progress.

The choirs now everywhere forming or in full operation, occupied with a style of music over which time has no influence but a salutary and improving one, have had their wants fully anticipated and supplied. The great contemplative musician, Bach, who passed his life retired from the world, in the humble occupation of cantor to the Thomas School at Leipsic, appears never to have consulted his own immediate interest or personal advancement in any of his musical undertakings, but to have projected his thoughts entirely into the futurity of the art. And thus it happens that his name is revived at the present day, amidst all the most interesting associations of modern music. It has been the praise of Mendelssohn that you hear in his compositions the finest chords of Bach. The freshness of the harmonies, and the modern peculiarities of the old master, are so great, that not only do they graft on the newest classical works, but his piano-forte pieces,

well played, will even now often carry the day against Beethoven himself. The meditation and pains which Bach bestowed on the development of practical music, are exemplified in keyed-instrument music both for the organ and clavier, or piano-forte, in stringed-instrument music, and the orchestra, and in choral music; besides such minor accessories as a system of fingering, a theory of temperament, the art of fugue, specimens of different design in composition, &c. From these discoveries, which brought their author no other reward than the conscious satisfaction of doing good, the musician of the present day is reaping the highest practical advantage. In this music he erects a standard of ideal beauty in his art which fashion cannot change; by it he forms the minds and cultivates the taste of his pupils. The fame of the great Leipsic cantor is yet advancing, and the useful objects to which he devoted his life are not yet thoroughly explored.

If we contrast the energetic life of Bach's works in the present century with the posthumous renown of his contemporaries, Handel, Hasse, Keyser, Gluck, &c., it will appear wonderful that a man who never experienced a public ovation in his life, should occupy so proud a position in respect of these favourites of the public of their day. But the music of the theatre, the songs, as well as the wardrobe and the scenes, are laid by in the lumber department as soon as the excitement of the hour is gratified; and the flattered composer, who rolls in his carriage to and from rehearsal, and receives the acclamations of a delighted crowd, is reduced in the course of a century to the mere shadow of a name. Nothing survives in music but that which finds its echo within, free from meretricious association. The flowers and toys of the hour, however pretty or painted, are quickly thrown aside, and give place to things which 'grow with the growth, and strengthen with the strength,' of man, for life-long duration of enjoyment.

Handel's enduring fame was won by his sacred compositions and oratorios, principally in the decline of his life;—the thirty years, from

the year 1710, which he spent in the service of the Italian Opera, and in exhibiting the fine singers of his day, being nearly a blank for posterity. The usual ambition of a composer of great popular powers governed him; the pleasure of accumulating a large fortune—of living royally—of bestowing patronage,—as, for instance, when he appointed Waltz, his cook, a basso at the Italian Opera. Finally, he thought of posterity, and of having his effigies placed in Poet's Corner; he set the sculptor to work on his monument, and paid for it himself. Every transaction of this great man's life bears the stamp of his personality. He was not content to 'do good by stealth'—he identified himself with his productions; and in his broad, bold, manual impress, you cannot fail to read Handel.

But even as regards the latter, the sacred period, as we may call it, of Handel's career, there is no further great accession or development of his fame to be expected. We have obtained a very good idea—far better than he ever realized himself—of his principal works; and there is nothing in them which awaits the progress of musical cultivation to be more accurately expressed, or to receive fuller justice. There is no man in musical history who so successfully worked out his career in the midst of such strong prejudices. He seems never to have imagined that his own music could be improved, or that a complete revolution in the art was practicable; thus, with all the strength which his conceptions display, he is more frequently a mannerist, and antiquated in his ideas, than his Italian contemporaries. The admirers of Handel's operative powers, even in his own time, were longing to see him mould his style of melody and accompaniment a little in conformity with the more modern art of Galuppi, Scarlatti, Vinci—phrases of whose melody have come down to us in the ranzoni of Haydn and the airs of Mozart. But no; Handel would not alter his preconceptions. He hated, for example, all iterated basses—we are told that he used to laugh at such basses, and call them 'rows of pins' heads;' and yet iterated basses, and even chords, have been turned

to delightful account in beautifying a melody by the moderns.

Handel went to hear Gluck's first opera in England, *The Fall of the Giants*, and turned away from it in contempt; but in the instrumental department of Gluck's score he might, perhaps, have found some profitable suggestions for the management of his own orchestra. This habitual disdain of others closed against him the avenues of improvement; and his accompaniments in the wind-instrument department have, since his time, repeatedly had to be filled up, altered, and amended. The bassoon is, perhaps, the only wind instrument which he employs, with an instinctive feeling of its true modern destination in the orchestra. His horn and flute parts have nothing in common with modern usage; these are antique, and often betray the workmanship of one who had no particular use for them, but allowed them to sound because they were in the orchestra. The short trumpet of Handel's time is now an obsolete instrument; the trumpet effects in his oratorio choruses are, however, vigorous, if not modern.

Experimenting little in the orchestra, and using only, in composing a lyric drama, his accustomed materials—characteristic melody, and that various artifice of counterpoint with which nature and study had richly endowed him—he, however, threw off such rapid and admirable designs of opera songs, that even now they would excite enthusiasm. The unsurpassed copiousness of Handel's internal resources gives the true elevated character to his genius. He wrote with rapidity and decision in a style which, though *Handelian* and confined, it would have been impossible for any other master to adapt and support with equal spirit and variety. There could have been little to stimulate the powers of invention in the situations and sentiments of the old Italian opera, which, being principally borrowed from the fables of classical mythology and poetry, are of a monotonous character. But the various passions which these operas called forth being almost invariably expressed in airs, demanded an inexhaustible fertility in melodious themes and subjects; and the readi-

ness is wonderful which enabled Handel to supply a work of this kind, of two or three acts, in less than as many weeks. The memoranda on the MSS. of his dramas establish this fact of his rapidity to the admiration of all posterity. He dated the beginning and the ending of his operas in the German language; he marked the day of the week with astronomical signs; and placed his name to each score, with characteristic method and regularity. His time for composition seems to have been so pressed by duties of superintending and conducting, that he could not even except Sundays from his days of labour. Associated with such buffoon speculators as Heidegger and Rich in an effort to entertain the fashionable public—on his part by good music, at a time when taste was so little cultivated that the classical Italian opera sank into total neglect, and never revived until, by degrees, the ballet came to its aid—the fidelity and conscientiousness which Handel maintained towards music show the nobility of the artist. His personal fortune might suffer, but music should never be desecrated in his hands. With this resolution, he kept on composing and playing in public even to blindness and decrepit age—finishing his career of public musician with a pathetic aspect, like that of an old Homer or Milton, amidst friends who never deserted him, and who even found something to like in the infirmities of his character; for the excesses of his anger were always tempered with a benevolent, just, and forgiving disposition. Few composers come out of the trying ordeal of public life so pure as Handel.

Bach presents a remarkable contrast to his illustrious contemporary. His ideas of fortune and position in the world seem to have been moderate and philosophic. He never travelled or engaged in any of those operative contests, in which many of his countrymen had already won victorious laurels in the eyes of admiring Europe. From a distance he viewed these things with sympathy, and with an especial interest in the powers of Handel; but he found the prosperity of his own genius better consulted in the liberty of his obscure office of cantor, than

in obeying the fickle great, or writing for the gratification of the singer. Having a competence of the good things of life sufficient for the education of a very numerous family, born to him in two marriages, he devoted his happy independence of the actual public to the best means of improving the taste and extending the enjoyments of the public in after years. He knew all that was doing in musical Europe through his experienced and travelled friend Hasse; but feeling that posterity would be his chief audience, he surpassed his age in modern elegance of melody, and in the fulness and fine structure of his harmonious parts. The graceful turn of Mozart's melody is anticipated in so many of the cadences and periods of Bach's preludes, that people wonder still where he could have found it. This discovery, however, rewarded the constancy of his application, and if that pure worship of abstract beauty, which in his unconventional compositions distinguishes him as the musician of progress—not of any particular age, but of all times.

His productions were not printed in his lifetime, with a numerous list of subscribing patrons at the end, such as Handel knew often richly recompensed the ill reception of an opera, but these works engaged such reverence and respect, and were multiplied so carefully by musician-copyists, that they subsisted as well in the hearts and enthusiasm of mankind, as if they had been printed. It was the consolation of the master for the obscurity of his productions, that he had written what 'posterity would not willingly let die.' A slow, gradually increasing development, overwhelming in its way a mass of ignorant prejudice and opposition, distinguishes the posthumous career of this noble composer, such as befits one who lived remote, and whose genius throughout life never obeyed one servile impulse.

The first thing of Bach's which worked its way into the esteem of Europe, was that wonderful collection of fugues and preludes originally called the 'well-tempered clavier.' What the art owes to that production, as an aid to progress, is unspeakable. It has been sounding

morning, noon, and night in the houses of musicians, where to listen to it has become a habit of the life, yet, as a source of pleasure, it is still as fresh as at the first hearing; indeed, the more it is heard, the better it is liked, and while the ear requires a respite from the repetition of the best classical sonatas, this book has been able to resist the wear and tear of constant use. Time alone can fully disclose the comprehensive design of the author of this volume, and fresh generations of musicians will not only continue to form themselves mentally and manually from its pages, but learn from them, moreover, the imperishable character of true art, and the exalted mission of the artist. In the midst of the latest miracles of modern mechanism, when the virtuoso on the pianoforte, with his left hand alone, can produce the effect of four ordinary hands, Czerny brought out his complete and excellent edition of Bach's clavier works, as a well-timed corrective of the extravagance of misdirected practice. Still, therefore, in the pianoforte music of the nineteenth century, we are required to build on foundations laid more than a century ago.

Of a like period in the chronological order of publication, is the first edition in several volumes, edited by Griepenkerl, of Brunswick, of all Bach's compositions for the organ. The active influence of this work in England may be said to have commenced in the middle of the present century. It held out noble rewards to the ambition and energy of our young organists, of whom many have, by perseverance, fully conquered the difficulties of the German treatment of the instrument, and are now, by their dexterous management of the independent pedal bass, fully equal to those players abroad, who have been educated traditionally in that curious art. This new organ music in England has not only made artists, but it has made instruments. The superiority of the German construction of organs is acknowledged, — the ineffective extent of bass on the keys has been abolished, to throw a greater weight and depth of tone into the pedals.

Of pure organ music, written in the fundamental character of the instru-

ment, there is scarcely any worthy the name but that of Bach. He first, with the profound bass of thirty-two feet pedals, enabled a single man to surpass the most potent orchestra, and to command the whole realm of sound.

What joy that power has given ere now to the German musician shut up with his organ in some vast and gloomy minster, can scarcely be conceived. Cold, solitude, and the images of death which surround him while practising, are nothing in comparison with his object of directing the homage of thousands of hearers towards the majesty and sublimity of the art. For this acquirement, the poorest men have given away their substance; and even the daily toil of practice has been sweetened by that sense of improvement which is perhaps the highest satisfaction in life.

Nor are the violin compositions of Sebastian Bach omitted in the present chamber studies and domestic training of the accomplished performer. The execution of fugues in three or four parts for one violin, though it requires a certain inelegant scooping action of the bow arm, communicates a knowledge of the finger-board, and of the playable compound stops of the instrument, which cannot be so well obtained in studies of any other form.

And lastly, in the ripeness of time, to consummate the services of the meditative Bach in the advancement of his art, we have his choral music, which for long years has been lying by in stillness. Handel said of the English public of his day, that good music alone was not enough for them—they could not enjoy it without a story. Even now, in public performances which entail expense, and which must be rendered popular to pay, it is found that a well arranged *libretto* is of the highest importance. But cultivation has by this time advanced beyond a tune and a story: certainly among large communities of performing musicians, scattered over the face of the country, who are self-supporting and independent of the favour of audiences. It is the part of musicians to lead the way, and of audiences meanwhile to be docile, not obstructive and opinionated. The *triste plaisir* of the oratorio has become proverbial; the newest writers make them as short as pos-

sible, and Handel daily undergoes the retrenchment and modification of some friendly hand. If we want the vivacity of dramatic action in a connected train of incidents to impart a flavour to our music, it had better be sought at once in the Italian opera, than in the sacred lyric drama, the forms and subjects of which have had their day, and are now pretty well exhausted.

The choral sacred compositions of Bach address those who appreciate the most exalted style of pure music. As they never possessed adventitious allurements for the crowd, they have reposed during long years in the archives of the Leipzig school or the Berlin museum, awaiting that time, when the public, assured of the solid good to be derived from all the works of their author, should in turn exhibit a desire for them. Their introduction to public notice during this year of the Great Exhibition, reminds us that they offer as practical an advantage to music, in stimulating and improving choral excellence, by efforts and effects yet untried and unheard in that department, as any happy invention in machinery can afford to the peaceful arts of life. Independently of Bach's rights as an exhibitor at our utilitarian congress, by a posthumous work consecrated to progress in the nineteenth century, our English organs and organists have signalized the triumphs of his fugal art in almost daily displays. To observe the foot-prints of so great a fame is indeed one of the most curious subjects of musical experience.

The choral unaccompanied motets of Bach were first sought out as arduous practices by the famous singing societies established at Frankfurt, Berlin, and elsewhere in Germany. These schools, as they are called, are supported with zeal for the art, by professors and amateurs, whose instrumental training as organists, pianists, &c., has given them a sufficient insight into composition to enjoy it both intellectually and harmoniously. Their principle of co-operation is homage and devotion to elevated composition; and in uniting to realize it, they have heard many great effects, of which in England we have but a faint notion. Of the *canto fermo*, for instance, either as a

chant or as a Lutheran psalm-tune pervading a fugued chorus, we have as yet heard nothing; but in the imagination of Bach, of Handel, of Leonardo Leo, and Durante, no form of the chorus seems to have existed so majestic and attractive. These reveries and dreams of choral perfection in the last century have yet to be realized in England.

Unaccompanied choral music, however, demands the *habit* of singing in each performer, to render it efficient. Practical knowledge of harmony is of great advantage, but it cannot supersede this indispensable condition of excellence. The best musician is exposed to physical weakness; he is liable to falter in his intonation and in his attack of intervals in attempting occasional singing and to omit as a habit to use his voice. On the other hand, those who play well and comprehend all the bearings of a score, acquire a great decision and certainty in their mode of reading. But it is not in the capacity of leader of the choir, with a predominating voice, and going a little in advance of his companions, that the assistance of the well-read practical musician is here desired. The system of one singer hanging upon another is highly injurious to effect. In the complete choir every individual relies on his own reading, and listens only to his neighbour to take his note with a similar inflection of tone and to preserve unity. How admirably this was done by children of tender age in the late performances of the Berlin choir in London can scarcely be forgotten by any who were present at them.

As a test of musicianship in the individual members of a choir, no unaccompanied choruses ever answered so severely and efficiently as the six motets of Bach. The length of the movements, the modulation, the occasional complication of independent parts, and the figurate passages here and there given to the voices without aid from any instrument, are novelties in this class of composition which will solve an untried problem in practical vocal harmony. Jenny Lind, in her cadenzas, first exhibited the marvellous correctness of her ear, by modulating in chromatic harmony, by single notes, as readily

as a fine concerto player on the flute. What she did with rapidity, choirs may be expected to do leisurely and by slow gradations; more particularly, as in the choral exercise of the ear in singing, each man is merely required to contribute the quota of his *one* correct note to the harmony. Still the difficulty of producing from a number of voices sounds that shall not vary a hair's breadth from perfect intonation, will be great at first; and the danger of going wrong is much increased by the length of the composition, as well as the number of keys through which it passes. In the motets *à capella* of the Roman school of Palestrina and Vittoria—also without accompaniment—the performance is very much aided by a confined modulation, which seldom oversteps the nearest relatives of the key; and the solemn effect of this varied monotony is just adapted to ecclesiastical purposes.

Bach's sacred motets are fitter for concert purposes, than for church music, and may well answer the question, 'What can the choir do?' If its best and picked members pass their examination in such a book, they are certainly calculated to form an ornamental upper class in any society of cultivated musicians.

Six strongly marked varieties of design and of musical expression give a physiognomical individuality to the motets. Their successive characters are the grand, the tender, the pathetic, the plaintive, the solemn, the cheerful. But the broad and distinct features imprinted on the opening of each composition, have in the progress of it due relief and contrast. Nothing runs on to fatigue and satiety, and lest even the elaboration of the work should fatigue either the singer or the hearer, simplicity is not omitted. The corales—those inspired tunes of the old German reformers, which Mendelssohn lately introduced into many of his works, with a keen apprehension of English taste—form throughout the volume the most delightful resting-places.

The corale is the sacred element of Bach's choral genius. The Italians and Handel adopted for the purposes of the *canto fermo* the Gregorian chant; Bach found inexhaustible stores for treatment in

counterpoint and fugue in his native Lutheran hymn-tunes. They run through nearly all his works, and seem to have made the perpetual music of his being. They are found in them quite plain, or harmonized in a second, third, and fourth manner, or as a simple *canto fermo* in one part, with the others moving in fugue, or introduced in the middle of a fugue already prepared; in short, in such a series of artistic forms as it will better serve our present purpose to indicate, than to attempt to enumerate. The antiphonal chorus delivered by two separate choirs of four parts each, on the words, 'Sing to the Lord,' forms a splendid and jubilant introduction to the book. Let the singers get well through this difficult composition, and they will be franked for all the rest. It may console them that they will not find 'Alps o'er Alps arise.'

But what vocal courage will not quail at the sight of this formidable motet, starting off in eight independent parts, full of florid motion, with no inconsiderable difficulties in the time and modulation, extending in its first movement to nearly fifteen pages length, and, moreover, destined to be sung without accompaniment! Here is a feat not to be accomplished out of hand by a casual assembly of musicians, but one which *may* at length crown the incessant industry and repeated attempts of a practising society. The glorious music consecrates the object, although some Germans pretend that Bach wants to turn the human throat into an organ-pipe. The organ has no powers of declamation—the choral voice has; and the introductory pages of this motet exhibit them splendidly. We are glad to perceive in Mr. Bartholomew's version not only closeness to the original, but such a preservation in English of all the forcible accents of the German words, as contributes greatly to the integrity and purity of the music. As a relief to the elaboration of this first motet, and to make the more effective close, the two choirs unite in one four-part fugue *Hallelujah*.

The second motet expresses repose and confidence in God; and the two choirs by turns re-echo the

phrase, 'Be not afraid,' in a strain of the most melodious tenderness and elegance. Here we have not the Bach of the eighteenth, but of the nineteenth century, anticipative of that refinement of melody which we owe to Mozart and Haydn. The concluding chorus is of very peculiar construction. It is a fugue *All' unisono* for the two choirs, of which the two subjects are kept up by the alto, tenor, and bass; while the treble is wholly reserved for the corale, *Heir, mein Herr*, which is delivered by it in fragments. This kind of design is peculiar to the composer, and as nothing like it has yet been heard in England, it is calculated to excite the interest and curiosity of musicians. New models of the devotional fugued chorus are much wanted.

'I wrestle and pray' (*Ich lasse dich rieht*), the third composition of the series, will please much on account of its simplicity and pathos. The phrases alternated between the choirs move in notes of equal length and simple counterpoint. Succeeding the first movement, which is in F minor, three minims in the bar, we find an *andante* for two choirs in unison, fugued in the under parts with the corale, *Weil du mein Gott und Vater bist*, as a *canto fermo* in the soprano. This composition concludes with the same corale in its most simple form. Simplicity in the endings of the motets, to ensure their effect, seems a general principle of the composer; and it is a judicious one, for the mind, after toiling through the mazes of harmony, delights to find its prospect clear and well defined. There is nothing to prevent this motet from being produced at a short notice. Its construction recommends it as the most favourable one for commencing the practice of the work.

The fourth motet, in G minor, beginning, *Komm, Jesu, komm*, notwithstanding the rhapsodical character of the words, in which the Lutherans often approach our Methodists, opens with a most impassioned and beautiful strain of modern melody and harmony. Being often in eight real parts, the execution of this piece will be found difficult; but the expression is profoundly touching. There is no corale in this composition, but it ends with

a simple strain in four parts, which the composer calls an air.

The fifth motet opens with the glorious corale, *Jesu, meine Freude*; and the entire composition is imbued with solemn and profound religious gloom; it is, in fact, a Lutheran requiem, painting the conflict of the departing spirit—its fears, its hopes, its devout confidence. The corale which is its burden pervades it in a variety of exquisite forms, and always enters in tones of saintly sweetness and pious consolation, reminding one of the crucifix held up to the dying. The style of this motet is old, at least fully of the time of Bach, and the declamation has all the severity of Lutheran church music. We can believe that such sounds have solemnized the funeral rites of many a farred old Saxon burgomaster.

The last motet, *Der Geist hilft unser Schwachheit*, is cheerful in its character, and of a very clear, distinct design. The triple measure, which abounds in a variety of forms throughout all the compositions, gives them a very peculiar character, and it is eminently the case in this.

With the tender and sweet strain of the corale in four parts, *Der freudiger Geist* (we give the German words rather than the English, as better calling the work to musical reader), the volume

ends. This, then, is evidently a labour which Bach hoped that posterity would appreciate after 'some years had passed over,' as our own Bacon expressed himself in the bequest of his works; and the question now is, how shall we duly profit by it? Associations of organists, teachers of music, and people accustomed, from daily occupation, to look into the internal construction of many-voiced compositions—such as are the members of the London Bach Society—may effectually lead the way, as they did in Mendelssohn's youth, at the Singing School at Berlin, under Zelter. But London is large; the unaccompanied chorus is with us a new study; and to collect all the good musicians, who require frequent meeting and drilling to accomplish themselves in these new exercises, must take time, and confine the practices as yet within closed doors. The double choir, reckoning

only ten voices to a part, would require eighty singers; and the estimate should be double, to give due majesty and importance to the motets in any large concert-room. Numerical strength is one difficulty to be got over in forming the choir of Bach, and it involves another—viz., equality of talent, without which music is always in peril in large choruses. Here nothing will do but the real note from every one who sings; the modulations must be made in tune, or we shall soon find ourselves sailing without chart or compass in search of the original key. In all numerously composed choruses, unfortunately, the defaulters have hitherto been in excess.

However, though instrumental players in England do not sing much, nor make the pianoforte, as they should, a compendious introduction to all practical music, we do not despair of being able to explore at length even these unknown regions of harmony. They are evidently of a class of composition which cannot at first be practised according to the original design of the author. They must at first be accompanied; and it would aid clearness if each choir had its own accompanist, for in some places the music is really too full for ten fingers to give any idea of the motion of the parts, or to do more than sustain the correct intonation of the successive keys. Experience will also direct a new order of these works in approaching them for practice. The first will be the last, the crowning accomplishment; and the second, notwithstanding its inviting, amiable commencement, may also be judiciously postponed.

The upper classes, in all well-trained choral societies, like Mr. Hullah's, are benefited by occasional selection and promotion from the ranks, and by being set upon some new service of honour and reward. No one professing any department of practical music likes to have much remaining beyond his reach in that one. To encourage emulation, and to reward distinguished merit, the best singers in vocal societies might be picked out one by one to form a double choir for Bach's motets. In conquering the difficulties of their task, they would have the satisfaction of smoothing

before them every approach to modern and ancient composition. Such an object might well be accomplished in certain musical departments of the provinces, where the opportunities for meeting are frequent and convenient, and where the attention is not distracted by the variety of affairs and the diversity of interests which render the social musical unions of London less intimate and united than those of the country for any special purpose. A conductor of enthusiasm and taste, and a choir supported by organists, lady piano-

forte players, and other thorough-paced *dilettanti*, would soon become animated with kindred fire. We all know, from Handel's works, what fine things double choruses are—tossing their harmonies from side to side; but for all this, Handel seldom writes fugally in eight parts; his parts are often redoubled, or the choirs answer, and re-echo one another. Bach grapples with this polyphonic difficulty; and now the interesting question remains—How can it be performed—how will it sound?

THIS YEAR'S SONG-CROP.*

THE phrases which are most common in the mouths of men are often the most difficult to define. We know more or less clearly what we do not mean by them; but what we do mean by them, we know hardly at all. And this is especially true in questions of taste. Analysis will teach us to know why things are not beautiful, but never why they are; still less will any *a priori* reasoning on the matter, wherein, as in *a priori* ethics, the usual argument is certain to be the *petitio principii*. Aesthetic cultivation may teach us to perceive beauties where we never suspected any, and the youth who at seventeen thinks Guido's theatrical glitter (though Guido has sometimes more in him than that) the perfection of painting, and sees nothing to admire in Francia or young Raphael, learns, as he grows to manhood, to despise the coarse and merely outward beauty of the former, beside the inward and spiritual grace, and the deep scientific composition of the two latter. But all his cultivation will not tell him why Francia and Raphael are beautiful in his eyes. It will at most have awakened in him, not created, a new sense,—a sense which must have been in him, real and living, all along,—which is just as unutterable to him, now that he is aware of it, as it was when he knew nothing of it, and which, when he tries to analyze it, vanishes among a number of very acute and deep-sounding abstract notions, ending in 'ation,' 'ity,' and 'al,' but which are neither beautiful themselves, nor the causes of beauty in him, nor anything whatsoever, except a number of empty words about the matter, by no means the matter itself; just as the most acute and scientific lecture on egg-shells is by no means identical with, or practically as useful as, the simple eating of the egg itself.

With the kindest wishes, therefore, to all 'scientific æsthetic' on the matter of poetry, the poet who writes, and the critic who judges, must offer: be excused from making use of it, even in those questions of artistic form where it would seem at first sight useful, if not necessary. For even in the question of form, what the form ought to be, depends on what the idea is. The body does not shape the spirit, nor are the body and spirit made separately, and then stuck together afterwards; that is, if they are really to be body and spirit, and not in merely mechanical and accidental combination with each other, like the organization of the 'gingerbread bride and bridegroom, with a peradventure baby,' which Jean Paul saw at Siebenkäs's wedding.

* *Casa Guidi Windows*. A Poem. By E. Barrett Browning. Chapman and Hall. London: 1851.

The Poems, Posthumous and Collected, of Thomas Lovell Beddoes. Pickering. London: 1851.

Violenzia. A Tragedy. John W. Parker and Son. London: 1851.

Poems. By George Meredith. John W. Parker and Son. London: 1851.

Poetry, Sacred and Profane. By John Wright. Longman and Co. London: 1851.

'who, like the three children, had come up unhurt out of the fiery furnace, and had' (like most characters in modern plays,) '*raisins instead of souls*.' On the contrary, the body, if it is to be a real body, is shaped by the spirit, a speech which it has invented to express itself withal, a house which it has made for itself to live in, and that not out of extraneous bricks and mortar, nor by contract with certain faculties of the brain, as hired architects and bricklayers, but which has grown on its back, like a snail's shell, mysteriously secreted out of its own very self, and moulded atom by atom into the outward likeness of its inner shape. And if any one think the simile a low one, all we answer is, when he can tell us how a snail makes his shell, we will tell him how a poet makes a poem.

When, therefore, we complain, as we do, of want of artistic form in Mrs. Browning's very noble *Casa Guidi Windows*, (which we commence by reproving, because we wish not to damp the effect of our enthusiastic praise,) we, after all, only mean that, if we had had the writing of it, we should have put it in a different shape;—an unimportant observation to ourselves, because we are perfectly aware that we could not have written it at all; and an equally unimportant observation in itself, because the reason for putting it in a different form, would be simply because the thing to be expressed would have been different, and our idea, or B.'s or C.'s, of the subject-matter have been, not Mrs. Browning's, but another; and there is no wisdom in demonstrating that a horse is an ill-made animal, when considered as a cow.

Instead, therefore, of lamenting that Mrs. Browning did not throw those scenes of the Florence Revolution on which she looked out from Casa Guidi windows, instead of the Pindaric Ode, or pair of such, which she has chosen, into the form of an Epos, or a Tragedy, or even, as she might very well have done, into an Aristophanic farce, in which the absurd, by virtue of its intense bitterness, might have risen at moments into the prophetic sublime, we will simply take it as it stands, believing that the very me coherent and fragmentary form of it is in itself a true and natural expression of her own just bewilderment, uncertainty, alternate hope and disappointment, vague yet sure expectation of a darker and a brighter future, a red sunrise of retribution, from whose glory and whose horror her eyes, as they should have done, turned away, while all things quivered before them, indistinctly amid the mist of tears.

Only, on this method, having once accepted the form which the poet has chosen as the natural and fitting one, we reserve to ourselves the right to judge all inconsistencies. If a certain shape be the true one, let that be kept throughout, and let each member of it be the best possible of its kind; and whether those rules have been attended to or not, are quite external and analytic questions, to be solved by comparison.

We assert, then, once and for all, at the outset, that the poem is a most wise and beautiful and noble poem,—a poem with a purpose, and that purpose carried out in speech, as few are in these days of purposeless song-twitting. But, for that very reason, we protest against its obvious faults of carelessness: not for Mrs. Browning's own sake,—one can afford a few spots on the sun—indeed, never see them except through a telescope,—but for the sake of the many young writers whose taste will be affected by her example, and who, whether or not they can write such pages as the last three of this poem, will say,—'You confess that Mrs. Browning writes the most grand and melodious verse: and she sees no reason against stringing three such rhymes together as '*elemental*,' and '*prevent all*,' and '*ungentle*;' and if she does it, why may not I? You confess that Mrs. Browning is next to Tennyson himself, in uttering the noblest of sound and sense, in homely Saxon monosyllables: and yet she, in her very finest passages, sees no harm in using the very longest and stiffest latin-dictionary words in the very loosest sense; and if she does it, why may not I? You confess that Mrs. Browning can write the very tersest and purest of English when she chooses: and if she sees no reason against false grammar, false inflexions, phrases whose meaning is clear enough, from the strength of the thought, and its coherence with that in the context, and which yet

cannot be construed, or, according to any known rules of English, proved to mean what you evidently see they do mean, but stand like rough stones and scaffold-poles in the face of a polished marble wall, or the written hints about colour and effect, which a sketcher often leaves among his clouds and trees, as remembrancers of what they ought to be like when he comes really to paint them—if Mrs. Browning may do all this, why not I?

Let the reader be judge between us and Mrs. Browning, and listen to two quotations, which, whatever faults we may find with their detail, will need no comment of ours to prove their beauty. Take, for instance, the opening; and, to show what we mean, we must do a very rude thing, and, at the risk of spoiling the general effect,—if it be not altogether too excellent to spoil,—comment as we go on, at least by marking words in italics:—

I heard last night a little child go singing,
'Neath Casa Guidi windows, by the church,
'O bella libertà, O bella!' stringing,
The same words still on notes he went in search
So high for—

The true English is—in search of which he went so high. Why have we to remind Mrs. Browning, of all living women, of so simple a fact?

—you *concluded* the upspringing
Of such a nimble bird to sky from perch
Must leave the whole bush in a *tremble green*;
And that the heart of Italy must beat,
While such a voice had leave to rise serene,
'Twixt church and palace of a Florence street!
A little child, too, who not long had been
By mother's finger steadied on his feet;
And still 'O bella libertà' he sang.

We are sorry to have to complain. But surely 'you concluded' is mere—we will not say what—for one of two phrases, 'I concluded.' or 'You would have concluded, had you been there.' And surely, too, the word 'concluded' itself is not the right one. We do not deny that it is logically correct, but do not our instincts tell us that it is aesthetically shocking? One does not conclude, but see and feel, concerning such images: intricate ones, too, as that of the bird and the bush. And why is the 'that' which grammar would require in all but colloquial style after 'concluded,' omitted? There are but too many of these colloquialisms, to give them no harder name, in this poem; no one hates the meteorology of Pope and Co. more than we do: but the most playful simplicity is perfectly consistent with the severest grammar. And why talk of a *tremble green*, instead of a green tremble? It is not English. In the old ballads, and in the imitations of them, it is quite allowable to put certain stock epithets after the noun, for the sake of making the object expressed by the noun strike the imagination before its accidents. But that rule does not apply here. The object is a green bush trembling. If you have once seen that it trembles, its colour will be unimportant to you—for you know already what it is, and therefore its 'green' is superfluous. But if you first—as you would—see that it is green, and then afterwards see that it is trembling, you have, as you ought to have, the common quality first, as the genus, and then, as the individual thereof, the object which is unexpectedly found to possess that quality—and therefore you put the general adjective before, not after, the particular noun—a method which is the cause of beauty in many a fine expression in this very poem, such as 'cadenced tears,' 'marble film,' 'righteous rage,' and such like.

Look again at the same defects in another really noble passage:—

'Then, gazing, I beheld the long-drawn street
Live out, from end to end, full in the sun,
With Austria's thousands. Sword and bayonet,
Horse, foot, artillery—cannons rolling on,
Like blind, slow storm-clouds *gestant* with the heat
Of undeveloped lightnings,—

(What an image to have been spoilt by two such words as 'gestant' and 'undeveloped!')

—each *bestrode*

(Bestridden is surely the past participle.)

By a single man, dust-white from head to heel,
Indifferent as the dreadful thing he rode,
Calm as a sculptured fate, and terrible!

So, swept, in mute *significance of storm*,
The marshalled thousands,—not an eye *deflect*

(Now 'deflect' is neither English nor Latin. It should have been either the English past participle, *deflected*, or the crude form of the Latin one, *deflexus*; *deflex*, like *reflex*.)

To left or right, to catch a *novel form*
Of the famed city adorned by architect
And carver, nor of beauties live and warm
Scared at the casements:—*all, straightforward eyes*,
And faces, held as steadfast as their swords,
And cognizant of acts, not *imagerics*.

(Of course the meaning is at once unmistakable, and most poetical. But why bring in the whole sentence by a needless fault of grammar, omitting the preposition which alone could make the first line of the four sense,—'All with straightforward eyes.' And surely, surely, such vague abstract Latin words as *cognizant*, and *imagerics*, are of too thin and cloudy a fabric to fit in well into the solid objective stuff which surrounds them, or to be in any real artistic keeping with the key of the grand passage which follows, wherein Mrs. Browning is herself again—(except in that sad sixth line.)

The key. O Tuscans, fits too well the wards!
Ye asked for mines; these bring you tragedies—
For purple; these shall wear it as your lords,
Ye played like children; die like innocents!
Ye mimicked lightnings with a torch: the crack
Of the actual bolt, *your pastime, circumvents*.
Ye called up ghosts, believing they were slack
To follow any voice from Gilboa's tents. . . .
Here's Samuel!—And, say Grand-dukes come back!

But we will make no more complaints, and with full admiration ask what can well be loftier than this:—

I love no peace which is not fellowship,
And which includes not mercy. I would have
Rather, the raking of the guns across
The world, and shrieks against Heaven's *architecture*.
Rather, the struggle in the slippery fosse,
Of dying men and horses, and the wave
Blood-bubbling. . . . Enough said!—By Christ's own cross,
And by the faint heart of my womanhood,
Such things are better than a Peace which sits
Beside the hearth in self-commended mood,
And takes no thought how wind and rain by fits
Are howling out of doors against the good
Of the poor wanderer. What! your peace admits
Of outside anguish while it sits at home?
I loathe to take its name upon my tongue—
It is no peace. 'Tis treason, stiff with doom—
'Tis gagged despair, and inarticulate wrong,
Annihilated Poland, stifled Rome,
Dazed Naples, Hungary fainting 'neath the thong,
And Austria wearing a smooth olive-leaf
On her brute forehead, while her hoofs outpress
The life from these Italian souls, in brief,
O Lord of Peace, who art Lord of Righteousness,
Constrain the anguished worlds from sin and grief,
Pierce them with conscience, purge them with redress,
And give us peace which is no counterfeit!—pp. 111, 112.

By quoting which single passage, we consider ourselves to have made a full *amende honorable* to Mrs. Browning for all the hard things which we have been forced, by our critical fanaticism, to say of her; and so take our leave of a poem which raises its author's name higher than even her previous works have done, not merely from the improved metrical polish and rhythm of it, but because it combines, to a degree unique in our day, either among poets or poetesses, rich and intense imagination, with a strength, and health, and abundance of thought, altogether manlike; and yet is in nowise deficient—as the exquisite allusion to her child, in the conclusion, will prove—in occasional touches of the very sweetest womanly tenderness. And if we have said one harsh word here, it is only in the hope that, if these words meet Mrs. Browning's eye, we may help to 'pierce her with conscience,' and shame her—if it must be done so harshly—into doing her own powers justice by that common care, which is expected of every school-boy, and so prove at once her title as the greatest poetess—and one of the greatest poets—of modern Europe.

Is, then—to return to the argument with which we started—a true æsthetic science impossible, as well as useless, were it possible? By no means; provided it be what all true science is, inductive. This is the reason why, in our opinion (though we confess to be very lightly read in the matter), much real practical knowledge may be gained from Aristotle's poetics, from the critical works of Lessing, Goethe, and Winkelmann, and very little from Schlegel, and nothing at all from Schiller's unreadable *Æsthetische Briefe*: because, while the method of Schiller is altogether an *à priori* one, and that of Schlegel no method at all, but a mere gaudy oratoric eclecticism, the four first mentioned do proceed, consciously or unconsciously, on a true inductive method. Caring little, and when they are wisest, caring not at all, to define beauty, they go to nature, and to works of confessed excellence, to see not why, but where and when, certain things are beautiful in them; and thence arrive at something like laws, which, like all scientific laws, they can apply afterwards, surely and successfully, though they understand them no more than we understand gravitation or the law of gaseous expansion.

On this method we may teach ourselves much, and correctly; only bearing in mind three things. First, that our laws will be more probably correct, the wider the sphere of observation from which they have been drawn; and that because that sphere, as in all science, is a continually widening one, æsthetic laws, like chemical or geological laws, are not certainties, but only probabilities, which every new character who is born into the world, every poem or scrap of poetry, which our instinct tells us is beautiful, may give us occasion to alter. The poet, therefore, who confines his studies to other poets, and does not extend it daily and hourly to living men and living nature; and, still more, he who devotes himself to the works of a single school, fancying, because they seem to him to be the highest form, that they contain also the whole sphere of art, is certain to end as a mannerist of some cramped and ugly sort; and to draw such figures as too many young artists do, when they fancy that, by copying Greek statues, or sitting models—which are, *pro tempore*, dead corpses—they can arrive at that which the Greeks got by copying living, moving, wrestling, dancing men and women.

And we must recollect, too, that, in all induction, the law, as Bacon held most strongly and clearly, is not produced by our thoughts, but reveals itself, whether it be the right or wrong one, in some unspeakable and truly supernatural way, out of the depths of instinct which lie below all consciousness. Whether that inner spirit, under whatsoever name, of pure reason, or moral sense, or æsthetic faculty—which are, after all, but different phases of the one spirit in us—will tell us truth or not, depends altogether on its health, or its freedom from those *idola specus, fori, tribus, et theatri* which as Bacon well knew, and every poet ought to know, are not mere blots of the logical intellect, but foul mists rising from the deepest abysses of our being; and even in those cases where they only distort our logical or artistic power, yet most truly 'have in them the nature of sin.' On the moral health, then, of either poet or critic—on his love, hope,

trust, patience—humility toward God, and man, and nature—will the correctness of his criticism, or the worth of his poem, ultimately depend; and every indulgence in peevishness, hate, pride, prejudice, coarse appetites and passions, will not only set him at discord with the universe around him, and blind his eyes to its great harmony, but prevent him, in so far as they possess him, from uttering anything but discord and folly himself.

Never let the poet forget, likewise, that, from the combined action of these two causes, the continual appearance of fresh beauty in the world, and the continual blinding of all our eyes by our own frailty, æsthetic science, let it be as perfect as it may, will surely lag behind art, and criticism know as little of the boundless field of poetry, as science does of the boundless field of nature.

Science, therefore, can never construct a poem, nor even a single image. It can only criticise its ill-construction, and judge whether it is a strong and healthy specimen of that species of which it has been fated, whether the poet will or not, to have been born. *Poeta nascitur, non fit*. And æsthetic education, like all other, is meant, not to give him a new nature, but to enable that which he has to grow and develop healthily, without disease or distortion. As for any further use of it, consider, that even Frankenstein confined his ambition to the making of some one else, and never, so far as we know, seriously contemplated the notion of remaking himself.

No poetry of modern days is a better example of these laws, and the disastrous consequences of disregarding them, than that of Mr. Thomas Lovell Beddoes. Here is the strange phenomenon of a man, modest, simple, highly educated at every point, appreciating and studying the best models, possessed of untiring energy, and fancy such as does not fall to the lot of one in ten thousand, devoting himself, with single mind and lofty purpose, to the production of works of pure art, simply for their own sake, without care for praise or pay—and failing. The simple cause of his failure being, as it seems to us, that he has trusted to this very scientific æsthetic; and fancied throughout that he could make poetry consciously and deliberately, by rule and measure, according to the school of Marlowe and his contemporaries. Thoughts and images grow up in his mind in rare profusion, and he says to himself, ‘I must put these together, and make something out of them, according to the best model I know.’ And he does make something out of them, gorgeous and forcible enough; but, it is made—put together: you can see the joints and nail-holes. He himself, his biographer tells us, in the excellent memoir prefixed to his poems, was in a state of continual dissatisfaction with his work, cutting out passages, even whole scenes, putting in new ones, altering his plot again and again, trying to make the thing fit and cohere, but it would not. You cannot put a statue together, you must carve it out of the single block. Still less can you produce a beautiful plant by cutting out and piecing together one according to your notions of what is pretty. You must put a seed into the ground, and let nature nourish it, and sleep and wake while it grows up, you know not how; and so alone you will have a live plant, expressing truly the idea of its species, in harmony with the whole universe around it. He does not say, ‘I have an idea; I will let it lie and grow in my mind, and watch in what form it crystallizes and takes shape on my imagination, whether as subjective elegiac thought, or objective ballad; or both subjective and objective, as a dramatic exhibition—a human soul struggling with circumstance.’ He does not even say, simply, ‘I have an idea; what is the best form which I can find for it?’ But, ‘I have a form, what idea shall I put into it? I want to write a drama; where shall I find a plot? and where shall I find characters to work my plot? and where shall I find words for my characters to talk?’ There is a very melancholy record of this kind among his notes. ‘*Dramatis persona* for an abandoned character of ‘*Love’s arrow poisoned*.’

‘The words of each speaker to be, if possible, always characteristic.

‘*Aurelio*—poetical, from love or indignation: impassioned: with cadences of gentler feeling.

‘*Erminia*—of more gentle innocence: soft and poetical, ascending to

pure sublimity of feeling at the end.' . . . And so on for a page or more.

Alas! *non sic itur ad astra!* What is this but play-wrightry? Of a high kind, perhaps, but still dead mechanism, noisy with the hammer and the saw.—Stage-property, dresses, which are not men, but actors' outsides, which never will be got to talk like men and women, never will interest us, because, having no personality, no central idea in them, they never will awaken our curiosity; for without expectation there can be no curiosity. About the actions of a monster—a being, if such were possible, having no common ground with ourselves—we could never feel curious, because any and every action of his would be equally probable and improbable to us. It is only when we are looking at the story of a man, a being of like passions with ourselves, that we are continually longing to know what he will do next, because we are longing to see whether he does what we would have done in his place. Not that, of course, Mr. Beddoes' characters are utterly inhuman: that is impossible in the work of any man of average talent; but inhuman as a class. Their pathos excites no sympathy: their sins make you disgusted with them, not indignant against sin, for, indeed, it is not sin; they are not moral and accountable souls, but puppets who leap from one extreme of passion to the other, without any step between. There is no inner unity in each of them, and therefore there cannot be any in the dramas which are made up out of their sayings and doings.

The truth is, Mr. Beddoes has little or no imagination, only a fancy, enormous in every sense of the word. The faculty which suggests, compares, alludes, is present in a rare degree. That which sees into things, and feels for and with them, and puts the poet at every turn in the place of that which he sees, be it a character or a flower, enabling his soul to live every day through a whole cycle of transmigrations—of that, the true dramatic faculty, Mr. Beddoes has little or none. Here and there, as must happen with such fancy and such labour, we find a brilliant flash of scenic imagination, like that passage in the *Bride's Tragedy*, where Leonora is watching her daughter's corpse:—

— Speak, I pray thee, Floribel!
 Speak to thy mother; do but whisper, 'Ay.'
 Well, well, I will not press her. I am sure
 She has the welcome news of some good fortune,
 And hoards the telling till her father comes.
 Perhaps she's found the fruit he coveted
 Last night. Ah! she half laughed, I've guessed it, then.
 Come, tell me; I'll be secret. Nay, if you mock me,
 I must be very angry till you speak.
 Now, this is silly: some of those young boys
 Have dressed the cushions with her clothes in sport.
 'Tis very like her. I could make this image
 Act all her greetings: she shall bow her head—
 'Good morrow, mother,'—and her smiling face
 Falls on my neck. Oh, heaven! 'tis she indeed!
 I know it all—don't tell me.—ii. 273.

This is very striking; but alas! the speaker is intended to be—as is too common with poets of Mr. Beddoes' type—more or less mad. It is a very common and easy method of producing stage effect, this madness; for it is not only pitiable and pathetic in itself, but it gives free scope for the most fantastic imagery, and the most startling transitions of thought and feeling; and is, moreover, supposed by too many—and here is the reason why it is so often employed—to render any drawing of individual character superfluous. One mad woman is supposed to be like another, provided she talk nonsense enough; whereas, in fact, madness, as Shakspeare well knew, brings out individual peculiarities more strongly than any other state. It may be, in fact, defined as the state of mind when all which keeps down the individuality of man, and makes him like his neighbour—reason, moral duty, fear of opinion, often common decency—have vanished, and left the mere character and nature of the man free and wild to exhibit itself as it may choose, without restraint of law; thus requiring, for real dramatic

embodiment, a more, not a less, intense conception of the individual nature than any picture of a sane and self-governed person can. Nevertheless, as mere stage effect, this passage is very striking—all but pathetic.

But it is not pathetic, because any one, who had lost any relation and their own wits might have spoken it in the same place. The only proof that a mother speaks is the word 'mother;' while what that mother's character was like, we cannot tell. She is a 'stock' mother, very fond of her child, as usual; but that is not enough to make a dramatic character,—that is not 'conception.' The truly imaginative dramatist—how, no man, not even he himself, can tell—has given to him, by grace of God, more or less of the power of conceiving characters, personalities, each as different from every other, as absolutely alone and one, as each of us is,

Each in their separate sphere of joy or woe,
His hermit spirits dwell, and range apart.

And therefore, according to the depth of this creative imagination of his, the personality of each character comes out instinctively in every word and act of theirs. He gives you the whole character in every part of it. But there is no use trying to make ourselves understood by this clumsy and dry analysis, which even were it, as it is not, perfect, would be always, as we set forth at first, just as far from the reality as an anatomical preparation is from a living body. Look, then, at an example, and compare with the quotation from the *Bride's Tragedy*, the analogous passage where the mad Lear comes in with Cordelia's body in his arms:—

Howl, howl, howl, howl! O, you are men of stones!
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack. O, she is gone for ever!
I know when one is dead, and when one lives:
She's dead as earth. Send me a looking-glass;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives!

Who of all the characters could have spoken that, but one? The whole old Lear, as he was from the beginning—or rather the dying wreck of him—comes out in every line, with all the old imperiousness, haste, incoherence, fierce blame of every one but himself—dying as he was created.

It is this same want of true imagination which has tempted Mr. Beddoes, as it tempts so many, to create their own plots, instead of giving human life to one already known. His biographer well remarks, 'It is the wont of young playwrights in general to delight in the home manufacture of plot and story. Unlike the profounder teachers of the art—the Greek triad, the delineators of Macbeth and Lear, of Wallenstein and the Cenci—they are loth to take, out of the open store-house of historic fact and popular belief, the simple but expressive outlines which await only the master's hand to invest them with life and substance.' And why? On account, as the editor thinks, of an excess of creative power? Rather, we are inclined to think, from the want of it. Because these traditional outlines are the outlines of men, of characters, who have gone their own way already, and cannot be made to go ours. And therefore the poet who wants imagination enough to throw himself into the character of a Macbeth or a Wallenstein, and make the manifesting of the man in and by the story his first object, does find it a great deal easier to make a plot—in plain English, to draw together a number of actions which will be interesting enough of themselves, whether acted by puppets or human beings, wise men or fools. Thence arises, as in Mr. Beddoes, a longing after the more violent kind of action. The poet does not see the insides of men and things, and the boundless depth of wonders which is in them even in their calmest and most common-place moods, but only the outsides of them, and therefore he finds it necessary to make that outside as striking and showy as possible. Hence a prodigality of 'battle, murder, and sudden death, plague, pestilence, and famine,' of which Shakspeare, compared to those playwrights his contemporaries, who were Mr. Beddoes' avowed model, is very sparing. Hence inflated language, overloaded with imagery, a growing fondness for the horrible; while the stock of really healthy human

solve, and making, as the author of *Violenzia* has done, a problem for himself. He has applied to the highest form of art a method which, always unsafe, is in it entirely inadmissible—namely, that of making his own plot. As our readers will have gathered from what we have said already, the plots of such dramas are bound to be taken from actual history, or at least to be type-specimens of well-known and important classes of events. And surely, in the wide past, and in the scarcely narrower present, strange educations of the human spirit have come, and are daily coming, to pass, enough to occupy the poetic powers of the author of *Violenzia*; and therefore we shall criticise his play no further, though there are many more things to complain of in it, especially the character of Malgodin, who is a mere low monster, unredeemed by the human enjoyment of power and keen, sound, humorous sense, by which Shakspeare has made Iago, by a miracle of art, possible and tolerable. And so we leave the unknown author, only refusing to re-echo in anywise the implied farewell to poetry in the beautiful sonnet at the end of the volume, and entreating him to attempt some tragedy on which fact has already stamped the seal of natural and divine possibility, and be true to his own idea of the drama, certain, in our opinion, of high success.

May we be allowed to say another word about Mr. Beddoes's poems, for the sake of illustrating certain songs of Mr. Meredith, which we must shortly notice?

It is, then, to us very instructive how this want of the imagination by which a poem is conceived in the poet's mind, as Fuseli says all true works of art are, instantaneously as a thing one and whole, shows itself in Mr. Beddoes's songs in a new form. The inner idea which makes a song one is the rhythm of it: its coherence, its flow, its songfulness, in short, depend altogether on that. If that be kept, a very small amount of thought and decoration, as Moore's poems prove, will suffice to make a real and delightful song; while without one defined melody running through the whole, no richness of imagery will make it anything but heavy and clumsy, and not a song, because impossible to be sung. Now try to read this song of Mr. Beddoes's:—

Will you sleep these dark hours, maiden,
Beneath the vine that rested
Its slender boughs, so purple-laden,
All the day around that elm,
Nightingale-nested,
Which you dark hill wears for a helm,
Pasture-robed and forest-crested?
There the night of lovely hue
Peeps the fearful branches through,
And ends in those two eyes of blue.

Now what spoils this song is, that it evidently has not flowed, to some air or ghost of an air, right from the poet's heart. It was not ringing in his ears all the while he was writing it. It was laboriously put together of six different pieces—for so many distinct changes of rhythm (whereby we do not mean, of course, mere changes in the length of the lines) are there in it; and no scientific polishing afterwards could make it one, or prevent its being, for all the richness of fancy in it, heavy and rough, without unity, without simplicity, and therefore without real meaning. The same fault runs through all his lyrics. They are rich, but never smooth or sweet; and even in the most hopeful of all his lyrics, 'Song—On the Water,' he breaks down in the third line, and all traces of the sound, clear rhythm with which he has begun, vanish in confusion, after five more lines of a rocking minor rhythm, which happens to express very well, motion, and not, as the words and the sense both required, repose.

Wild with passion, sorrow beladen,
Bend the thought of thy stormy soul
On its home, on its heaven, the loved maiden,
And peace shall come at her eyes' control.

Even so night's starry rest possesses
 With its gentle spirit these tamed waters,
 And bids the wave, with weedy tresses,
 Embower the ocean's pavement stilly
 Where the sea-girls lie, the ocean's daughters,
 Whose eyes, not born to ween,
 More palely-lidded sleep
 Than in our fields the hly;
 And sighing in their rest,
 More sweet than is its breath,
 And quiet as its death,
 Upon a lady's breast.

Quite antipodal to the poems of Mr. Beddoes, and yet, in our eyes, fresh proofs of the truth of those rules which we have tried to sketch, are the poems of Mr. George Meredith. This, we understand, is his first appearance in print; if it be so, there is very high promise in the unambitious little volume which he has sent forth as his first-fruits. It is something, to have written already some of the most delicious little love-poems which we have seen born in England in the last few years, reminding us by their richness and quaintness of tone of Herrick; yet with a depth of thought and feeling which Herrick never reached. Health and sweetness are two qualities which run through all these poems. They are often overloaded—often somewhat clumsy and ill-expressed—often wanting polish and finish; but they are all genuine, all melodiously conceived, if not always melodiously executed. One often wishes, in reading the volume, that Mr. Meredith had been thinking now and then of Moore instead of Keats, and had kept for revision a great deal which he has published; yet now and then form, as well as matter, is nearly perfect. For instance:—

SONG.

The moon is alone in the sky
 As thou in my soul,
 The sea takes her image to lie
 Where the white ripples roll
 All night in a dream,
 With the light of her beam,
 Hushedly, mournfully, mistily up to the shore,
 The pebbles speak low,
 In the ebb and the flow,
 As I, when thy voice came at intervals, turned to adore:
 Nought other is heard,
 Save thy heart like a bird,
 Beating to bliss that is past evermore, evermore.

SONG.

<p>I cannot lose thee for a day, But like a bird with restless wing, My heart will find thee far away, And on thy bosom fall and sing, My nest is here, my rest is here: And in the lull of wind and rain, Fresh voices make a sweet refrain, — 'His rest is there, his nest is there.'</p>	<p>With thee the wind and sky are fair, But parted, both are strange and dark; And treacherous the quiet air That holds me, singing like a lark, O shield my love, strong arm above! 'Till in the hush of wind and rain, Fresh voices make a rich refrain, — 'The arm above will shield thy love!'</p>
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In Mr. Meredith's Pastorals, too, there is a great deal of sweet wholesome writing, more like real pastorals than those of any young poet whom we have had for many a year. Let these suffice as specimens:—

... See, on the river the slow-rippled surface
 Shining; the slow ripple broadens in circles; the bright surface smoothens;
 Now it is flat as the leaves of the yet unseen water-lily.
 There dart the lives of a day, ever varying tangles fantastic,
 There, by the wet-mirror'd osiers, the emerald wing of the kingfisher
 Flashes, the fish in his beak! there the dab-chick dived, and the motion
 Lazily undulates all thro' the tall standing army of rushes.

O joy thus to revel all day, till the twilight turns us homeward !
 'Till all the lingering, deep-blooming splendour of sunset is over,
 And the one star shines mildly in mellowing hues, like a spirit
 Sent to assure us that light never dieth, tho' day is now buried.

Careless as hexameters ; but honest landscape-painting ; and only he
 who begins honestly ends greatly.

LOVE IN THE VALLEY.

Under yonder beech-tree standing on the green sward,
 Couch'd with her arms behind her little head,
 Her knees fold'd up, and her tresses on her bosom,
 Lies my young love sleeping in the shade.

Had I the heart to slide one arm beneath her !
 Press her dreaming lips as her waist I folded slow,
 Waking on the instant she could not but embrace me.
 Ah ! would she hold me, and never let me go !

Shy as the squirrel, and wayward as the swallow ;
 Swift as the swallow when athwart the western flood
 Circleting the surface he meets his mirror'd winglets,—
 Is that dear one in her maiden bud.

Shy as the squirrel whose nest is in the pine tops ;
 Gentle—ah ! that she were jealous as the dove !

Full of all the wildness of the woodland creatures,
 Happy in herself is the maiden that I love !

When her mother tends her before the laughing mirror,
 Tying up her laces, looping up her hair,
 Often she thinks—were this wild thing wedded,
 I should have more love, and much less care.

When her mother tends her before the bashful mirror,
 Loosening her laces, combing down her curls,
 Often she thinks—were this wild thing wedded,
 I should lose but one for so many boys and girls.

What gives us here hope for the future, as well as enjoyment on the spot, is, that these have evidently not been put together, but have grown of themselves ; and the one idea has risen before his mind, and shaped itself into a song ; not perfect in form, perhaps, but as far as it goes, healthful, and consistent, and living, through every branch and spray of detail. And this is the reason why Mr. Meredith has so soon acquired an instinctive melody, which Mr. Beddoes, as we saw, never could. To such a man, any light which he can gain from æsthetic science will be altogether useful. The living seed of a poem being in him, and certain to grow and develope somehow, the whole gardener's art may be successfully brought to bear on perfecting it. For this is the use of æsthetic science—to supply, not the bricklayer's trowel, but the hoe, which increases the fertility of the soil, and the pruning-knife, which lops off excrescences. For Mr. Meredith—with real kindness we say it, for the sake of those love-poems—has much to learn, and, as it seems to us, a spirit which can learn it ; but still it must be learnt. One charming poem—for instance, 'Daphne'—is all spoil, for want of that same pruning-knife. We put aside the question whether a ballad form is suitable, not to the subject—for to that, as a case of purely objective action, it is suitable,—but to his half-Elegiac, thoughtful handling of it. Yet we recommend him to consider whether his way of looking at the Apollo and Daphne myth be not so far identical with Mr. Tennyson's idea of 'Paris and Oenone,' as to require a similar Idyllic form, to give the thoughtful element its fair weight. If you treat external action merely (and in as far as you do so, you will really reproduce those old sensuous myths) you may keep the ballad form, and heap verse on verse as rapidly as you will ; but if you introduce any subjective thought, after the fashion of the Roman and later Greek writers, to explain the myth, and give it a spiritual, or even merely allegoric meaning, you must, as they did, slacken the pace of your verse. Let Ovid's *Fasti* and *Epistles* be your examples, at least in form, and write slowly enough to allow the reader to think as he goes on. The neglect of this rule spoils

the two best poems in *Reverberations*, 'Balder,' and 'Thor,' which, whatever were the faults of the rest of the book, were true and noble poems : and the neglect of it spoils 'Apollo and Daphne.' Mr. Meredith is trying all through to mean more than the form which he has chosen allows him. That form gives free scope to a prodigality of objective description, of which Keats' need not have been ashamed ; but if he had more carefully studied the old models of that form—from the simple Scotch ballads to Shakespeare's 'Venus and Adonis'—a ballad and not an idyl,—he would have avoided Keats' fault of too-muchness, into which he has fallen. Half the poem would bear cutting out ; even half of those most fresh and living stanzas, where the whole woodland springs into life to stop Daphne's flight—where

Running ivies, dark and lingering,
Round her light limbs drag and twine ;
Round her waist, with languorous tendrils
Reels and wreathes the juicy vine,
Crowning her with amorous clusters ;
Pouring down her sloping back
Fresh-born wines in glittering rillets,
Following her in crimson track.

Every stanza is a picture in itself, but there are too many of them ; and therefore we lose the story in the profusion of its accidentals. There is a truly Correggiasque tone of feeling and drawing all through this poem, which is very pleasant to us. But we pray Mr. Meredith to go to the National Gallery, and there look steadily and long, with all the analytic insight he can, at the 'Venus and Mercury,' or the 'Agony in the Garden ;' or go to the Egyptian Hall, and there feast, not only his eyes and heart, but his intellect and spirit also, with Lord Ward's duplicate of the 'Magdalen'—the grandest Protestant sermon on 'free justification by faith' ever yet preached ; and there see how Correggio can dare to indulge in his exquisite lusciousness of form, colour, and chiaro-scuro, without his pictures ever becoming tawdry or overwrought—namely, by the severe scientific unity and harmonious gradation of parts which he so carefully preserves, which make his pictures single glorious rainbows of precious stone—that Magdalen one living emerald—instead of being, like the jewelled hawk in the Great Exhibition, every separate atom of it beautiful, yet as a whole utterly hideous.

One or two more little quarrels we have with Mr. Meredith,—and yet they are but *amantium ire*, after all. First, concerning certain Keats words—such as languorous, and innumerable, and such like, which are very melodious, but do not, unfortunately, belong to this our English tongue, their places being occupied already by old and established words ; as Mr. Tennyson has conquered this fault in himself, Mr. Meredith must do the same. Next, concerning certain ambitious metres, sound and sweet, but not thoroughly worked out, as they should have been. Mr. Meredith must always keep in mind that the species of poetry which he has chosen is one which admits of nothing less than perfection. We may excuse the roughness of Mrs. Browning's utterance, for the sake of the grandeur and earnestness of her purpose ; she may be reasonably supposed to have been more engrossed with the matter than with the manner. But it is not so with the idyllist and lyricist. He is not driven to speak by a prophetic impulse ; he sings of pure will, and therefore he must sing perfectly, and take a hint from that microcosm, the hunting-field ; wherein if the hounds are running hard, it is no shame to any man to smash a gate instead of clearing it, and jump into a brook instead of over it. Forward he must get, by fair means if possible, if not, by foul. But as, like the idyllist, any gentleman 'larks' his horse over supererogatory leaps at the coverside, he is not allowed to knock all four hoofs against the top bar ; but public opinion (who, donkey as she is, is a very shrewd old donkey, nevertheless, and clearly understands the difference between thistles and barley) requires him to 'come up in good form, measure his distance exactly, take off neatly, clear it cleverly, and come well into the next field.' And even so should idyllists with their metres.

Stop, dear readers, and let us have one good laugh together before we part. We have given you first, an Ode, then Tragedies, four or five running, as they used to exhibit them in Athens of old, and a pleasant musical Interlude after them; but our day's amusement, by all the rules of the theatre, will not be complete without a farce . . . and here it is. We will descend from the cothurnus; we will bore you with no more aesthetics,—they are quite needless for making up our minds on this volume. If you want a laugh, here is the man, John Wright by name, dating from, 'High Pavement, Nottingham, July 18th, 1851;' and here is the book, a thick octavo volume of 'Poetry, Sacred and Profane,' brought out, 'regardless of expense,' in a delicate chrome-green cover, with much gilding, by means of—most surely not at the expense of—the firm of Longman and Co. And now, if you can keep your tempers, and not feel abusively indignant, for a delicate jest. For Mr. Wright has given us an introduction to himself as well as his poems, from whence we glean inductively, that, like Saint Patrick, he is come of decent people,—probably some sort of physician, surgeon, or apothecary, and seems to have been oppressed, for some forty years of his life, with the malady of 'excessive irritability, combined with constitutional powers of endurance which few enjoy,' and which 'prompted him daily to physical pursuits very far exceeding the demands of a laborious profession. As time progressed, however, a growing inaptitude for vigorous exercise was discoverable,' and he 'sought in retirement to profit by a long train of previous observation. In spite of a prejudice imbibed, on reaching manhood, against poetry, for reasons that involve some little reflection on lovely woman—a prejudice so strong, that for nearly twenty years' (as is most evident from his own compositions) 'I would neither read, nor suffer to be read for me, any production of the divine art,—I now began to meditate in verse.' . . . At length the applicants for his verse 'became too numerous and pressing in their demands'—and he 'resolved thus prematurely to select from amongst his papers such poems as should for the most part contribute to the moral and intellectual benefit of his readers.'

Now, is not this truly fine writing? What a command of the 'ations' and 'ities,' and all the glorious, learned, long dictionary words! And the matter as well as the manner—is it not exquisite? Not that that is all our farce. No, dear reader. Now that you have had your laugh over the making of this wondrous volume: follow, follow, and laugh at that which is made thereby. For this introduction is neither more nor less than a deliberate attack on Wordsworth, which would not have been worth a moment's notice in the pages of this magazine, or any other, if the man had not considered himself as more or less what the world would call a gentleman and an educated man—a man who understands German, and can quote Lactantius, and Lucretius, and all the rest of them, and has been, if we understand him rightly, a medical man, labouring in a profession which above all others requires, and ought to teach, sympathy and delicacy of mind; and then, at the age of forty, in the year of grace 1851, sits down deliberately to bespatter the memory of a man whose wisdom and virtues, now that he is gone to his reward, have immortalized him in every honest mind; while the recollection of those little maseries of style in which he indulged, on a mistaken principle, has vanished before the respect and admiration due to his works as wholes. The only possible explanation which we can find for this infatuation is some personal spite. Did Mr. Wright ever send any of his poems to the venerable Laureate, and get from him, in answer, an honest opinion? For, if so, that would indeed make all clear. But by some strange and just Nemesis, the attack is made indiscriminately on Wordsworth's best pieces, as well as his more questionable. 'The Old Loech Gatherer,' 'She dwelt among the untrodden ways,' and 'A slumber did my spirit steal,' come in for the same stupid abuse as 'Betty Foy' and 'Peter Bell.' Mr. Wright seems blinded, by passion, at once to Wordsworth's merits and his own self-respect, till, in a long, insolent parody, he can scoffingly say to the venerable bard, on the very verge of the grave—

With gratitude no less sincere
 Than is this record of my praise,
*Would I yet further seek to cheer
 The pride of thy declining days.*

Or, again—

This is a blessing known to none
 But writers of the purest class,
*Of whom thou art the only one
 Now left the final stream to pass.*

Some 'youthful poets,' born to be
 'Thy second self,' and taught to 'think
 At random,' may be found as free
 At wisdom's hidden fount to drink.

And taking nature for their guide,
 Since destined in thy course to run,
 May tell us, with becoming pride,
 That 'the green field sleeps in the sun.'

And so on through pages of insolence, which show that he actually has been reading Wordsworth carefully through and through, with the simple intention (indeed, he nearly confesses as much) of turning into ridicule everything which he cannot understand. But the most exquisite jest is, that these parodies and caricatures of Wordsworth and Shelley are the only poems in the book in which there is any gleam of shrewdness or power, as if he had been raised for the time, though against his will, by intercourse with the very geniuses he insulted, and actually wrote better than himself, when he intended to be writing worse!

On the whole, after some experience of foolish poetry, and foolish prefaces thereunto, filled with foolish criticism, we have deliberately come to the conclusion that Mr. John Wright's book is the most foolish one of the kind we ever opened, and hereby hand him over the cap and bells as his just and undisputed right.

Hear him, for instance, on Wordsworth's 'Anecdote for Fathers,' and then judge for yourselves of his gracefulness of handling, his mental insight, and his good breeding.

Three times the interrogatory was put, when the boy raised his head, and seeing a vane upon the house-top, replied—

At Kilne there was no weathercock;
 And that's the reason why.

'Pleased with this evidence of childish sagacity,' (oh, reader, reader! laugh at the utter stupidity, if you are not too much disgusted with the clumsy attempt at sarcasm,) 'he exclaims—

Oh, dearest, dearest boy! my heart
 For better lore would seldom yearn,
 Could I but teach the hundredth part
 Of what from thee I learn.

'If the Poet's admirers be sufficiently versed in the profound to discover the worth attached to this revelation, they can better deal with the problematical than I can. To me it would seem that, for the sake of bringing this child into ridicule, fifteen stanzas were written, which, whether viewed in regard to their meanness of diction, or poverty of idea, should serve as well to show that he was the veritable son of the writer.'!!!

Readers, what is the proper epithet for such a man as this but *Snob*? Ingrained, trebly dyed, in language, understanding, modesty, delicacy, a snob triumphant, glorying in his shame. A snob so deliciously unconscious that such a sin as snobbishness exists, that he can sit down in Nottingham town, in the year 1851, and write such a paragraph as the one that follows,

without a dread lest the very sparrows on the house-top should mob him, and the flies on the window-pane join audibly in the horse-laugh of an astonished universe, against the man who can proclaim at this time of day, that—

'Not the least objectionable feature in the Laureate's character as a poet, was his love of intercourse with plebeians of the lowest grade, as Betty Foy, Alice Fell, Peter Bell, and others equally vulgar!!!'

'Oh for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!' Come away, reader, and leave Malvolio strutting up and down in his garden at Nottingham, or rather in 'the prison-darkness' of 'ignorance, wherein he is more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.'

Yet no; justice must be done upon this man. So let him be hanged on the gallows which he set up for another; and let astonished readers believe us when we assure them that there is no single insult which he has heaped on Wordsworth's poems which his own doggerel does not deserve. The most deliciously absurd part of the matter is, that the pages of white paper, which he has spoilt with rhymes which are intended to be parodies of Wordsworth and Shelley, are yet so exactly like the seriously-written stuff which he wishes the public to admire, that we can hardly ever tell when he is in jest or earnest; and not knowing from any evidence, external or internal, whether he means us to laugh at a verso or not, we settle the question by laughing most heartily at all.

However, for the reader's special amusement, we have culled a few evidently serious gems (though we shall hardly be believed when we assure him that they are serious) from the poems of the Nottingham Falstaff-without-wit, who dares, in spite of the decreasing leg, and the increasing stomach, and the chin on which every white hair should have its effect of gravity, to inform the world that in fifty years hence it will be scarcely known that such a man as Wordsworth has lived!!!

TO A WIREWORM, (*Inter alia*.)

The garden mourns the deadly blight
Inflicted by thy loathsome presence,
Blot, as thou art, upon the light
Of efflorescence!

TO AN IMPERTINENT YOUTH.

Thou spark of Hell's creative blast,
Whom no amount of grace can smother,
From age to age thy reign shall last,
With Satan as thy friend and brother!

AN IMPRECATION.

Let every hair on either head
Attract the lightning's vivid flame,
And fight them from their anxious bed
O'erwhelmed with shame.

Dispose the sun's concentric rays
To scorch the retina so far,
That darkness through their future days
Shall lend no star.

ON A LADY SLEEPING.

How can I refuse to comply with a duty
Enforced by an eloquence all but divine,
That a lady reclining before me in beauty
Deserves at my hand an appropriate line!

A PRESCRIPTION FOR A CONSUMPTION.

[Mark the good English.]

My dear Miss [here the man has actually put in the lady's name, which we shall not], your cough
Appears so terribly distressing,—
Fish-oil you take not half enough,
Nor use aright the local dressing.

That is surely enough, reader. And we would not have kept you laughing so long even over this, were it not somewhat in justification of our own severity, and as a warning to all respectable and elderly persons who may choose to write Pickwickian verses, that we shall understand their jests in a Pickwickian sense only, as long as they choose to refrain from talking about the lowest class of plebeians, and insulting a venerable gentleman, who especially showed his high breeding by loving, and honouring, and conversing with that class, though snobs may call it vulgar.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF CAPTAIN DIGBY GRAND;
OR,
'THE DANGEROUS CLASSES.'

CHAPTER II.

WESTWARD HO!—SCENES IN A TRANSPORT—A YANKFE SPORTSMAN.

IT is proverbially a dispensation of Providence, for manning the British navy and giving thews and sinews to the merchant service, that a mania should seize upon boys of tender years, irresistibly impelling them to adopt the sea as their profession, long before nature has given them the power of judging for themselves in 'the knowledge of good and evil.' How often do we hear the veteran seaman declare that had he known the discomforts and miseries to be endured 'afloat,' he would sooner have spent the prime of his manhood two hundred feet down a coal-mine, than within the creaking ribs of one of Britannia's 'wooden walls.' But loathsome as is the smell of 'bilge water,' and the other odours that too often emanate from 'between decks,' and uncomfortable as it most assuredly is to have no elbow room for shaving, short allowance of fresh water for necessary ablutions, and a continually changing 'fulcrum' to stand upon whilst you draw on your boots, yet once on deck, all such petty annoyances are discarded and forgotten. You feel the wild fresh ocean breeze, the same uncontaminated current that has swept without interruption over its thousands of miles to speed you on your course; the glittering waters are dancing in the sun; there is beauty on the wave and health upon the gale; and if, being a land-man, your enjoyment in all this is enhanced by the sense of variety, you are disposed to admit that, after all, a sea-life has its own peculiar charms.

'I wish breakfast was ready: what an appetite this sea-air gives one!' said old Halberd to me, as we paced the deck of one of her Majesty's vessels denominated Government Transport No. 7. We had been fairly in blue water for nearly a week; sea-sickness and its accompanying lassitude and misery were now completely got over; the

men came readily to the 'tub' to receive their allowance of grog, a potation seldom relished by an enfeebled stomach, and we had all settled down to the regularity of a sea-life.

In that little speck upon the waste of waters were crowded together seven officers, including Halberd, Ensign Spooner, and myself,—one lady, much admired, nay, adored, as ladies always are on board ship, and rejoicing in the name of Tims, whose husband, Captain Tims, was likewise a fellow-voyager—a hundred and fifty men, with a fair proportion of sergeants and corporals, and, fortunately, but few women,—and the ship's company, numbering some most eccentric characters, and commanded by honest Captain Merryweather, the most jovial tar that ever paced 'his fisherman's walk, two steps and overboard,' and whose round, good-humoured face, and short, square, powerful form ever met me when I made my morning appearance with the same greeting — 'Turned out early, Mr. Grand!—keep all your watches below, eh?' this piece of seawaggery being usually followed by a sharp interrogative to the man at the wheel, 'How's her head?' Thank you, her head is a good deal better, and she has quite got over her sea-sickness, is the reply coming from the pale wan face of Captain Tims, whose emaciated form is now seen slowly creeping up the hatchway, and whose innocence and inexperience mistook the honest skipper's question as to the course his old tub of a bark was steering, for a courteous inquiry after the health of his lady-wife. Up comes the steward, an important functionary, with hair curling all over his head in a profusion of clustering ringlets that would shame a poodle, and announces breakfast. At that magical word the deck is deserted, and with many compliments to Mrs. Tims, due to

her early appearance, we sit down a right merry hungry party to our maritime fare.

'Mrs. Tims, will you be good enough to heat up another egg—we want some more milk, and that is our substitute. Major, tell the steward to fry some more ham.'

'After all, salt butter and biscuit beats everything for breakfast,' says the enthusiastic Spooner, whose verdauncy is a fund of amusement to the skipper. That jovial personage bursts into a hearty laugh, and promises Spooner 'soft tommy' when he gets to Quebec. The would-be facetious ensign thinks this must mean some dish composed, as he has heard the London sausages are, of an assassinated cat, and Merryweather, between his roars of laughter, tells him that he may taste 'the cat' if he fancies it, without leaving the ship; and so they ring the changes on a seaman's vocabulary, entirely a different language from that spoken by the English nation on shore. But the steward rushes in, having seen a shoal of porpoises to windward, bearing straight for the ship, and determined, as that confiding animal generally is, to run right under her bows. This is too good a chance of variety to be lost, and we start from our half-finished breakfasts to see the rollicking strangers pursue their course regardless of all interruptions from small-shot and ball, none of which seem to have the slightest effect on the tough hides of these marine monsters. There is something to my fancy extremely wild in the aspect of a shoal of porpoises, bould as it were on some especial lark, with their heads all the same way, pitching and lurching through the briny element, as though they quite enjoyed the idea of having nothing to stop them between the coast of Ireland and the Gulf of Mexico. Right under our bows dashes the ungainly convoy, and I could swear that bottle-nosed lag-gard, the last of the shoal, and bearing, as we all exclaimed, a striking likeness to Spooner, winked at us with his roguish little eye like some ocean-hog, as he dipped his black snout into the emerald wave, and turned up his nether end, as if to bid us farewell. Far on our lee we watch them on their course, till the

dark ruffled horizon hides them from our sight, and we talk of them as folks on shore would of the coming Derby, or the late Exhibition. If 'anything's fun in the country,' surely anything is excitement at sea. What should we do without whist?—an accomplishment that in my earliest years I foresaw it was necessary to master, and the study of which I now turned to a tolerably profitable account.

Luncheon is over in our little ocean-home, and the dead-lights are up, for it has begun to blow rather fresh, and is evidently brewing up for a gale. The cabin is small, dark, and somewhat close, but we are roughing it now, and must not be over-particular, more especially as flirting Mrs. Tims bears all the disagreeables of a transport without a murmur, and is now sitting in the most piquante of caps, teaching Spooner backgammon. Alas! poor boy, with the guileless enthusiasm of eighteen, he is drinking in deep draughts of love from those mischievous blue eyes—sport to you, Julia Tims! but death (for the present) to poor Spooner; and the only knowledge he is obtaining of the venerable game is a conviction that his most unquestionably is a hit, hers, in all human probability, 'a gammon.' The unsuspicious, accommodating Tims and myself cut as partners, and the Fates ordain that Spooner should be roused from his happy dream to join our game in the seat opposite his commanding officer, of whom he has a wholesome terror, and to endure old Halberd's rowing in no measured terms, when absence of mind or deficiency of memory shall cause the loss of a single trick. Tims could play a little, and young as I was, I had already learned that skill in all games of chance or science was the readiest method of eking out an insufficient allowance, and administering to an extravagant disposition; so with the advantage of superior play on our side, we 'walked into' our adversaries' stakes to as large an amount as old Halberd's pay and allowances would stand.

Game succeeded game, and rubber gave place to rubber, and the commandant waxed furious. 'Good heaven! Spooner, you trumped your

partner's best again! Couldn't you see the ace was out? Why, the devil you should bottle up your king. Any one but a born fool would have played his knave.' Poor Spooner, sitting on thorns because Mrs. Tims can overhear all these compliments, and at length utterly confused by his own losses and his partner's ire, terminates his ill-fated performances by an unequivocal 'revoke,' and the major's ire blazes forth unchecked—'Go to your cabin, Sir, and consider yourself under arrest; in the whole course of my experience, I never met anything like this. You laugh, Mr. Grand, and well you may, for you have won a small fortune through my partner's inexplicable conduct. Nothing shall persuade me it was not done on purpose,' foamed the exasperated Major, 'but I'll have a Court of Inquiry. I'll try him for his commission. I'll drive him out of the service; by Jove, I will.'

Enter the poodle-headed steward to lay the cloth for dinner: the angry commandant, whose plumes are always smooth at that interesting hour, is easily appeased, and Spooner has the good taste, as his *chef* has the good sense, to make no further allusions to the row, the losses, and the arrest. Dinner progresses favourably, although we are compelled to put our plates upon our knees and our glasses in our pockets; for the gale is increasing, and the skipper, contrary to his usual practice, and far against his inclination, is compelled to remain on deck. Ere our meal is concluded, we are startled by the unearthly notes of a speaking-trumpet over head, followed by a faint reply—'We are speaking a ship'—and off we all fly to have a look at the stranger. Pitching bows under, with a double reef in her topsails, and some of her bellying canvas aback to enable her to hold off and on, a dirty-looking brig looms distinctly against the dark, cloudy background. Her master, in language that none but a seaman could understand, is inquiring his proper longitude, his own reckoning being of the loosest description. She is from Buenos Ayres, bound for Liverpool, and has no more business off the coast of Labrador, her present position, than we should have at Gib-

raltar. We set her right as to her locality, and labouring on in our diverse courses, we part, never to meet again. She is soon lost to our sight, for driving mists are soddling over the face of the waters, though an occasional warm gleam of sunshine gives a magic charm to the scene.

'What a heavenly day on shore!' says Spooner to me, as we pace the deck, smoking our after-dinner cigars, and ever and anon staggering to leeward when our grasp misses the stay, that should have steadied us. 'What a day in some quiet retreat in beautiful England, Grand, with a person—I mean with a lady, that is,' stammered the sentimental ensign—'with a woman one really loved.'

Spooner always confided somewhat he called 'his better feelings,' such as his present idolatry of another man's wife, under the impression that my foolish entanglement with Miss Jones would ensure my sympathy in all affairs of the tender passion. Little did he know how that unfortunate business had seared and hardened my young heart, and changed all the softer feelings of my nature—how regret, remorse, and above all, a feeling of burning shame, had taken possession of me, whenever I looked back on that season of delirium, and made me regard the sex in the light of an enemy on whom to be revenged at every convenient opportunity. Like many other young men, I fell into that most fatal of mistakes, 'that all women are alike.' How absurd a conclusion!—how disgraceful a slander on many a holy, virtuous, I had almost said, angelic being, that makes the glory and the sunshine of a happy home!

But I am interrupting Spooner's confidences with my reflections. As they came out between the puffs of his cigar, I confess I was startled at the length of absurdity to which a youth of eighteen may be carried, under the influence of a dreamy imagination. He confessed to me his adoration for Mrs. Tims, or 'Julia,' as he had the impudence to call her: he never seemed to consider Tims; he wished in the *amour* of his attachment that she would fall overboard, that he, Spooner, might have the satisfaction of jumping after her to the rescue, (not a stroke could he swim);

and shutting his eyes to the probable ease of drowning, and inevitable cold bath that must ensue, he seemed to fancy such a catastrophe would be really delightful; then he thought of asking her to run away with him, which was certainly not very feasible whilst we all remained packed up in a ship of four hundred tons; then he fancied she might get a divorce from Tins—a quiet, easy-going husband, that suited her exactly, and to whom at heart she was really attached—and that he might marry her and sell out of the army: till at length I ventured to ask him if he had ever mentioned the subject, or had hinted his attachment at all explicitly to the lady.

'Why, no, not exactly,' said the suffering youth; 'but she is knitting me a purse, and I told her this morning that I should hate to arrive at Quebec, and I had never been so happy as when on board ship.'

'And did she take the hint?' I inquired, much amused at my companion's cautious advances.

'Why, she said she couldn't bear the sea, and was bored to death with the ship,' was the reply; 'but then I think she did that to pique me!'

The burst of laughter with which I greeted this announcement, discomposed poor Spooner dreadfully, but I pointed out to him the absurdity of his romance, and the ridiculous mistake he was making, to suppose that the harmless flirtation with which Mrs. Tins was amusing herself, could amount to an infatuation that should lead her to sacrifice friends, home, position, and character for the sake of a boyish greenhorn, an ensign in a marching regiment. Unpalatable as this was, it did the poor fellow good, and I was proceeding with my lecture, in my new character of Mentor, when a cheer from between decks arose that shook the old transport from stem to stern, and looking to leeward, we desisted, with a thrill I shall never forget, the first land we had seen since we left the coast of Britain.

Six long weeks had we been at sea, and truly it was a glorious as well as a grateful sight. Rising like a curtain, the mist disclosed the rugged and picturesque coast of Labrador glowing in the lustre of a magnificent sunset. And oh! the richness of those varied tints to eyes so

long accustomed to the weary water and the empty sky. Again and again was the cheer caught up and repeated by our delighted soldiers, and even the rough seamen cast a grim smile at that grand iron-bound coast. It is almost worth a voyage to see land for the first time. In our inexperience, we considered ourselves as fairly arrived, and from that moment began calculations and lotteries as to when we should reach our destination. The skipper alone appeared not to join in the general enthusiasm that prevailed. I observed him several times popping in and out of his cabin for constant consultation of the barometer; and I remarked that he remained on deck when, after dusk, we retired to the well-lighted cabin, and sat in for our accustomed game at *vingt-et-un*, accompanied by a special bowl of punch brewed by old Halberd, who was a very Falstaff in all matters of drink, and who knew exactly the right proportions that make rum, sugar, and lime-juice a beverage for the gods. We were so absorbed in the changes and chances of our game, that we scarcely remarked the increasing roll of the old transport, as she creaked and laboured in the trough of a heavy sea, and the constant scuffle and tramp of feet upon the deck above us; and when I turned in, as sailors call it, for the night, to share a dormitory of some four feet square with my comrade Spooner, I was too sleepy to think of anything but the disagreeables of being roused at four to keep the morning watch, a duty which I most religiously shirked on every available opportunity.

That must have been a fearful night, ay, even to the gallant hearts on deck and aloft, exposed to the fury of the gale, and striving with might and main to put in practice all that science could teach and seamanship effect, to weather the storm. Boxed up in my stifling little cabin, I became conscious by degrees that our ship was rolling and pitching more than my previous experience would have led me to suppose possible. First my dreams became more and more incoherent and disturbed—then a tremendous lurch, that nearly sent me sprawling out of my berth, roused me to a state of complete wakefulness;

and there I lay, anxiously listening to the complication of noises that surrounded me, with a horrible misgiving that this might be one of those serious cases of which every one has heard and read; and that as ships were doubtless occasionally wrecked, why not ours as well as another? This style of reasoning was not consolatory, and I had just made up my mind to put on some clothing, go at once on deck, and learn the worst,—though deterred, I know not why, by a foolish sense of shame at being the first to anticipate danger,—when another tremendous lurch, a fearful pause, and a vibration as though the very timbers must part, followed by a crash as if the whole deck were breaking in upon our heads, startled me at once into activity, and I jumped on the deck of the cabin, just as Spooner in a shaking voice from beneath his bed-clothes, exclaimed, ‘By Jove, Grand, there’s all the steward’s crockery gone.’

I knew better; we had immediately righted, and I felt sure something must have gone by the board. As I staggered, half-clothed, and with naked feet, up the chilling hatchway, I was conscious of a buzzing murmur that made my very blood run cold—‘Man overboard!—man overboard!’ and then for the first time I knew that it was indeed a human voice that I had heard thrilling in agony above the crashing timber and the roaring blast. It was too true; the captain of the fore-top was at that moment choking in the blackening, boiling wave. The clear cold stars looked down in pitiless beauty on the engulfed seaman, struggling hopelessly, with none to help, with none to save. I caught a glimpse of the captain’s pale and horror-stricken face, and I knew instinctively that it was folly to dream of boat or life-buoy in such a sea and such a gale. How soon might not we, too, be swept into eternity! In a second of time I pictured to myself the events of years. I saw dear old Haverley in all its verdant beauty; my poor father, ay, even Dr. Drive’er flashed for an instant through my mind. The favourite pursuits of my youth came across me, and I could even feel with the doomed outlaw in the stirring Border ballad,—

My hounds may all run masterless,

My hawks may fly from tree to tree; and then I manned myself, as I thought it was my duty to meet death, come in what shape it might, as a gentleman and a soldier. Though near, his icy hand was this time destined to grasp no other victim, and in a momentary lull, I had time to obtain a view of our position, and to exchange a cheering word or two with the gallant skipper. The night was clear and bright with stars, though blowing what sailors call ‘great guns,’ and the first thing that struck me was the nakedness of our spars as they danced against the sky, every inch of canvas that could be spared having been taken in. At times, I could see the whole of the vessel, as it were, plunging head-foremost away from me, as I steadied myself near the poop, and tremendous was the havoc made on her decks by a succession of heavy seas—everything had been carried away—seats, blocks, spare spars, hen-coops, everything that was moveable; and alas! alas! the last gigantic wave that struck her had borne to his doom honest Bill Sawyer, the smartest foretopman that ever handled sheet.

‘No chance of saving him, Mr. Grand,’ said poor Merryweather, with a trembling voice; ‘the worst of it is over now, and this gale will lull before sunrise; but it is God’s providence that we were able to wear the old ship. It was impossible to tack, and this is not a night, sir, to have the coast of Labrador under your lee!’

As I went below, I found the companion-stairs and the cabin in a state of indescribable confusion—gentlemen in all sorts of costumes inquiring what had happened, and whether ‘anything was the matter!’—all seemed to have turned out except old Halberd, who lay snugly ensconced in his blankets; and when asked by Spooner, who went straight to his commanding officer’s cabin for orders when he thought there was any danger, ‘whether he did not mean to turn out?’ replied, ‘Not I; it’s no business of mine; I’m only a passenger!’ As I groped my way in the dark towards my cabin, a soft hand was put within mine, and a gentle voice whispered in

my ear, 'Is the danger over? . . . Thank you, Mr. Grand: good night.' I was soon sound asleep after all my fatigues and excitement, but not before I had offered a short and fervent thanksgiving to Providence for our escape.

Could it be the same world that was melting around us in all the gorgeous brightness of a sunny noon, as one short week afterwards we glided listlessly along between the picturesque banks, whose woods, luxuriant in their verdure, fringe the noble St. Lawrence! A monarch art thou of the waters, thou magnificent river, and wondrous is thy majesty to one whose homage has been hitherto paid in ignorance to the puny wave of our own Father Thames. Historic associations, natural beauty, and early recollections, hallow the latter; but what shall we say of that gigantic stream, whose volume, supplied by the inexhaustible depths of Lake Erie, sweeps on through the giddy rapids, and the wondrous plunge of indescribable Niagara, to beautify the fairest portion of a continent, and only to find repose at length in the mighty bosom of the broad Atlantic Ocean! The first impression of every European on visiting America appears to be the same. Everything is on a larger, grander, and more magnificent scale than in the old country. The rivers are wider, the forests more interminable, the storms darker, the sunshine brighter, and the skies higher, than those to which they have been accustomed at home; and obtrusive as is sometimes the Yankee's noisy admiration of his unequalled States, he has, indeed, a glorious country, and well may he be proud of it.

All disembarkations are much the same, whether the released prisoners be an apoplectic alderman, with his fat wife and numerous daughters, stepping ashore at Ostend, or a draft of gallant musketeers bidding farewell to the coop which government has provided for a long and tedious voyage. Beautiful Quebec glittered as usual in the sun; and our march up to the citadel, a mile and a half, and every inch of it against the collar, convinced us that as the acquisition of what sailors call sea-legs, is most desirable to

encounter a sou'-wester in the Atlantic, so are those same sea-legs very numbed and paralytic members to carry their owners up a steep and gavelled hill in anything like soldier-like style. We were received at head quarters—the strongly-fortified and jealously guarded citadel—with the welcome due to a fresh arrival of comrades to assist in 'doing duty,' and I found that my character as a 'fast lad,' and consequently an acquisition to the mess, had already preceded me from the dépôt. My brother-officers I discovered, with hardly an exception, to be a jovial, good-humoured, gentleman-like set of fellows, although one and all were tinged with a slight affectation of slang, engendered by foreign service and a life of almost exclusively men's society, but which a tour of duty in England would soon and effectually have eradicated.

We were commanded by a character in his line; and Colonel Cartouch deserves a slight sketch from one whose youth he so carefully instructed in all matters connected with the sports of the field. Cartouch had entered the service originally in the artillery, and with some few others had effected an exchange from that exclusive corps to the line. He had then been in pretty nearly every regiment in the service, mounted and dismounted—horse, foot, and dragoons; as he himself said, 'he had a turn at them all.' In addition to this, during a short interregnum of half-pay, he had joined 'the Queen of Spain's men,' where, by his own account, he saw some little fighting, and a good deal of flogging. In that sunny clime he had fallen in love with, and married a Spanish girl, but of what degree, or under what circumstances, no one could tell. And here comes the mystery of Cartouch's character. He was never heard to touch upon the history of his marriage—no one knew whether he was a widower, or if Mrs. Cartouch was still alive. Of course, as in all cases where nothing is known, there were plenty of stories current, one more romantic and more horrible than another. The Colonel had a Spanish servant, a forbidding-looking rascal as man should wish to see, but who had stuck to his master, and served him

faithfully through all the ups and downs of his professional career. Rumour whispered that this fellow *once* let out in his cups a frightful history of the signora's jealousy and its consequences. Tall, handsome, of a spare athletic figure, with luxuriant black hair and whiskers, an adept at all feats of grace and skill, as at all games of chance or science; an extraordinary horseman, an unerring shot, a draughtsman of no mean pretensions, and a musician of exquisite taste, the Colonel was found to make sad havoc in the female heart, and many a fair one has loved that beautiful face, with its reckless bandit expression, 'not wisely, but too well.' He knew his advantages, none better, and pushed them to the utmost; but when first I was acquainted with him, the number of his conquests appeared only to enhance his feelings of bitterness and contempt for the whole sex.

Watched by his wife with a jealousy that I fear had too much foundation, he was at last discovered. A Spanish woman roused, and more especially by such a passion, is not a character to hesitate for fear of consequences, and the young and beautiful rival—some whispered, too near a relative—fell by the wife's hand; nor was her revenge satisfied with one victim; like a fury, she turned from her sister's prostrate form upon the horror-stricken Cartouch, and the only circumstantial evidence borne by this ghastly tale is in the fact that whenever the Colonel's neck was bared, a long, grisly cicatrice disclosed itself, extending from ear to chin, as of one who had at some time received a badly and frightful wound in the throat. When ladies resort to extreme measures such as these, a separation is decidedly advisable, and from that hour it was said Cartouch never saw his wife again. Assuredly his habits were not those of married life, and whether he was not happier in a state of single-blessedness and independence, it is not for me to decide. Some affected to disbelieve the whole story of his marriage and its concluding tragedy; some said the Colonel had actually run away with the sister, and deserted her as he had deserted his wife.

He never touched upon the subject himself, nor should I have liked to change places with that man who might be bold enough to interrogate him with regard to it; so it is impossible to say what may be the true version of the story. All I know is, that coming unexpectedly into his barrack-room upon one occasion, I found this hardened and sarcastic *roué*—this man of bitter feelings and iron heart, in tears of agony, which he vainly strove to conceal; and, hastily covered with his handkerchief, there lay on the table a long silky lock of glossy raven hair.

With all his faults, and they were many and inexcusable, I could not help liking Colonel Cartouch. From the first, notwithstanding the difference of our ranks and ages, we had become constant associates and allies. Our pursuits and pleasures were singular: the Mentor, with his advantages of experience, of course far outstripping his young competitor; but then it was his greatest delight to instruct and train 'little Grand,' as he called me, in all those accomplishments which we deemed so indispensable. It was the Colonel's team which I first learned to handle, as my instructor called it, 'like a workman.' It was the Colonel who first taught me to tie my own flies and throw them to an inch, although the only unwooded space around me was the stream I was fishing. It was the Colonel who showed me how to 'screw' and 'twist' at billiards, in a manner that would have made my old antagonist Levanter's hair stand on end; who proved to me *why* the sound and practical whist-player must pull through in the long run, and *why* it was advisable to decline playing *écarté* with a casual stranger of whom one knew nothing—more particularly if he happened to be a Frenchman. His explanations simplified the whole system of drill in the field, and regimental economy in the orderly-room, for there were few better officers than Cartouch. His knowledge of life and intimate acquaintance with our hospitable civilian friends, put me quite *au fait* at all usages of Canadian society; and reaping, as I did, all these advantages from the Colonel's friendship, it was no wonder that I was above all others preju-

diced in his favour, more especially as I fancied I could detect seeds of good, and evidences of kind feeling, in that reckless character, for which others did not give it credit. Of course our commanding officer, with his tastes and pursuits, was fond of racing. A regular attendant at Newmarket when in England, he was thoroughly awake to all the combinations and arrangements which make the turf so very ticklish a science to pursue. He knew something besides of Sir Peregrine's trainer, and his most unsuccessful 'string;' and this was another bond of union between us. He owned four or five thorough-bred horses, some imported from England, some bred in the States, but all possessed of racing qualities; and garrison cups, officers' plates, and other stakes to be contended for in both the Canadas, he carried off far and near.

I have already said that I was a tolerable horseman from my boyhood, and under the Colonel's and his trainer's instructions, I learned to ride a race very fairly for a gentleman, and above all, to know at what degree of speed my own and other horses were going. The latter essential is only to be acquired by repeated practice, and many were the gallops I rode round and round the celebrated Plains of Abraham—the death-scene of the immortal Wolfe—at daybreak, when even in that sunny climate the air was cool, and there was dew upon the grateful turf.

A word concerning the trainer under whose fostering care I was thus so rapidly progressing, and whom I believe to have been as big a rogue as ever went unchanged. Cartouch had picked him up at Egham races, held on the historical soil of Runnymede, where a ragged, half-starved boy, with 'Newmarket' stamped indelibly on his precocious countenance, plucked him by the skirt, and begged pitcously for one of three things, employment, a shilling, or some luncheon, for he was starving. Struck by the quaintness of the demand, Cartouch questioned the little applicant, and elicited from him, that he had run away from the head-quarters of racing for the very plausible reason that he could not get enough to eat; that he had no home, nowhere to go. 'Where are your parents?'

was the next question. 'A'nt got none,' was the reply—'father's hanged.' 'Hanged!' said Cartouch, rather inconsiderately; 'what for?' 'For killing mother,' was the unhesitating answer of the candid orphan. The upshot of it was, that Cartouch took him as a cab-boy, promoted him as he grew too big for that office to a groom; and discovered one fine morning that he had walked off without a word of notice, but had taken none of his master's property with him, not even his own livery-clothes. Why he went away remained a mystery, nor was it ever satisfactorily explained; but the next place the Colonel met him in was the Mauritius, where he was acting body-coachman to a highly respectable widow-lady. Here he expressed a desire to re-enter his former service, and was again placed in the Colonel's stable, where his knowledge of 'training,' picked up in early life, was turned to account. Since then, he had accompanied his master's horses wherever they went, and he was now *Mr. Gamblin*, a very important personage, and an immense card with all the junior officers of the 101st. I believe he had no Christian name. Such was the worthy who formed the third in a highly important conclave, carried on in a roomy stable in the immediate vicinity of the Plains of Abraham.

It was just six o'clock on a sweltering summer's morning, a few days before the Quebec races—no uninteresting meeting, and one to which the sportsmen of the States were not likely to send their worst horses—'not if they knew it.' Early as was the hour, we had been long stirring, and were thinking of breakfast. I had just dismounted after riding a gallop on Kitty Clare, the favourite for a great stake to come off next week—'officers up,'—and Colonel Cartouch, his trainer, and myself were in earnest discussion as to the probability of success.

'Is Squire Sauley comin'?' demanded the anxious trainer. 'I see him at Buffalo, and he told me he should enter Fancy Jack for the Colony Plate. If he comes, Colonel, and Fancy Jack starts, we shall have a tough job to pull through. I can't get the Squire's length, Colonel; and

what's more, I don't think any man can—they're deep un's, are these Yankees.

'Fancy Jack's a smart horse,' said the Colonel, 'but the grey mare beat him last fall at Toronto, and Kitty Clare gave her three pounds and a beating at Montreal; besides, Mr. Grand can ride twenty to one better than Major Muffles who piloted her that time. It *must* come off, Gamblin. Don't you think so?' added the Colonel, appealing to me.

I certainly had great confidence in Kitty Clare; I had ridden her several times in matches, &c., and had always won with as little as possible to spare, so that she was not esteemed by any means as good an animal as she deserved to be. This was not so difficult a matter as many might suppose; for with all her speed and courage, she was gentle and tractable to a degree, and had a mouth sensitive as the finest instrument, which even the black jockeys she sometimes carried were not able to spoil. Many a rouleau, to say nothing of dollars, had she put into my pocket, as well as her owner's; and now they were betting three to one against her in consideration of Fancy Jack's performances; and we anticipated, indeed, a golden victory. As we cantered our backs back to the citadel, deep and earnest was our consultation as to the best means of ascertaining Fancy Jack's capabilities; and the Colonel, with all his experience, confessed himself to be at fault. 'I can make nothing of this fellow, Sauley,' said he; 'and I confess he is beyond my flight altogether. I know him well, and have been down to stay with him in his racing establishment at Baltimore. He has sixty or seventy horses in training, and only black fellows to look after them, superintending the whole thing himself. I was there for ten days, and he appeared to me to be drunk the whole time; but had I tried to get the better of him, I have no doubt I should have found out my mistake. The way he cleaned out a southerner, a fine young Carolinian, who made a series of matches with him, was, as the Squire himself would have said, 'a caution,' and Colonel Dodge, who boasts himself 'a 'cute old 'coon from Mississippi,' acknowledges that he cannot hold a

candle to Sauley. However, the old robber is by way of being a gentleman, and we must ask him to mess, if he does come; and I think, Grand, you will be amused with a real Yankee character. As for Fancy Jack, I am convinced my mare can beat him if she gets fair play; and on our own course, with officers to ride, I think it will be hard if we cannot manage that. I shall not hedge a farthing.' 'No more shall I, Colonel,' said I; and with this doughty resolution we separated to dress for the usual morning parade.

The eventful week arrived, and with it came Squire Sauley, much to Mr. Gamblin's disgust. He brought with him several capital horses, and amongst others the renowned Fancy Jack; but it struck me that for a gentleman making a tour of some five or six weeks from his own home, his luggage was sparing and simple beyond anything I had conceived possible. One tiny valise of shining black leather, which he carried in his hand, contained the whole necessary wardrobe of this modern Diogenes—although, unlike that amiable heathen, no one could accuse Mr. Sauley of living entirely in his tub. I had not then travelled in the United States, and was little aware of the many crafty inventions, such as 'collars,' 'boosoms,' as they call them, and other trifles, which, with that locomotive nation, supersede the necessity of carrying about a large quantity of clean linen. The Colonel and myself received our distinguished guest on his disembarkation from the steamer, and pressed on him our hospitable offers of board and lodging, as arm-in-arm we toiled up the steep ascent of the lower town—the Squire retaining his luggage, which no entreaty would induce him to part with. The day was hot, and my new acquaintance, as he expressed it, 'a thirsty crittur,' so each hotel we passed on our pilgrimage called forth the same observation, 'I guess I shall go in and paint.' Three times we 'painted' accordingly, and after two 'sherry-cobblers' and a 'mint-julep,' the Squire became extremely communicative. We talked of his country and the 'Britishers,' and the States army, and the 'Brady Guards,' a

distinguished volunteer corps; and I was severely catechized as to my own home and family, and whether Haverley Hall was a 'considerable clearin';' but not one word was dropped, although I watched for it eagerly as a cat for a mouse, concerning the all-important topic of Fancy Jack and the coming races. No, deep as a draw-well was the Yankee, and he had 'a pretty loud notion' 'twas not *in* the Britishers to tree *him*, not nohow *they* could fix it; and this idea seemed to have taken such entire possession of his mind, that all subjects connected with racing were as studiously banished from his conversation as though he had been a dissenting parson, instead of what we should call in England a 'Leviathan of the turf.' We had a large party that day to dinner; but I made it my own special study to take care of Squire Sauley, thinking, in the verdancy of my youth, that under the influence of good cheer and agreeable conversation, I might be able to get something out of him. He was evidently unused to a 'mess-table, but, like all our brethren 'over the water,' he soon accommodated himself to such customs and usages as were new to him, more especially that of drinking wine with each other in social good-fellowship—a ceremony which he found so much to his taste as to continue it after the cloth was drawn and the claret going its rounds—thereby pledging his new friends more repeatedly than is our custom in 'the old country.'

I have said the Squire's requirements in the ways of 'purple and fine luen' were of the most moderate kind, and his ideas upon the necessity of ablution seemed to be formed upon the same simple and inartificial plan. The wine had for some time been going its rounds, and grateful was the high-flavoured vintage of Bordeaux after a day on which the thermometer had stood no lower than eighty in the shade. Captain Jessamy, who always got more and more amiable and gentleman-like as the decanters waned, was expressing to Sauley his admiration of the latter's country, his pleasure in travelling through its noble scenery, and his approbation of its excellent and moderate hotels—the only draw-

back to which was the very scanty allowance of the limpid element, in the smallest of basons and ewers; 'so small, sir,' lisped 'Lavender Jem,' as we called him, 'that for three days, Mr. Sauley, I give you my honour, I was obliged to content myself with washing my face and hands, and nothing more.' 'Nothin' more,' hiccupped the Squire; 'waal! mister, youairparticular. Lookatme, mister, my name's Sauley! I a'n't a nigger, I ain't—for fifty-seven years this child ha'n't washed, 'ceptin face and hands on Sabbath, and often not that! G'long boss!' concluded our informant, with roars of laughter at Jessamy's countenance pending this candid and not over clean confession.

The fun was by this time getting fast and furious, and obeying a telegraphic signal from Cartouch, I slipped out of the mess-room, leaving my Yankee friend, the centre of a listening and admiring throng of his entertainers. How pure, how beautiful was the midnight sky, its myriads of stars glittering with a radiance unknown in our duller and thicker atmosphere! how heavenly was the mellow lustre of the moon, bathing in floods of beauty the silvery bosom of the broad St. Lawrence, and deepening into blackness the shade of its wooded banks—as I looked down from the Queen's Bastion on one of the fairest scenes America can produce. Instinctively, as we lit our cigars, the Colonel and I paced leisurely past the sentries to that favourite spot, and as we leaned upon a gun in uninterrupted enjoyment of the sweet summer night, enhanced by contrast with the noisy scene of dissipation we had just quitted, I remarked on my companion's countenance a softened expression of melancholy which I had only once before seen to settle on those chiselled features, and I knew that his spirit was with the days that are gone by. Yet lively and pointed as usual was his conversation, and in a few words he informed me that he had reason to suppose, from what his Spanish servant told him, that there was collusion between Gamblin and Sauley's trainer, and that he strongly suspected it was their intention to try their respective master's horses

the following morning, and make their own arrangements upon the result. It was accordingly agreed that we should be on the Plains of Abraham by daybreak, and, concealing ourselves somewhere in the neighbourhood of the course, by means of a pair of good glasses we should discover whether Mr. Gambelin was or was not to be depended on. Pursuant to this arrangement, the earliest streaks of dawn saw Cartouch and myself artistically clothed in the least conspicuous costume, creeping cautiously along a high thick hedge that skirts the race-ground, known to many an exhausted jockey as 'the Marchmont Fence,' and presenting the rather unusual spectacle of two gentlemen 'touting' their own horse. With the skill of a practised deer-stalker, my companion took up a position behind an impervious thicket, and drawing a pair of double-barrelled glasses from his pocket, carefully adjusted them for the discovery. We had not waited long, ere through the early grey of morning we made out four figures upon the plain busily engaged in stripping two horses, one of which even in that light we had no difficulty in recognising as Colonel Cartouch's Kitty Clare—and the other, a grey, was doubtless Fancy Jack. Small time was wasted in preliminaries; a couple of dwarfs were hoisted into their saddles, and away they went—making running through the dubious twilight with the utmost confidence. The first round brought them within ten yards of our covert, and their identity was placed beyond a doubt,—Fancy Jack leading and our mare well up. The important race was to be twice round, about two miles, and it appeared that the same distance had been selected for the trial. The second time they neared us, an alteration was visible in the order of their running; the horses were abreast, but Fancy Jack was still pulling hard, whilst Kitty Clare was striding away in her usual easy-going fashion, but having apparently nothing to spare in order to keep pace with her antagonist. Up went our glasses to see the finish; the pace increased with startling velocity; the little jockeys, one a black fellow, set to with a will, and gamely their

steeds answered to the call. Fancy Jack came with a rush, but our gallant mare kept her place at his quarters. Short the distance to the wished-for goal, but the grey horse had evidently shot his bolt, he changed his leg, the mare drew gradually but steadily upon him, and three more strides landed Kitty Clare a winner by a length!

In a short and hurried consultation, we agreed to make a considerable *detour* on our way back to the citadel, that our presence at this important contest might not be discovered. It was evident our animal was the best; we feared nothing else in the race now that Fancy Jack was disposed of, and we agreed that if we could only discover the weights to be correct, we would back Kitty Clare for all the money we could get on before the result of the trial was made public. 'Pedro will find that out for us: I can trust the fellow with anything: and by Jove, Grand, if it only comes off, we shall walk into these Yankees 'pretty considerable handsome, I estimate,'" said the Colonel, aptly mimicking Mr. Sauley's very peculiar tone and pronunciation.

From that day till the race came off, I lost no opportunity of backing the mare I was to ride. It was obvious that Squire Sauley did not fancy his horse with the fanciful name, as no consideration would induce him to invest a dollar upon the grey. This convinced me more and more that he was aware of the result of the trial which had taken place with his connivance. I gathered fresh confidence, and like Cartouch, backed Kitty Clare to win me a small fortune, particularly with one greedy individual, a shabby American from St. Louis, whose capital appeared inexhaustible, and who, it never occurred to me, might be making any number of bets on commission for another.

The first day's racing, with its successes, its failures, its heat, its noise, its flirtations, lotteries, luncheons, and sherry-cobblers, must be passed over. Captain Tims was there, having journeyed from Montreal to be present; likewise Mrs. Tims and constant Spooner, ever at the fair Julia's side. But alas! Spooner was not seen to such advan-

tage here as on 'the ocean wave.' In an evil hour he had allowed himself to be inveigled into riding the Wild Hawk for a hurdle-race, (hurdles four feet and a-half high, warranted not to bend or break!) with which the diversions of the meeting were to close. Equitation was not poor Spooner's forte, and under the solemn conviction that he should not survive the morrow's exploit, he was nervous, absent, and dispirited, or, as Mrs. Timms remarked, 'a greater gaby than ever!' At last the saddling-bell rings, the stewards call for Mr. Grand, who is ready, dressed, and weighed, exact to a pound—for this have I been walking miles, wrapped in clothing under a scorching sun—for this have I abstained from Saguenay salmon, and canvas-back duck, and passed untasted the amber 'Hodson's Pale,' the ruddy 'Carbonell's '25,' and this is my reward—the moment has come. Accompanied by Cartouch I walk up the course, the cynosure of a thousand eyes, and indubitably a hero to my own company, the privates of which back 'little Grand'—as they always call an ensign, if a favourite—through thick and thin. Kitty Clare looks perfection, and as I am lifted on her shapely back, and pass my hand in fond caress down her arched crest, the skin is soft and smooth as satin, the muscle hard and tough as steel. 'Fit to run for ten men's lives,' says the Colonel, as he walks alongside with his hand on my knee, for a few more last words. 'Never mind the others; wait upon Fancy Jack, and come at the finish,—you remember?'

I nodded intelligence, and took my place in the snorting, impatient rank. There were five others to start, but small notice did I take of any one but Squire Sauley's, whose colours I now saw close to me, worn by a man with whom I was not acquainted, an officer of a militia corps, but of whom I had heard as a practised and skilful jockey. From him I glanced over his horse, and for an instant a horrible suspicion darted across me that this was a bigger animal than the one I had seen from my ambush on the morning of the trial. Psha! it was impossible; Sauley could not have two Fancy Jacks, and it must have been the difference of light that puzzled me on the only two occasions

I had seen the horse stripped. But we are for an instant in line, and at that instant the flag drops, and we are off! One hundred yards always steadied Kitty Clare, and as she settled down to her stride, I was able to make a pretty good inspection of my accompanying flight. Ere we were half-way round, it was evident to me that the others, with the exception of the grey, were running themselves out. On him I waited, and the first time past the stand, much to the astonishment of the ladies, the two favourites were far behind the field. The next half-mile brought them back to us, and now the race began. One by one they faded away and dropped off into our rear, as Fancy Jack began to force the running, and I let my mare out to live with him—faster and faster round the turn we come, Kitty shaving the posts and economizing every yard of ground. I get a pull at her head without losing my place, close upon his quarters as we enter upon 'the straight run in,' and as the distance post glances by, I sit down to make my rush. My antagonist is likewise 'setting to,' and it will evidently be a close race: the roar of the multitude falls like a dull, dead sound upon my ear, my eye is on the grey, and everything seems whirling by us, while we alone are stationary. Whip and spur are at work, and Kitty Clare runs as honest as the day, but it will not do. I feel the stride slackening, the struggle subsiding, the mare is beaten! and with a thrill of disappointment I pull her up, not without difficulty, conscious that Fancy Jack has *done* me by a short half-length.

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Nothing for it but to 'pay and look pleasant,'—such are the uncertainties of a pursuit on which men spend their lives and fortunes. I was dreadfully annoyed on Cartouch's account as well as my own. In vain the latter, with his usual recklessness, strove to console me by his assurances that nothing could have been better than my jockeyship—that no power on earth could have saved the race as it was run—that the trial we had witnessed had evidently been 'a got up thing' to deceive us. I was dispirited to a degree, and could not bring myself

to take any interest in the concluding sports of the meeting, the most amusing of which was poor Spooner's dreaded hurdle-race, in which he distinguished himself by a series of eccentricities performed by 'the Wild Hawk,' who was not to be prevailed upon to face the first leap, and consequently had to be brought back to his stable, guiltless of any active share in the contest; which was eventually carried off by an adventurous Yankee, who having, as he declared, a 'nervous' horse, gave the animal half-a-bottle of port wine in a sponge, and drinking the other half himself, came in a triumphant winner. But even this failed to amuse me. I was very sore at having been overreached so com-

pletely by the Yankee Squire; nor was there much consolation in the conviction at which, on putting together all we knew, Cartouch and I arrived—viz., that Sauley having two grey horses much resembling one another, had encouraged both 'the trial' and our discovery thereof, had thrown dust in our eyes by running his inferior horse, and declining to back the actual flyer in person, whilst he took everything he could get upon him 'by commission,' had finally brought out the real 'Fancy Jack' to carry off the stakes, the bets, and the honour and glory of 'getting pretty considerably to windward of the Britishers.'

CHAPTER • III.

A FRENCH 'CANADIENNE'—THE FALLS OF NIAGARA—THE WOODS IN WINTER, AND THE SLAUGHTERED ELK.

'WHEN the heart of a man is oppressed with care,' sings the time-honoured muse of *The Beggar's Opera*, to the effect that there is no period when the male heart is so susceptible to woman's charms as when suffering from disappointment, no matter from whence it arises. 'It was natural, then, that in my depressed state of feelings, I should turn for consolation to those dark eyes that had been watching my endeavours, and that would have pardoned—oh! how brightly—at my success. Charming Zoë de Grand-Martigny! sweetest of the transplanted daughters of sunny France, flourishing in a clime whose summer was even more glowing than thine ancestors' own, what a bright specimen wert thou of Canadian loveliness, no mean type of the sex! I see her now, with her long glossy raven hair; her tall, undulating form; her clear, sallow complexion; and above all, those large liquid, dreamy black eyes, that might have driven many a viscer ensign than myself out of his senses. Right and left had those orbs done execution amongst the too susceptible ranks of the British army, but no one could boast, at least with any justice—for verily upon this subject man is fearfully

given to lying—but no one could justly boast of having made any impression on Zoë de Grand-Martigny. Was it my fault that, like other moths, I was attracted by the light, and fluttered round it, playing at sentiment till I burnt my own fingers? or could I help the foreign Zoë taking a pleasure in what she called my English *brusquerie*, and preferring my society to that of all her other dangles, probably for the very simple reason that I was less devoted to her than the rest? 'If you would have a woman love you,' said Zoë, many a year afterwards, when like the butterfly that has been handled, the gloss and freshness were worn off our feelings never to return, 'if you would have a woman really devoted to you, beware of letting her discover that you reciprocate the whole of her affection. Anxiety and uncertainty will enhance in her eyes the value of the treasure which she is not quite certain she possesses.' This may be true, like many other uncomfortable doctrines, but it would have been better and wiser had we never been on terms to speculate in this manner on man's weaknesses, or discuss subjects fraught with so much danger in such company.

In the meantime, we were young,

‘merry, and thoughtless, and never was I more aware of Cartouch’s consideration, and more grateful to him for his kindness, than when he granted me an unsolicited fortnight’s leave after our mismanaged race, to feast my eyes on the glories and wonders of Niagara, and as fate willed it, in the company of the Grand-Martignys, who were to spend their usual autumnal month at that miracle of nature, and sooth to say, as the advertisements would have it, ‘that resort of fashion.’ Beautiful as is every turn in the winding length of the gigantic St. Lawrence, whose waters bore us, independent of railway and corduroy-road, the whole seven hundred miles of our expedition, in no portion of his course is his scenery so striking, so uncommon, so completely fairy-like, as where he spreads into what is appropriately called ‘the lake of the thousand islands.’ As we steamed along that broad unruffled surface, glistening like burnished gold in the setting sun, and studded with islands of every size and shape, from the undulating mass, whose rocks and woods, stretching away into the distance, made us fancy we were coasting the real bank of the river, down to the tiny islet, reflecting on its wavering mirror the single fir-tree for whose solitary growth alone it could find room; as we glided on through this region of enchantment, and paced the deck by our two selves in the drowsy air of the summer evening, no wonder that Zoë and I both felt the influence of the hour, and that in tones lowering more and more as we trenched further upon the dangerous ground of sentiment and romance, we breathed forth whispers that had far better have been left unsaid, and gave way to feelings that should rise again like ghosts of the past to embitter with their shadowy mockery the uncareful for ‘days to come.’ De Grand-Martigny was below with his three other daughters, alas, all motherless, and never seemed to trouble himself as to what became of Zoë. Being, the eldest—such an eldest! just eighteen,—she had the control and management of the family. Her father, an indolent, disappointed man, who looked as if his life had been spent in struggles, one after the other, with fortune, till

he was thoroughly weary of contention, and willing to float without effort down the stream, was in the habit of leaving everything to his eldest daughter, which gave her a confidence and self-reliance as far beyond her years as it was prejudicial to her interests. He, good man, enjoying his siesta in the cabin, never seemed to think that Zoë and the young soldier on deck might likewise be indulging in dreams, though not quite so harmless in their tendency, and the moon was up when we parted for the night, unacknowledged lovers, if truth must be told. Little had been spoken that could bear the construction of love-making, less, that could mean anything in the shape of a pledge; but there is a language that needs not the interpretation of the lip, and we felt that we understood one another.

Youth is not prone to analyze the feelings, and is proverbially careless of consequences, so that it can secure the enjoyment of the hour. Even then I was conscious that my feelings towards Mlle. de Grand-Martigny were purely of a selfish nature; the thought of marrying her, or indeed of marrying at all, never for an instant crossed my mind. What! should I, Digby Grand, in the flower of youth and hope, with life and all its triumphs and enjoyments opening before me, delighting in my profession, and devoted far too much to the vanities of the world—should I, with my eyes open, hold my wrists out for the matrimonial fetters, and deliberately sacrifice my own liberty to give a lady hers? Forbid it, common sense! Miss Jones had given me a lesson—so in my ignorance I thought—as to the value of woman’s love. Let poets prate about ‘its priceless gem,’ as they call it, if they will, I knew better the worth of the article, and firmly resolved that ‘I could not do it for the money.’ Still it was very pleasant living constantly with Zoë, finding her taking so deep an interest in all my doings, my likes and dislikes, my profession and my pleasures, watching her graceful form, and basking in the light of her glorious eyes; so day after day, regardless of what might come of it, looking not one hour beyond the present, I pursued my own selfish amusement and grati-

fication, nor cared to anticipate the time when she, with all her earnest truthfulness, should find that she had anchored her hopes upon a dream, and I should discover that, according to the old proverb, certain classes of persons, if they will meddle with edged tools, cannot always hope to escape scatheless.

Who can describe Niagara? From the loftiest harps that have hymned the praise of Nature, down to that unsophisticated follower of the muse who pays his artless tribute to her glories in those glowing stanzas, commencing—

Niagara! Niagara! you are indeed a staggerer!!!

—vide the album kept for inspection at the Falls,—that wonder of the world has indeed suffered enough at the hands of scribblers to ensure an immunity from the pen of an unlettered soldier, whose military career, commenced ere the Horse-Guards required from the astonished subaltern, before he is eligible to command a troop or company, a fund of information that would almost obtain the position of a Senior Wrangler. The calm Lake Erie, the whirling rapids, and the rush of the cataract, these are not to be embodied in sentences and syllables. When the painter's brush can realize the most gorgeous conceptions of the painter's intellect—when the poet is able to weave the brightest colours of his dream into a form of words that shall satisfy himself, nor leave aught wanting to the imagination unsatiated or unsatiable, then may we hope to read a description worthy of the indescribable Niagara—but not till then.

'What do you expect to see?' said Major Halberd to me before I started for the Falls—'these tumbling down from the moon? If you anticipate anything short of this, you will not be disappointed!' And truly I was not disappointed. But majestic as was this masterpiece of Nature in her sublimest mood, and deep as were my feelings of awe and admiration in contemplating this miracle of the waters in all its phases—in short, in doing Niagara, which takes at least a week,—there was room left in my heart for softer emotions than those of mere tributary worship, and as Moore sweetly sings,—

If woman can make the worst wilderness dear,
Think, think what a heaven she must
make of Cashmere :

so may I confess that many a noon-day ramble, and many a moonlight stroll beneath the roar of the cataract was rendered doubly picturesque and doubly delightful by the companionship of Zoë de Grand-Martigny. How is her memory interwoven with the scene—how vivid the impressions of all that we saw together—how dim and indistinct all that was not brightened by her presence. Hardly can I call to mind the crowded hotels, the disappearing dinners, at which the hungry guests came and went with the rapidity of the figures on a magic lantern—the well-dressed visitors from the States, a motley crowd, with their sallow, spare, long-haired intellectual-looking men, who might be such a fine race, if they would only not gorge their food so rapidly, and trust their digestion so entirely to tobacco, and the pretty, delicate, small-featured women, almost French in their faces and figures, and most unmistakably Parisian in their costumes—all these have I forgotten, or at least but indefinitely remember. Ay, even the usual expedition to Termination Rock, which it is necessary for every visitor to make who piques himself on his love of adventure, and which, for the benefit of those sensible individuals who have not undertaken it, I can describe as being like getting *inside* an enormous wave with no very clear idea how to get out again. Even this peep behind the curtain of the Horse-shoe Fall is fading from my mind; but the moon-lit nights, gleaming waters, and the sighing fir-trees, all of beauty in the sky and fragrance in the breeze, all these impressed with Zoë's gentle, mournful image, steal back upon a world-hardened heart, like gleams from some other, higher, purer, better state of existence.

And we parted in that fairy-land, parted as those who dare hardly hope to meet again. That mourning brow, that eager face, so wan as it looked its last farewell, how has it haunted me in the dark night-watches of many an after year—how have I been startled by that well-remembered countenance, thrusting

itself upon me, with its calm, pleading expression, in many a scene of revelry and riot in the brilliant castle-hall, as on the solitary mountain-top, still grieving, still forgiving. The idol may be shattered in the dust, but the infatuation of the worshipper shall outlive his faith. The lake of the thousand islands glittered again before me, but oh! how changed, as I steamed back to rejoin my regiment, and a lock of raven hair, a plain jet bracelet, that had encircled her dear wrist, were all that remained to me of Zoë de Grand-Martigny.

Other scenes were opening before me, almost another world, for no two seasons can present such a striking contrast—nothing can be so different as summer and winter in Lower Canada. Soon that mellow autumnal fortnight of fine weather, which is called 'the Indian summer,' glided by. It came, like the last red beams of the parting sun, to remind us of the glorious climate we had lost, and then the snow-flakes fell noiselessly, unceasingly, till the altered world was white with a covering from three to four feet deep over the plain. Then began the delights of sleigh-driving, and the winter gaieties with which the Canadians wile away that long and dreary season. Capital fun we had with our driving-clubs and *in-door* pic-nics, our snow-shoeing parties and ice-mountains, to say nothing of continual dinners and everlasting balls: but my ambition had been excited to hunt and slay the mighty elk in his native forests, extending as they do uninterruptedly from Labrador to within fifty miles of Quebec, and now that balls had lost their charm, I longed ardently to be off and taste the wild delights of a life in the woods with the Indian.

Oh! the hush of those primeval forests, where silence reigns supreme and unbroken, till the very noiselessness seems to smite upon the ear. No hum of insects, no song of birds, not even the sighing of the breeze, breaks the peaceful charm in those deep endless woodlands; and then the wildness of the idea that not a living soul besides your own party, not a hut or cabin, not an acre of cultivated land, exists within hun-

dreds of miles; and that the very spot on which you stand has, in all probability, never before been trodden by mortal foot,—the magic scene on which you gaze has been hitherto veiled to mortal eye; for in these vast solitudes, there are many nooks and corners unknown even to the few Indians who lead their roving hunter's life by lake and forest: and then, over this world of novelty, the ice-queen throws her glittering mantle, with its pure and diamond-sprinkled folds,—the fir-tree, feathered to its stem, bends beneath its load of snow,—the cataract, caught in its leap, hangs suspended in an icy chain, forming column upon column of the brightest crystal, and the broad bosom of the lake spreads away in level beauty, without a spot to soil its glistening surface, save where the track of 'carib-hoo' or 'moose-deer,' sole denizens of these winter solitudes, betrays the course of our gigantic game, or the impression of his snow-shoe marks the pursuit of the untiring Indian.

A merry, joyful party were we, as we burrowed in the snow, at our anticipated hunting-ground, a hundred miles and more from the outlying log-house of the very last 'habitant'; nor would we have exchanged our unsheltered bivouac, with its enormous fire, absolutely indispensable in such a climate, and not likely to get low, where miles of forest were to be had for the cutting, our sea-biscuit and pease-soup, those most palatable of provisions, and the sparkling ice-cold water, to which health and hard work gave an unspeakable flavour—for turtle and tokay in the saloons of a palace.

Our party consisted of Cartouch, ever foremost in all exploits by flood and field, Dr. Squirt, the quaintest, jolliest 'medico' that ever handled lancet, and myself; whilst, for our retinue, we had obtained the services of an Indian chief, with an unpronounceable name; his son, a handsome stripling of some sixteen summers; a Huron, an Algonquin, and a half-bred Canadian, named 'Thomas,' jester, valet, interpreter, and cook in ordinary to the whole party. We could make ourselves understood by our Indian friends, in a sort of *patois* compounded of French, which they had picked up,

and a few of their own words, which we had contrived to learn, but anything in the shape of an explanation invariably came to a stand-still, without the assistance of Thomas; and the contrast between his Gallie volubility and the grave imperturbable demeanour of 'the savages' was irresistible. Long and laborious was our march up to the ground in which moose were expected to be plentiful, performed as it was upon snow-shoes—no seven-leagued boots, even to an experienced practitioner,—and dragging with us on long narrow boards, called 'treborgons,' the few necessities that 'a life in the woods' requires. A motley crew were we, starting every morning at sunrise from our last-night's dormitory, clad in red night-caps, flannel shirts, blanket coats and leggings, of all the colours of the rainbow, artfully-constructed mocassins, and craftily-worn snow-shoes, the Indians dragging after them the treborgons, which constituted our household furniture; the whites every man armed with his rifle over his shoulder, his axe, knife, and tin cup hanging to his belt, and his blanket—a great-coat by day, a couch and coverlet by night—strapped securely to his back; the chief himself in advance, directing our course, and appearing to find his way through that labyrinth of woods by some intuitive knowledge, some instinct of locality, possessed only by the Indian.

Thus we journeyed on, from sunrise till towards the close of the afternoon, when approaching dusk warned us to look out for some suitable spot to form our *cabane*, as the hole was called in which we passelt the night. A good spring of water was the primary object, and that found, we set to with a will, and with one or two shovels and all the available snow-shoes, we soon scooped out a large oblong hole, a sort of grave, capable of containing eight persons, taking care to get quite down to the surface of the earth. Oh the disappointment when, as would sometimes happen, that surface proved to be marshy and unsound: another place must be selected, and the whole labour begun again. This accomplished, a large fire was kindled in the centre of our 'cabane,' dividing it into two

compartments, and Squirt duly attending to the commissariat, 'the pot was put on to boil.' Meantime, one was busied in felling trees, for an ample store of fuel; another, in cutting young and tender fir-branches, to form couches for the weary travellers; another, in fetching a copious supply of fresh spring water; Thomas and the Doctor were getting on with the supper, and by the time it was cooked, the fire had blazed up into a species of furnace, whose effect was soon visible on the walls of our habitation. Crystallizing the snow into every sort of fantastic shape, our fir-branches were dry, our blankets spread, our appetites whetted sharply as our knives, and we were completely settled in our temporary home.

Hunger is the best sauce, and we enjoyed our simple repast with a zest unknown to aldermen and common-council dignitaries. Then the delight of a sedative pipe, and the quiet drowsy conversation that preceded an early turn-in, good-night, and a roll in our blankets, were the substitutes for wine-and-water, wax candles, and dressing-rooms: and deep was the repose that followed, unbroken save by an occasional shiver when the fire got low, and the cold forced some awakened sleeper unwillingly to rise, and throw fresh logs upon the flame. Such was often my case, and, as I gazed upwards at the branches of the forest twining above my head, and standing out in the glare of the fire-light, and through them at the open sky beyond, glittering with its myriads of stars, I rejoiced in the wild freedom of a hunter's life—and a thrill of delight came over me, that convinced me how little removed in his inner nature is the polished denizen of civilization, from the wild savage who roams houseless o'er the forest or the plain.

Behold us at length arrived where the giant-elk are plentiful, and settled in a home of the same description as our temporary resting-places, but as being a more permanent abode, much improved in its interior arrangements and outward decorations. Here we have screens of fir-branches erected to create a draught that shall carry off the smoke from the wood-fire, so

trying to the eyes and irritating to the lungs; *lacrimoso non sine fumo*, sings Horace, in his description of an uncomfortable halting-place; and truly the Epicurean bard, who knew so well how to take care of Number One, must have suffered severely from this annoyance, with his inflamed eyelids and luxurious temperament. But cleared of *houcane*, as the Canadian calls it and embellished with sundry little fittings-up from the creative axe of the Indian, our hunting *cabane* was a perfect palace by comparison; and as we smoked our pipes round the enormous fire on the first night of our arrival, we laid our plans for the morrow with all that anticipative delight which gives their greatest zest to the sports of the field. Two Indians had been sent forward by forced marches to reconnoitre the ground, and ascertain the locality of the moose, and as they dropped in separately with their reports, Cartouch, who took the management of the party, arranged for us our next day's bent. 'The Algonquin has tracked a good herd nearly to the lake, about two leagues from here,' said he; 'and Squirt and I, with the double-barrelled rifles, might, I think, manage the whole of them; but the Huron is full of an enormous male, whose ravage (the place trodden and bruised where the animal has been browsing,) he has discovered on the hill beyond what he calls the Rivière Blanc; only he thinks he disturbed him, for his footmarks are away down the river pointing for the Batiscon. It will be a devilish long stalk, Grand; but you are the lightest weight, a great pull on snow-shoes, and the keenest,' he added, with a half-melancholy smile; 'so perhaps you would like to give an account of this out-and-outer.'

I jumped, of course, at the idea; and it was accordingly arranged that I should be off by daybreak the following morning, under the auspices of the chief himself—that veteran having taken a great fancy to his young *protégé*, and being extremely anxious that I should have a successful *chasse* for my *début*. I could hardly sleep for thinking of my first shot at an elk; and as Cartouch said, when I awoke him for the third time as I fidgetted from under my

blanket to see if daylight would ever come—'You are so very uncomfortable, Grand, one would suppose you were going to be married instead of being safe in the woods.'

Dawn arrived at last, as it always does, if you only wait for it; and the first streaks had hardly 'dappled into day,' before the Indian chief and I were striding up the wooded hill that overhung our *cabane*; the savage, as usual, leading, and his follower husbanding his strength for the work that he knew was in store. A little Indian dog, who rejoiced in the name of Toko, was our only companion, and with the sagacity of his race, persisted in walking so closely upon my tracks as to catch the heels of my snow-shoes, and threaten to throw me down at every step. On we toiled, silent as the grave, over the top of the hill, down into a ravine, across a lake, up another mountain whose crests had been for some time frowning over us, and ere this the sun was up in the heavens, and throwing his glorious light over the scenery of a dream. Never did I see such a view as burst upon me when I gained the summit of that laborious ascent. Far as the eye could reach, an expanse of hill and dale, mountain, lake, and river, all glittering in the morning beams, as though sprinkled with an infinity of diamonds: woods, feathered with their snow-coverings into every sort of fantastic shape, clothed the land: a broad, unsullied garment of driven snow wrapped the frozen waters. Far before me, cleaving the deep blue sky, rose the clear white peak of the hills beyond the Batiscon—one of the few rivers in these solitudes that can boast of a name, and which forms a kind of landmark to the Indians. It was a vision of enchantment—a peep into fairy-land; and made me doubt whether nature might not be more beautiful in these wintry robes of state, than when clothed with all the luxuriant verdure of 'leafy June.'

What a curious thing is the association of ideas. I began to think of Zoë, and the bracelet, and the lock of hair, when I was startled from my reverie by the abrupt halt of the chief, who wheeling rapidly round, confronted me with a startling look of almost fierce

triumph. Not a word had he said, good or bad, since we started—not once had he condescended to look back and ascertain how his panting white friend was getting on; but now he marked my gaze wandering over the panorama spread out before me; he felt my admiration, and was flattered by it, and drawing up his spare sinewy frame to its loftiest proportions, he waved his outstretched arm towards the four points of the compass, then smiting his expanded chest, and stamping with his foot once upon the snow, while his eye kindled, and his nostril dilated like that of some roused thorough-bred horse, he exclaimed, with a dark flush of pride I shall never forget, *C'est ma chasse!*—then turning rapidly away, dived like a bound stooping to the scent into a tangled ravine, where first began to appear signs of the presence of our game.

Enormous footmarks, as though some eleven-footed elephant had been trampling the snow; branches bent and broken, tender saplings gnawed and bruised, disclosed the ravage of the moose; but he had been alarmed the previous day, and he was off. Like a very bloodhound, the wily Indian slotted him through the perfect labyrinth of his footmarks, as he had strayed hither and thither over his feeding-ground before he was disturbed, till even as a skein is unravelled, he hit upon the true course by which the scared giant had made a way. Once, and once only, the shrill war-cry of his tribe rang from his lips, and bending with redoubled ardour to the task, he strode on in pursuit at a pace which gave me but little breath for the 'tally-ho!' with which I astonished those venerable woods. On and on we went; the chase had commenced in right earnest, and a keen excited Indian on snow-shoes takes a deal of catching. I was young, I was light, and above all my blood was up, as that mysterious fluid will rise at nineteen only, and I held my own as best I might. Small leisure had I for the wonders through which we passed; boughs discharged their frozen shower in my face, concealed roots caught the toes of my snow-shoes, and over I went—arms instinctively thrust for-

ward to save, struck shoulder-deep into the treacherous surface, and my face buried itself in the blinding snow—up and at it again. The Indian is forward, and the elk is before the Indian—this is what I have dreamt of for months. An Englishman must never say die: and panting, weary, and dishevelled, I toil on in the footsteps of the hurrying chief down another hill, and on to the firmer surface of the *Rivière Blanche*. Here the wind sweeping up the course of the stream has cleared it of snow for many a long mile, and taking off our snow-shoes, to our unspeakable relief, we follow the scarcely visible foot-marks at an increased pace. There is little time to spare, but at a winding of the river my steps are forcibly arrested by a scene of startling magnificence. A bluff, perpendicular crag rears its broad front before me, adorned like the façade of some magic palace, with long glittering columns of the clearest crystal. The volume of a catâract leaping from its brow has been arrested in mid-air, as though by some icy charm; and there it hangs spell-bound, the gigantic icicles forming each a natural shaft, that art might strive to imitate in vain.

But short the pause of wonder and delight, for the chief is still before me, and the sun is high in the cloudless heavens. I am getting really beat, and a half-suspicion crosses my mind that it is possible we may lose our quarry after all. Hark! infusing new life into my veins, the Indian's war-cry strikes once more upon my ear, and Toko, with whistles erect and eyes flashing, bounds to the front. The tracks of the moose have turned off the wind-swept river into the deep snow, and now we shall have him—another twenty minutes must see us run into him, enjoying as we do the advantage of snow-shoes, whilst every stride he makes buries his long legs up to the knee. The chief stops to help me on with these auxiliaries, and again we plunge into the sombre forest. Ha! there is blood on the snow—our game is distressed—poor beast! he cools his thirsting lips, and cuts his sensitive muzzle in the frozen element as he labours on; the pace and the distance are beginning to tell; it cannot last much longer, and now I hear faithful

Toko baying furiously ahead. Who talks of fatigue? With a rush I come up alongside of the quiet, wary Indian, and passing him recklessly, push forward in the direction of the sound. Where the trees and under-wood grow most impervious, I catch a glimpse of a huge dark object swaying up and down through the tangled branches; at last I am face to face with an elk in its native forest. As I approach him, I become aware of his enormous, and, sooth to say, ungainly proportions, and rapt in astonishment, I gaze on him, hardly thinking of destruction, till the chief coming up, puts my rifle into my hand and warns me not to approach too closely. '*C'est malin, le sacré original*,' says he, in his mongrel language, *original* being Indian for elk, and I can see by his red, lowering eye that the unceasing attentions of Toko have raised his ire to the utmost. Often he strikes out at the dog with his long fore-legs, but he is too much blown and exhausted to reach the little aggressor, who remains at a cautious distance.

The caps are not quite firm on the nipples of my rifle, and as I press them carefully down, I keep advancing to within a few feet of the infuriated animal. All this time he has been regaining his wind, and with a desperate rush he makes for me, as his most tangible enemy. Luckily the snow is deep, and a

friendly tree is near: the next bound would have brought him upon me, but I step aside, behind the sheltering trunk, and as he passes within three feet of me, I let drive at him with both barrels: the bullets crash through his heart, and he rolls over on the snow, never to rise again. Game to the last, he dies rearing his head into the air, whilst his frame is stretched quivering in the death-struggle, and, strange concord! an English whoop-rings mingled with an Indian war-cry through those Canadian solitudes. From hoof to shoulder the giant measures an honest seven feet, and proportionate to his bulk are my triumph and delight.

Never shall I follow the moose through those glorious solitudes again—never more shall I associate with the true, unpolluted, and noble-spirited Indian, savage though he be, the man of unstained faith and indomitable energy, the eagle eye, the ready hand, and the undaunted heart. But often in the trammels which accompany the comforts and luxuries of civilization, doth my spirit long for the hush of the uninhabited forest, for the wild fresh breeze of the trackless prairies, and fain would I re-enter once again the red man's lodge, fain live once more the free, inartificial life of the children of the woods.

THE RACES OF MANKIND.

WE can imagine the study of the races of mankind to be possessed of very peculiar attractions, though we ourselves are constrained to confess that we have hitherto

been worshippers at other, and far different, shrines. When, however, we came to peruse the works which are now lying upon our table,* we found that the studies in which we

* *The Natural History of the Varieties of Man*. By Robert Gordon Latham, M.D., F.R.S., late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge; one of the Vice-Presidents of the Ethnological Society, London; Corresponding Member of the Ethnological Society, New York; &c. London: John Van Voorst. 1850.

Man, and his Migrations. By the same Author. London: J. Van Voorst. 1851.
The Races of Man; and their Geographical Distribution. By Charles Pickering, M.D., Member of the United States Exploring Expedition. New Edition. To which is prefixed, *An Analytical Synopsis of the Natural History of Man*. By John Charles Hall, M.D., Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh; Author of *Facts Connected with the Animal Kingdom, and Unity of our Species*. London: H. G. Bohn. 1850.

The Races of Men. A Fragment. By Robert Knox, M.D., Lecturer on Anatomy, and Corresponding Member of the National Academy of France. London: Henry Renshaw. 1850.

Varieties of Mankind. By Dr. Carpenter, in the *Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology*, edited by Robert B. Todd, M.D., F.R.S. May, 1851.

had been chiefly engaged bordered sufficiently closely on ethnology to justify an attempt, if not at profound criticism of their merits, at least at some appreciation of their contents. Accordingly, we soon found ourselves taking a lively interest in Dr. Latham's analytical pages; from which, to Dr. Pickering's beautifully illustrated narrative, was as a change from a morning of sedentary application to an afternoon of sight-seeing, to be succeeded by an evening of somewhat dissipated amusement with Dr. Knox.

It would be difficult to conceive three productions treating of one subject, and published in one and the same year, more distinct in their character, than the three principal works now before us. Every page of Dr. Latham's *Natural History* is marked by the impress of the accomplished scholar and linguist, the profound critic, and the subtle analyst. His favourite point of view from which to survey the races of mankind, is spoken language; and to this all other means of discrimination are subordinate. He throws over his subject that air of systematic and minute classification, which makes his larger work on the English language the terror and perplexity of the candidate for examination at Somerset House. The pages of the Introduction teem with dissected words—with 'radicals' and 'inflectionals;' while a second part, happily for cursory readers not extending beyond eight pages, displays a formidable array of general and special apothegms, with a string of verbal definitions. The body of the work, as was perhaps to be expected from so erudite an author, is made to assume a somewhat repulsive air, by the frequent use of such words as *dolichocephalic* and *brachycephalic*, in lieu of the simple English terms, 'long-headed' and 'short-headed;' for which we confess a preference. Fortunately for Dr. Latham, the quotations from a long list of books of history and travel, rendered necessary by the very nature of his subject, serve to break the monotony of the philological discussions, and impart to his work that interest which is inseparable from the use of such materials.

In *Man, and his Migrations*, Dr.

Latham presents us with a treatise of more moderate dimensions, and more attractive character. The style, though abrupt and spasmodic, is more popular: though we can scarcely suppose the subject, so treated, to have been very interesting to the Liverpool audience, to whom, in a somewhat modified form, it was originally addressed. In common with other works from the same pen, it betrays a want of method, and an assumption of an amount of knowledge in the reader which, if he possessed, he would not stand in need of elementary treatises. This fault is common to the majority of class-books written by Cambridge men. They are always more like notes, destined to be expanded into lectures, and requiring, at every turn, the comments or explanations of the tutor, than elementary treatises adapted to the self-instruction of ignorant persons. They seem to have been written with the express intention of rendering the tutor necessary, when they ought to be designed to supersede him. If this little work of Dr. Latham had not professed to be the substance of lectures delivered at the 'Mechanics' Institute, we should have looked upon it as a rapid sketch of his own latest views on the subject of human migrations, addressed to men already well versed in the science of ethnology.

The work of Dr. Pickering, which, previous to its appearance in an English dress, had already attracted great attention in America, possesses all the interest of a book of travels, with the added attraction of its ethnological researches. Of the coloured prints with which it is enriched, we cannot speak too highly. The portraits of the selected representatives of the eleven races which Dr. Pickering recognised in the course of his voyage, are evidently extremely faithful, and convey very vivid and exact ideas of the yellow and sable personages whom he encountered, and of the very eccentric head-dresses with which it has pleased nature and untutored *per-ruquiers* to adorn them. Dr. Hall's Introductory Essay adds to the value of the work.

Dr. Knox's *Fragment*, too, has its pictorial illustrations, which are by no means the least amusing part

of the work, whether we consider their variety of subject, or the amount of duty which they are made to perform. There are all sorts of structures for human habitation and use, ascending by easy steps from the Mongolian tent, through the Chinese pagoda and Saxon house, up to the Egyptian pyramid and the Grecian Parthenon; skulls of Caffres, Australians, and Negroes; portraits of Irish and Welsh Celts; of Jews, Esquimaux, Bosjesmans, Greeks, and Russians; of Mongolian, Esquimaux, and Persian ladies; of a fierce-looking Cherokee chief, and an impertinent clumpantzee; busts and statues of the Sphinx and young Memnon, of the Apollo Belvidere and the Venus; with an antediluvian fin from the British Museum, and a Chinese lady's foot from King's College. These are some of the illustrations scattered with lavish profusion through the pages of Dr. Knox's work. But why the aforesaid Cherokee chief should be made to do duty five times, the young Memnon four times, and the Saxon house and fossil fin three times each—the remainder, with few exceptions making their appearance twice; and why the text should generally be so silent as to the reason which led the author to place these illustrations on one page rather than another, is one of those mysteries which we do not profess to unravel.

In other respects, Dr. Knox's *Fragment* (for such he terms it) is an ambitious volume. It deals with the races of mankind as a matter having important political bearings. The object of the author is to show that 'in human history, race is every thing; that literature, science, art—in a word, civilization—depend on it. In developing these views, Dr. Knox writes as a man who has a standing quarrel with all the world. The very first sentence of his preface announces that his views are 'wholly at variance with long-received doctrines, stereotyped prejudices, national delusions, and a physiology and a cosmogony based on a fantastic myth, as old, at least, as the Hebrew record; that they overturn 'the theories of statesmen, of theologians, of philanthropists of all shades—from the dreamy essay-

ist, whose remedy for every ill that flesh is heir to, is summed up in 'the coming man,' to the 'whitened sepulchres of England,' the hard-handed, spatula-fingered Saxon utilitarian, whose best plea for religion, and sound morals, and philanthropy, is 'the profitableness thereof.' All these are 'impostors,' from whom Dr. Knox anticipates, what we think him very likely to receive, an uncompromising opposition. Scornful defiance has a strong tendency to make men angry. It is, therefore, highly probable that the inordinate self-esteem of the Saxon, and the over-weening vanity of the Celt, will be a little shocked at finding the Slavonian and Gothic races preferred before them, and pronounced first and greatest in philosophy. Both Saxons and Celts, however, may comfort themselves in the subordinate position which Dr. Knox assigns to them, by reflecting on the very little importance to be attached to the opinions of a man who cannot take pen in hand without straightway getting into a passion, and placing himself, towards all who have the audacity to entertain opinions different from his own, in an attitude most unfavourable to the perception and discovery of truth. If this reflection should fail to reassure them, we recommend them to consider whether, after all, this philosophy in which the Slaves and Goths excel, may not be of that somewhat mystical order so happily repudiated in this country, which substitutes for the facts of science, strained and far-fetched analogies, and for the truths of religion, a strange tissue of myths and fables.

We willingly resign the somewhat questionable, and very perilous, honour of excelling in such philosophy as this to any nation or race which is rash enough to claim it; while we console ourselves by calling to mind the multitude of great men, in every art and science, born and bred in every part of the three kingdoms, whom Dr. Knox would find it very difficult to convict of being either Slavonians or Goths. The fact is, that we suspect, not Dr. Knox only, but men far more calm and dispassionate than he would seem to be, of great exaggeration upon this subject of race.

We find it sometimes alleged that we owe all we have in science and art to the Norse followers of William the Conqueror, who conferred upon the dull Anglo-Saxon the same inestimable benefit which the Romans bestowed upon the barbarous aborigines of these islands; and who, not content with conquering and civilizing them, continue to this day in possession of a virtual monopoly of all excellence in science, literature, and art—the poor ‘spatula-fingered’ Saxon being still what he always was, a dull, plodding, brave, good creature enough, but, withal, incapable! It is very difficult to meet such assertions as these by arguments. We have no means of tracing the pedigrees of most of our great men: we can only, therefore, shake our heads incredulously, and suspend our judgment for the present, timidly suggesting that King Alfred, one of the despised race, was both a great warrior and a great philosopher; and that, at one time or other of the world’s history, almost every one of the leading races of mankind has produced great men in many different walks of science, literature, and art. We shall have occasion, by and bye, to resume the consideration of these large questions of race: in the meantime, we will endeavour to present the reader with an intelligible view of the subject, to the elucidation of which Drs. Latham, Knox, Pickering, and Carpenter devote themselves.

The amount of profound research, minute comparison, and ingenious argument which has been brought to bear on the very first principle of the science of ethnology—or of the science of anthropology, which is commonly mixed up with it—to wit, that men are not monkeys, nor monkeys men, is extremely curious, and somewhat edifying. Science, we suppose, must have its moments of solemn trifling, and must condescend to meet the shallow and fantastic conceits of sciolists and sceptics by grave arguments. Otherwise, we confess that it does seem to us something worse than a work of supererogation to devote page after page, and pictorial illustrations by the dozen, to comparisons of the human hand and foot, head and face, back-bone and haunch-bones,

upper extremities and lower extremities, with the corresponding parts in the tribe of monkeys. The lines of separation between the worst specimens of humanity and the very best extant samples of the chimpanzee, seem to us to be so well marked, that our innate and spontaneous faith in their intrinsic difference would not be shaken, even if the report of the discovery of an African tribe of men with tails were to be confirmed; and for every human being thus adorned, the proprietors of the Zoological Gardens could exhibit a chimpanzee divested of this now universal appendage of the monkey tribe. Travellers may deprive us, one by one, of all our cherished marks of distinction; but (we thank Dr. Carpenter for reminding us of the fact) they can scarcely rob us of this, that ‘man is the only species of mammal which can stand on one leg.’ We take it, then, to be an axiom of the science of ethnology, that the genus *Homo* constitutes a distinct order of animals, known to the learned in such matters as the order of *Bimana*, or the two-handed, of which man is the sole representative; the tribe of monkeys, the orang and chimpanzee included, belonging to the more extensive order of *Quadruman*, or the four-handed. We must, however, protest against the scientific complaisance which would suffer so imperfect an instrument of prehension as that possessed by the tribe of monkeys, to pass by the same name as that wonderful organ, the human hand—the means, in olden time, of converting Galen from scepticism to the belief in the being of a God, and the subject, in these latter days, of one of the best of the Bridgewater treatises. We agree fully with Sir Charles Bell, that ‘we ought to define the hand as belonging exclusively to man;’ and we, therefore, beseech the reader to translate the words *bimana* and *quadruman* with a difference.

The ethnologist, having satisfied himself that men are not monkeys, nor monkeys men, proceeds, with all becoming gravity, to propound the second great question of his science—Do all human beings belong to the same species? Now, we are not of the number of those who

feel a jealousy of scientific inquiries, when they happen to be directed to questions which have been already authoritatively answered in the pages of revelation, especially when, as in the case before us, the inquiry is one which would have naturally suggested itself as a necessary inquiry, if a revelation had not existed. To omit it, would be to leave a chasm in the otherwise compact and consistent series of demonstrations which constitute the science of ethnology, at the same time that it would betray a lurking doubt of the truth of revelation; a misgiving lest science should fail to confirm what faith had already accepted as admitting of no dispute. It must be conceded that the question of unity of species, with the closely-allied question, Whether all the races of mankind have or have not descended from one pair of human beings (for it is necessary to explain that, in the opinion of Professor Agassiz, a 'unity of mankind' may co-exist with a plurality of first parents; or, to use more scientific language, a diversity of 'proto-plasts'), is one which no man of weak and wavering faith in Scripture would willingly propound. For if the scientific inquiry should issue in the certainty, or strong probability, that the human race had several pairs of progenitors, and not one Adam and one Eve, the scientific result would admit of no explanation consistent with the truth of the Scripture narrative. There would not be the same ready and feasible escape from the dilemma which presents itself to the geologist, for whom the apparent discrepancy of science and revelation admits of being reconciled, by supposing the same large meaning attached to the word 'day,' which in other parts of Scripture is assigned to the word 'week.' The Scriptural history of the creation of our first parents is too minute and circumstantial, and the words 'God hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on the face of the earth,' too unambiguous to be explained away by any subtle process of reasoning, or reconciled with an opposite scientific conclusion by the most ingenious of verbal criticisms. Such being the case, it is

fortunate that the conclusions at which the ethnologist arrives are in harmony with the words of Scripture.

Of the authors whose works are now before us, Dr. Carpenter is the one who has most thoroughly examined this question of the 'Unity of the Species.' His argument consists of two parts. He first appeals to experience in favour of the possibility of very great modifications of form and character being brought about, in animals of the same species, by the influence of external conditions; and then proceeds to show that the existing differences between the several races of mankind are not greater in degree, or different in kind, or such as do not admit of explanation by referring them to the operation of the like causes. After cautioning us against the mistakes which have been made in consequence of comparing specimens of the same animal at different ages, and at different stages of development, Dr. Carpenter proceeds to establish his first proposition, by collecting together a number of illustrations of the changes brought about in the form, colour, texture of the hair, and habits of those animals which come most frequently under the observation and control of man. Some of these changes are distinctly traceable to the operation of external causes; others own a more obscure origin, and, for want of a better term, are called 'spontaneous.' Of this class are the congenital differences in form, colour, temper, and character, which exist among individuals sprung from the same parents, and belonging even to the same brood. These congenital differences are of most frequent occurrence, and are carried to the greatest extent, in those animals which are submitted to the powerful influence of domestication, and which, in common with man, possess the property of adapting themselves to the greatest possible variety of external circumstances. Horses, cows, sheep, pigs, and dogs, all exhibit this power of adaptation, in a very marked manner. The horse, under the powerful influence of soil and climate, domestication, and selection, assumes forms the most opposed to each other, from the bulky draft

horse, down to the diminutive Shetland pony. Oxen vary scarcely less in size and appearance, and are further distinguished by the absence or presence of horns, and by the variety of form which those parts assume. The breeds of sheep differ widely from each other in the colour and texture of the fleece, the form of the tail, and the size and shape of the horns. Pigs, too, present striking differences in snout, hoof, and hide. And, lastly, as a climax to the whole history of animal variations, the dog runs about our streets and houses in more disguises of size, shape, and colour, and a greater variety of acquired habits and instincts, than we have time to enumerate. And yet naturalists make no difficulty in tracing all the breeds of horses to the parentage of the 'wild horses' of Northern Asia; of pigs, to the stock of the wild boar; of dogs, to the wolf; of cows and sheep, to one pair of the respective animals.

Taking into account all the facts which have been so industriously collected by Dr. Carpenter, in illustration of the bodily, and, if the term may be allowed, mental, variations which these animals undergo when transferred from a state of nature to the control of man, or, inversely, when released from domestication, and restored to that wild condition which we term nature, it is impossible to resist the conclusion, that all the varieties which we observe in different races of human beings, admit of ready explanation by the continued operation of like causes. If we enter, as we propose to do, further into the question, it is not that we are in any degree dissatisfied with this answer from analogy.

Without some preparatory considerations, drawn from a survey of the animal kingdom, it might be difficult to realize, amid such variety of form, stature, hair, and skin, the idea of a unity of species, combining all the individuals of the human race into one great family, descended from one common parentage. But for such facts as we have briefly alluded to, we should scarcely have been prepared to return a confident answer in the affirmative to the question set forth in the following

passage, quoted by Dr. Carpenter, with additions of his own, from the pen of Dr. Symonds, of Bristol; and which we willingly reproduce, on account of the eloquent and picturesque way in which the difficulty is stated:—

At the fair Circassian and the jet-black African, the olive Malay and the red American, the dusky New Zealander and the florid Saxon, all of one original stock! Did the Patagonians, whose average height is nearly six feet, spring from the same parents with the pigmy Bosjesmans, whose usual height is under five, that of the females rarely exceeding four? Are the fat, blubber-fed, flat-visaged Esquimaux even most distantly related to the lean, date-eating, hatchet-faced Arab? Does the Bosjesman, who lives in holes and caves, and devours ant's eggs, locusts, and snakes, belong to the same species as the men who luxuriated in the hanging-gardens of Babylon, or walked the olive-grove of Academe, or sat enthroned in the imperial homes of the Casars, or reposed in the marble palaces of the Adriatic, or held sumptuous festivals in the gay salons of Versailles? Can the grovelling Wawa, prostrate before his fetish, claim a community of origin with those whose religious sentiments inspired them to pile the prodigious temples of Thebes and Memphis, to carve the friezes of the Parthenon, or to raise the heaven-pointing arches of Cologne? That ignorant *Tho*, muttering his all but inarticulate prayer, is he of the same ultimate ancestry as those who sang deathless strains in honour of Olympian Jove, or of Pallas Athene; or of those who, in a purer worship, are chanting their glorious hymns or solemn litanies in the churches of Christendom? That *Alfouro* woman, with her flattened face, transverse nostrils, thick lips, wide mouth, projecting teeth, eyes half-closed by the loose swollen upper eyelids, ears circular, pendulous, and flapping, the hue of her skin of a smoky black, and, by way of ornament, the septum of the nose pierced with a round stick some inches long—is she of the same original parentage as those whose transcendent and perilous beauty brought unnumbered woes on the people of ancient story; convulsed kingdoms, entranced poets, and made scholars and sages forget their wisdom? Did they all spring from one common mother? Were Helen of Greece, and Cleopatra of Egypt, and Joanna of Arragon, and Rosamond of England, and Mary of Scotland, and the *Hoisas*, and *Lauras*, and *Ianthes*—were all these, and our poor *Alfouro*, daughters of her who was 'fairest of all her daughters,

Eye? The Quaiqua or Saboo, whose language is described as consisting of certain snapping, hissing, grunting sounds, all more or less nasal—is he, too, of the same descent as those whose eloquent voices ‘fulminated over Greece,’ or shook the forum of Rome, or as that saint and father of the Church surnamed the ‘golden-mouthed,’ or as those whose accents have thrilled all hearts with indignation, or melted them with pity and ruth in the time-honoured halls of Westminster?

To this question Dr. Carpenter, after exhausting every argument which could be fairly brought to bear upon it,—the conformation of the skull, of the haunch-bones, and of other parts of the skeleton; the colour of the skin; the colour, texture, and mode of growth of the hair; the average duration of life; the age at which the body attains its full development; and several other particulars more interesting to the physiologist than to the general reader—not omitting a psychological comparison of the several races of mankind—gives an answer in the affirmative, though he expresses himself with becoming philosophical caution, to the effect, ‘that all the human races *may have had* a common origin.’ Dr. J. C. Hall, in his prefatory treatise to Dr. Pickering’s work, answers the question more confidently, and sums up his arguments with the conclusion, ‘that the black man, red man, and the white man, are links in one great chain of relationship, and alike children which have descended from one common parent.’ Dr. Latham, in his larger work, treats the original unity of the species as a postulate; while in his smaller work, after speaking of the evidence in favour of the human family having originated in one spot as ‘by no means absolute and conclusive;’ and that in favour of any particular spot as still less satisfactory—he goes on to express his *belief* ‘that it was somewhere in intratropical Asia, and that it was *the single locality of a single pair*.’ Dr. Knox, on the contrary, without seriously discussing the question, loses no favourable opportunity of showing the little esteem in which he holds those who entertain so orthodox an opinion, and deals out his sarcasms with equal liberality on doctors who magnify the transforming power of

climate, and on theologians who evince a predilection for anything approaching a literal interpretation of ancient Scripture. But, if we are not mistaken, Dr. Knox’s leaning is also in favour of the descent of the whole human family from a single pair; the varieties of mankind being explained by an ingenious application of the transcendental theories of the German anatomists, for which our author betrays a very exaggerated and misplaced partiality.

Leaving the question of the unity of the species, we pass on to the less delicate, but scarcely less difficult inquiry, regarding the number of races into which the great human family is divisible. The leading authorities—Linnaeus, Buffon, Blumenbach, Cuvier, Lawrence, Camper, Prichard, Morton, Humboldt, Zimmerman, Carpenter, and Latham—though not strictly in accord respecting the number of primary races, do not present any great divergence of opinion, the largest number recognised by any of them being six, and the least three. Dr. Latham does not hesitate to adopt the smaller number, and contrives to group the whole human family under the three grand divisions of Mongolida, Atlantida, and Iapetida. On the other hand, some authors, whose names and works are less generally known, have displayed much greater liberality. Dumolin, for instance, imagines as many as eleven *species*; and Borey de St. Vincent, no less than fifteen, to which Professor Broc adds numerous subgenera. Dr. Pickering thinks that he has seen as many *races* as Dumolin recognises *species*. ‘I have seen,’ he says, ‘in all eleven races of men; and though I am hardly prepared to fix a positive limit to their number, I confess, after having visited so many different parts of the globe, that I am at a loss where to look for others.’ Elsewhere, Dr. Pickering substitutes the word ‘*species*’ for the word ‘*races*,’ and states it as his opinion that there is ‘no middle ground between the admission of eleven distinct species in the human family, and the reduction to one.’ A single species implies a central point of origin, which centre he is disposed to place in the continent of Africa (Dr. Latham, as we have

seen, is inclined to prefer the continent of Asia, between the tropics); but his reasons for selecting the African continent appear to us to be as weak as those which have determined him in favour of eleven races, or species. By making the complexion the sole prime basis of the classification, it would be easy to exceed even Professor Broc's liberal allowance, especially if the texture of the hair alone were held to be a sufficient warrant for the formation of subordinate races or sub-species.

We will illustrate our meaning by taking the first and last two of Dr. Pickering's eleven races, or species—the white and the black. The white race or species comprises as subordinate classes the Arabian and the Abyssinian, which resemble each other in the possession of a prominent nose, but differ in having, the one straight and flowing, the other crisped hair. As the other characters of the two races are not contrasted, it is to be presumed that the sole difference is in the quality of the hair. Again, the black race or species comprises the two sub-races or sub-species of the Australian and the Negro—the first of which has negro features, with straight or flowing hair, while the second also possesses the marked negro features of flat nose and thick lip, but combined with close woolly hair. The method of the majority of writers on ethnology, more nearly resembles that of the naturalist who bases his larger groups, not upon one, but upon several characters, and by so doing, contrives to give greater compactness and coherency to the branch of science of which he treats. We confess, therefore, to a predilection in favour of a small number of primary groups or varieties, and to a decided preference for Dr. Latham's three primary classes over Dr. Pickering's eleven.

But, after all, these discussions about classification are of very little interest, compared with the grand practical inquiries which the study of the races of mankind opens out; and it is because Dr. Knox chooses to deal with these stirring questions, rather than with the scientific subtleties which prove so attractive to the student in the closet, that we return to his pages with a

pleasure which, we are free to confess, the more recondite investigations of Dr. Latham have not afforded us. As we have already expressed ourselves with great freedom on the tone and temper with which Dr. Knox treats his subject, we may now proceed to examine his theories on their own merits. We are conscious that in so doing, some self-restraint will be necessary, and we fear that, from time to time, we shall feel ourselves compelled to renew our protest against the spirit of sarcastic scepticism which shows itself in almost every page. If any justification is necessary, we would appeal to his readers, nay, even to himself, whether he has not given us ample provocation. This, however, we are bound to say in justice to Dr. Knox, that his sarcasms generally recoil upon himself. A medical man, he is especially severe upon doctors: confessing himself a Saxon, he heartily abuses the Saxon race; and, as we would venture to hope, a Christian gentleman, he loses no opportunity of assailing all forms of Christianity in turn.

As we have already stated, one of Dr. Knox's objects is to prove, that 'in human history, race is everything,'—everything always and everywhere,—the most powerful and the most permanent of all the causes which make men to differ from each other. It is race which determines character, not climate or circumstances. It is race which makes one set of men soldiers, another sailors; one set protestants, another papists; one set stationary, another progressive; one set inventive, another imitative; one set submissive to authority, another democrats ingrained; one slaves, another freemen; one sensual, another sentimental; one fierce, another gentle; one credulous, another deceptive; one avaricious, another extravagant; one orderly, another disorderly. It is race, too, which inspires the strongest attachments, and stirs up the fiercest enmities, one race hating another race, as if by an uncontrollable instinct. In spite of professions to the contrary, the white man hates the black man, and cannot live at peace with him; and equally in spite of professions of regard, the Saxon hates the Celt, and will con-

linue to do so to the end of the chapter. He hates him in Great Britain, and he hates him in America. In this respect, the Saxon and the Celtic races are but types of all the European races which have been brought into juxtaposition by migration or conquest, and (as Dr. Knox would say) unwisely and unnaturally subjected to the same rule. The antipathy of race to race is the fruitful source of rebellion and war. It armed the Scotch Celt against the Anglo-Saxon in the Stuart rebellion, the Irish Celt in successive Irish rebellions, the French Celt in the Canadian disturbances. It was an element in the constant wars between France and England. Culloden, the Boyne, and Waterloo were the triumphs of Saxon over Celt. Belgium was divorced from Holland through incompatibility of race; Austria has been embroiled with Hungary and Italy, and Denmark with Holstein, for the same reason. The history of England has been a perpetual struggle of a Saxon people with a Norman government; and the mixture of Saxon and Celt in the United States of America bodes no good to the Union.

With such decided opinions on the subject of race in general, it is but natural to expect at Dr. Knox's hands some vigorous sketches of the characteristics of the two races in which we Englishmen are most interested,—the Saxon and the Celt.

We may premise that the population of Britain, according to Dr. Knox, is a compound of two, if not three distinct races, without taking into account sprinklings of Gipsies, Jews, Phœnicians, and Huns. The races in question are the Celtic, the Saxon, and the Belgian or Flemish. The Celtic race is distributed through Ireland, Wales, and the highlands of Scotland; the Belgian or Flemish race through the southern parts of England; the Saxons or Scandinavians occupying, with unimportant exceptions, the remainder. The Norse followers of William the Conqueror mixed as a conquering and dominant race with the Flemish inhabitants of the southern portions of the kingdom.

The origin of the Saxon or Scandinavian race, Dr. Knox tells us, is as

obscure as the origin of man himself. We know nothing about it; but history tells us that a race of men, differing from all others, physically and mentally, dwelt on the shores of the Baltic, and on the northern and eastern bank of the Rhine—in Norway, Denmark, Sweden, and Holstein, Holland, West Prussia, and Saxony Proper. This race 'must have occupied eastern Scotland and eastern England as far south as the Humber, long prior to the historic period, when the German Ocean was scarcely a sea,' and at a later period they gained a footing by conquest among the Flemish race of the south of England, but died out again, in obedience to a physiological law which extinguishes mixed races. 'This same race, we are told, still exists in Switzerland, forming its Protestant portion; whilst in Greece, it contributed mainly, no doubt, to the formation of the noblest of all men—the statesmen, poets, sculptors, mathematicians, metaphysicians, historians of ancient Greece.' (!) We pause for a moment, to express our astonishment at a theory so inconsistent with the mean estimate presently to be given of the intellectual character of the Saxon.

In person, the Saxon is tall, powerful, and athletic, with broad shoulders, small legs, large hands, and spatula-shaped fingers, blue eyes, fair hair, and fine complexion. He is addicted to rough exercises and coarse sports, makes the best of sailors, and when disciplined and drilled, a good infantry soldier. In character, he is thoughtful, industrious, plodding, mechanical, orderly, punctual, neat and cleanly. He saves money, and makes it his standard of respectability and chief motive to exertion. He has no inventive talent, and no taste, despises theory, has a contempt for men of science, and a hatred of men of genius. His self-esteem is inordinate, his self-confidence unbounded, his love of independence carried to excess. He alone comprehends the full meaning of the word liberty. He is Nature's true democrat. He is a respecter of law, when the law is made by himself; and a lover of justice, *but only to Saxons*. In religion he is a Protestant, with an aptitude for

sectarianism. He is intensely selfish and national. A States-man in America, an Australian in Australia, an African at the Cape, he cordially hates his brother Saxon, and soon forgets his obligations to the parent state. From the most remote period he has been encroaching upon the territories of his neighbours. He was invading the Gauls when Cæsar met and defeated him on the Rhine. Two thousand two hundred years ago, in the time of Marius, he invaded Italy and Greece, having already made himself known in the same regions a thousand years before. He subdued Celtic Ireland, Celtic Wales, and the Celtic parts of Scotland, and overran and held for a time great part of France. In later times he has invaded Hindostan, Scinde, Affghan, and China, has colonized America, Australia, and the Cape of Good Hope, with other smaller territories, too numerous to mention. The Saxon in America takes after his parent of the Old World, displaying the same encroaching disposition, and spreading himself over ten times as much territory as he can profitably use. The Saxon in South Africa follows the same bad example. Neither time nor climate works any change in him, except that the hotter regions of the earth dry and shrivel him up, and war against his constitution in common with that of all other races transplanted from one country to another. What he was in Cæsar's time, he is now. The laws, manners, and institutions which he brought with him from the woods of Germany, he has transferred to the woods of America. He *elected* a general when he wanted one, as he now *elects* a President of Congress.

Such, as we glean from several parts of his work (for the book is exceedingly discursive), is the Saxon after Knox. We have necessarily omitted some of his characteristics, and perhaps unintentionally substituted our own thoughts for Dr. Knox's in describing others. But we believe that we have succeeded in making a fair miniature copy of a vigorously painted original picture. The original itself is dashing struck off, with the shadows greatly exaggerated, and the lights almost wholly omitted. We have sought in vain

for the virtues which are supposed to adorn the Saxon character; but as it is not our author's good pleasure to bestow praise where we should have supposed it to be due, we must reluctantly follow his example, and proceed to offer, by way of pendant, a picture of the great Celtic race with which it is the fate of the Saxon to be brought so much, and often so disagreeably, into contact.

From the remotest period, the abode of the Celt was the country now called France—the country which Cæsar subdued and formed into a Roman province. But long before Cæsar's time, the Celts had made permanent settlements in the North of Italy (the *Gallia Cisalpinæ*, of Roman writers), they had sacked Rome, burst into Greece, and plundered the temple at Delphi. The Gallic Celts form the leading clan; next in point of numbers come the Celts of Ireland, then the Welsh Celts, then the Scotch. The Canadian *habitans* are a colony of French Celts; and the Irish and Scotch Celts are to be found in large numbers in the United States.

In stature and weight the Celt is inferior to the Saxon; his chest is smaller, but his limbs are muscular, his hands broad and his fingers squared at the points; his step elastic and springy. Weight for weight, age for age, stature for stature, he is the strongest of men. In muscular energy and rapidity of action, he surpasses all the European races. His weapon is the sword, and his game war. He is a bad sailor, but an apt and brave soldier. In the ordinary affairs of life, he despises order, cleanliness, and economy; takes no thought for the morrow, and holds regular, steady labour in horror and contempt. He is tasteful and inventive, and leads the fashions all over the civilized world. Most new discoveries and inventions may be traced to him, but the Saxon applies them to useful purposes. He has a tolerably musical ear, but yields in this respect to the Italian and Slavonian. In literature and science he is orderly and methodical, and deals largely in first principles. He is vain, jealous on the point of honour, irascible, warm-hearted, full of deep sympathies (!) a dreamer on

the past (the Saxon is essentially a man of the future), gallant, reckless, fickle, treacherous, lawless, and of very lax morality. In religion, a papist, and if not that, then an evangelical, but in no case willing, as is the Saxon, to take his religion from the lawyers. In government, a favourer of despotism, and fond of being ruled by the bayonet. He does not understand what the Saxon means by liberty and independence; but a military leader he does understand, and delights in fiction fights, in war and plunder, bloodshed and disorder. A disciplined savage, he plundered Europe under Napoleon, whom he at length betrayed, as he had betrayed the cause of liberty in '92.

To our minds, this picture of the Celt is as much too favourable as that of the Saxon is the reverse. The shadows are not a whit too dark, but the lights are a little too bright. What we especially object to in the sketch is the false and exaggerated estimate of the Celt as an inventor and discoverer, when compared with the Saxon. As a man of science, Dr. Knox ought to have known better. So far from the Celt being the great inventor and discoverer, and the Saxon a mere adapter and improver, it would not be difficult to prove that in scientific discovery and mechanical invention, and especially in the discovery of those great theories which give to science its last finish and perfection, the Saxon race stands *facile princeps* among all the nations of the earth. But with the unconsciousness which belongs to true greatness, or perhaps under the influence of that strange habit of self-depreciation which is so marked a trait in his character, the Saxon acquiesces in the flattering estimate of his own achievements in which the French Celt is so prone to indulge. In displaying the national aptitude for self-depreciation, Dr. Knox, it must be confessed, shows himself a true Saxon.

In sketching the characters of Celt and Saxon, Dr. Knox will be found to fall into several contradictions, which may, perhaps, be explained, on the supposition that his mind has been wavering between England and America in describing the Saxon, and between France and

Ireland in portraying the Celt. When he characterizes the Saxon as an enormous boaster, it is clear that he has brother Jonathan in his eye; and when he celebrates the Celt as a great inventor and discoverer, it is equally clear that he cannot be thinking of any branch of the Celtic family indigenous to the United Kingdom. Our limited space does not allow of our enlarging upon this topic, nor can we enter so fully as we could wish into the important questions suggested at page 50 and elsewhere, and discussed after his own very peculiar fashion—to wit, Whether a mixed race can be produced and supported by the intermingling of two races? and whether any race can occupy, colonize, and people a region of the earth to which it is not indigenous? Suffice it to say, that while the second question, supposing it to refer to a region strongly contrasted with that from which the colonizing race is supplied, may be safely answered in the affirmative by an appeal to facts with which we are all familiar, there is some reason to believe that a similar solution awaits the first question. The rapid and marked degeneracy of the Mexicans, who constitute a mixed race, cut off, since the revolution, from the influx of fresh Spanish blood, seems to furnish a joint answer in the affirmative to both questions, and is repeatedly adduced for that purpose by Dr. Knox. But, on the other hand, the great fact that the Jewish people, though scattered during so many centuries through countries differing widely in every element of climate, still maintain their ground, and show no signs of being about to become an extinct race, seems to supply a conclusive negative to the second question, and the strongest possible presumption against Dr. Knox's theory that the Jews were never able to maintain their ground in Jerusalem itself, except as a conquering and dominant race.

The most valuable part of Dr. Knox's work is that in which he appeals to well ascertained facts in proof of the futility of all attempts on the part of Europeans to establish self-supporting colonies in hot climates. Of all the attempts of this sort now making on a large scale,

the most hopeless would seem to be that of which Algiers is the theatre. If a large population be (as we contend it is) an important element in the wealth and power of a state, France is certainly stone-blind to her own interest in wasting so many lives, and with them so much treasure, in an idle attempt at the colonization of a country proved to be most hostile to the constitutions both of her military and civil population. The interest, rightly understood, of a nation such as France, which has by no means a rapidly increasing population where-with to supply colonists, nor such supremacy at sea as to be able to defend a large colonial empire, must be to foster to the very utmost her home population, that she may keep pace in this respect with neighbouring nations having concurrently with a rapidly increasing population a large amount of emigration. But, unhappily, an instinct of self-preservation of another kind seems to urge her irresistibly forward in her suicidal career. Cursed with a people partaking largely of the idleness, thoughtlessness, restlessness, lawlessness, and love of violence attributed by Dr. Knox to the race of Celts of which she is the leading clan, she must create outlets for the *classes dangereuses* of her civil and military population, or perish. In convenience of situation, insalubrity of climate, and insecurity of tenure, Algiers answers this purpose to perfection; and as it is perhaps the best recognition into which France could enter to keep the peace with the rest of the world, it is not for us to offer serious objections to its retention.

The fatal effect of hot climates on the constitution of Europeans is the only point upon which Dr. Knox condescends to adduce satisfactory evidence. His remaining theories, ingenious as they are, are not supported by such a weight of evidence as to carry conviction to any reasonably cautious mind. The impossibility of perpetuating mixed races, and the absolute necessity for a constant influx of new blood from the parent state into all colonies—even those which have been founded in climates not highly hostile to the constitution of the colonizing race—must still be regarded rather in the light of hypotheses not quite desti-

tute of support from history, than as theories strongly and firmly built up on a foundation of facts.

It is, however, from no disinclination towards the hypotheses themselves that we withhold our assent to them; for nothing would give us greater pleasure than to think that it was in our power, by the adoption of wise measures for keeping our own people at home, to check the too rapid growth of our great rival on the other side of the Atlantic. We own that we cannot look without apprehension on the annual addition of a quarter of a million of emigrants, made chiefly at our expense, to the already considerable population of a great commercial and maritime power, possessed of our own energy and perseverance, our own manufacturing aptitude, our own maritime taste, and, what is worse than all, our own ambition and love of encroachment. We confess that it would be some comfort to us to be able to think with Dr. Knox, that, were the tide of emigration from these isles to cease altogether, not only would the mixed races die out, but even the Anglo-Saxon race itself, which indisputably shows many physical signs of degeneracy from the parent stock, and seems to approach in form and feature very nearly to the aboriginal red man, would become first stationary, and then decay. But, until Dr. Knox shall see fit to adduce a larger number of facts in support of his views than the *Fragment* contains, we fear that this consolation will be denied to us. His hypotheses have an air of probability about them which justifies the attempt to convert them into theories, and political and social importance enough to entitle them to respectful consideration. But if he would give them a fair chance of a hearing in future, he must not only supply us with fresh evidence, but put some restraint on the tendency, which is but too evident in every page of his present work, to undervalue the opinions of other men, and to treat what he would characterize as their prejudices in a contemptuous and sarcastic tone, very rarely assumed except by those who are as unmindful of what is due to themselves, as forgetful of what they owe to their neighbours.

BISHOPS COPLESTON AND HAMPDEN.

To the Editor of 'Fraser's Magazine.'

SIR.—Your September number contains a review of a *Memoir of the late Dr. Copleston, Bishop of Llandaff*, a review written with much firmness and ability, and with the tone and temper of which I beg leave to express my concurrence. The great defect of the biography, as the reviewer justly remarks, is its omissions; and these are clearly indicated. Dr. Copleston lived, and was, in fact, on the episcopal bench, at a period when the church was especially disturbed by assaults from without, and distractions from within. Of the part taken by the Bishop of Llandaff, nothing can be more meagre and unsatisfactory than the narrative of his relative and biographer. If posterity should inquire what were the acts and opinions of Bishop Copleston on the great controversies of his day, it would find no answer in this *Memoir*. I will confine myself to one particular—the Hampden controversy, and do my best to fill up a blank, which, says the reviewer, is sure to be pointed out and attract more attention than if it had been mentioned with other facts in the course of the biography.

The letter of certain bishops addressed to Lord John Russell on the nomination of Dr. Hampden to the see of Hereford, is too remarkable a document to be soon forgotten, and needs not to be quoted here. Amongst the signatures to that letter, the name of Bishop Copleston was *not* found. To the prelate in charge of it, and by whom the signatures of the bishops were received, the Bishop of Llandaff addressed the following letter. It is his reply to an invitation to join the episcopal movement against the bishop elect:—

‘Offwell, near Honiton, Nov. 27, 1847.

‘MY DEAR LORD,—The Bishop of — has forwarded to me a copy of the proposed address to Lord John Russell, on the nomination of Dr. Hampden to the see of Hereford, and has desired me to direct my answer to you.

‘I own that the measure appears to me unjust as regards Dr. Hampden; for although I have not the documents by me connected with the censure passed upon him by the University, yet I read them attentively at the time, and I thought the censure unmerited, and the whole proceeding highly objectionable. That impression still remains strong upon my mind. It has, indeed, received confirmation from the proofs since given of Dr. Hampden's perfect orthodoxy; while his subsequent publications appear to me to possess a high degree of excellence: and the admirable Christian spirit with which he has borne the unjust treatment, has increased the esteem in which I have always held his character. With these convictions on my mind, I cannot permit mere questions of expediency to outweigh those of justice. His appointment may be the cause of discord and agitation in the Church, much to be deprecated, but I should not feel myself justified in endeavouring to ward off those apprehended evils, by means which would hurt his reputation, and imply an approval of that stigma on his character which I now more than ever think was undeserved.

‘I remain, my dear Lord,

‘Most truly and respectfully yours,

‘E. LLANDAFF.

‘The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of —.’

The omission of this letter, if its existence were known to the biographer, is surprising. The reviewer intimates a Tractarian bias, but however this may be, justice to the memory of the dead, and to the character of the living prelate, justifies its production here.

Throughout these unhappy proceedings, the conduct of Bishop Copleston was marked by equal firmness, wisdom, and moderation. The friends of Dr. Hampden proposed an address of congratulation to him on the prospect of his advancement to the see of Hereford, in which they professed in the

strongest and most conclusive language that the public announcement of his religious views made upon entering on his office as Regius Professor of Divinity in Oxford, and the sermons preached by him in that capacity before the University, and subsequently published, as well as his other official acts, had, in their opinion, fully evidenced the soundness of his theological opinions, and his high claims to the professional chair; and they proceeded to express the fullest confidence that Dr. Hampden would, under the weightier responsibility of the episcopal office, maintain the genuine principles of the Church of England, and exert his utmost energies to promote the cause of spiritual religion in the realm. It is impossible for words to express a more implicit sense of confidence than those employed in this address, and although Bishop Copleston's reply to the request of its originator, that he would append his signature 'if he approved the terms,' does not appear, yet we find the application itself amongst his papers, with this endorsement—'Approved—but my name not to be subscribed.'

It is, I think, no breach of confidence to give here extracts from two letters addressed by Dr. Hampden to the Bishop of Llandaff, as serving to illustrate the consistency of his conduct, and the admirable Christian spirit of the writer.

' Christ Church, Nov. 1847.

' MY DEAR LORD,—I sincerely thank you for your very kind letter of congratulation on my appointment to the see of Hereford. It is indeed a most happy termination of my Oxford labours and anxieties, and it adds much to the pleasure of the occasion that the appointment should meet with your approval. For I trust that you will allow me still to look up to you with the same feelings with which I used to do so formerly at Oriel, and be animated by your approving voice.

You will be happy to learn that I have received much kindness from the authorities here, especially on this occasion, so that I shall leave even Oxford not without regret, though there may be some still, whom, unhappily, nothing can soften.'

The other is dated—

' Christ Church, Jan. 14, 1848.

' . . . I hope Mr. Burder has already anticipated me in a request which I wish to make, that your lordship will kindly allow me to mention your name to the Archbishop of Canterbury as one of the bishops who will officiate at my consecration. It will be a great gratification to me that one under whom Providence placed me in early life, and who has always been so kind a friend to me, should assist in the solemn ceremony. The day has not yet been fixed, and probably will not be until three or four weeks hence, as the Archbishop has lately been much indisposed, and I should wish to wait till he is able to officiate in person, which he has very kindly expressed a desire to do.'

The following is from the *Memoir*, p. 207, and is an extract from the Bishop's Diary:—

' Feb. 24 [1848], *St. Matthew's Day*.—Being uncertain when I might be called upon to assist in Dr. Hampden's consecration, and having eight candidates whose services were much wanted, I fixed on this Saint's day rather than a Sunday, for the ordination at St. Gregory's Church.' This I think is the only notice of Dr. Hampden in the volume.

My intention is now completed, and I have, I think, shown, that throughout the Hampden controversy, Bishop Copleston took a firm and consistent part. He offers his congratulations to Dr. Hampden on his appointment—he refuses to join the remonstrant bishops in their letter to Lord John Russell—he approves the language of an address of congratulation and confidence to Dr. Hampden on his elevation to the episcopacy, though he does not, probably for wise reasons, affix his signature to it—he avoids the chance of being prevented assisting at the consecration of his friend by appointing an unusual day for an ordination—and puts the seal to his consistency by participating in the ceremony.

I beg, in conclusion, to say, that I have no motive whatever in this communication but to perform a simple act of justice, which documents in my possession have enabled me to do. I was led to this trespass on your columns by the almost accidental perusal of a review, in which it is truly objected to the *Memoir* lately published, that the real character of Dr. Copleston has been lost sight of by his biographer.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

R. MORRY WEALE.

November, 1851.

EDMUND BURKE.

PART II.

THE three greatest literary men of England during the eighteenth century, Hume, Johnson, and Burke, were all in France a few years before the assembling of the States General. They were all men of great observation; they were all men of great ability; they had all thought deeply on the great questions of their age; they had all good, brave, honest hearts, and were sincerely devoted to what they believed to be the truth. It is therefore very curious to know what were their different impressions of French society, and how far they could read the signs of the great revolution that was approaching.

Of the triumvirate, Hume was the most attached to France, and had the greatest admiration of French literature; it is but the bare truth to say, that of the three he had the least idea of any French Revolution. He saw nothing but devotion to the monarch, and the fascinations of the society in the capital. To him France was still the France of Louis the Fourteenth. He called the society of London 'barbarous,' and was delighted with all he saw at Paris. Before he went abroad as secretary to Lord Hertford, he was a plain, straightforward Scotchman; but Burke always said that the charming syrens of the literary drawing-rooms had vanquished even a philosopher, and that Hume returned to England a literary coxcomb. He seems, indeed, to have written his *History* with the express intention of pleasing the French wits; it abounds in sneers at the English people for making so much noise about their liberties, and in compliments to 'the gallant nation, so famous for its loyalty.' The loyalty of France is Hume's con-

stant theme; and he loves to contrast it with the turbulence of England. So much for philosophy.

Of all the brilliant men who met together at the Turk's Head, Johnson seems to have had the greatest esteem for Burke. In politics, indeed, they were directly opposed to each other; they had even entered the lists under different banners. Johnson can scarcely be called a politician; he knew little of political philosophy. Much as he disliked Bolingbroke's religious opinions, his politics were very much the politics of St. John. He did not highly distinguish himself as a dramatic writer; but he never appears to so little advantage as in his political pamphlets. He seems to have thought everything fair, dogmatic assertion, scurrilous abuse; for these are the only weapons that the great moralist condescends to use. It is painful to contrast the tone of his pamphlet called *Taxation no Tyranny*, with that of Burke's two published speeches on America. Machiavelli never wrote anything more decidedly immoral than many passages in the political writings of the high-principled Samuel Johnson.

The autumn after he had published this *Taxation no Tyranny*, his strange figure appeared in the streets of Paris. He was accompanied by the Thrales. As Mr. Thrale was a brewer, he naturally sought the society of other brewers; and thus Johnson and Santerre met in the same room, and had a friendly conversation about brewing. The moralist was very careful to note in his diary that Santerre used the same quantity of malt as Mr. Thrale, and that though he paid very little duty, sold his beer at the same price. Johnson also observed that

the moat of the Bastille was dry : some years afterwards it was still drier. The party rambled about Versailles, and viewed the palace and the menagerie. Samuel took particular care to look at the cygnets, the gulls, the black stags, the rhinoceroses with their horns broken, the young elephants with their tusks just appearing, the brown bears putting out their paws, the camels with one bunch, the dromedaries with two bunches, the pelicans catching fish; and he expresses his regret that he could not have a good look at the tigers; but in all his diary there is not a single thought about the literary men of Paris. That brilliant galaxy of talent to him was nothing; he scarcely seems to have been aware of its existence. When asked by Boswell to give him an account of his travels, he said, that he had 'seen all the visibilities of Paris,' and the greatest person of his acquaintance was 'Colonel Drumgold, a very high man, Sir, the head of the Ecole Militaire, a most complete character.' But with all his English prejudices, Johnson seems to have observed more than Hume, whose French partialities were quite as decided; for the author of *Taxation no Tyranny* at least declared that 'the great in France live very magnificently, but the rest very miserably. There is no happy middle state, as in England.'

It was in 1773, and again in the following year, that Burke crossed over to the continent. He could not have gone to France at a more remarkable time. It was, indeed, a strange sight that presented itself to the gaze of a thinking being. Everything that could dazzle the eye and deceive the judgment was displayed. A hectic flush of loveliness disguised the ravages of the deadly disease that was preying upon the body of the state. Never had literature more devoted worshippers; never was the position of the literary man more exalted: all Paris was at his feet. A golden age was about to come upon the earth. Glorious philosophy would be more powerful than the monarch's sceptre; and false priests would no longer hoodwink the reason of mankind. But there were still some less pleasing phenomena

preceding the good time that was drawing near. The old king was not dead; he and his mistresses still encumbered the ground: Louis XV. did not wish to die. The monarchy that had lasted for so many centuries, he hoped would still last out his time; and Louis XV. prayed that himself and France might live yet for many years. In the dark alleys, wretchedness and misery fretted and pined; the squalid thousands were without bread, and almost without hope. Yet to the accomplished readers of the *Encyclopædia*, very little occurred to discourage their most sanguine dreams. Marie Antoinette was happy and gay; and Burke was received everywhere with adulation and smiles. But he had little sympathy with the philosophers; some of them learnt, to their utter astonishment, that during the next session of parliament, he called them 'atheistical conspirators,' who ought to be carefully watched by all governments. He observed with great care the nobility and the priesthood, and many circumstances occurred to make him look anxiously for the commencement of the new reign.

Such were the different conclusions to which Hume, Johnson, and Burke had arrived. Hume died shortly afterwards, and died as he had lived. He had lived contentedly in a delusion, and died contentedly in a delusion. Johnson, also, was taken away from the evils that were to come; his death was earnest as his life had been earnest. Burke alone lived to see the great moral explosion at which all the world turned pale. But he also left the earth before the faintest glimmering of a better day was seen through the black clouds that lowered over Europe.

Although Burke did not live to see the catastrophe of the great French drama that he watched with so much interest, he saw the United States become great and powerful, and contrary to the prophecies of many people, fully capable of maintaining their independence against all enemies. The truth of the great political philosopher's ideas became, thanks to the wisdom and abilities of his Majesty's ministers, very soon a matter of no doubt.

The brilliant success with which

Mr. Pitt had conducted the last great war had turned the heads of the English people. The ministers appear to have thought that victory was sure to accompany the English arms. The delusion was soon dispelled. Session followed session, campaign succeeded campaign, and America was still unsubdued. Many who had applauded all the rash measures which had driven the colonists to rebellion, began to awaken from their dream. The opposition gathered strength. The outcry about the expenditure began to be very loud. Ireland assumed a most menacing attitude. The sails of a hostile fleet were seen from the English shores. Then for the first time was heard the cry for reform. It was little heeded by ministers, and little understood by gentlemen of the opposition. As usual, the great interests of the state were all threatened by this spirit. At this time, with the profound sagacity that always distinguished him, Burke first brought forward his plan of economy, and on the 4th of February, 1780, delivered his great speech on economical reform.

Many critics have considered this oration as the most wonderful of all his displays of eloquence. None of his speeches ever showed more of the high statesman-like intellect of its author. He is here not treating of America, of India, or of France; the speech is devoted to the internal government of the country, and shows how skilfully theory and practice are combined. It ought to be studied night and day by those who profess to sneer at all eloquence and imagination, and assume to themselves the exclusive title of 'practical men.'

Since Burke's death, all statesmen have professed themselves economists; and it is very instructive to see what their notions were on this important subject. The spirit of this speech is directly contrary to the maxims that are adopted by a very popular school of reformers. These fashionable doctrines are all built upon the principle that it is best to economize by detail: the army and navy estimates are objected to, and a few hundred pounds less than the sum of the ministers is proposed. This is considered economy.

Such were not Burke's ideas. Never was he more ready to inculcate any truth, than that there is a great and essential difference between the revenue of a powerful government, and the receipts of a private individual, between the affairs of a great empire, and those of a little counting house. 'Elevate your minds,' he was ever exclaiming, 'to the importance of that trust to which the order of Providence has called you.' He pointed out clearly that the income of a great nation must be subject to many fluctuations, which never could disturb the yearly fortune of a single person, and that it was often necessary to expend the public money that private property might be secured. A merchant would of course look only to the present. To him whatever made him wealthy must be the first object of his care. His ships went out to all quarters of the globe, the creditor side of his ledger was a delightful spectacle, his name was of great weight on the exchange. What could a merchant desire more?

But the statesman's eyes cannot always be fixed on the fleeting panorama of the hour. Society is something more than a multitude of units, connected together by the chain of profit and loss. The statesman must therefore have long views. He is the inheritor of an entailed estate, handed down through countless ages, from generation to generation; and he is to transmit it unimpaired and unfettered to the countless ages that are yet to come after him, as wave after wave of humanity strikes against the shores of the world, and then again sinks into the great ocean of the past. Thus the state is fearfully and wonderfully made. As of the coral reef, life has arisen from death; the firesides of the present generation are situated on the graves of their fathers, and the hearths of our children may be held on our tombs. Men are not, however, entirely forgotten: the laws of the land are their monuments, and ought to be engraved on the hearts of their children. Thus society is composed of life and death, of old age, matured manhood, youth, and infancy, of the past, the present, and the future. All is linked together by a sacred bond. Society therefore becomes in-

deed a contract; but it is a contract between those who have been before, those who now are, and those who are yet to be; between the grave, the altar, and the cradle. Individuals then become as nothing in the great commonwealth of ages.

These, if we understand what Burke has said, were his notions of society. From these it followed that even in his professed economical plan, he considered economy as merely of secondary importance.

Lord North praised the bills, and then defeated them; but it was only a momentary defeat. The hours of the ministry were numbered. Even their staunchest supporters began to waver, and in the January of 1782, they at length resigned. High-sounding as had been all their manifestoes, nothing could be more humiliating than their downfall. They had doubled the national debt, invaded the liberties of the subject, thrown away thirteen colonies, and left England full of misery, doubt, discord, darkness, and ruin. They seem at length to have died of utter inanition; they had done all the harm they possibly could do to their country, and resigned when their powers of destruction were exhausted. They retired; and none cried, 'God bless them.' Even Dr. Johnson, who called them his political friends, who had written *Taration no Tyranny*, and who hated the name of America during the war, shook his head, and whispered confidentially to Boswell, that matters were not as they ought to be; and on the 20th of January, when the resignation of his friends was announced, returned thanks to Heaven as he prayed with Black Frank, and afterwards declared that 'such a bunch of imbecility never disgraced a nation.' The ghost of Grenville alone might regret these misfortunes, as it fled weeping to the shades below.

The new administration under the Marquis of Rockingham was then formed; and Burke was made a Right Honourable, and Paymaster of the Forces. His beloved bills on Economical Reform were brought in with all the authority of government, and after receiving some very important curtailments, became part of the law of the land.

It has been said that Burke's province was history, and that had he devoted himself to that branch of literature, he would have been the greatest historian that ever lived. It might be so; but we very much doubt it. His sketches of his contemporaries are certainly most admirable; but they do not seem to us to be drawn in the manner of a historian. They are perfectly well adapted to the place in which we find them; they illustrate very finely his political philosophy. But the only avowed historical work that he did write, the *Abridgment of English History*, is assuredly not one of his most valuable compositions.

We are far from thinking, with Mr. Carlyle, that a great poet may be a great anything, for all the history of genius shows that the very yearning after one species of excellence prevents any high excellence of another kind. Genius is, perhaps, not such a mechanical thing, such a creature of circumstances, as were this doctrine correct, it certainly would be.

But there is nothing, perhaps, more lamentable, than the struggles of misplaced genius: circumstances contending against nature; the high-mettled race-horse dragging a coal cart. Yet it is no easy thing for such a man to be quite chained down to the drudgery of the world; the spirit is not easily confined by the bars of a prison; if it be true that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church, still more is it true that, from the tomb of a heart-broken great man, a celestial light arises, and illuminates the world. But, perhaps, it is not when the horizon is blackest, when he is most unfortunate, that he is most to be pitied. The darkest hour of the night is nearest the dawn; but it is through the morning mists that the precipices, the mountains, the torrents, and all natural objects, appear most terrible. It is then that a tree becomes a spectre, a peaceful valley a yawning chasm, and the rattling of carriage-wheels the rumbling of an earthquake. Total darkness may be, therefore, better than partial light. It is not pleasant to observe the noble spirit, that has laughed at poverty, misfortune, and neglect, pining when the

hour of a deceitful prosperity is overclouded. Thus it was with Burke. Johnson said that, of all the men he had ever known, Burke seemed to be the most equable in his spirits, that he appeared always cheerful, good-humoured, and contented. But a very interesting letter to Lord Rockingham, in 1774, just before the general election of that year, still remains as evidence that Burke's spirits were very far from being always the same, however little he might be inclined to wear his heart upon his sleeve.

Some private circumstances made it necessary that Burke should not sit in parliament again for Wendover. Of this he writes :

In this difficulty, which is super-added to others, sometimes, when I am alone, in spite of all my efforts, I fall into a melancholy which is inexpressible ; and to which, if I gave way, I should not continue long under it, but must totally sink ; yet I do assure you, that partly, and indeed principally, by the force of natural good spirits, and partly by a strong sense of what I ought to do, I bear up so well, that no one who did not know them, could easily discover the state of my mind or my circumstances. I have those that are dear to me, for whom I must live as long as God pleases, and in what way he pleases. Whether I ought not totally to abandon this public station, for which I am so unfit, and have of course been so unfortunate, I know not. It is certainly not so easy to arrange me in it, as it has been hitherto. Most assuredly I never will put my feet within the doors of St. Stephen's Chapel, without being as much my own master as hitherto I have been, and at liberty to pursue the same course.

This was but a momentary sinking of the heart. Burke was again solicited to stand for Wendover, and was elected for both Malton and Bristol.

At the time when Bristol did itself the honour to choose Burke as one of its representatives, it was the second city of the kingdom. As yet, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, and Glasgow did not threaten the pre-eminence of the metropolis. London was first and Bristol second. The Marquis of Rockingham and his friends were held in honour by the British merchants. Grenville had set their opinion at defiance ; but Burke had always his house open

for them, and his ears were always ready to listen to their complaints.

But Burke was the very antithesis of a democratical politician. He was far too much in earnest ; far too philosophical, to abandon his ideas to the enthusiasm of his constituents. Hence the speech that he delivered on returning thanks for his election, is one of the calmest and most reasoning of all the productions of his mind. It has all the judgment of the closet ; no academic lecture could ever exhibit less passion ; and academic lectures, as we all know, are very passionless things. Even at that time an incident occurred, which was very ominous of what followed, and we could almost believe that Burke foresaw his disagreement with the good constituents who rejected him six years after they had first made him member for Bristol. A popular politician must pay continued worship to Nemesis ; the waves on the beach at Bristol were more stable than the minds of that great commercial constituency. The newly elected member disclaimed the idea that parliament was an assembly of delegates, or that the member of each county and town was a mere ambassador of the electors.

One fine September day, in the year 1780, the noonday sun shone on a strange sight at the Bristol Guildhall. The greatest statesman and politician of that generation, or of any generation, stood forward to vindicate his parliamentary life for the six years during which he had been the member of that city. He had manfully struggled against all the powers of the court, shoved aside on every occasion the glittering bait of corruption ; though poor himself, he had withstood every temptation of wealth, honour, and applause ; he had striven to preserve the empire from civil war, he had foretold the consequences of all the insane violence with which the ministers goaded their fellow-men on the other side of the Atlantic to throw off the yoke of the mother-country ; he had endeavoured to unite subordination with liberty, peace and quiet with energy and progress ; he had laboured night and day in the affairs of the empire ; he had devoted himself to the private interests of his constituents, and might be seen full of ardour, running

about on their business, like a ship-broker, to the custom-houses and wharves, the Treasury and the Admiralty; he had endeavoured to introduce a great plan of public economy; he had applied most enlightened commercial principles to Ireland, but at the same time refused to join in the insolent triumphs and narrow provincial prejudices of his native country: for conceding this act of commercial justice he had become unpopular at Bristol; for thinking it no more than justice, he had become unpopular in Ireland; he had exerted himself, like a true philanthropist, to alleviate the miseries of those who were confined in prison for debt, and acknowledged himself a debtor to the debtors; he had contended for liberty of conscience for all men of all denominations; he had strenuously attempted to infuse a liberal and enlightened spirit into the British legislature: he had been elected without the least chicanery or flattery; and now, as he stood before them, he disdained to apologize for what he had done during the six eventful years since his election. This was a noble spectacle. There is something sublime and heroic in the conduct of Burke at this moment. It affords a complete answer to those who say that he pursued highly popular courses at all times before the French Revolution. It is in the spirit of his later years, but not more so than the very first act of his public life. Never since the House of Commons became a great branch of the British legislature, had any of its representatives, in the short period of six years, done so much as Burke did while he represented Bristol. It would seem that no member ever had a better claim, not only to be again elected, but to be in every way applauded. Burke, however, was rejected. Philosophy, wisdom, and eloquence are as nothing to minds inflamed with party zeal, religious animosity, and selfish prejudices. Bristol was one of the most independent constituencies of the kingdom; and the coming political storms, perhaps this part of Burke's life may be worthy of some consideration.

The little borough of Malton again received the great philosopher, and Burke had had quite enough experience of great constituencies ever

again to trust to their discernment. He represented Malton until he retired from parliament, and his son succeeded him in that representation.

His brief career of office was eminently disinterested. But his aristocratic friends were by no means very ardent and grateful. It must ever remain as a matter for wonder that the man who had so long led the opposition, who had displayed every power of the statesman, the orator, the philosopher, and the patriot, who had been the life and soul of the party, and had kept it steadily in the true constitutional course amid all the quicksands of seventeen years, was not thought worthy of a seat in the cabinet when the Rockingham party ascended to power. Younger men with long pedigrees were considered better fitted to serve the party calling itself liberal, than Edmund Burke, who was only the greatest man of the eighteenth century. Had he immediately abandoned the party for ever, and united at once with Mr. Pitt, as some of these hereditary legislators said he wished to do, a few years later, assuredly it was not for them to accuse him of apostasy.

The death of the Marquis of Rockingham might well appear to have released Burke from a political fidelity that had been so ill-required. But he proceeded in the same course without hesitation. The affairs of India had been for awhile put out of view during the American war, but as that war was brought to a close, the Eastern empire now received Burke's constant attention. The energy, the industry, the determination, the eloquence, the principles that he had hitherto devoted to America, he now brought to bear on India. But the difficulties were still more numerous. America was at least colonized by Englishmen, and bore the impress of the English character; although the colonies were not well understood, yet they were, at least, not entirely unknown. On India the cloud of ignorance gathered in thick darkness. Strange tales reached the ears about palaces of gold and ivory, myriads of camels with their palanquins, turbaned guards covered with jewels, heaps of diamonds, widows burning themselves on funeral piles, parents tossing their children into the Ganges,

worshippers throwing themselves under the cars of idols, princes surrounded with slaves, women carefully shrouded from the gaze of men, valleys black with jungle, whence the howl of the tiger and the laugh of the hyena were echoed—of rajahs, durbars, banians, polygars, dugans, pollams, soucars, zemindars, soubahs, and other barbarous things quite incomprehensible to plain English people. Our countrymen had not laid aside the idea that they were only islanders; they did not know what a high station they had to fulfil. Members and electors had just the same degree of knowledge, and that was no knowledge at all, about our Indian empire. They had, not yet learnt to look at Great Britain in her imperial capacity: so sudden, so wonderful had been the establishment of our dominion in the East, that India was regarded as freebooters regard their prey, and not as a trust that involved the prosperity of millions, for whose welfare the ruling people were responsible. So late as ten years ago, a great writer, in an essay on Lord Clive, thought it necessary to apologize for writing on a subject that to educated English gentlemen had so little interest.

Burke, after spending his mornings on India committees, and all his leisure hours in studying Indian details, found himself shortly in a new world, of which his countrymen had no idea. With all his usual ardour, he set himself to understand the great questions that arose out of this subject. When he had once grasped them, he laid aside all European prejudices, all notions that the Hindoos and the Mussulmen were in a state of subjugation. A crime committed in India appeared to him in the same light as a crime committed in England. The poorest native who ate his rice under the dominion of the Company, was, in his eyes, as worthy of protection as any free-born Englishman. Cabinet ministers were too much in the habit of considering the millions as mere machines for taxation; but Burke felt that all these multitudes were really individuals, and that each individual was a human being. Hence his blood boiled with indignation as he read of the brutal treatment of the two Begums; and hence he sympa-

thized so deeply with the sufferings of Marie Antoinette. The two Begums, indeed, dwelt at Fyzabad, and were the mother and wife of the late Nabob of Oude; Marie Antoinette resided at Versailles, and was the daughter of Maria Theresa, and wife of the King of France; they were both foully wronged and tortured under pretence of public good; and Burke felt as acutely for the misery of the Indian princesses, as of the Queen of France. A son, after being plundered himself, was instigated and even forced by a British statesman to plunder his own mother. Her castle was stormed, her most devoted servants put into irons, and tortured. No buccaner had ever used more barbarity in getting the treasures of his victims. When a governor-general of the East India Company had thought himself right in exercising, because, forsooth, the directors were clamorous for money. For money the greatest crimes are perpetrated; and it is to prevent those enormities that governments are established. For money an English statesman agreed to let out the bravery and skill of the English armies, and a gallant nation was given over to a cruel tyrant, to be robbed, murdered, and extirpated. The only defence that has ever been pleaded as an excuse for those bloody and barbarous measures is, that the governor-general robbed and murdered, not for himself, but for his employers, and that all his wicked actions proceeded from misdirected public spirit. He was not sordid, he was not rapacious, he did not love blood: and what he did, was from zeal for the cause of his country.

The pretence of public good has always been made for every great crime that stains the history of the world. Public good was alleged as some justification for the destruction of Carthage, for the alternate massacres of Marius and Sylla, for the murder of Socrates, for the persecution of the Christians, for the extirpation of the Albigenses, for the massacre of St. Bartholomew, for the *auto-da-fés* of Spain, for the fires in Smithfield, for the dragonings of Louis XIV. All these great crimes, Burke in his different writings has execrated; and he laughed with bitter irony at the excuses their

apologists had offered. No frightful outrage that ever was perpetrated has wanted defenders; and even defenders of great name. Seneca wrote in defence of Nero, and the bloody assizes of Jefferies have had their white-washers. It was under pretence of public good, that the Protestant Association fanned the flames that in the year 1780 threatened London with a general conflagration. It was under the pretence of public good, that two years later, as we have before said, Hastings thought himself justified in setting at defiance all natural instincts, all private rights, when he obliged Cheyxe Sing to disregard every filial feeling, and commit a base wrong on his mother. It was under the same miserable pretext that the September massacres in Paris were committed, and all the frightful crimes of the revolutionists. Burke condemned the Protestant Association, he condemned the revolutionists, and he condemned Hastings. It must be observed that he always valued himself on his consistency, and declared that it was the key to his public life. Whether his opinions were right or wrong, is not the question.

When Hastings' public spirit is pleaded in excuse for his public crimes, and when Burke's conduct is spoken of as violent and fanatical, it ought to be remembered that Burke never believed in the possibility of convicting the governor-general. He knew the House of Lords too well. He knew that the cause of India gained nothing by his advocacy, for he was more unpopular than the veriest machine of office, or the most corrupt minion of the court had ever been. He knew well that in the eyes of worldly politicians, success, like charity, covers a multitude of sins. Hastings was certainly no ordinary man. Rome never set an abler pro-consul over any of her conquered provinces. Fearless, resolute, full of resources, unconquerable by adversity, clear-sighted in all his scheme, often changing his means, but never losing sight of his end, patient under every difficulty, steady, ardent, sagacious, he was, indeed, a practical statesman. Had his energies been called forth in Europe, where rules were laid down that could not be easily broken

through, he might have left a spotless name. Many men with intentions no purer than his, have never had their actions questioned. But, unhappily, the social state of India at that time, if it called forth his abilities, also called forth the evil qualities of his nature. The history of his long and eventful administration must be allowed even by his warmest advocates to contain many blemishes; and it gave rise to a very difficult moral and political question. With this subject we have at present nothing to do, except so far as it relates to Burke's conduct; and in whatever light Hastings' public character may be regarded, the crimes with which it was sullied afford a sufficient justification of his great accuser. They who will take the trouble of turning to the third volume of the *Correspondence*, p. 42, will see a most important letter from Burke to Sir Philip Francis about the affairs of India. He declares plainly that all he could expect would be to justify himself, and that he was quite aware, under present circumstances, how impracticable it was to convict Hastings. This remarkable letter is dated the 10th of December, 1785, before the inexplicable conduct of Mr. Pitt during the next session of Parliament.

But it may be asked, if Burke never believed that he could convict the governor-general, why did he devote so many years of intense labour to that hopeless object? Why did he declare, in one of his latest works after the trial had been decided, that it was on this public duty that he valued himself most? It was not surely for the gratification of any idle vanity, nor for the wreaking of any private vengeance. The Rev. Mr. Gleig may think it becoming in him, as the panegyrist of Hastings, and the friend of Hastings' family, to suggest some discreditable motives for Burke's actions, but if his life and character do not prove the falsehood of these suggestions, we are not disposed, and have neither time nor space, to say anything about the matter. Was the conduct of Hastings so spotless that any one who found fault with it must of necessity be acting under personal malevolence? And though Burke did not succeed in convicting

him, did he do no good by devoting so many years to this business, and bringing it before the world?

When he afterwards said that this was the most important business of his life, and that which, if he had to be rewarded at all, was most deserving of reward, he was not speaking like a maniac. Though nominally unsuccessful, success had really crowned his labours; though apparently defeated, he was certainly not disgraced. Many years before Hastings returned from India, and even previous to many of his questionable actions, Burke had complained bitterly of the neglect that Parliament showed to the newly-acquired empire in the East. He spoke with scorn of the prevalent notion, that there was one morality for Europe, and another for India, and said that the Indian government would never act properly until some great offender met with deserved punishment. His object, then, in accusing Hastings, was to make a great and memorable example, from which all future Indian governors might take warning. With this object, he selected the greatest man who had ruled the Eastern dominions, the man who had been longest in power, who had shown the most abilities as a ruler, and who had the most frequently set at nought the plain rules of law and justice, when they stood in the way of the Company's interests. To use his own words, he sought out 'the captain-general of iniquity,' and struck with all his might at this leader's towering crest. He subjected Hastings to such a searching examination as perhaps no human being had ever before undergone. If the governor-general was not formally condemned by the House of Lords, assuredly he did not pass quite scatheless through the ordeal; and if Burke did not brand the man whom he believed to be a great criminal, his ultimate object in prosecuting the offender was fully attained. That object was the welfare of the people of India. It was to protect the natives from oppression, to teach the East India Company some respect for public faith, to apply the public opinion of Europe to the government of India, that he spent many years of a most valuable

life. He taught the proudest British pro-consul of the East that distance did not annihilate the great instincts of right and wrong which the Author of mankind had implanted in the human breast, that there was a time when he would be called to account for every public action, that might did not always mean right, that though seas rolled between India and England, yet the English love of honesty, the English hatred of oppression, the English punishment of injustice, could extend even to Hindostan.

Was not Burke, then, successful? Was he wrong in believing the impeachment a sacred duty, which he was called by every law of God and man to perform? The history of India since that time affords a sufficient excuse for all his violence, in what he sincerely believed to be a holy war against Indian oppression; for, from the time of Hastings' impeachment began the purification of our Indian government. Men might differ about the merits of the old man who was living quietly at Daylesford, but his most enthusiastic admirers, when they became rulers of India, were very careful not to imitate his crimes. Lord Clive, indeed, ventured, during his last mission in the East, to introduce great public reforms into the government; but he effected little, and the effects of that little were soon done away. Most certainly it is not to him we owe the benevolent and philanthropic system that has been more or less pursued during the present century; and we should have thought higher of Lord Clive's merits, as an Eastern reformer, had not many of the greatest abuses against which he afterwards vainly struggled, sprung from his own deplorable breach of faith. He was the first Indian commander who sanctioned the doctrine of there being one morality for Europe and another for the East. Hastings may have believed himself to be only following the pernicious example that Chatlam's 'heaven-born general' first set, and the greatest corruption, maladministration, peculation, and oppression continued after Clive's aching heart was at peace in its quiet grave. The Hindoos may reverence the statue of Lord Wil-

liam Bentinck; they may bless the memory of the many wise and good men who have endeavoured to elevate them in the ranks of social beings; but that all this has been done, and more than this will be done, is principally due to the noble exertions of a man who had never set his foot on Indian ground, and whose name the natives had never heard.

Burke took the same delight in contemplating Hindostan as he did in contemplating America. The contrast of the civilization of the two countries was peculiarly interesting to his mind. India spoke to him of the past, of many races, many languages, many religions, of princes who had ruled great empires, while we were yet in the woods; of literature, science, and art, different from any that Europeans had yet studied; of the changing scenes, like the advancing and receding of a deluge, which the history of the Arab, Tartar, and Persian invasions presented. Nor with all his violence, and all his so-called bias of passion, do the charges he laid on the table of the Commons, and the most able reports that he drew up, contain any wild notions, or great exaggerations. We have been at some pains to examine the statements on which the charges against Hastings were founded, and we might say of Burke's writings on this subject, what Mr. Macaulay says of the *Thoughts on the Causes of the Present Discontents*; there is scarcely a single touch unsubstantiated by facts of unquestionable authority. The premises of both Hastings' accusers and advocates were, indeed, nearly the same; they began to differ when the conclusion was to be drawn. To his friends, Hastings' patriotic motives were everything; to Burke, these patriotic motives were nothing, in comparison with the acts of wrong and injustice of which the governor-general was accused.

This desire to effect a great public reform in India, this devotion of all his energy and ability to the service of the suffering natives, accounts sufficiently for his conduct during the stormy period of the coalition ministry. In the able 'Motion relative to the Speech from the

Throne,' after the general election which had been so fatal to the party of Fox and North, the principles on which Burke acted are fully explained. The motion, it is necessary to observe, was not a party measure; it was moved by Burke, and seconded by Windham; and was made without any encouragement from Fox or his immediate friends. From this, and from some circumstances shortly following, it becomes evident that the public and private friendship of Burke and Fox was not so very cordial even at this time, and that the French Revolution was not necessary to show the hollowness of this seeming union. Events, indeed, had thrown these two men together, but they had little in common. Charles Fox had assuredly many good, great, and amiable qualities, but to people who know the history of those times, and who are not inclined to worship as saints all the leaders of a certain party, it seems mere nonsense to call him 'the greatest parliamentary defender of civil and religious liberty.' He was as bad a representative of pure liberalism, as Pitt was of pure Toryism. With the change of circumstances, it is not difficult to suppose that Pitt might have become the champion of the Whigs, and Fox the champion of the Tories. Pitt commenced his public career as a parliamentary reformer and as a respectable democrat; and Fox in his early days supported the Middlesex election, and set all public opinion at defiance. Now, during all these times, Burke acted consistently with himself and his avowed principles. No man advocated the constitutional cause so powerfully during the debates on Wilkes and Middlesex; he at all times spoke and wrote against a change in the representation; he at all times condemned abstract principles, and any violent and sudden innovations; even while he was composing the *Letters on a Regicide Peace*, he corresponded with Grattan on Catholic emancipation, and with Dundas on the abolition of the slave trade. Pitt, it is now well known, had very much the same ideas as Fox about the French Revolution. Both these official statesmen, when the great convulsion first burst forth, spoke of it as an unmixed good. It was a

dawning of a happy day for the French nation; the future was all bright and glorious to France and the world. The Bastille had scarcely fallen, the ruins were still smoking, when from out of its ashes Burke thought he saw a frightful spectre ascend, and stand glaring with fiery eyes, and menacing with outstretched arm all the palaces and sceptres, art and civilization of Europe. It is difficult to imagine him acting in any manner but in that which he did, at all the different periods of his life. He often met with 'partings of the ways,' but he never scious for a moment to have hesitated in the course which he took. This cannot be said either of Fox or Pitt, and all this it is necessary to understand well, if the last act of Burke's life is to be rightly appreciated.

In all the Indian details, Sir Philip Francis was at Burke's elbow, and perhaps was at one time too much trusted, and had far too much influence over the impetuous orator. They were certainly on most intimate terms; Francis acted with his characteristic vanity and presumption, and indeed, it appears, took the liberty of saying things, at which no other person ventured to hint. In the midst of the labours on the impeachment, the French Revolution broke out, and it was of course natural for Francis and Burke to converse on that important subject. The two or three letters from Sir Philip, in Burke's *Correspondence*, are an image of the man.

He communicated to Burke in the December of 1789, a printed scheme of a general bank in France. It was for the purpose of giving credit to a new paper currency, to the amount of six hundred millions; and, with the economical difficulties of the period, it is scarcely necessary to say that Burke had no faith in such a financial scheme. Four months later, we find Francis writing to Burke about some proof sheets that were evidently part of the celebrated *Reflections on the French Revolution*. This letter is dated the 19th February, 1790, ten days after the debate on the army estimates, during which the first public and serious difference between Burke and Fox occurred. Francis entreats Burke to consider well the step he is about to take; it was likely to be of very great conse-

quence, and ought never to be undertaken without the most careful deliberation. At all events, Francis would act the part of a sincere friend, and give his opinion that the work both in matter and manner was of very questionable merit. The composition, Sir Philip thought, was very loose; it was unworthy of Burke to enter into a war of sarcasms with Dr. Price, and the sentiments about Marie Antoinette and French chivalry were mere foppery. Could Burke really be serious? Was he such a determined champion of beauty, as to be ready to draw his sword in defence of any jade, if she were only handsome?

Burke received this letter late one evening, after returning from Carlton House, and of course wrote a long reply to it, before going to bed. He regretted that Francis was the only one of his acquaintances who dared to give him advice; he must search himself, and endeavour, old as he was, to correct this rough and menacing manner. The composition of the work was undoubtedly loose; but he intended it to be loose. He had no idea of digesting his matter into systematic order; the style was open to correction, but his natural style of writing was somewhat careless. But Francis's main objections were of a much deeper nature, and Burke finds, with no sort of surprise, that they differ only in everything. It was a matter of some delicacy to suppress what he had written, for by doing so, he would indirectly admit that the infamy he was about to incur was really deserved. He was well aware that he was opposing the inclinations and prejudices of many people; it was for this very purpose that the letter was written. He was surprised how Francis, with the paper in his hand, could dream that the author found no other reason but her beauty, for disapproving of the manner in which the Queen of France had been treated. He would not wait until all calumnies and slanders were forgotten, before he gave way to his natural sympathies, and expressed his particular feelings. He was not to prove juridically the virtues of all those whom he saw suffering every kind of contumely and wrong, before he endeavoured to interest others in their sufferings.

Was he not to lament that he had lived to see all chivalrous manners extinguished, by means of speculations of finance, and the false science of a sordid and degenerate philosophy? When he thought of what the Queen of France once was, and what she then was, the tears *did* flow from his eyes, and wetted his paper. These tears came into his eyes again every time he looked at his own description. Francis might think this downright foppery, but it was true, and would be true when they were both no more.

Such was Burke's answer. It was, however, enclosed in another written communication to Francis, from young Richard Burke. This is of the greatest interest, and, after having read, and re-read it, until every word is impressed on our memory, we are convinced that Richard understood his father better than any man living during his generation. He certainly appreciated Burke much more truly than his correspondent Sir Philip Francis, or than Fox or Pitt, or any statesman of the day. The common opinion about Richard Burke is, that his father very much overrated the abilities of his son, and that, indeed, it was only parental fondness which clothed his offspring with all the attributes of genius. This assertion was only made after the grave had closed over both son and father, when it was impossible to discover what Richard's abilities really were. It is certain, however, that he was a good man and a dutiful son. It is certain that the letters which he wrote to Burke on French politics, are far above mediocrity.

With the mention of the *Reflections*, we must conclude our present task. Our principal intention has been to dwell at length on the earlier publications of this distinguished man, and to show the correspondence of the opinions of his life. Were we to continue our analysis, it would be little more than a repetition of what we have said before; for we affirm that these later writings only contain the application of his principles to a remarkable phenomenon. What is the first great political problem that he attempts to solve in the *Reflections*? It is the propriety of judging on abstract principles of liberty, without any re-

gard to times and circumstances. He says that circumstances, which with some people go for nothing, to him are everything, and that he cannot praise anything concerning mankind when it is stripped of all relation, and stands as a naked metaphysical abstraction. He then proceeds to give his ideas of the English Revolution, and says distinctly that James II. broke the original contract between king and subjects, that the people were on the defensive, that they confined themselves entirely to their own domestic affairs, and made a stand, not for the rights of man, but for the rights of Englishmen. His exposition of the English Revolution was much attacked at the time when the *Reflections* were published; and he illustrated it, and established his principles still more firmly, in the *Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs*. At the present time, no person doubts that Burke was right in the view he then took; and Mr. Macaulay, in the last pages of his history of James II., has only echoed Burke's words.

But still the remarkable word 'ought' is often made use of in our day, when philosophers talk about Burke's ideas on the French Revolution. He ought to have made some qualifications. He ought to have seen that there was a great truth concealed under mountains of error, even in the Jacobin frenzy. He ought to have seen that the lava which was desolating the fertile plains would, after having spent its rage, make the ground still more fertile. He ought to have seen that order would even spring from disorder, and that much future good would arise from the great present evil. All this is very fine, and very false. The simple fact, that Burke was a statesman of a particular generation, and not a professor of moral or metaphysical philosophy, justifies him in looking only at the democratic spirit as it first arose, with all its imperfections on its head. To say that while he was decidedly condemning every measure of the revolutionists, he ought still to have looked with pitying fondness at all their efforts, is a most unstatesman-like assertion. Burke believed that the example of what was going on in France would produce a great effect

over all Europe. Can any one now say that he overrated this French influence? The history of the last four years is a sufficient answer. The throne of Louis Philippe was not the only one that the Parisian mob overturned; the triumph of the republicans acted as a signal of insurrection to all the discontented millions in every country. That Burke's anti-revolutionary writings produced a mighty effect, will not now be disputed. That evil was also mingled with the good which he did, that many execrable proceedings were defended by his name, must also be admitted. But there can be no question whether the good or evil outweighs. It is he who has made the word 'révolution' such a frightful one to English ears; and the high moral tone in which he wrote has also been a great blessing. What a contrast there is between his political morality and Lord Bacon's! Bacon seems to have considered everything but highway robbery excusable in a statesman; and this loose morality may account for many of his questionable deeds. But Burke told those especially who professed to be political and social reformers, what he had before told Indian governors and Downing-street officials, that in the complex drama of human life, the dictates of humanity are truer guides than all the syllogisms of the logician; that a certain crime is never to be committed for an uncertain good; that the present time being our only possession, we have no right, under the pretence of conferring a benefit on our posterity, to mortgage the blood of our fellow-men.

Omniscience is not given to man. We do not mean to say that Burke was altogether right in these speculations on the effect of the democratic outbreak. It was not in the power of the combined armies of all the monarchs of the earth, though their hosts were led by Condé, Turennes, Marlboroughs, and Wellingtons, to silence the whispers of the still small voice that made itself heard amid the murderous cries at the barricades and the thunders of the revolutionary artillery. Had the Allied armies acted as Burke wished them to do, had they for once believed that the war they were engaged in

was a war of principle, a war against a spiritual substance, a thing without a name; and had they stood forth, as he wished them to stand forth, in a noble, manly, patriotic, and generous manner, and not like children, have chosen to throw stones into a volcano, Europe might not have been overrun with French armies, but in a certain degree the result would have been the same. In fact, all the mistakes and miseries of these revolutionary years proceeded from not looking, as Burke did, steadily at the mighty outbreak. When we speak of wisdom, we must speak comparatively; for on this earth there cannot be a perfectly wise man. On looking back into the past, it is easy to see the errors both of republicans and monarchists; but still the great question remains, who of all those that witnessed the fall of the Bastille best interpreted the portentous signs which perplexed the minds of that generation, and which, even yet, are far from being entirely explained? The subject of this essay was, undoubtedly, that man. He was even more the great man of his age, because, acting as a practical statesman of that time, and having to do with a present evil, he put out of his mind all thoughts of the good that these liberal speculations might one day produce. What is speculatively true, may be politically false; and assuredly they who could think and observe during the year 1848, will not say that Burke exaggerated the evils of a state of society, in which all reverence for old institutions and established governments was taken away. More than sixty years have gone since the French Revolution; it is not yet ended, nor seems at all likely to end. During a season of tranquillity, that strange spirit only acquires more strength, and the speculators of the present time appear little wiser than those of the past. The experience of every day proves how very difficult it is to get constitutions to work. All the eloquent tongues are smitten with foolishness, when they begin to chant their prophetic songs. Amid all the doubt and struggles of the times, it is consoling to see the British Channel separating England from the Continent. The mere division of nature is nothing, however, to the great moral chasm that inter-

venes between the politicians of England and those of other countries.

The liberal speculators of Burke's time, if they erred in looking at man merely as an individual, were, at least, to a very great extent, correct in this limited view. They sincerely strove to benefit their kind; and we may now without grudging give them their meed of praise. They saw at every step they took the high aspirations of their race, fettered by innumerable conventionalities which were incomprehensible to an unsophisticated man. Yet man was the lord of the creation. He was the noblest of nature's works. He had been given dominion over all the animate and inanimate world. He had yearnings for excellence such as this earth never could present. He naturally loved truth and justice, and hated hypocrisy and tyranny. What could withstand him? Were all the miserable cobwebs that had been accumulated through many ages, for ever to blind his eyes and sear his heart? Was there not to be a day when the proud and haughty of the earth might be punished for all their misdeeds? Were the precepts of morality, the doctrines of Christianity, only to be spoken of on Sundays; and had they nothing to do with every-day life? All men were admitted to be equals in the sight of Heaven; why, then, on this earth was there so great an inequality? And then civilization was so much praised: what was civilization? Were all the poor outcast wretches who burrowed in the alleys of our great cities, and who grew up ignorant of their duty to God or man, worthy of being called civilized men? What benefit did they derive from society? Society only appeared to them as a grim and bloody executioner; it never noticed them until they were initiated in all the mysteries of crime. It was easy to talk to these outcast millions of duty, but duty implied something reciprocal: it implied that society had also a duty; it implied that the millions had also rights. What had society done for them, and of what rights could they boast? They had neither rights nor privileges; they had only duties. The solitary freedom of the savage, or the unsocial liberty of the wild ass, was surely better for the multitude, than thus to suffer

all the evils of civilization and society, without participating in any of their blessings.

Burke, in all his speculations, looked only at the social man. The unsatisfactory state of present civilization might be admitted: but what then? Did it follow, that by sweeping away all the old landmarks of society, the condition of the millions would be bettered? He wished to bring all these speculations to the test of experience, and experience taught him a salutary distrust of all hasty reforms. History, the great chronicle of all the misery, sin, and bloodshed of the human race, told him nothing certain about the wisdom of violent solutions of continuity in the political body. It was easy to destroy, it was not so easy to create. Man was a most wise, and at the same time a most unwise being; he required many guideposts to keep him in the right path. True wisdom, then, consisted in following as nearly as possible in the track of our ancestors, and in not suffering the waters of a moral deluge to wash away all traces of past generations; if the flood burst its banks, and the waters were once out, it might be long before the ark of society could again find a resting-place. The worm-eaten parchments, the ruined castles, the old cathedrals, the obsolete laws, the clumsy regulations of feudalism, the ancient precedents, were in some measure to be respected, even when our commerce was changing the condition of life, new interests growing up, new empires becoming of great importance, the islanders beginning to be recognised as a mighty imperial people. Whatever might be the faults of the old English constitution, the people had flourished under it,—as America, as India, as our fleets on all seas, our merchants in every country, our statesmen, soldiers, poets, and philosophers, sufficiently bore witness.

These two views of man and society appear very contradictory. But there was one great principle which Rousseau, Voltaire, and most of the philosophers of the continent entirely disregarded, but which, in England at least, as the events of the first few revolutionary years occurred, caused both the friends of liberty and the friends of order to

join hands and act together with some cordiality. It was the national principle. About whatever else they might differ, here they began to agree. Englishmen belonged to a particular portion of the earth, they were descended from the same ancestors, they spoke the same language, they had the same habits, the same associations, the same literature, the same aspirations. This principle, Burke, in his *Letters on a Regicidal Peace*, endeavoured to revive, and Napoleon accomplished what Burke had left undone. We at least were brothers; we were a nation; we had some solid ground to stand upon, a real spar to cling to, as the storm raged around. Among Englishmen, the love of the household gods and the family fireside is very strong; and perhaps this family affection expanding into the national one, has been, more than anything else, the cause of England's greatness. It is a reality and a truth, whatever else is spurious and false. Our greatest authors, Milton, Bacon, and Shakspeare, were thorough Englishmen; and their great follower, Burke, wrote in the same spirit. He says, 'to love the little platoon we belong to in society, is the germ of all public affections.' True! most true! The innocent associations of childhood, the kind mother who taught us to whisper the first faint accents of prayer, and watched with anxious face over our slumbers, the ground on which our little feet first trod, the pew in which we first sat during public worship, the school in which our first rudiments were taught, the torn Virgil, the dog-eared Horace, the friends and companions of our young days, the authors who first told us the history of our country, the songs that first made our hearts throb with noble and generous emotions, the burying-place of our fathers, the cradles of our children, are surely the first objects which nature tells us to love. Philanthropy, like charity, must begin at home. From this centre our sympathies may extend in an ever widening circle.

We had hoped to have dwelt longer on the great national spirit of Burke's works. We had hoped to have made many further observations on the contrast between the civilization of the ancients, and that of the eighteenth century; between the

Greek and Roman systems of colonization and emigration, and that which has contributed to people the wildernesses of America; between the Greek and Roman oratory, and that which is now prevalent in public assemblies. We had hoped to have said something more about the past and future of America and India, and to have considered at some length the general question of the French Revolution, and the various theories which different writers and statesmen have propounded, concerning the tendencies of this democracy. We had, above all, hoped to have considered Burke's general character, the merits of his writings as literary compositions, his speeches as specimens of oratory and eloquence, and the general influence that he has exercised and is exercising over the English people. To illustrate all these questions, we had collected materials; but disappointment is the lot of man.

There is no fear lest the subject should be exhausted; it branches on every side, and however much may have been written about Burke, much still remains to be written. How can it indeed be otherwise? What political problem is there now requiring solution, on which his works do not throw light? All men look most anxiously to the new year; it is felt that the Gordian knot of many a weighty question will have either to be properly loosened or violently cut. So far from too much having been said about the great English political philosopher, the warnings that his works contain are for the most part disregarded: we know from bitter experience that the race of Grenvilles is not extinct, and that it is a mere chance whether we do not act over again the tragic-comic drama of colonial rebellion. In the meanwhile, we have no fears for the future. Cloudy as the day may seem, we have faith in the good sense of the English people. The spirit of our great men, the spirit of Spenser, Milton, Shakspeare, Burke, the spirit that has done so much in every part of the world, has not, we trust, yet left their descendants. Let us study our own history, find out the true meaning of our old warriors and our great thinkers, and believe that their hearts and minds are still living and working. •



THE USE AND BEAUTY OF WORDS.*

IT is not alone in Eastern fairy tales that people drop pearls every time they open their mouths. We are doing it every minute in the day, like the worthy gentleman who had been speaking prose all his life, without knowing it. We cannot utter a single sentence without recalling by an unconscious sign or symbol some historical memory, some ancient custom, some scrap of the early poetry of the world, or some ethical divination that lost its charm long ago, and has passed into sheer commonplace in our degenerate days. All these things, and a thousand more no less strange and instructive, lie concealed in the ordinary words we employ from morning till night, and to which we usually attach no further value or interest than they carry in their loosest colloquial significations. Mr. Trench puts the case very satisfactorily in the opening passage of a series of lectures which he delivered to the pupils of the Diocesan Training School at Winchester, and which he has recently collected into a little volume. He says, 'Not in books only, which all acknowledge, nor yet in connected oral discourse, but often also in words contemplated each one apart from others and by itself, there are boundless stores of moral and historic truth, and no less of passion and imagination, laid up, — lessons of infinite worth which we may derive from them, if only our attention is awakened to their existence.' The object of his lectures is to awaken that attention; in which he has entirely succeeded. Whatever exceptions any of the readers of this book, ourselves included, may take to certain points and certain views of topics collaterally related to the main subject, the work cannot fail to set people thinking in directions which they seldom traverse, and from which they cannot choose but to reap both profit and pleasure. To open up new vistas through the maze of language, to develop some of the stores of wisdom, of rich imagery, of tradition, and progressive

civilization, that are shut up in words — and to throw a broad light upon many curious details connected with the transitions which the language of common life has undergone through successive ages, are studies that may well engage the investigation of scholars for the benefit of the unlearned: who, incapable themselves of originating such inquiries, may yet derive advantage and entertainment from following them in the labours of others.

We believe it is Latham who speaks of language as 'fossil poetry,' an expression singularly happy in its force and appropriateness, and evidently meaning, says Mr. Trench, with a no less felicitous power of exposition, that 'just as in some fossil, curious and beautiful shapes of vegetable or animal life, the graceful fern, or the finely vertebrated lizard, such as now, it may be, have been extinct for thousands of years, are permanently bound up in the stone, and rescued from that perishing which would otherwise have been theirs; so in words are beautiful thoughts and images, the imagination and the feeling of past ages, of men long since in their graves, of men whose very names have perished, there, which would so easily have perished too, preserved and made safe for ever.' The only objection to the phrase is, as Mr. Trench observes, that it is too narrow. Language is also fossil history, fossil philosophy, fossil art. It is too narrow, also, inasmuch as it presents only one aspect of the many uses of language, and shows it merely as the embahmer of dead creeds and usages, of the life and forms of the past; whereas it also contains the living principle of the present, and the germs of the future. To attempt illustrations of these various functions of language, would carry us beyond our limits; but a rapid glance at Mr. Trench's lectures will enable us to indicate with sufficient fulness, the nature and inexhaustible resources of this plastic instrument of reason and passion, thought, action, and intercourse.

* *The Study of Words.* Five Lectures, addressed to the pupils of the Diocesan Training School, Winchester. By R. Chenevix Trench, B.D., Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Oxford, Professor of Divinity, King's College, London. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1851.

We must, however, express our regret, that Mr. Trench did not strictly confine himself to the subject implied by the title of his book, and that he should have felt it necessary or desirable to make these lectures on words a medium for enforcing religious views. He distracts our attention from the main purpose before us, when he takes advantage of a tempting opportunity to inculcate opinions, which, excellent as they might be on fitting occasions, are obviously out of place in a treatise on language. Take for instance the word 'religious' itself. He cites it as an example of the perversion of the moral sense of words, and of the moral contagion to which language was exposed under the Papal domination in Europe.

Probably, (he observes) many of you are aware that in those times a 'religious' person did not mean any one who felt and owned the bonds that bound him to God and to his fellow-men, but one who had taken peculiar vows upon him, a member of one of the monkish orders; a 'religious' house did not mean, nor does it now mean in the Church of Rome, a Christian household, ordered in the fear of God, but an house in which these persons were gathered together according to the rule of some man, Benedict, or Dominic, or some other. A 'religion' did not mean a service of God, but an order of monkery; and taking the monastic vows was termed going into a 'religion.' [When was it turned so?] Now what an awful light does this one word so used throw on the entire state of mind and habits of thought in those ages!

And so on. It is assuredly out of no tenderness for Roman monasteries or monkeries, that we object to the introduction of these irrelevant allusions to the abuses of popery in a philological essay. There is room enough elsewhere for the exposure of the sins of the papacy. Must our pious horror of Rome, like garlic in the Spanish *cuisine*, flavour all our dishes? Mr. Trench felt, perhaps, that as he was addressing the pupils of a training school, religious instruction was as much a part of his business as the history and mystery of language; but the wisest and the truest thing said out of season is either a waste or a hindrance, or both. Besides, there is always a risk of proving too much, when zeal goes out of its way to

point a superfluous moral. It might, we think, be very easily shown that Mr. Trench's exposition of the Romish use of the word 'religious' is somewhat forced; but it is not worth a discussion.

The first point to which the investigation logically addresses itself, is the origin of language. There are two theories on this subject, says Mr. Trench,—

One, and that which rather has been than is, for few maintain it now, would put language on the same level with the various arts and inventions with which man has gradually adorned and enriched his life; it would make him by degrees to have invented it, just as he might have invented any of these, for himself; and from rude imperfect beginnings, the inarticulate cries by which he expressed his natural wants, the sounds by which he sought to imitate the impression of natural objects upon him, little by little to have arrived at that wondrous organ of thought and feeling, which his language is often to him now.

This theory Mr. Trench rejects, on the ground that it would make language an *accident*, in which case we should somewhere find tribes sunk so low as not to possess it, whereas every human being has a language of some sort. We confess we do not see the necessary connexion between the proposition which asserts that language was a growth of natural wants, and the inference he draws from it, that therefore there must be found some races without language, which means, in other words, that there must be some races without the natural wants which language typifies or supplies. If language be the result of natural wants (which, in their nature, must be common to all mankind), the inference would rather be, that all mankind must have language. Let us see, however, what Mr. Trench's view of the matter is. This conducts us to the second theory.

But the truer answer to the inquiry how language arose, is this, that God gave man language, just as He gave him reason, and just because He gave him reason (for what is man's word but his reason coming forth, so that it may behold itself?) gave it to him, because he could not be a man, that is, a sociable being, without it.

In this explanation we apprehend Mr. Trench confounds Speech and

Language; and herein, being himself a careful student of words, he furnishes us with a striking example of the danger that may occur from inexactitude in the choice and use of terms. All men have Speech. It is that which distinguishes man, even in his savage state, from the lower animals. It is the sign and evidence and organ of reason, which is the faculty that marks and separates his higher nature from that of the brute. It was this which God gave him, and not language, which is only the result and consequence of it. Having Speech, or the power of using language, language naturally and inevitably followed.

And it is no less obvious that language was built up bit by bit, just upon the very theory which Mr. Trench repudiates, but which he afterwards, in the following passage, arrives at and confirms by a different process of ratiocination—differing, however, only in the mode of presenting the same truth.

Yet this must not be taken to affirm that man started at the first furnished with a full-formed vocabulary of words, as it were with his first dictionary and first grammar ready made to his hands. He did not thus begin the world with names, but with the power of naming.

It is clear, from the words we have put into *italics*, that Mr. Trench did not mean in the passage previously quoted, that God gave man language, but the power of creating and using language—a distinction very essential to be kept in view when we are inquiring into the origin of language, considered as a collection of words or names, and it is equally clear that he again confounds speech and language when he speaks of the 'spontaneous generation of speech,' by which he means the generation of words or language, speech being an original faculty, and not a growth or generation in any sense.

But, waving our objection to the looseness of the phrase, the reader will agree with us in admiring the following lucid description of the building up of a language.

How this latent power evolved itself first, how this spontaneous generation of speech came to pass, is a mystery, even as every act of creation is such of necessity; and as a mystery all the deepest inquirers into the subject are content to leave it but

we may, perhaps, a little help ourselves to the realizing of what the process was, and what it was not, if we liken it to the growth of a tree springing out of and unfolding itself from a root, and according to a necessary law, — that root being the divine capacity of language with which man was created, that law being the law of highest reason with which he was endowed: if we liken it to this, rather than to the rearing of an house, which a man should slowly and painfully fashion for himself with dead timbers combined after his own fancy and caprice; and which little by little improved in shape, material, and size, being first but a log-house, answering his barest needs, and only, after centuries of toil and pain growing for his sons' sons into a stately palace for pleasure and delight.

We are by no means disposed, however, to set aside the house-image in favour of the tree, because we recognise more in it of the principle of adaptation to new wants and luxuries, and enlarging necessities of every kind. In each image there is a forcible illustration of the gradual development of language, taken from particular points of sight; in the one, of the primary law of reason, which regulates its growth; in the other, of the artificial resources which are brought to bear upon it structurally, so to speak, with a view to expand, unfold, and adjust it to the advancing and changing destinies of man; and both images combined completely represent the process by which language is made the effectual exponent of the simplest conditions of a state of nature, as it is of the highest civilization.

Language, thus giving a voice to existing ideas, and growing up out of new ideas, extending its own region of expressive symbols with the mental and material acquisitions which demanded fresh signs and symbols, is accurately described by Mr. Trench as 'evolving itself out of itself, and finding resources in itself, according to its emergent needs.' He gives an example of this from our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, who may be presumed to have had no word for a king, so long as the idea of such a ruler had not dawned upon them, and who, when the idea had ripened in their minds, and they were looking about for the means of giving utterance to that

representative of power and order, created it out of the vocabulary they already possessed.

They had already, from whatever quarter they derived it, the word 'can,' or 'ken,' to be able, to know; we still retain both; which are but two forms of one and the same word, witnessing in their identity to men's universal sense that 'knowledge is power.' And this ruler, what was he to be? whom should they choose?—for we are speaking of that earlier period, when not as yet the idea of hereditary kingship had arisen. Surely he should be the ablest man in the nation, the most knowing in council, the most daring in war, the most 'kenning' and 'canning' man amongst them; and from this they named him 'cyng,' or 'cynig,' which are only earlier forms of our 'king.'

Examples might be indefinitely multiplied, of words representing compound ideas, in a direct sense, or by imaginal implication, which have been created in the same way. The copiousness of the German language, enriched almost to an embarrassing exuberance by its great writers, may be referred chiefly to this growth of new words out of old ones, this perpetual grafting, as it were, of new meanings and uses—this complex production of endless varieties of fruit from one main trunk.

The decline or decadence of language, the dropping of words into oblivion with the things or usages they were invented, or employed, to symbolize, opens a no less curious source of speculation. An instance of this kind, referred to by Mr. Trench, and quoted from Moffat's *Missionary Labours in South Africa*, is, perhaps, the most remarkable on record. The Bechuanas, a Caffre tribe, formerly had a word, 'Morimo,' to express 'Him that is above,' or 'Him that is in heaven.' With this word was associated their notion of a Supreme Being. When Moffat visited Africa, the word had disappeared. Here and there was a very old man to be found, who had heard it in his youth, but, to all intents and purposes, the word had passed into desuetude, and was absolutely unknown in its primitive signification to the bulk of the people. But the word, nevertheless, survived in a different sense; and the new use to which it was put evinced the condition of moral de-

gradation into which the population had fallen. It no longer represented to the imagination of the Bechuanas a Divine Being, but was retained amongst the charms of the ruin-makers and sorcerers, to signify a sort of monstrous ghost. The word, in its higher sense, had gone out with the idea it originally expressed, and survived only in the superstitions which had supplanted the simple faith in a Supreme Being. It is thus that the vicissitudes in the history of words are frequently found to reflect the vicissitudes in the history of nations; but we must be careful not to push this speculation too far, an objection which may be incidentally taken to Mr. Trench's interesting and suggestive lecture on the morality in words.

The phrase, 'morality in words,' seems, at the first glance, singular; but no other phrase could so clearly or so satisfactorily convey the author's meaning. In words are contained the unmistakable evidence of man's relation to God; of his consciousness of it, and its responsibilities; and of all the virtues and vices, the glory and the shame, of his existence. How came the words that express these things into the common language of all classes, unless the ideas they express had previously existed? All this is obvious enough. But it is when Mr. Trench applies to the examination of words the same spiritual analysis he would address from the pulpit to the fallen condition of man, that he strains the inquiry beyond its legitimate limits. The reader who approaches the subject for the first time, will be startled at finding his every-day vocabulary called up into the ghostly witness-box to bear testimony against him.

I open the first letter of the alphabet (says Mr. Trench); what means this 'Ah,' this 'Alas,'—these deep and long-drawn sighs of humanity, which at once we encounter there? And then presently follow words such as these, Affliction, Anguish, Assassin, Atheist, Avarice, and twenty more—words, you will observe, for the most part not laid up in the recesses of the language, to be drawn forth and used at rare opportunities, but occupying, many of them, its foremost ranks.

Is there not a little fine-drawing in this? Is it not more ingenious than just, although there is a grain of truth in it? Under the

same offending letter of the alphabet may be found many words of the purest and most elevating signification, types of the noblest qualities and aspirations,—such as *Angelic*, *Altar*, *Adoration*, *Amiable*, and the like. But it is not upon the preponderance of words of evil over words of good in our dictionaries, or, even in the oral and unprinted language of the vulgar, that we join issue with our excellent lecturer; but upon the extremity to which he urges the argument, when, in such passages as the following, he endeavours to prove, out of the lower uses to which particular words have been put in the course of time, the deepening degradation and increasing sinfulness of man.

How many words men have dragged downward with themselves, and made partakers more or less of their own fall. Having originally an honourable significance, they have yet, with the deterioration and degeneration of those that used them, deteriorated and degenerated too. What a multitude of words, originally harmless, have assumed an harmful as their secondary meaning; how many worthy have acquired an unworthy. Thus 'knave' meant once no more than a lad; 'villain,' than peasant; 'a boor' was only a farmer; 'a clown' but a strong fellow. 'Timeserver' was used two hundred years ago quite as often for one in an honourable as in a dishonourable sense, 'serving the time.' There was a time when 'conceits' had nothing conceited in them; 'officious' had reference to offices of kindness, not of busy meddling; 'moody' was that which pertained to a man's mood, without any gloom or sullenness implied. 'Demure' (which is, *des mœurs*, of good manners) conveyed no hint, as it does now, of an overdoing of the outward demonstrations of modesty, in 'crafty' and 'cunning' there was nothing of crooked wisdom implied, but only knowledge and skill.

As a piece of reasoning, having an aim and purpose in view, this is inconclusive. Without stopping to dispute the accuracy of these interpretations, or to inquire into the history of that golden age when the primary significations of word were all sweetness and goodness, we will content ourselves with asking whether Mr. Trench means that at the time when knave meant lad; villain, peasant; and crafty and cunning, knowledge and skill, there were no knaves or villains, craftiness or cun-

ning, in the world? For unless he means that, the whole argument drops to the ground. Unless men 'have dragged downwards with themselves,' from a state in which these things did not exist, the words which they now employ to represent these debasing things, but which formerly represented things harmless or virtuous, there is no further force or application in the illustrations selected than to show that, in process of time, words have passed, like other agencies, into new uses, and if the things existed, it is really very unimportant, so far as the morality of the world is concerned, whether they were represented by these words, or by other words, or had no words to represent them. We have no doubt that many words might be discovered which, on the other hand, have taken briefet rank, and may now be found employed in higher missions than were originally assigned to them; but we lay no stress upon that as a counterpoise to Mr. Trench's instances, since we know that it is the inevitable destiny of all words, as they descend from their primary signification into colloquial use, to sink, if we may so describe it, to the level of common and universal requirements. And this downward tendency (to use our author's word), instead of being a source of degradation and debasement to a language, is, in truth, one of the most active means by which it is enriched, and by which words, in their original employment confined to the learned and the few, become at last the property of the many, to the manifest improvement and expansion, and increased power, variety, and flexibility of the popular vocabulary.

The word 'maudlin' supplies a special illustration of what we cannot but regard as a too exacting religious sensibility.

And think you (he inquires) that the Magdalen could have ever given us 'maudlin' in its present contemptuous application, if the tears of penitential weeping had been held in due honour in the world?

The fallacy of the grounds upon which this question proceeds is, we think, apparent. Is it to be supposed that one man in a million connects the word 'maudlin' with the Magdalen? or that any man uses it to the disho-

nour of *penitential* weeping? And if not, what becomes of the reproof conveyed to the world for the accepted use of the word? The fact is that, like a multitude of other words, it came in course of the changes to which all words are subject, to have a different sense from its original sense. There is no profounder mystery in the matter, nor is it fairly susceptible of any other elucidation. It is not that the world is degenerated, or that the word is degenerated, but that the word is wrested from its first signification, and otherwise applied, by the invading practice of mankind—a case which is so very common, that, instead of pointing a particular moral, it only serves to show that, in treating of the actual meaning of words, it is no longer safe to trust to their early associations or etymologies.

The same assertion of man's sinfulness, as testified by his deterioration of the uses of certain words, pervades the whole of this curious lecture, which, in spite of its speculations, is nevertheless full of thought and erudition, and written in the most charming, graceful, and suggestive spirit. We cannot enter into details. We can deal only with the general theory which asserts that men in attaching a lower sense to words than they originally bore, have thereby stamped upon their language indelible proofs of their own moral debasement. Against this theory it is enough that we enter our protest. We hold it to be a misdirection of the lecturer to his audience, springing from his anxiety to turn the occasion to the account of a well-intentioned piety. It is a sort of begging of the question of man's sinfulness in a manner not to be expected from a logician or a philologist.

Mr. Trench, we are bound to say, is abundantly candid on the other side. If he traces the aberrations of a vicious kind which have taken place in words, he also shows that words have sometimes been rescued from evil meanings, and reformed in their significations for the benefit of mankind. But the worst of his mode of treatment is, as we have already observed, that, in his eagerness to extract a general moral from accidental circumstances, he

proves too much. If words have been redeemed to the side of virtue, it is the sanctifying influence of Christianity which has operated this salutary reformation in language; and if they have been degraded to baser uses, it is the sinking of man into the abysses of sin, to which their degradation is to be ascribed. In brief, Mr. Trench looks upon language in this aspect as the moveable type of the moral world, and regards its changes, for good or evil, as proofs of the changes that take place in the heart and nature of man. To some extent this theory will hardly be disputed, nor, when he addresses it generally to an *historical*, contra-distinguished from a *moral*, review of the vicissitudes of words, are we in the least disposed to demur to his conclusions. But even here he is too refined, and cannot help mixing the action of the spiritual nature with the palpable pressure of outward causes.

Seeing then [he observes] that language contains so faithful a record of the good and of the evil which in time past have been working in the minds of men, we shall not err if we regard it as a kind of moral barometer, which indicates and permanently marks the rise and fall of a nation's life. To study a people's language will be to study *them*, and to study them at best advantage, where they present themselves to us under fewest disguises, most nearly as they are.

We shall see in what manner he appeals to this 'moral barometer,' by one or two examples. 'Take the word 'innocent,' in a special sense, in which it is sometimes used, although this use of it is chiefly confined to uneducated people, as in Ireland, where it is universal amongst the peasantry:—

Must it not be confessed to be a striking fact that exactly in the same way a person of deficient intellect is called an 'innocent;' that is, *in nocens*, one that does not hurt? so that this word assumes that the first and chief use men make of their intellectual powers will be to do hurt, that where they are wise, it will be to do evil. What a witness does human language here bear against human sin!

The inference, to say the least of it, is strained. It is by no means a necessary consequence, because, out of a tenderness, which is pathetic in the earnestness of its

trust and sympathy, a person of deficient intellect is called an 'innocent,' as being incapable of inflicting injury on others, that, therefore, the first and chief use of intellect is to do evil. Mr. Trench here confounds the power with the tendency to do evil, and throws out of view the important consideration, that if intellect has the power to do evil, it has also the power to do good. He also overlooks the fact, that his argument cuts both ways, and that the same word which implies the harmlessness of a person of deficient intellect, also implies his incapacity for good.

Agam, take the Italian modern use of the words 'virtuoso' and 'cicerone.' No wonder, exclaims Mr. Trench, that the Italians have supplied such beautiful statues and sculpture to our Great Exhibition, when they have degraded the word 'virtuoso,' or 'the virtuous,' to signify—

One accomplished in painting, music, and sculpture, things which are the ornamental fringe of our life, but can never be made, without loss of all manliness of character, its main texture and woof;—not to say that excellence in these fine arts has been in too many cases divorced from all true virtue and worth!

And this, too, from a writer who has himself acquired no slight reputation as a poet! He is still harder upon the word 'cicerone':—

How little the modern Italians live in the spirit of the ancient worthies, or reverence the greatest among them, we may argue from the fact, that they have been content to take the name of one among their noblest, and degrade it so far that every glib and loquacious infelicitous who shows strangers about their picture galleries and palaces and ruins is termed by them a 'Cicerone,' or a Cicero!

We suspect Mr. Trench would be the first to cry out (and not without justice) against the modern Italians, if, instead of falling into the track of the rest of the world, they had remained as they were eighteen or nineteen hundred years ago, a petrifaction of 'the spirit of their ancient worthies.' In that case, what would have become of the ennobling and purifying influences of Christianity? What would the Italian language be, if the Italians of to-day were to live as the Romans did in

the days of the Triumvirate? If there be something to complain of (although we cannot see it) in the perversion of the name of Cicero, would it not be something still worse to revert to the age when neither the function of the cicerone—one of the many products of refinement and civilization—nor the popular taste nor intelligent curiosity which called it into existence, were amongst the attributes or characteristics of the conquerors of the world? We must take the bad with the good in these descending shifts and masquerades of language. We must compound for that which is objectionable on the score of morality or taste, by a reference to our large gains in other directions, the new domains of expression we have annexed to the old, and the advances made by the bulk of the population in the acquisition of knowledge, through those increased facilities which have rendered language more plastic and available for common use. The severer judgment of the scholar may condemn as verbiage that undergrowth of words which threatens to choke up and impoverish the great roots that have occupied the soil from the earliest times; he may apprehend wreck and disaster to the fixedness of language when he sees words loosened from their etymons, and left to drift upon the ocean at the mercy of wind and tide; and he is justified in every reasonable and reasonable attempt, he makes to recal the true and proper use of words, and to reconcile current and established significations with the sanctions of authority. But it should not be forgotten in these laudable labours, that language, like the arts and sciences, the modes and manners, the wants and acquisitions it is expressly employed and expanded to give utterance to, is changeable and progressive. Change and progress are amongst its inevitable conditions. It is an essential law of language, that it shall be flexible and adaptive, taking the impress of the form and characteristics of the time; and however desirable it may be to regulate and restrain its extension within bounds that shall keep it comparatively pure and analogical, it is still more desirable that it should be chartered with sufficient liberty to enable it to

embrace all the new demands that are made upon it from age to age. It is thus that language really becomes, in a figurative sense, the depository of history. It is thus that the phraseology of one age differs from the phraseology of another, and that we are hence enabled to see reflected in the writings of Shakspeare and De Foe, and of the Wycherleys, the Steeles, and the Addisons, as in a mirror, not only the vernacular idiom of the period, but its moral and social peculiarities.

When Mr. Trench comes to treat expressly of 'History in Words,' he deals more largely and philosophically with his theme, and enforces with perspicuity the upward growth and grafting of languages, one within another, as conquest and intercourse led to the fusion of tongues, or the necessities of men acquired new forms and minuter shades of expression. We cannot have a better example than that of the gradual intermingling of the Norman and the Saxon.

Take for example the relation in which the Saxon and Norman occupants of this land stood to one another. I doubt not that an account of this, in the main as accurate as it would be certainly instructive, might be drawn from an intelligent study of the contributions which they have severally made to the English language, as bequeathed to us jointly by them both. . . . Nor indeed, is it hard to see why the language must contain such instruction as this, when we a little realize to ourselves the stages by which it has come down to us in its present shape. There was a time when the languages which the Saxon and the Norman severally spoke, existed each by the side of, but unmingled with, the other; one, that of the small dominant class, the other that of the great body of the people. By degrees, however, with the fusion of the two races, the two languages also fused into a third. At once there would exist duplicates for many things. But as in popular speech two words will not long exist side by side to designate the same thing, it became a question how the relative claims of the Saxon and Norman word should adjust themselves, which should remain, which should be dropped; or, if not dropped, should be transferred to some other object, or express some other relation. . . . Evidently, when a word was often on the lips of one race, its equivalent seldom on those of the other, where it intimately cohered with the manner of life of the one, was only

remotely in contact with that of the other, where it laid strong hold on one, but slight on the other, the issue could not be doubtful.

The ultimate settling down of this fermentation of words—the final deposit, as it were—may be traced in the composite structure of the language transmitted to us from that agitated period. All our words of power and dignity, of state and honour, (with the single exception of the word 'king,' already noticed,) come down to us from the Normans—'sovereign, sceptre, throne, realm, royalty, homage, prince, duke, count, ('earl,' indeed, is Scandinavian, though he must borrow his 'countess' from the Norman,) chancellor, treasurer, palace, castle, hall, come, and a multitude more.' If on the one side, we have all the articles of luxury, and chivalry, and personal adornment from the Norman, we have the broad basis of language, and therefore, the life of the people, from the Saxon.

The great features of nature, the sun, the moon, the stars, the earth, the water, the fire, all the prime social relations, father, mother, husband, wife, son, daughter, these are Saxon. The palace and the castle may have come to us from the Norman, but to the Saxon we owe far dearer names, the home, the hearth, the house, the roof.

It is curious enough to follow out this train of comparisons. The instruments for cultivating the earth, and the main products of the earth, are Saxon. The names of domestic animals also are Saxon, so long as they are alive; but the moment they are dead, and dressed for table, they become translated into Norman—'a fact,' observes Mr. Trench, 'which we might have expected beforehand; for the Saxon hind had the charge and labour of tending and feeding them, but only that they might appear on the table of his Norman lord.' The Saxon ox, steer, and cow become converted into Norman beef—the Saxon calf into Norman veal—Saxon sheep into Norman mutton, and so on with swine and pork, deer, venison, fowl, and pullet, the single exception being in the case of bacon, 'the only flesh which may have come within the reach of the poor Saxon hind.'

In penetrating the meanings of words, as drawn from their original

sources, for 'attestations of God's truth, and then some of the playings of the devil's falsehood,' it appears to us that the result is obtained by a forcing process. The word 'plague,' with the commentary attached to it, may be cited as an instance:—

There are those who will not hear of great pestilences being God's scourges of men's sins; who fain would find out natural causes for them, and account for them by the help of these. I remember it was thus with too many during both our fearful visitations from the cholera. They may do so, or imagine that they do so, yet every time they use the word 'plague,' they implicitly own the act which they are endeavouring to deny; for 'plague' means properly and according to its derivation, 'blow,' or 'stroke'; and was a title given to these terrible diseases, because the great universal conscience of men, which is never a fault, believed and confessed that these were 'strokes' or 'blows' inflicted by God on a guilty and rebellious world.

To seek for the will of God in the derivations of words, which are but the inventions of man to express his own sense of things, right or wrong, makes an appeal to our conscience, which our conscience commits no very great irreverence in rejecting. The 'plague' may be one of God's punishments for the wickedness of man—we are not disputing that; but we cannot accept as conclusive evidence of the divine wrath the nomenclature of past ages, when systematic investigation and discovery had developed none of the wonders of the heavens or the earth, when men believed in astrology and witchcraft, and ascribed influences and agencies to the stars and the comets, which subsequent knowledge has consigned to universal contempt. If we are to ground our faith on etymologies of this description, where are we to stop? If we are to resist as impious the inquiries of science into the physical causes of cholera, and to refuse to admit natural explanations of such scourges because they were formerly called by name—which sprang out of the ignorance of our forefathers, there is scarcely a superstition of the old times which, upon the same principle, we should not be justified in reviving. The argument, in fact, taken as the enunciation of an article of philological faith, is neither more nor less than

an argument on behalf of superstition. It is curious and full of strange and thoughtful matter, as indeed, the whole of this book is; but we submit that it is not only beside the purpose of the practical questions involved in the study of language, but that it puts a stamp upon popular superstitions, which it is much easier to give them than to fix the limits where this kind of reasoning is to end. The Irish have a still better, because less mischievous, etymological superstition about the word 'blow,' or 'blast,' which we may suggest by way of a pagan note to Mr. Trench's derivation of the word 'plague.' They call it a 'puck.' When one man strikes another in a half-playful, half-earnest way, they call it giving him a 'puck.' The English reader, who has renounced his belief in the fairies, ever since their emigration under the Protestant rule of Elizabeth, might cudgel his brains a long time before he could trace this word to its etymon. Yet it has a very distinct and highly poetical source. Whenever a blast of unkindly wind struck keenly upon a person's face, and produced a toothache, or an earache, or a pain in the muscles, such as proceeds from cold or rheumatism, it was confidently believed by the peasantry that the said 'blast' was occasioned by no less a personage than the fairy Puck, who, sweeping suddenly past, struck the doomed individual, out of a wicked frolic, in the face. Hence this 'blast' or 'blow' came to be called a 'puck,' and hence the word 'puck' glided into the common vocabulary, to signify a 'blow,' in the ordinary sense. One superstition, we take it, is as good as another, and in this instance the weight of a simple and harmless imagination is certainly on the side of the Irish peasant.

The volume is crowded with the fruits of extensive reading and research into the history and significance of words, and throws a broad light upon the structure and uses of language. As the subject is not laid down and followed out with the formality of a logical treatise, but taken up in a speculative and discursive spirit, the treatment, full of examples and rich in lore of every kind, is suggestive of new views and theories, rather than decisive of

principles. If, however, it conducts us to no certain or defined general results, but keeps us loitering in the 'primrose paths of dalliance,' we gather from the perusal a vast quantity of novel and striking materials, and feel that it has enlarged our information, extended our horizon of language, and instructed and elevated our sense of the importance and latent power of words. One of the objects Mr. Trench appears to have had in view was to trace words to their derivations, and to show how mistaken we are in our present use of them tested by that standard. In this inquiry, we suspect, *le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*. Suppose our present use of words betrays aberrations from the root. What then? Does Mr. Trench seriously propose that we should relinquish our existing usages, and go back to the spring-head, to take up meanings which no longer, perhaps, possess a direct application, or which have grown obsolete by the fluctuations of manners, customs, and a thousand other causes? Does he think it desirable that we should call a suffering man a passionate man; that we should say of a man who requites a benefit, that he repents it; or of another who has done us kindnesses, that he is officious in our affairs, merely because we find these significations lying at the remote and dead roots of the words which we now employ in other significations? Surely a scheme so full of derangement and confusion could not be carried out without involving more mischief than benefit to the language. But the best answer to it is, that it is impracticable.

We need not here repeat the opinions we have already expressed in a recent paper on the subject of etymology. Our real business with words lies much more with their present value than their distant roots. A knowledge of derivations is always useful, and should never be underrated as an important branch of the study of language in its history and structure; but a constant appeal to etymology, as the strict test of the true use of words, is only calculated to perplex and confound, and ultimately to mislead. In its collateral relation to words, and its general influence upon the genius of a language, etymology ex-

ercises indispensable force; but we must limit its authority within the bounds which custom and necessity prescribe, or we shall find ourselves running the risk of retrograding instead of advancing. Even Mr. Trench himself, staunch an advocate as he is for the 'undefiled well,' admits that words must sometimes take the colour of the circumstances through which the stream runs.

It is no necessity that a word should always be considered to root itself in its etymology, and to draw its life-blood from thence. It may so detach itself from this as to have a right to be regarded independently of it. Thus it was a piece of ethical pindery, and an ignorance of the laws which govern the formation and use of words, in the early Quakers, when they refused to employ the names commonly given to the days of the week, and substituted for these, 'first day,' 'second day,' and so on; and this, on the ground that it became not Christian men to give so much sanction to idolatry as was involved in Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, although every time they spoke of Wednesday, they would be doing some honour to Woden, of Thursday to Thor, and Friday to Freya, and thus with the rest. But these names of the days of the week had long left their etymologies behind, and quite disengaged themselves from them. Nor, had these precisians in speech been consistent, could they have stopped where they did; every new acquaintance with the derivation or primary use of words would have brought them into new embarrassment, would have required them still further to purge their speech. 'To charm,' 'to fascinate,' 'to enchant,' would have been no longer lawful words for those who had outlived the belief in magic, nor 'lunacy' nor 'lunatic' for such as did not believe that the moon had anything to do with mental unsoundness.

We could not desire to see the whole question of the imperative and binding authority of etymology more satisfactorily disposed of than Mr. Trench has done it in this lucid passage.

We may now pass, without further preface, to some of his derivations. The word 'pagan,' and how it came to be applied to heathens, is a bit of history preserved in the amber of language.

Many of us no doubt are aware that the word 'pagani,' derived from 'pagus,' a village, signifies properly the dwellers in hamlets and villages, as distinguished from the inhabitants of towns

and cities; and the word was so used, and without any religious significance, in the earlier periods of the Latin language. But how came it first to be employed as equivalent to 'heathen,' to be applied to those yet alien from the faith? It was in this way.

Simply enough: Christianity first fixed itself in the cities and centres of intelligence; and the outlying villagers, being the last to receive it, were designated as heathens, and so heathens and pagans came to be convertible terms. The formation of Angla from the Angles, and of England out of Angleland, are familiar instances.

The following belongs to another and no less interesting branch of the inquiry, in which the author traces familiar articles of every-day use to the places whence they were originally derived. The list might be increased by many additions,—such as the *sedan-chair*, which may yet be seen in the silent streets of Bath,—but our space will not allow us to indulge in this pleasant lore.

You will often be able to glean knowledge from the names of things, if not as important as that I have just been speaking of, yet curious and interesting. What a record of inventions lies in the names which so many articles bear, of the place from which they first came, or the person by whom they were first invented. The 'bayonet' tells us that it was first made at Bayonne, 'cambrics' that they came from Cambrai, 'damask' from Damascus, 'arars' from the city of that name, 'corlwin' from Corlova, 'currants' from Corinth, — the 'guinea' that it was originally coined out of gold brought from the African coast so called. Such, indeed, is the manufacturing progress of England, that we now send out calicoes and muslins to India and the East; yet the words give standing witness that we once imported them from thence; for 'calico' is from Calicut, and 'muslin' from Mossul, a city in Asiatic Turkey.

Amongst other curiosities of language noticed by Mr. Trench, is the desynonymizing process by which two words are formed out of one by merely shifting the accent,—such as 'divers' and 'diverse,' 'conjure' and 'conjure,' 'antique' and 'antique,' 'human' and 'humane,' 'gentle' and 'gentle,' or by giving a full or a short sound of the syllables, as in 'spirit' and 'spright,' 'courtesy' and 'curtsey,' 'personality' and 'personalty,' or by dropping a syllable, as 'his-

tory' 'story,' 'etiquette' 'ticket,' 'eremite' 'hermit,' 'estate' 'state,' or by laying more or less stress on the close, as 'regiment' 'regimen,' 'bite' 'bit,' 'borne' 'born.' Examples of these and other desynonymizing processes might be accumulated almost without end.

Mr. Trench holds rather a remarkable doctrine upon this desynonymizing operation, which resembles, in its effect, the action of water upon a soft stone, making it porous, and melting it away into fragments. He imagines a particular epoch in the history of every language when this operation begins; it is just at that point when society, advancing from a simple to a more cultivated state, finds that it has two or more words to express the same thing, and be-thinks itself that this superfluous vocabulary is a waste of its resources.

Unappropriated thoughts want to find utterance, and accordingly, words that had hitherto been regarded as equivalent or synonymous, come to be discriminated in use, and employed to express different things. But he does not give us an example, nor point out any period when words were considered equivalent, which now bear different significations. The whole question rests upon this—was there ever such a period in the history of language? A few casual examples, if such there be, will not satisfy this question.

In order to establish the case, it is necessary that the presence of synonyms should be traced through the texture of the language. The fact is more important than it may appear at first sight; since, if words were ever held to be strictly equivalent, or synonymous, and were afterwards drafted into other uses, we should be enabled to see more clearly the machinery by which language was shaped and constructed, and the *embarras des richesses* in which it commenced — a primal time of language in which we acknowledge we do not believe. We believe rather that synonyms multiply, or rather the tendency to them develops itself more urgently, as the arts of life work out recombinations of old materials, and throw up new designs and forms that closely resemble each other, yet have essential points of difference; that with science and civilization come in a

greater variety of uses of the same things, and an increasing necessity for a more extended and accurate vocabulary to express the intimate dissimilarities of similar objects; that new states of being, new feelings, new and slight distinctions, grow up, which demand new words very like each other; that whole clusters and families of words, bearing much the same meanings, become indispensable to express the complicated wants, appliances, and resources of a life of luxury, and the high training of the faculties: and we believe, on the other hand, that the early age of language, like the early life of man, consisted of the expression of the simplest necessities; that radicals were found nearly sufficient in the beginning; that progress began from the root; and that language grew up, like the spreading tree, with the populations; the knowledge, and the inter-relations of the globe. We grant that it is the function of later and more cultivated ages to separate and fix more clearly the distinctions between words, if that may be regarded as a desynonymizing process; but the creation of new words, with its synonymizing tendency, is also another function of later ages, which goes on at a much faster rate. What we contend for, in fine, is this—that in the early times there were fewer words exactly, or nearly equivalent, than there are now.

With one passage more we must dismiss a book, which, although we have ventured to dissent from it, here and there, on some incidental points, we have read with the highest admiration of the mass of erudition it contains, and the inquiring spirit by which it is pervaded. The form of lectures into which it is thrown may account for the desultory nature of the treatment to which we have alluded; desultory, however, only in the teeming exuberance of its illustrations, and the overflowing of knowledge: for the subject is carefully divided, and closely investigated throughout. If we have expressed a wish that the investigation had been conducted exclusively in reference to language, apart from the religious teaching Mr. Trench has extracted from it, we are, at the same time, ready to concede that the author's profession affords him

a justification on that ground, which could not be set up by a lay writer: and the best proof we can give of our general impression of the merits of the book, is the unusual length of commentary into which it has seduced us. Its paramount charm and value consist in its suggestiveness.

Referring to the new scheme, called 'phonetic spelling,' by which it is proposed that all words should be spelt as they are sounded, Mr. Trench observes that the gains of adopting such a plan would be insignificantly small, and the losses enormously great; and that, after all, it would be labour thrown away, as pronunciation, upon which it is founded, is constantly altering, so that the new mode of spelling would speedily be out of date, or be subject to corresponding fluctuations. But this is the least of the objections against its adoption.

The far deeper and more serious one is, that in innumerable instances it would obliterate altogether those clear marks of birth and parentage which, if not all, yet so many of our words bear now upon their very fronts, or are ready upon a very slight interrogation, to declare to us. Words have now an ancestry; and the ancestry of words, as of men, is often a very noble part of them, making them capable of great things, because those from whom they were derived have done great things before them. Words are now a nation, grouped into families, some smaller, some larger; this change would go far to reduce them to a wild and barbarous horde.

This is finely expressed, and contains an elementary truth of the highest value. Let us by all means preserve in our words the lineaments of their origin; for although we may put them to new uses, sometimes worse, sometimes better, than they were first employed in, it is well always to keep up their forms and complexions, that we may retain the traditions associated with them, and be enabled to take in all the meanings we can thus trace upwards through their genealogies. But phonetic spelling would obliterate all distinctive and hereditary features, kill the living principle of the word, and make it a mere senseless sign, subject to all the mutations unavoidably consequent upon a system that should attempt to follow the caprices of pronunciation.

HISTORY OF THE HUNGARIAN WAR.*

WE earnestly hope that before long some authentic history of the political course of the Hungarian insurrection will be published by those best acquainted with its true character.—*The Times*, October 17.

CHAPTER II.

THAT all the powers of government—that the threats of its displeasure—that its promises of favour and patronage, and other bribes of a different and still grosser kind; co-operating with domestic prejudices and enmities, with the zeal of old foes and the rancour of old friends—should have failed, not to ruin, but merely to prevent the election into parliament of one man, was an unprecedented fact in the history of Austrian administration. Unprecedented as it was, this fact became the more significant and startling from that man's circumstances and past career. He derived his influence neither from birth nor wealth. The name of Kossuth was not connected with the insurrections and victories of ancient times, and he who bore it lacked the means to purchase the support of a faction. Raised to notoriety by a course of persecutions which were as imprudent as they were unjust, his popu-

larity was proportionate to the unpopularity of the government. He represented, not his own interests or the interests of a class or an order, but the disaffection and opposition which were rife in all orders and classes against the Austrian system of administration. His election by the most important of the Hungarian counties, showed that that disaffection had awakened to a consciousness of its intensity, and that Louis Kossuth could command the suffrages, and rely on the support, of the franklins, the magnates, and even of the serfs of Hungary, so long as he could give voice to their feelings, and demand the redress of grievances which all felt, though none could state them so well.

Facts like these were not lost on the Austrian government, which for once was open to the signs of the time. A last attempt was made to defeat opposition by concessions. The demands of that opposition were clear and well defined. The protection of native interests, the reform

* The first chapter of the *War in Hungary* has, among others, elicited some remarks from an able and earnest correspondent, who signs himself 'Philo-Magyar.'

The substance of his remonstrance is, that we have assumed a dislogistic tone with regard to Mr. Kossuth generally; that we treat the allegation of his having, in early life, embezzled money as 'debatable ground'; whereas, the contrary is asserted by Count Vay; and that it is hardly fair to circulate the accusation, without the denial thereof.

We desire to be just to all parties, but historical justice is incompatible with the concealment of historical facts. To the best of our conviction, it is a fact that Mr. Kossuth was accused of the facts we mentioned. Thus much has formerly been admitted, even by his friends in this country, and the assertion, though frequently contradicted, has never been disproved. Count Vay's letter proves merely that gentleman's ignorance of the affair in question, while, in allusion to another transaction, he asserts, what we now must needs believe, on his statement, namely—that Mr. Kossuth was, at one time, addicted to gambling. We leave 'Philo-Magyar' to decide whether or not this new accusation—which we never made—is likely to invalidate the former imputation. We beg also to refer 'Philo-Magyar' to J. E. Horn's book, in two volumes, on Mr. Kossuth. [Leipzig: Wigand. London: Williams and Norgate.] Herr Horn is Kossuth's warmest friend and admirer, but still, in his first volume, page 26, he tells an anecdote of him and the Countess Szápári, which, if it proves nothing else, will, at least, show to 'Philo-Magyar' that on the subject in question there are two opinions, even among Mr. Kossuth's own countrymen and warmest admirers.

As to the rest of 'Philo-Magyar's' charges, we must refer him to the continuation of this history. At present we can only assure him, that the part of Kossuth's speech we quoted in the second column of page 496, of our November number, was rather meant to illustrate the extreme folly of the Austrian government, than to hint at any preconceived plan at insurrection on the part of Mr. Kossuth.

of municipal institutions, and the ascendancy of Magyarism, had frequently but vainly been asked at the hands of the King of Hungary. It was now resolved to comply with the two former of these requests, and by this compliance to obtain the remission of the third. For the ascendancy of Magyarism implied not only the paramount dominion of the Magyars over the conquered races, but their administrative independence from Austria. While concentration was the object of the Austrian policy, the Hungarians strove for separation, and a division of all but the form of their allegiance. This, then, was the real question at issue between Austria and Hungary.

On the 12th of November, 1847, the Diet met at Pressburg, and the Emperor and King Ferdinand opened its proceedings by an address in the Magyar language. The immediate effect of this manoeuvre exceeded even the boldest hopes of those who had advised it. The members of the two Houses were frantic in their enthusiasm, and old grey-haired men were seen to weep with joy. For this was the first time during three hundred years a King of Hungary addressed the Estates in their mother tongue. The propositions which accompanied his address were liberal in the extreme: they anticipated the demands of the reformers, for by them the attention of the Diet was directed to the very reforms which the opposition had for many years sought to force upon the government at Vienna, and its partisans in Hungary. An equitable distribution of public burdens; the more efficient representation of the cities, free districts, and chapters; the abolition of the customs' line between Austria and Hungary; the improvement of internal communications, such as the navigation on the Theiss and the construction of the Fiume railway, important because it connected the fertile plains of Hungary with the Adriatic,—these and other alleviations, concessions, and means of improvement, were offered by the Austrian cabinet. In 1837, the least of these propositions would have sufficed to satisfy the moderate desires of the Hungarian reformers, and to convert their opposition into the staunchest con-

servatism. But in 1847 the party of progress had become reckless by disappointment. The very concessions of the government stimulated them to fresh exertions. Hence the address which Mr. Kossuth was instructed to write in reply to the royal speech, acknowledged and accepted all the government had offered, but it also adduced fresh grievances and advocated further reforms. It is true that this address was violently opposed by the Conservatives in the lower House, and that the Board of Magnates condemned it altogether; but the result was, that the Estates of Hungary returned no answer whatever to the Royal speech, and that it required an extraordinary, explanatory, and exculpatory message, to obtain the usual vote of thanks from the two houses.

The same spirit of determined, uncompromising opposition pervaded all other debates and transactions of the Diet. The government plan of superseding the lord-lieutenants of the counties by special commissioners, whom the minister appointed, and who were removable at his pleasure, was assailed by Mr. Kossuth and the rest of the liberal deputies. A more equitable distribution of the taxes and imposts was moved by Bartholomew Szemere, and supported by Count Szechenyi. With respect to the county rates, it was resolved that these rates should not for the future be borne exclusively by the serfs and their liberated descendants, but also by the Magyar franklins, whom, by a strange perversity of language, the Hungarians designate by the name of 'noblemen,' whereas, in reality, their aristocracy is small in numbers, and a distinct and separate body from the large mass of the Magyar franklins or freeholders. These—who had never before taken their part in the burdens of the state, while, with many exclusive rights and privileges, they owned only the duty of *insurrection*, that is to say, the duty of doing military service in defence of Hungary and Austria—were now for the first time called upon, not only to impose taxation, but also to take their share of the burden. The abolition of the 'censur' of printed books and papers was likewise moved by Mr. Kossuth

in the lower House, and supported in the House of Magnates by Count Louis Batthyanyi and Bishop Lónovics, who quoted the liberal reform movement which the Pope Pius IX. headed in Italy. Thus supported, Mr. Kossuth's motion was referred to a committee of the lower House. The completion and more perfect effectuation of the abolition of feudal burdens was brought forward by Gabriel Lónyay, who entreated the Diet to make the acceptance of the fine, if offered by the serfs, compulsory, to the lords of the manor. After a protracted debate, the house accepted G. Lónyay's motion, and the abolition of urbanial burdens and personal servitude, which the last Diet had commenced, was finally decreed on the 6th December, 1847.

In the first weeks of 1848 the two houses discussed the propriety of introducing measures for the propagation of the Magyar language. It was resolved to extend and enforce the law which had been passed on former occasions, and it was finally enacted that documents drawn up in any but the Magyar language should be void and null. If this resolution had tended to exclude the German language only, it might be considered as an act of prudent resistance against the encroachments of a foreign minority; but it was aggressive likewise. The various conquered and dependent races which lived amidst and around the Magyars, clung as tenaciously to their own idioms and languages as the Magyars did to theirs; and the pious spirit of nationality with which the latter sought to protect their language and national customs against the aggressions of the German, animated the Servians, Wallachs, Croats, and other subdivisions of the great Slavonian family, to defend their languages and manners against the Germans and against the Magyars. It is true that, in a country like Hungary, the question might naturally arise, which of the many idioms ought to be the dominant official or diplomatic language: The Magyars, who claimed the prerogative of imposing theirs, were in a minority if compared to the bulk of the population of Hungary, but as a race, compared to other races, they were in a majority—that is to say, there were in Hungary about seven

millions of Magyars, while neither the Serbs, nor the Wallachs, nor the Croats or Slovaks, reached so high a figure. The Magyars, although vastly inferior to the aggregate amount of non-Magyars, outnumbered each of the other tribes. Deputies from Croatia and from other Slavonian counties sat in the Hungarian Diet; and these deputies, who knew little of the Magyar language, protested against its supremacy, and insisted on speaking in Latin, which for many centuries had been the *lingua franca* of their mixed nationalities.

The introduction of the Magyar language into the non-Magyar counties was an act of oppression. The purposes of a liberal government would have been much better served, if the Hungarian Diet had acquiesced in the use of all idioms and languages which were represented on Hungarian ground; if some linguistic proficiency had been made obligatory on their officials and judges, and if, by the cultivation of polite arts and sciences in the Magyar language, they had sought to absorb rather than to suppress the Slavonic and Daco-Roman idioms. These are the means by which the English language has been spread among all the nations of the earth, and the races which we conquered have been the more eager to adopt our language, from the respect we showed to their national peculiarities. The Magyars were strangers to this British tolerance, and thus the more, since their own linguistic enthusiasm was of recent date. The arbitrary decrees by which the Diet of 1847-48 sought to suppress the Slavonic dialects, served still further to exasperate the non-Magyar population in Hungary, and the inhabitants of Croatia and Transylvania, and to prepare their minds for a secession from and an insurrection against the encroachments of Magyar supremacy.

The Diet was still occupied with these, and with some other restrictive measures, against the inhabitants of Croatia, when the news of the third French revolution came to Pressburg. The manner in which that news acted upon almost all countries of Europe must be fresh in the recollection of every one. The intelligence of the sudden overthrow of

the Orleans dynasty was discredited at first hearing, and when doubt became impossible, men looked at one another with pale blank faces, inquiring: what next?—like those that find no room for rejoicing in the face of an awful danger. In almost all continental countries, the liberal party thought the moment favourable for obtaining some concessions from those in power, but in place of the liberal concessions which they demanded, they were overwhelmed with a radical revolution. So faint-hearted and trembling were the rulers of Europe in those awful days, so vacillating were their resolves, and so self-defeating their policy, that the large mass of disorderly and restless persons which agitates at the bottom of all political societies, was provoked to acts of aggression against the authorities, which acts, when not resented, were succeeded by other deeds of greater violence, until within a few weeks after the flight of Louis Philippe of Orleans from Paris, there was no continental capital without its riots. Nor was there any continental prince whose pusillanimity did not swell the riots into revolts. In those days of frantic excitement, even the better part of the population was exasperated by the concentration of large bodies of troops, which, either assailing or assailed, were always compelled to retreat from the fury of the unleashed passions of the populace. The princes stood alone; for their servants, who had used them as instruments for the object of their irresponsible sway, took to flight when they ought to have sealed the sincerity of their principles and the loyalty of their attachment, with the blood they had so often boasted they were prepared to shed for their masters. And those masters, who were, for the most part, utter strangers to the wishes and the necessities of their peoples—who had foolishly believed that the cry for independence and self-government emanated only from a small number of factious persons, were terrified to see all ranks, all classes, all ages—rich and poor, high and low, men, women, and even children, arrayed against them, and demanding that as their right, which even the boldest, a few short months before, would have blushed to solicit

as a grace. Deserted by their favourites, abandoned by their troops—the roar of an angry multitude swelling on their ears, and with their mind's-eye fixed on that old man, whom the execration of a nation hunted to the shores of the ocean, and across the channel; or worse, on that king of the same country, whose head fell on the Place de Grève amidst the yells of a brutalized mob—these princes resisted no demand, resigned all power of government, and clutched with an eager and trembling grasp the crumbs which fell from the table of the demagogues and leaders of the day.

If this was the conduct of men, some of whom, though they lacked all public virtues, were renowned for the talents which adorn the lives of persons in a private capacity; what was to be expected from a prince such as Ferdinand of Austria? For that unfortunate emperor has justly been said to want not only the qualities of a regent, but also that moderate degree of common sense of which his meanest functionaries could boast. Ferdinand, the Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, had been subject to various ailments from his infancy. His education was neglected, his attention confined to boyish pleasures and sports, and from his first assumption of the crown of Hungary, to the day on which he resigned the empire in favour of his nephew, he was accustomed to obey rather than to command. It is said of him (and there is no reason to disbelieve the statement) that he would frequently burst into tears when opposed in his wishes by those among his subjects who surrounded his person: and that the only occasion on which he had recourse to his prerogative of irresponsible sway, was an act of rebellion against the dictates of his *chef de cuisine* and his physician. This prince, whose life had passed among his birds and flowers, who had hitherto obediently and placidly performed the functions of an imperial *dummy*—the only ones which were ever asked at his hands—was in March, 1848, pushed forward by his relatives and councillors to receive and pacify the impetuous deputations from the inhabitants of his capital, of his provinces, and crown-lands, which thronged the

halls, and obstructed one another on the stairs of the imperial palace; while around, in the narrow streets and squares of the city of Vienna, there moved an impatient and clamorous populace, while the tramp of armed citizens re-echoed from the Freyung, and the shouts of thousands of men and women from the suburbs and the country rent the air. The deputations, whose unceremonious presence and excited bearing paralysed the shattered nerves of the monarch, belaboured his ears with splendid phrases, and sounding words of remonstrance. But amidst the throng, there appeared some men of Hungary, who uttered no complaints of past misrule, or remonstrances against present oppression, but deliberate, specified demands for the emperor to grant, or refuse at his peril.

When the Pressburg Diet received the first intelligence of the revolution in France, the news was accompanied by a sudden fall of the funds. Hungary had too long and too painfully suffered from financial mismanagement, and the depreciation of Austrian notes, not to be alive to the fear of another State bankruptcy like those of 1811 and 1814. A revolution in France might lead to another European war, and with it to another Austrian bankruptcy. For the finances of that empire, which, in the campaigns against Napoleon and after them, had been re-established at the expense of the nation, were not by any means improved by a peace of thirty years. What then could be expected when armaments and foreign expeditions were brought to bear upon them? Moved by these considerations, and supported by the financial panic which prevailed throughout Hungary, a committee of inquiry into the affairs of the Austrian Bank was demanded by the member for the city of Raab, (M. Pilogh) and supported by L. Madarass and Szentkirálji. Mr. Kossuth was generally expected to speak in favour of the motion, but to the surprise of the lower House, he opposed it, in a speech which has justly been considered as a pronouncement of the new direction at which he aimed in the conduct of the affairs of Hungary.

VOL. XLIV. NO. CCLXIV.

He thanked the member for Raab for his zeal, but doubted its judiciousness. The want of confidence which had been shown within the last few days would suffice to warn the government, that a candid statement of the financial condition of the country was a matter of absolute necessity. Besides, the funds had been lower in 1830 than at the present season, and the Austrian Bank was in danger only if the government of Vienna persisted in its traditional policy. If that policy were reformed, to meet the necessities of the time, the bank was safe. It was to this point that Mr. Kossuth sought to direct the attention of the house. A radical reform was wanted. The future of Hungary was safe, if it were possible to animate her constitutional forms with the breath of life; and, to effect this, it was necessary to change the absolutism, which prevailed in the other Austrian provinces, into a constitutional government. Unless this be done, unless Austria discard the arbitrary spirit which pervades her councils, all the generous energies and talents of the Hungarian legislators are wasted in vain endeavours. And their endeavours must needs be vain, *unless they are supported by the loyal declarations of the various nations of Austria.*

An address to this effect was proposed by Mr. Kossuth, and immediately accepted by the lower House, and, although the Magnates endeavoured to obstruct its progress, it was resolved to send the document, and with it a deputation of eighty members, to Vienna. This deputation, supported by from 250 to 300 of the clients and followers of the Diet, embarked on the 14th March on a steamer, which bore them to Vienna, where Mr. Kossuth's speech, and the contents of the address, had some days previously been published by the newspapers. Their object was known to the inhabitants of the capital, who for the last two days had from petty riots gradually and almost insensibly proceeded to a revolution. The Hungarian deputies landed amid the frantic acclamations of an excited crowd, who, true to the German idiosyncrasy which still pervades the Viennese, admired the

waving plumes, the laced *attilas* or coats of the new comers, while they took a delight in cheering the guests with the Magyar cry of 'Éljen!' Louis Kossuth, in particular, the patriot and liberator, was the object of their reverence and vociferous admiration. Hemmed in on all sides by the crowd of armed citizens and students, fashionably dressed women, soldiers, labourers, and loungers, who filled the narrow streets; grasped by many arms, and greeted by a thousand voices, he was all but borne along to the emperor's palace, where the address was duly read, while an instant reply was demanded by the impatient crowd which filled the Franzensplatz and the Freyung. The formal expressions of the address were more fully interpreted by the speaker of the deputation. A separation of the government, the administration, and the finances of Hungary from those of Austria was demanded. The unfortunate prince knew not how to refuse. He intimated his consent, when, in the last moment, his relatives interfered, advising him rather to resist, and risk all, than to pronounce the virtual independence and secession of the Hungarian kingdom. Thus placed between two conflicting wills, the monarch, in his tribulation, found, for the first time, the energy to oppose the behest of those who had hitherto swayed his own, and who, he justly considered, had placed him in a very painful and dangerous position. 'Am I, or am I not, the sovereign of this country?' was his reply to the Austrian archdukes, who thereupon retired, and consulted how by secret intrigues they might prevail against the emperor's weakness and the strength of the Hungarians. These latter left the presence with a gracious, and, as events proved, with a sincere assurance, that all their demands should be complied with. The Palatine was forthwith instructed to command the formation of a separate and responsible Hungarian cabinet, under the presidency of the Count Louis Batthyanyi, and the Hungarian deputation returned to Pressburg in a state of great excitement, and with the wildest hopes of the future. It was on the occasion of this two days' sojourn at

Vienna, that Mr. Kossuth held 'the crowns of Austria in his hand.' Extravagant as this assertion of his may seem, it is not an empty boast. So violent was the excitement of the Viennese; so great was their desire to imitate the example set to them by the population of Paris, and so hopelessly panic-struck and paralysed were all the organs of government, that a much smaller popularity than that which Kossuth enjoyed, if directed against the throne of Austria, would have sufficed to overthrow it. As it was, the Hungarian agitator had to use all the powers of his oratory to calm and pacify the population of Vienna. If compliance with his demands had been refused, he had the power, and perhaps the will, to consign the Habsburgs to the fate which befel the members of the Orleans family.

In the interval between the departure of the Hungarian deputation for Vienna, and their return to Pressburg, Mr. Kossuth's speech on Balogh's motion had done its work at Pesth. The cities of Buda and Pesth, the real capitals of Hungary, and the centre of its administration, while they applauded Mr. Kossuth's speech, were nevertheless dissatisfied with his address to the king, the real bearings of which they were unable to appreciate. The radical members of the aristocracy and of the learned professions, combined with the students of the Pesth university, held tumultuous meetings, and agreed on forcing the Diet into a more decided line of action, or, if that were impossible, to send a deputation of their own to Vienna, there to demand an independent cabinet, annual parliaments, liberty of the press and of religion, an amnesty for the political prisoners, and various other concessions, which Mr. Kossuth's deputation was just then in the act of obtaining. The news of the Vienna riots, and of their success, added to the enthusiasm, and stimulated the courage of these reformers. Violent speeches were made. Printing presses were seized and used for a practical demonstration of the liberty of the press. The Guildhall at Pesth was surrounded, and the magistrates compelled to sign the petitions of the radicals and to adopt their demands. Vast crowds

of the populace appeared before the gates of the fortress of Buda, demanding the instant liberation of Michael Stancsics, a state prisoner. The populace were unarmed, whilst the fortress was strongly garrisoned, and provided with a formidable complement of artillery in a commanding position. But so great was the terror and confusion of the Austrian officers, that the demands of the populace were complied with. The prisoner was liberated, and borne in triumph through the streets of Pesth, and into the Magyar theatre, where the national hymn was sung by many thousand enthusiasts in and around the building. On the following day (March 16.) the rioters proceeded to supersede the authority of the magistrates, and to appoint their own revolutionary administration. Two provisional committees of safety for the city and county of Pesth were created, and to illustrate the principle of the equality of religious societies, three Jews were appointed to sit in the city committee.

It has been generally admitted that these boards, the creations of a tumultuous movement, made very laudable exertions in the cause of peace and order, to uphold which they decreed the organization of a national guard. The cockades and weapons of this corps were furnished by the municipality. So great was the enthusiasm, that not only the able-bodied among the inhabitants, but also decrepit old men and cripples on crutches, not to mention hundreds of strangers and visitors, insisted on being enrolled among the defenders of the city. They were enrolled, for resistance to any demand was in those days likely to be attended with serious consequences.

The excitement at Pesth was increased by the news of the concessions which the Hungarian deputation had obtained at Vienna, and the popular feeling rose to frenzy, when it became generally known that Count Louis Batthyanyi had been appointed to the presidency of the first Hungarian cabinet. That nobleman, the descendant of an ancient Magyar family, and one to whose exertions the Habsburgs were indebted for their advent to the Hungarian throne, and for its preservation at

sundry periods of foreign or domestic dangers, possessed to a high degree those qualities which his countrymen chiefly respect. His aspect was commanding, his bearing noble, and his discourse had that mysterious brevity which, coupled with a fulness, not to say sadness of tone, imparts a meaning even to trite arguments, and which makes commonplace remarks attractive. Left in early youth to be 'lord of himself, that heritage of woe,' Count Louis Batthyanyi was bred to a soldier's profession in Italy; he travelled through various European countries, sojourning in each too long for oblivion, and passing too quickly for instruction; and on his return to his native country, he spent some years overwhelmed with all the cares of a most profuse hospitality. His hereditary authority, the power of his wealth, and the influence he obtained by its liberal transmission into other hands, tempted him, as pleasure palled and ambition awoke, to take a leading part in the affairs of the nation, nor was it long before he was considered as the chief of the liberal opposition in the House of Magnates. His influence supported Mr. Kossuth's struggles for reform, and it was in his hands that the Emperor Ferdinand placed the difficult task of securing the independence of Hungary, and at the same time preserving her for Austria.

It is to be presumed that the Count Batthyanyi was alive to the difficulties of his position. But if the excitement of a gratified ambition—and let us say, the gratification of an honest and generous patriotism, caused him to overlook them for a moment, he was but too soon and too painfully reminded of the fact, that most hopeless is the lot of those who are doomed to mediate between the past and the future. The first measures did, indeed, touch neutral ground, and in them he was borne forward by the enthusiasm of the day. The impending dissolution of the Diet, and the expected convocation of a Parliament at Pesth, strengthened the popular belief that all things and arrangements were but provisional and likely to be followed by some mysterious future good—the *alcan bene* of Dante. Some disturbances were, indeed,

caused by the 'press-law,' which B. Szemere moved, and which was supported by Mr. Kossuth. Exorbitant sums, as caution money, were by this law imposed upon the daily and weekly press.* The Diet accepted this law, but the populace burnt it. The electoral law, which was likewise supported by Mr. Kossuth, and opposed by Messrs. Madarasz, Perczel, and Kubinyi, was inveighed against on account of its vexatious restrictions of the franchise. It was considered as a special grievance that this law made no allowances whatever for the 'qualification of intelligence' in favour of the learned professions. Nevertheless, it was passed. The Diet, in fact, appeared at one time to be alive rather to the prejudices than to the rights of the people. The Jews, a numerous and wealthy class, had been admitted to the franchise, and to the right of sitting in Parliament. The citizens of Pressburg protested against this resolution, and the Diet reversed it. The populace, emboldened by its success, proceeded to attack the Jews' quarter, and to burn, murder, and destroy; while in the immediate vicinity of this scene of horrors, the members of the Diet, assembled in the Pressburg Cathedral, assisted at the chanting of a solemn *Te Deum!* in honour of the liberties which God had vouchsafed to grant to the nation.

The same scene was in April and May repeated at Kaschau, Eperies, Kerd, Nadaz, and almost throughout Hungary.

Députations, too, and addresses poured in from all parts of the country. The Pesth Committee of Safety, in particular, sought to establish itself as an independent revolutionary authority, with a view of superseding the Diet, until their proceedings were checked by the firmness and determination of Mr. Kossuth, who publicly and peremptorily refused to listen to the suggestions of the Pesth Committee, and its representative, Paul Hajnik.

These were the difficulties which assailed Count Batthyanyi on the part of the Hungarians; but still

graver obstructions were placed in his path by the members of the Imperial family and the officials at Vienna. The composition of his cabinet, though it remained uncontradicted, excited the indignation of those who, immediately after the departure of the Hungarian députation from Vienna, resumed their accustomed influence on the affairs of the empire. In that cabinet, B. Szemere was appointed minister for home and Prince Paul Esterhazy for foreign affairs; while the departments of finance, of justice, war, public instruction, communication, and trade, were entrusted to Messrs. Kossuth, Deak, Messaros, Eötvös, Szechenyi, and Klauzal. None of these was a favourite at Vienna, and none of them was likely to advocate the interests of Austria; but the appointment of Mr. Kossuth to the important post of minister of finance was most offensive to the feelings of his old persecutors, while it was fraught with real danger to their interests, and the continuation of their dominion.

Mr. Kossuth, at the head of the Hungarian finances, was not likely to sacrifice the interests of Hungary to the necessities of the Austrian exchequer. The military forces of Hungary, concentrated in that country, and placed at the disposition of one of Mr. Kossuth's colleagues, might at any time be turned against the empire. Or, discarding the probability of so extreme a case, it could not be expected that they would for the future be allowed to support the aggressions and the despotic rule of Austria in other countries.

Mr. Kossuth was aware of the apprehensions which the Austrian cabinet connected with his person. He understood that his own position and the safety of the country were endangered, unless he succeeded in convincing his enemies at Vienna of his desire to make concessions in their favour. It is to be presumed that these were his motives when, on the 20th of July, he exerted all his influence to procure from the Hungarian parliament a vote of subsidies against the Italian insur-

* 2000*l.* was the caution money for a daily, and 1000*l.* for a weekly paper; while a deposit of 400*l.* was demanded for the mere establishment of a printing-press.

gents. His was a difficult task on that occasion. He had to convince the House of his sincerity, while his demand was in direct contradiction to the traditions of his past career. This he endeavoured to accomplish by a subtle distinction between his private and public feelings, between his feelings as an individual and his duties as a minister. Supported by Eötvös and the rest of the cabinet, but opposed by Perczel and Teleky, the bill in favour of the subsidies was passed by 236 against 33 votes.

But this manifestation of his intentions came too late to disarm the hostile measures which the Austrian cabinet and the members of the Imperial family had taken against Hungary. Defeated in Italy, opposed in Bohemia, and insulted in the very metropolis of their country, the Habsburgs showed to the last that stubborn perseverance which, if it had ever been exerted in a good cause, would entitle them to the highest respect. While the court was compelled to fly from Vienna to the mountains of the Tyrol, strenuous endeavours were made to obstruct the development of Hungarian independence, and to paralyze the patriotism of Batthyányi and the ambition of Kossuth, by the horrors and dangers of a civil war. For that purpose, the members of the Imperial family looked out for allies in Hungary, and two powerful allies were found in the *esprit de corps* of the Austrian army and in the discontents and the ambition of the Croats.

It has always been the practice of the Austrian War Office to stifle in their soldiers and officers old friendships and associations of home, and to prevent their contracting new alliances in the towns and provinces on which they were quartered. The recruits from Lombardy, Poland, and Bohemia were, therefore, at all times marched to depôts in Hungary and Austria Proper; while, on the other hand, the levies from Hungary and Austria Proper were sent to join the garrisons of the Italian, Polish and Bohemian fortresses. By this means, in case of an insurrection in any province, the soldiers, who were strangers to the language and the grievances of that particular

part of the empire, and who, moreover, as foreigners and servants of a despotic government, were exposed to frequent insults, were at all times ready to act against the native population. Their term of service was long; the regiments were always moved to different and equally foreign parts of the empire, whenever a good understanding and an identity of sympathies seemed to spring up between them and the natives. To restrain their officers from connexions with the provincials was more difficult, but the task was accomplished by the careful fostering of ignorance and impertinence, in the young men who aspired to a military career in Austria; by a constant watching of their leanings and connexions, and by their 'dislocation' to regiments in other provinces. Whenever, by marriage or acquisition of property, they attempted to establish themselves in the country in which they sojourned. Thus the army came to be a nation in itself,—a vagabond population, which immigrated and emigrated, according to the orders of the War Office. Its members were peculiar in their language, sentiments, and morals. They were devoted to a system of irresponsible despotism, which maintained them at the expense and in the domination of the country; and they were the most uncompromising antagonists of all attempts at reform.

At the season of the general revolution, the various corps of the Austrian army were indeed for a short time shaken in their allegiance, by the precarious position of their masters, and by the violent expressions of popular hate of which they found themselves the objects. In Hungary, in particular, the Italian, Polish, and German regiments were content to shut themselves up in their quarters, and to remain quiet spectators of any excesses which the populace chose to commit. In this season of uncertainty, too, the commanders of fortresses, though opposed to the decree of the emperor, which sanctioned the authority of the new Hungarian War Office, could not decline to deliver up their commands into the hands of the agents of Count Batthyányi. Thus were the fortresses of Leopoldstadt, Komorn, Buda, Peterwardine, and

Esseg, surrendered to Magyar officers. But scarcely had the general panic begun to subside, when secret orders were issued from Vienna for the commanders in Hungary, 'by prudent management,' to defeat the measures of the Hungarian cabinet. These officers, urged on by the desire for favour and rewards, endeavoured by delays, rather than direct disobedience, to paralyze the action of the new War Office at Pesth, and to ensure the defencelessness, rather than the defence, of the country, at a time when a combination of formidable powers arrayed itself against Hungary.

For, obedient to the secretly expressed wishes of the Archduchess Sophia, wife to the heir-apparent to the Austrian crown, the ancient hates of the Servians, Croats, and Wallacks, in the border counties of Hungary, were turned against that country. In Transylvania the Wallachian population exceeded the Magyars by two-thirds, and yet these Wallachians were excluded from the Diet of that province. In Upper Hungary, where the original inhabitants of the country, the Slavonian Slowacks, had sought refuge from the violence of the invader Arpad and his hordes, the numerical difference between Magyars and non-Magyars was as great; and much discontent prevailed among these descendants of a conquered race against Magyar dominion, arrogance, and that insulting temper which has always characterized the sons of Arpad in their dealings with the conquered and alien population, and which received a new impulse by the too easy triumph which Mr. Kossuth obtained over the Austrian oppression. The discontents which were rife among the Slowacks, were literally *lashed* into action by Hodza, a Protestant clergyman at St. Miklos, in Liptau county, who, with a horsewhip in his hand, compelled the peasant population to take the pledge of temperance and of enmity against the Magyars and the Jews. With him was Hurban, ex-priest of Szobotist, near Miava, who, from pothouse tables and scaffoldings, reminded the Slowacks of the ancient glories of their kingdom, of Svato-pluk and Libussa, and the white horse which the Magyar invaders

offered in scorn as purchase-money for the rich plains of southern Hungary. Into these he exhorted them to make a *razzia*. He succeeded in collecting at Miava a large crowd of smugglers, labourers, and carmen, whom he led to frightful jacqueries on the manor-houses and the Jews of Wagenstadl, Brezova, and Szobotist.

But more dangerous to Hungarian prosperity than the Wallachians of Transylvania, or the Slowacks of the north, was another branch of the great Slavonic family, namely, the Croats, whose country, although a province under the crown of Hungary, was governed by a 'Banus,' or Stadtholder, an officer of high rank, who took precedence after the chancellor of the kingdom of Hungary. The Croats, though favoured by many valuable privileges and immunities, had, nevertheless, on several occasions suffered from Hungarian violence and pride; and after the constitution of the Batthyanyi cabinet, they were specially aggrieved by the attempts which the Hungarian parliament made in favour of the Magyar language. In their endeavours to repel this encroaching policy, they were supported, and urged on, not only by secret agents sent from Vienna, but also by their Ban, the Baron Joseph Jellachich. This man, who has justly been described as the chief cause of the war in Hungary, born in 1801, at Peterwarasdin, and son of an Austrian field-officer, received his education in a military college, where he was noted as pre-eminent in all military and gymnastic exercises. Promoted to a lieutenancy in a Polish regiment of dragoons, he passed five years amidst the dissipations to which Austrian officers have at all times been addicted, until, broken in health, he was compelled to retire to Agram a prey to a painful and dangerous complaint. Restored to health, he served again in Vienna, and on the Croatian frontier, where, as colonel and commander of the 1st Border regiment, he headed a *razzia* into Turkish Bosnia. His regiment was defeated in a skirmish near Posvid. The Baron Jellachich's enemies protest that this defeat is to be attributed to his carelessness and mismanagement. His friends say that in this very engage-

ment he astonished his regiment 'by his bravery and presence of mind.' The skirmish of Posvid is so little known in its details, that it is impossible to say whether his friends wrong him by praise, or his enemies by their blame.

Early in 1848 the unsuccessful chief of the Bosnian expedition was elected to the office of Ban of the three kingdoms of Croatia, Dalmatia, and Illyria. Almost his first act in this new dignity was an attempt to organize an oppositional movement against the Batthyanyi cabinet. He travelled through the country, addressed the populace, and exerted all the influence of his official position to foment a war between Hungary and Croatia. From his residence at Agram he gave the signal for a general rising of the south Slavonian population. The Croats, Serbs, Slowacks—all members of the great Slavonian family—were, by his exertions, united into a grand anti-Magyar league. The diets of the various Slavonian provinces were convoked, against the express prohibition of the Hungarian parliament; and while the Serbian patriarch, Rajachich, dressed in the robes of his sacred office, and bearing a large cross, travelled through the country, preaching a crusade against Hungary; while the Austrian Colonel Mayerhofer collected a band of Turkish marauders on the Bosnian frontier, and urged them on to murder and incendiarism; the Ban Jellachich proceeded to expel the Magyar commissioners, and to quarter his troops on those districts of the banat whose inhabitants appeared inclined to support the cause of Hungary.

The Hungarian cabinet thus threatened, sought protection and support from the emperor; and, on the 10th of June, they succeeded, by the influence of Count Louis Batthyanyi, in obtaining the publication of an Imperial manifesto, by which the Croats and Slavonians were informed that the Ban had been suspended from all his dignities and offices. In this document, the Croats were told that their ingratitude had been a grievous disappointment to the emperor's 'paternal heart.' 'Persons,' says the emperor, 'there are who persecuted your fel-

low-citizens, and who, by intimidation, forced them to leave their country, because they attempted to enlighten you as to the facts of the case.'

The emperor proceeds to state that his deep concern was heightened by the apprehension, that perhaps the very man whom his grace had overwhelmed with tokens of his royal bounty, and whom he had appointed to be the guardian of the law in Croatia—namely, the Baron Joseph Jellachich, had given himself up to this criminal sedition, and, led away by factious animosity, had dared to conspire against the union of Croatia with Hungary. He was consequently a traitor against the emperor's crown and dignity. The charges against him are his disobedience, his attempts to seduce the lawful authorities to the same disobedience, and the violent and illegal measures by which he compelled the Croatians to hostile demonstrations against Hungary. The emperor further accuses the Ban of having persecuted the friends of the union between Croatia and Hungary, of having deposed them from their offices, and tried them by court-martial; of having prevented the legally appointed lord-lieutenants from entering upon their duties, of having seized the public funds, compelled the people to take arms, and driven them to acts of murder and rapine against the Hungarians. And lastly, the Ban is accused of conniving at an insult offered to the Archduke Palatine, and of mutiny against the emperor's commissioner, the Baron Hrabowsky. For these and other high crimes and misdemeanours the Baron Joseph Jellachich is deprived of all his dignities, commands, and offices, and summoned to surrender to the emperor's commissioner, the Baron Hrabowsky, to show cause why he should not be treated as a traitor and a rebel.

Exactly two days after this important manifesto obtained the emperor's signature, the Ban Jellachich left his provincial capital of Agram, and proceeded to the emperor's court at Innsbruck. He was accompanied by Colonel Denkstein, and the Counts Nugent, Louis, Erdödy, and Draskovich. His friends state that he was ignorant of the

emperor's manifesto, and that his journey was prompted by a desire to do homage to his sovereign. In support of this view, they refer to the dates, and protest that the emperor's proceedings at Insbruck, on the 10th of June, could not possibly be known at Agram on the 12th of that month. But as the manifesto against the Ban was the result of long and earnest solicitations on the part of the Count Louis Batthyanyi, there is reason to believe that the Ban was informed of the dangers of his position, and that he went to Insbruck for the purpose of assuring himself of the support of his august allies.

And this view is fully supported by the facts of the case; for not only was the 'traitor and rebel' allowed to approach the emperor's court, but he was admitted to an audience by the Archduke Francis Charles, the heir-apparent to the throne, and the Archduchess Sophia, his wife. Nor could all the protests of the Hungarian ministers prevail against the subtle and powerful influence of the emperor's relations; and on the 19th of June, Ferdinand of Austria was induced to accept the homage of a man whom, but ten days ago, he had accused of the worst crimes which can be preferred against a subject and a public functionary. If any proof were wanting of the gross duplicity of the Imperial family of Austria, it is furnished by the fact, that no reproach, no accusation, was made against the Ban; and that the Archduke John, whom the Germans at that very time elected to the regency of their country, (chiefly because he had married the daughter of a publican, and because he liked low company,) wrote a letter to the declared enemy of Hungarian liberty, in which he addressed him as 'My dear Banus.' Nor were measures taken to revoke the manifesto against the Ban. That document was published and circulated, while he whom it denounced received the strongest marks of his master's esteem and favour.

While these intrigues were spinning at the emperor's court in Insbruck, the results of other intrigues became still more apparent and dangerous to the public safety. The Servians, who form the majority

of the inhabitants of the counties of Bács, Torontál, Krassó, Temes, Baranya, and Syrmia, had at an earlier period manifested their desire to secede from the kingdom of Hungary: they demanded a separate administration, diet, and king's lieutenant. The above-mentioned counties were to be constituted as a separate crown-land—the Servian Wojewodina. And not only were these demands preferred, but measures were taken to dispense with the consent of the Hungarian cabinet. The priest Rajachich was elected to be patriarch of the Wojewodina; and Suplicacz, a celebrated warrior, was appointed to the Wojewodship. The Servians, reinforced by Colonel Mayerhofer's bands from Turkish Servia and Bosnia, proceeded at the same time to illustrate the meaning they attached to the words of national independence, by frequent and terrible visitations of the Magyar villages within their domains and on their borders. Murder and rapine were the rule of the day, and the Servians showed that they, like most continental nations, believed that *liberty* meant an unbounded licence and absolute dominion over the lives, property, and opinions of all other men.

The measures which the Hungarian cabinet adopted to pacify the Servians were judicious and truly liberal. They convoked an assembly of their estates at Temesvar, where they proposed to hear, and, as far as in them lay, to comply with their demands. Nor could this peaceable policy have failed to produce a favourable result, had it not been for the secret agents of the Austrian imperial family. The old hatred of the Slavonians was excited by tales of past oppression, by anecdotes of words of scorn and menace which were said to have fallen from the lips of the Hungarian ministers, and by wild and vague hopes, not only of independence from Hungary, but from Austria also. They were reminded of their ancient nationality, language, and religion, as distinct from Magyar protestantism and Austrian catholicism; they were artfully told that if the power and influence of the Magyars were but reduced, the emperor

would crown their boldest wishes, and constitute the three kingdoms of Croatia, Dalmatia and Illyria into one great Slavonic empire. It required all the ignorance and enthusiasm of the natives of that part of Europe to believe these statements. But believed they were, and the Slavonians, a nation of instinctive cruelty and greed, believed, moreover, that to exterminate the Magyars, and appropriate their goods and chattels, was the surest means to justify the emperor's good opinion and benevolent intentions towards themselves. To confirm them in this conviction, money, arms, and ammunition were sent from Insbruck, while, at the same time, exhortations, injunctions, and threatening manifestoes against the Slavonians, were signed by the sovereign, and duly published in Hungary. In June, when the violent proceedings of the armed bands of Servians compelled the Hungarian cabinet to protect the lives and properties of the subjects of the kingdom, they instructed General Hrabowsky to pacify the insurgent districts. That officer, at the head of a strong force of Austrian soldiers and Hungarian National Guards, attacked the Servians, and expelled them from Karlowitz, the newly-created capital of the Wojewodina. He allowed himself to be outwitted by granting them an armistice of fourteen days, for the purpose, as they alleged, of settling the dispute. But, while he remained at Karlowitz, the Servian forces fell back upon the walls and moats of an old Roman camp, which was already occupied by 8000 of their own nation. Reinforcements were attracted from all sides, so that at the expiration of the armistice, they had the advantage, not only of numbers, and of various strong positions, but moreover, of having chiefs and leaders whose enthusiasm kept pace with the fanaticism of the common militiamen. Their line of defence leant on the Danube, with the cities of Karlowitz, Semlin, Pancsova, and Orsova, as depôts and rallying points; they infested the left bank of the Danube and either bank of the Theiss, and commanded the road from Pancsova to Temesvar. But their strongest points were the line of Roman encampments from the

Danube to the Theiss, and the fortifications of Titel, St. Thomas, Perlasz, and Alibunár. On this and in these positions, they had collected an army of 30,000 men, and among them 4000 auxiliaries, the scorn and refuse of Turkish Servia. They had 100 pieces of artillery. Their forces were commanded by the two Servians, Stratimirovich and Knichanin, and by the Austrian colonel, Mayerhofer.

The Hungarian forces which were to oppose these formidable bands mustered from 17,000 to 18,000 men, foot, horse, and artillery. But the majority of these troops consisted of Austrian regiments and battalions, commanded by Austrian officers, who had for the time being been placed at the disposition of the Hungarian cabinet. These officers were inclined to protract the war, which they would not terminate in favour of the Hungarians. Their delays caused a terrible onslaught which the Servians made (26th June) on the Magyar and German inhabitants of the city of Neusatz, where unarmed citizens, women, and children were overpowered, seized, and tortured, while the garrisons of the Roman entrenchments, issuing from their strongholds, devastated the country in all directions. Thus compelled to action, the Hungarian cabinet reinforced their army with strong levies of National Guards, until in the first days of July their forces amounted to 50,000 men, with sixty field-pieces.

And now commenced an extraordinary and almost inexplicable warfare. To all appearance the Servians were being besieged in their extensive lines of fortification. But, in fact, their position was not that of a besieged garrison, for the lines of the Hungarians extended only along their front, while the country in the rear was under their influence, and they were free to attract reinforcements and provisions to any extent. Nor were the attacks against their lines attended with any success; for the Austrian officers in command of the Hungarian forces did all in their power to defeat the troops which it was their duty to lead to victory. In the attack on St. Thomas, the Hungarians were commanded by General Bechthold,

who left the field of battle, and ordered a general retreat, at the moment when his forlorn hope had carried the Servian entrenchments at the point of the bayonet. Having thus done his utmost to daunt the courage and confuse the minds of the Hungarians, General Beechthold resigned his command. For that the position of the Servians was not impregnable, and that the Hungarian troops were sufficiently strong and brave to carry them, was shown at Perlasz, where Major Vetter and Colonel Ernest Kiss, at the head of 4000 men, attacked and stormed the Servian entrenchments, routed their garrison, captured their artillery, and compelled them to fly to Titel. The most important capture on this occasion was a document, which left no doubt, if any could have existed, of the treachery of the Austrian cabinet. In the quarters of the Servian commander a letter was found from the Austrian Field-Marshal Lieutenant Spanoghr, commander of a division at Gratz. This letter announced the march of two batteries and transports of ammunition to Karlowitz, and promised a further supply of artillery.

It was under the influence of such events and revelations that, in the parliament at Pesth, Mr. Kossuth gave notice of his intention to move a resolution for the 'defence of the country.' The 11th of July was the day appointed for that motion, and from its nature, and the events of the time, it was justly presumed that the agitator intended to sweep all opposition before him by an extraordinary display of those oratorical powers which have gained him respect and admiration in countries foreign to his sentiments, ideas, and language, but which, when brought to bear upon his own nation, proved altogether irresistible and overwhelming. Hence the galleries and even the stairs of the parliament-house were crowded with the idle, the curious, and the patriotic, and large masses of the populace surrounded the building itself. They were anxious to catch the result of Mr. Kossuth's speech, though they could not expect to hear the speech itself. On this and many other occasions, the admirers of that extraordinary man have compared him

to one of our greatest and most impressive speakers—namely, Lord Chatham. The comparison holds good in more than one respect; for, like Lord Chatham, Mr. Kossuth moved the pity of his audience by an appearance of extreme lassitude, and by the report of his physical sufferings. In his case, as in that of Lord Chatham, ambition seemed extinct in a mind which craved nought but rest. The influence of office, the power of dominion, and the triumph of a mind which swayed and bent the minds of a nation at its will, appeared as so many sacrifices, which, though painfully, were freely offered to the salvation of the country. It has been said of Lord Chatham, that there was persuasion in his flannels, conviction in his crutch. There was much of Lord Chatham's influence in the compassionate murmurs which greeted Mr. Kossuth's appearance on the 11th July, when his slight and emaciated form, supported on the arms of two friends, was seen gliding through the crowded hall to the tribune. There was much of Lord Chatham's persuasion in his hollow eyes, the high furrowed brow, the pale wan face, and the air of intense hopeless exhaustion with which he leant forward to acknowledge the thundering cheers which for awhile drowned the low, plaintive tones of his voice.

He said he came to implore them to save the country. *That country was in danger!* The House knew it. Croatia was in open rebellion, which was not justified either by the past or the present. The Hungarians had always shared with them their rights and privileges. The last Diet had made great sacrifices in favour of the Croatian finances and nationality. Their language had been protected. The Ban's power had been secured and extended. He had been invited to take his seat at the council board, and assured that what he asked in reason should be freely granted. But the policy of the Croats was perfectly incomprehensible. He (Mr. Kossuth) could understand that a nation should woo liberty at the point of the sword; but an insurrection in favour of despotism was an inscrutable mystery to him.

Croatia played the part of the French Vendée—it was all sham-loyalty, and real servility, on the part of the leader; while the people were led away by the scheme of an Austro-Sclavonian monarchy.

It was very much the same with the Servians. As for the Austrian government, it repented of its late concessions, and sought to recover the sword and the purse-strings of the nation—the departments of War and Finance. The rest would soon follow. The Croatian movement was evidently connected with this scheme, and the last days, in particular, had revealed many secrets. A demand had come from Vienna for the cabinet to pacify the Croats at any sacrifice, and for supplies to be sent to Jellachich. He (Mr. Kossuth) had refused to furnish a declared rebel with the sinews of war; whereupon the Austrian ministers had sent their ‘dear rebel’ the sum of 154,000 florins—100,000 of which they acknowledged.

Mr. Kossuth proceeded next to sift the foreign relations of Hungary. England was favourable, France and Germany were doubtful. But favour or no favour, all the hopes of Hungary were in herself. ‘That nation alone can live, whose vitality is strong within it. There is no future for a nation which relies for safety on foreign help.’ And, therefore, the speaker demanded that the House should vote an extraordinary credit of 42,000,000 florins for the mobilization of an army of 200,000 men. Of these, 40,000 were to be enrolled at once, the rest at the discretion of the ministers.

As Mr. Kossuth approached the climax of his proposal, after a speech of more than two hours, his pallor increased; he stammered, leant forward, and fainted away. Whatever the divisions and party feelings of the House, they were overpowered by the last breaking tones of that voice. Paul Nyáry, a member of the opposition, rose, and with outstretched arms cried: *We consent!* And in a moment all the members followed his example, and with their hands raised to heaven, they repeated Nyáry’s words: *We consent!* Their tumultuous movements, their voices, and the cheerful words of his friends roused Mr. Kossuth from his trance.

He rose with an effort, and with streaming eyes and hands humbly crossed on his breast, concluded his speech in a faint and trembling voice, thanking the House for its ready vote, and imploring their patience. He bowed before the nation’s greatness. If its perseverance equalled its patriotism, even the gates of hell should not prevail against Hungary!

Mr. Kossuth’s speech on his motion of the 11th July is considered as the best and most extensive display of his oratorical powers. It was certainly his most successful effort, for on that day the fate of the nation was really and truly decided. Other orators have been fortunate if they could influence the decision of a constituent assembly. Mr. Kossuth did more, he dictated that decision. And it appears from the concurrent testimony of all the witnesses of that remarkable scene, that so great was the excitement of his hearers, that all, friends and foes, conservatives and liberals, rushed forward to grasp his hand, and to thank him for the resolution he had wrung from them. It was impossible to proceed with the business before the House, which had to be adjourned until the members had vented their feelings in frantic cheers and sobs, and frequent embraces. That these physical demonstrations of universal love and good-will were produced by Mr. Kossuth’s manner, rather than by the weight of his arguments, was shown by the tardy repentance of the opposition. Strenuous endeavours were made in subsequent debates to bind the cabinet to a decisive policy. Mr. Kossuth, says his biographer Horn, would have met the opposition half-way, but in the cabinet councils his influence was paralyzed by the premier, Count L. Batthyányi. In spite of all proofs, that high and generous nobleman could not believe in the treachery of the Austrian cabinet; and though frequently disappointed, he returned with unshrinking and persevering loyalty to his attempts at reconciliation. Neither the proclamations which were published by the Ban of Croatia, and in which that officer boasted of Austrian support, nor the statements of the Austrian Secretary-

at War, Count Latour, who made public exhibitions of his joy at the successes of his 'faithful Servians' and 'beloved comrades,' could persuade him that his sovereign and his sovereign's servants conspired against the peace and the prosperity of the nation. He, accompanied by F. Deák, the minister of justice, hastened to Vienna to solicit a repetition of those solemn assurances which the Imperial family had given him at an earlier and dangerous period. But the time of promises was past. The Hungarian ministers were delayed in the capital, where they found it impossible to obtain an audience. Their suit received an indirect answer in a memorial which at that time (August 21) was sent from Vienna to Pesth. This memorial contained the first definitive expression of the Austrian demands. It tried to prove that the concessions of March were incompatible with the Pragmatic Sanction, that they undermined the stability of the Austrian empire, and ruined its provinces, and that the emperor had not the right to make those concessions. The Hungarians were therefore asked to resign the advantages which had fallen to their share during the convulsions of the Austrian revolution.

In reply to this memorial, Mr. Kossuth induced the parliament to send a deputation of a hundred members of the lower House, and of twenty magnates, to inform the emperor of the sentiments of the Hungarian nation, and to demand at his hands the most energetic measures against the rebellion of the Serbs and Croats. The deputation left Pesth on the 5th September: its instructions were to proceed to Vienna, demand an audience, and return unless that audience were immediately granted. In Vienna, the deputies were received by an excited populace, which welcomed them with cheers and other expressions of sympathy. They saw the emperor, who read his reply (contrary to the Austrian custom) from a paper prepared for the occasion. It was evasive. The deputies left the palace, and ornamenting their hats with red plumes, in token of war, they returned to Pesth, where the result of this last endeavour was forthwith

communicated to the parliament. These deputies brought from Vienna a copy of a public letter which the emperor (Sept. 1) had addressed to the Ban of Croatia. It thanked the Ban for his zeal and loyalty, and for his desire to conciliate the Hungarian cabinet, and expressed a conviction of the perfect groundlessness of the charges of high treason which had been preferred against him. The Ban was consequently absolved from all inquiry, and exhorted to proceed on the path he had taken 'for the maintenance of the integrity of the Hungarian Crown, and the prosperous progress of its crown lands.' This letter caused the resignation of the Batthyányi cabinet, which was accepted by the Palatine, who informed the Assembly of his intention to appoint another premier. Mr. Kossuth remonstrated. The Palatine's letter was illegal, for it wanted the counter-signature of a responsible minister. He pointed out the defect, but forgot to mention the remedy, and, to defeat the Palatine's plans, he resumed his office. Another cabinet was formed on the spot, with D. Pazmándy and Paul Nyáry of the lower House, and Perényi of the Magnates. A deputation was sent to the Palatine to protest against his letter, and obtain his sanction of the new cabinet. The Prince demurred, but after some negotiations, Count Batthyányi was again found willing to resume his office. His first official act was the publication of important and decisive intelligence. Count Adam Teleky, the Hungarian commander on the Drave, had already announced his intention to retreat upon Pesth, since the Ban Jellachich was preparing to cross that river. The confirmation of that intelligence had now arrived in a letter from the commissioner, L. Csányi.

The Ban of Croatia, at the head of an army of 40,000 men, had on the 11th of September crossed the Drave, and with it the frontier of Hungary Proper. His soldiers devastated the country along the whole line of his march. The Hungarian forces were in full retreat, and the sword and fire of the Croats had reached the walls of Gross Kanisha.

INDEX

TO

VOLUME XLIV.

- Affinities of Foreigners*, 389
- Afghanistan. History of the War in*, by J. W. Kaye, 537
- Age of Veneer—The Science of Deception, 332
- Allingham's (W.) *Venus Akestria*, 510
- American Society. Sketches of. By a New Yorker. A Country Gentleman at Home, 277
- Antiquity and Novelty, 431
- Asia, Our Wars in Central, 537
- Autobiography of Captain Digby Grand; or, the Dangerous Classes. Chap. I. Eton—Sir Peregrine Grand and Haverley Hall—Joins the 101st Foot—First Love, 473. Chap. II. Westward Ho!—Scenes in a Transport—A Yankee Sport-man, 635. Chap. III. A French 'Canadienne'—The Falls of Niagara—The Woods in Winter, and the slaughtered Elk, 647
- Bay and Fish-market of Naples, 437.
- Autumn Storms, 442; Naples Early Morning, 444; La Pescheria, 447
- Beauty and Use of Words, 683
- Beddoes' *Poems*, 623
- Bowring's (Edgar) Translation of Schiller, 165
- Braybrooke's (Lord) Edition of Pepys' *Diary and Correspondence*, 419
- Bridge-water Gallery, the, 210
- British Tax-Payer, the—What has he to do with Colonial Wars and Constitutions? 576
- Brougham (Lord), his Career and Character, 458
- Browning's (Mrs.) *Cave Guidi Windows*, 619
- Burke (Edmund), Part I. 534; Part II. 668
- Butler (Bishop) and Dr. Whichcot, 449
- Career and Character of Henry Lord Brougham, 458
- Carpenter's (Dr.) *Varieties of Mankind*, 658
- Central Asia, our Wars in, 537
- Chamois Hunting, 133
- Chance and Choice*, 36
- Choir, Progress of the English, 609
- Chronique de Paris, 572
- Claussen's (the Chevalier) Improvements in Flax Cotton, 551
- Civilization and Gastronomy, 591
- Colonial Wars and Constitutions—What has the British Tax-Payer to do with? 575
- Colling's *Rambles beyond Railways*, 220
- Common-Place Man, Revelations of a—Chap. I. 47; II. 50 III. 53; IV. 58; V. 171; VI. 176; VII. 183; VIII. 305; IX. 308; X. 313; XI. 318; XII. 401; XIII. 403; XIV. 408; XV. 412; XVI. 416; XVII. 519; XVIII. 522; XIX. 526; XX. 528; XXI. 533
- Companions of my Solitude*, 31
- Concert and Opera Season, 155
- Copleston (Bishop), *Memoir of*, by W. J. Copleston, M.A., 320
- Copleston and Hampden (Bishops), a letter to the Editor, 666
- Cotton from Flax, improvements in, 551
- Crebillon, the French *Æschylus*, 267
- Crisis, the Present, in India, 549
- Crisis, the Ministerial, in France, 572
- Critic, the French, in London, 497
- Dangerous Classes, or the Autobiography of Captain Digby Grand—Chap. I. 478; Chap. II. 635; Chap. III. 647
- Deception, the Science of, 332
- Deserted Mansion, the, 40
- Devon, a Legend of—The Mauleverer Cellars, 391
- Diary of General Patrick Gordon*, 397
- Diary and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys*, 419
- Digby Grand, Autobiography of Captain, or the Dangerous Classes. Chap. I. Eton—Sir Peregrine Grand and Haverley Hall—Joins the 101st Foot—First Love, 473. Chap. II. Westward Ho!—Scenes in a Transport—A Yankee Sportman, 635. Chap. III. A French 'Canadienne'—The Falls of Niagara—The Woods in Winter, and the slaughtered Elk, 647
- Drury's (A. H.) *Eastbury*, a Tale, 39
- Dost Mahomed, Declaration of War against, 543—Fall of, 547.
- Edmund Burke—Part I. 554; Part II. 668
- Elk-mere's, the Earl of, Gallery, 210
- English Novels, 375; French School of Novel Writing, 376; English and French Novels compared, 378; *The Cup and the Lip*, 390; *The Tutor's Ward*, 382; *Silwood*, 387; *The Story of a Family*, 388; *Affinities of Foreigners*, 389; *Everard Tunstall*, 390; *The Scalp Hunters*, 390; *Marian Withers*, 391
- England and Normandy*, Palgrave's History of, 1
- English Synonyms, 256
- English Choir, Progress of the, 609
- Episodes of Insect Life, 299
- Exhibition Season, Memorabilia of the, 119; The Congress of Carriages, 128; Foreigners in London, 123; Empty

- Theatres, 125; Effects upon Literature, 126; Mr. Thackeray's Lectures, 127; Romance in the Russian Department, 129; the Amazon, 130; the Greek Slave, 130; Statistics of the Exhibition, 131; What is to be done with the Palace? 132
- Farini's *Roman State from 1815 to 1850*, translated by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, 237
- Fish-market and Bay of Naples, 437
- Flax and Flax Cotton, 550
- Forbes's (Commander F.) *Dahomey and the Dahomans*, 233
- Forester's *Errand Tunstall*, a Tale of the Kaffir Wars, 390
- Franklin (Sir John), the Search for, 502
- France, Ministerial Crisis in, 572
- French Critic in London, 497
- France, *History of the Restoration of the Monarchy in*, by Lamartine, 355
- Franks, the Rhine of the, by the Hon. G. N. Smythe, M.P., 44
- French *Archylus*, Crebillon, 261
- French and English Novels compared, 378
- Gallery, the Bridgewater, 210
- Germany, the Mineral Waters of, 149
- Gastronomy and Civilization, 591; Social Habits of the Greeks, 593; the Feast of Trimalechio, 595; Festal Amusements among the Romans, 597; Eastern Banquets, 599; the Feasts of our Ancestors, 601; a Feast in the time of James the First, 603; Gastronomy in France, 605; Modern English Cookery, 607.
- Gladstone's (Right Hon. W. E.) translation of Farini's *Roman State, from 1815 to 1850*, 237
- Gordon (General Patrick), 397
- Hampden and Copleston (Bishops), a Letter to the Editor, from the Rev. R. W. Weale, 603
- Hardbargain (Captain's) a Jungle Recollection by, 18
- Henry Lord Brougham; his Career and Character, 458
- Herat, Description of, 544; Siege of, 546
- History of the Restoration of Monarchy in France*, by Lamartine, 355
- History of the Hungarian War, Chap. I. 488; Chap. II. 695
- History of the War in Afghanistan*, by John W. Kaye, 537
- Homeric Life, the, 76
- Hungarian War, History of the, Chap. I. Introductory, 488; Composition of the Austrian Empire, 489; the French Wars, 491; Establishment of the Magyar Idiom, 492; Signs of Improvement, 493; Board of Magnates, 494; Louis Kossuth, 495; Arrest of Kossuth, 496. Chap. II. Proceedings of the Diet of 1847-8, 697; Mr. Kossuth's Policy, 701; the Austrian Army, 703; the Ban Jellachich, 705; Servian Insurrection, 707; Mr. Kossuth's Speech on the State of the Nation, 709.
- Hunting, Chamois, 133
- Insect Life, Episodes of (concluding paper), 290
- Invitation to the Country, by George Meredith, 217
- Italy and Rome, from 1815 to 1850, 237
- Jewry's (Miss) *The Cup and the Lip*, 380
- Jewsbury's (Miss) *Marian Withers*, 391
- Jungle Recollection, a, by Captain Harbargain, 18.
- Kaye's *History of the War in Afghanistan*, 537; dangers of our Indian Empire in 1837-38, 537; the Doofrahee Empire, 537; Life and Character of Dost Mahomed, 539; Shah Soojah, 540; The Koh-i-noor Diamond, 541; Herat, 542; Declaration of War against Dost Mahomed, 543; Girdling of Public Correspondence, 545; Siege of Herat, 546; Fall of Dost Mahomed, 547; the Retreat from Cabul, 548; the Present Crisis, 549
- Kelly's (Walter) *Excursion to California*, 225
- King's (R. J.) *Anschar, a Story of the North*, 40
- Koh-i-noor Diamond, History of, 541
- Knox's (Dr.) *Races of Men, a Fragment*, 655
- Kossuth, Louis. History of the Hungarian War, 495, 695
- Latham's (Dr.) *Natural History of the Varieties of Men*, 655; *Man and his Migrations*, 655
- Legend of Devon, a, 391
- Life, the Homeric, 76
- Lamartine's *History of the Restoration of Monarchy in France*, 355; Retrospect of Lamartine's Career, 357; Napoleon's Tactics in 1813, 359; Defence of Paris, 361; Napoleon at Fontainebleau, 363; Character of Napoleon, 365; Louis XVIII., 367; the King's return to France, 368; Entry into Paris, 370; His reception, 372; Opening of the Chambers, 373
- Little Books with Large Aims, 26; *Companions of my Solitude*, 31; *Chance and Choice*, 36; *Eustbury*, 39; *Anschar, a Story of the North*, 40
- London, the French Critic in, 497
- Lord Brougham; his Career and Character, 458
- Mankind, the Races of, 654
- Mariotti's *Italy, Past and Present*, 255
- Mauleverer Collars, the, 391
- Memoir of Bishop Copleston*, by W. J. Copleston, M.A., 320

- Memorabilia of the Exhibition Season, 119; the Congress of Carriages, 121; Foreigners in London, 123; Empty Theatres, 125; Effect upon Literature, 126; Mr. Thackeray's Lectures, 127; Romance in the Russian Department, 129; the Amazon, 130; the Greek Slave, 130; Statistics of the Exhibition, 131; What is to be done with the Palace? 132
- Memorials of William Wordsworth*, by C. Wordsworth, D.D., 101, 186
- Meredith's (George) Invitation to the Country, 217
- Meredith's (George) *Poems*, 629
- Mineral Waters of Germany, 149
- Ministerial Crisis in France, 572
- Modern Housewife, or Ménagère*, by M. Sayer, 199
- Monarchy in France, History of the Restoration of*, by Lamartine, 355
- Naples Bay and Fish-market, 437; Autumn Storms, 442; Naples in Early Morning, 444; La Pescheria, 447
- Newspaper Stamp, Notes on the, 339
- Normandy and England*, Palgrave's *History of*, 1
- Notes on the Newspaper Stamp, 339
- Novels and Antiquity, 431
- O'Donoghue, Colonel Cornelius, a Scramble among the Pyrenees, 64
- Opera and Concert Season, 155
- Our Wars in Central Asia, 587
- Palgrave's *History of Normandy and of England*, 1
- Paris, *Chronique de*, 572
- Pepys' *Diary*, 419
- Players, Poets and, 511
- Pickering's (Dr.) *Races of Men, and their Geographical Distribution*, 654
- Poets and Players, 511
- Poetry. The Rhine of the Franks, by the Hon. G. S. Smythe, M.P., 44. A Queen's Visit, 63. Invitation to the Country, by George Meredith, 217. The Mauleverer Cellars—a Legend of Devon, 391. Venus Akestria, by William Allingham, 510
- Poultailler, the Robber, 92
- Progress of the English Choir, 609
- Pyrenees, a Scramble amongst, in the Autumn of 1850, 64
- Queen's Visit, a, 63
- Reid's (Capt. Mayne) *Scalp Hunters, or Adventures in Northern Mexico*, 390
- Restoration of the Monarchy in France, History of*, by Lamartine, 355
- Races of Mankind, the, 654
- Revelations of a Common-place Man, Chap. I. 47; II. 50; III. 53; IV. 58; V. 174; VI. 176; VII. 183; VIII. 305; IX. 308; X. 313; XI. 318; XII. 401; XIII. 403; XIV. 408; XV. 412; XVI. 416; XVII. 519; XVIII. 522; XIX. 526; XX. 528; XXI. 533.
- Rhine of the Franks, the, by the Hon. G. S. Smythe, M.P., 44
- Rome and Italy, from 1815 to 1850, 237; Italy in 1815, 239; the Carbonari and Sanfedists, 241; Pope Leo XII., 242; Effects of the Revolution of 1830, 245; Pope Gregory XVI., 247; the early Days of Pope Pius IX., 219; Farini's defence of Pope Pius IX., 250; Mazzini, 252; Count Rossi, 253; Italy in 1848, 255
- Rorings in the Pacific*, 228
- Reviews: Palgrave's History of Normandy and of England*, 1. Little Books with Large Aims, 26; *Companions of my Solitude*, 31; *Chance and Choice*, 36; *Eastbury*, 39; *Aschar, a Story of the North*, 40. *Memorials of William Wordsworth*, by Christopher Wordsworth, D.D.—Part I. 101; Part II. 186. Dr. Sutro's *Lectures on the German Mineral Waters*, 149. Translations of Schiller, 165. Sayer's *Modern Housewife, or Ménagère*, 199. Travellers' Books for 1851, 419. *Rambles beyond Railways*, 220; *The Sacon in Ireland*, 223; *An Excursion to California*, 225; *Rorings in the Pacific*, 228; *Dahomey and the Dahomans*, 233. *The Roman States, from 1815 to 1850*; by L. C. Farini, translated by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., 237; Mariotti's *Italy, Past and Present*, 255. *Selection of English Synonyms*; edited by Archbishop Whately, 261. *Episodes of Insect Life*, Third Series, 290. *Memoir of Bishop Copleston*; by W. J. Copleston, M.A., 320. *Lamartine's History of the Restoration of the Monarchy in France*, 355. *English Novels*, 375; *The Cup and the Lip*, 380; *The Tutor's Ward*, 382; *Silwood*, 387; *The Story of a Family*, 388; *Affinities of Foreigners*, 389; *Everard Tantall, a Tale of the Ruff War*, 390; *The Scalp Hunters, or Romantic Adventures in Northern Mexico*, 390; *Marian Withers*, 391. *Diary of General Patrick Gordon*, 397. *Diary and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys*; edited by Lord Braybrooke, 419. *Kaye's History of the War in Afghanistan*, 537. *The Races of Mankind*, 654; *Dr. Latham's Natural History of the Varieties of Men*, 655; *Dr. Latham's Man and his Migrations*, 655; *Dr. Pickering's Races of Men, and their Geographical Distribution*, 655; *Dr. Knox's Races of Men, a Fragment*, 656; *Dr. Carpenter's Varieties of Mankind*, 658. *This Year's Song Crop*, 618; *Mrs. Browning's Cassa Quiddi Windows*, 619; *Beddoes' Poems*,

- 623; *Violencia, a Tragedy*, 626; Meredith's *Poems*, 629; Wright's *Poems, Sacred and Profane*, 632. Trench on the Study of Words, 683
- Saxon in Ireland, the*, 223
- Schiller, Translations of, 168
- Science of Deception, the, 332
- Scramble among the Pyrenees, in the Autumn of 1850, by Colonel Cornelius O'Donoghue, F.N.S., 64; Vic de Sos, 61; The Vendemoix, 65; Iron Mines of Rancié, 69; Port of Vénasque, 72; Maladetta, 71; Porte de Picade, 71; Spanish Custom-house Officers, 75
- Search for Sir John Franklin, 502
- Season, Memorabilia of the Exhibition, 119
- Season, the Opera and Concert, 155
- Selection of English Synonyms*, edited by Archbishop Whately, D.D., 264
- Sketches of American Society, A Country Gentleman at Home, 277
- Soyer's *Modern Housewife, or Ménagère*, 199
- Silwood, a Novel*, 387
- Sir John Franklin, Search for, 502
- Song Crop, the Year's—Mrs. Browning's *Casa Guidi Windows*, 619; Beddoes' *Poems*, 623; *Violencia, a Tragedy*, 626; Meredith's *Poems*, 629; Wright's *Poems, Sacred and Profane*, 632
- Stamp, Notes on the Newspaper, 339
- Story of a Family*, by S. M., 388
- Sutro's (Dr.) *Lectures on the German Mineral Waters*, 149
- Synonyms, English, 256
- Tales and Narratives—A Jungle Recollection, by Captain Hardbargain, 18. The Deserted Mansion, 40. Revelations of a Common-place Man, Chap. I. 47; II. 50; III. 53; IV. 58; V. 171; VI. 176; VII. 183; VIII. 305; IX. 308; X. 313; XI. 318; XII. 401; XIII. 408; XIV. 408; XV. 412; XVI. 416; XVII. 519; XVIII. 522; XIX. 526; XX. 528; XXI. 533. Scramble among the Pyrenees, in the Autumn of 1850; by Colonel Cornelius O'Donoghue, F.N.S., 64. Poulailier, the Robber, 92. Chamois Hunting, 133. Sketches of American Society; by a New Yorker—A Country Gentleman at Home, 277. Autobiography of Captain Digby Grand, or the Dangerous Classes, Chapter I., *Etan*—Sir Peregrine Grand and Haverley Hall Joins the 101st Foot—First Love, 473; Chap. II. Westward Ho!—Scenes in a Transport—A Yankee Sportsman, 635; Chap. III. A French 'Canadienne'—the Falls of Niagara—The Woods in Winter, and the slaughtered Elk, 647
- Tax-payer, the British, and Colonial Wars and Constitutions, 575
- Thackeray's (Mr.) Lectures, 127
- Translations of Schiller, 165
- Travellers' Books for 1821, 219; *Rambles beyond Railways*, 220; *The Saxon in Ireland*, 223; *An Excursion to California*, 225; *Runings in the Pacific*, 228; *Dahomey and the Dahomans*, 233
- Tutor's Ward, the, 382
- Trench on the Study of Words, 683
- Use and Beauty of Words, 683
- Veneer, the Age of, 332
- Visit, a Queen's, 63
- Venus Aletria, by Whittingham, 510
- Violencia, a Tragedy*, 626
- War, History of the Hungarian—Chap. I., Introductory, 488; Composition of the Austrian Empire, 489; the French Wars, 491; Establishment of the Magyar Idiom, 492; Signs of Improvement, 493; Board of Magnates, 494; Louis Kossuth, 495; Arrest of Kossuth, 496. Chap. II. Proceedings of the Diet of 1847-8, 697; Mr. Kossuth's Policy, 701; the Austrian Army, 703; the Ban Jellachich, 705; Servian Insurrection, 707; Mr. Kossuth's Speech on the State of the Nation, 709.
- Whately's *English Synonyms*, 264
- War in Afghanistan, History of the, by J. W. Kaye, 537
- Weale, Rev. R. M., Letter from—Bishops Copleston and Hampden, 666
- Whichot, Dr., and Bishop Butler, 419
- What has the British Tax-payer to do with Colonial Wars and Constitutions? 576
- Wordsworth's (Dr. C.) *Memorials of William Wordsworth*, 101, 186
- Words, the Use and Beauty of, 683
- Wordsworth, William—Part I., 101; Part II., 186
- Wright's *Poems, Sacred and Profane*, 632
- Year's Song Crop, the, 618; Mrs. Browning's *Casa Guidi Windows*, 619; Beddoes' *Poems*, 623; *Violencia, a Tragedy*, 626; Meredith's *Poems*, 629; Wright's *Poems, Sacred and Profane*, 632.

